AN ENGLISH GARNER

INGATHERINGS FROM OUR HISTORY AND LITERATURE

BY EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A. &c.

"YEA, HISTORY HATH TRIUMPHED OVER TIME: WHICH BESIDES IT, NOTHING BUT ETERNITY HATH TRIUMPHED OVER."

Sir W. Raleigh, *Hist. of the World.*

"AIRS AND MADRIGALS THAT WHISPER SOFTNESS IN CHAMBERS."

J. Milton, *Areopagitica.*

VOLUME IV.

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Volume IV.

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VOL. IV.

Robert Tomson, of Andover, Merchant. *Voyage to the West Indies and Mexico*, 1556-1558, A.D.

[HAKLUYT. *Voyages.* 1589.]

The marvel is, that at this date, these Englishmen were allowed to go to New Spain at all; it was probably one of the results of the marriage of PHILIP with MARY TUDOR. BLAKE, FIELD, and TOMSON were probably the first British islanders who reached the city of Mexico. This narrative also gives us an account of the first *auto-da-fé* in that city.



ROBERT TOMSON, born in the town of Andover, in Hampshire, began his travels out of England in the month of March, *anno* 1553 [*i.e.*, 1554]; who departing out of the city of Bristol in company of other merchants of the said city, in a good ship called the bark *Young*, within eight days after, arrived at Lisbon, at Portugal: where the said ROBERT TOMSON remained fifteen days. At the end

of which, he shipped himself for Spain in the said ship, and within four days arrived in the bay of Cadiz in Andalusia, which is under the kingdom of Spain: and from thence, travelled up to the city of Seville by land, which is twenty leagues; and there, he repaired to the house of one JOHN FIELD, an English merchant who had dwelt in the said city of Seville eighteen or twenty years married, with wife and children. In whose house, the said TOMSON remained by the space of one whole year or thereabout, for two causes: the one, to learn the Castilian tongue; the other, to see the orders of the country, and the customs of the people.

At the end of which time, having seen the fleets of ships come out of the [West] Indies to that city, with such great quantity of gold and silver, pearls, precious stones, sugar, hides, ginger, and divers other rich commodities; he did determine with himself to seek means and opportunity to pass over to see that rich country, from whence such a great quantity of rich commodities came.

And it fell out, that within short time after, the said JOHN FIELD, where the said TOMSON was lodged, did determine to pass over into the West Indies himself, with his wife, children, and family: and, at the request of the said TOMSON, he purchased a license of the King, to pass into the Indies, for himself, wife, and children; and among them, also, for the said TOMSON to pass with them. So that presently they made preparation of victuals and other necessary provision for the voyage. But the ships which were prepared to perform the voyage being all ready to depart, were, upon certain considerations by the King's commandment, stayed and arrested, till further should be known of the

King's pleasure.

Whereupon, the said JOHN FIELD, with his company and ROBERT TOMSON (being departed out of Seville, and come down to San Lucar de Barrameda, fifteen leagues off) seeing the stay made upon the ships of the said fleet, and not being assured when they would depart, determined to ship themselves for the isles of the Canaries, which are 250 leagues from San Lucar, and there to stay till the said fleet should come hither; for that is continually their port to make stay at, six or eight days, to take fresh water, bread, flesh, and other necessaries.

So that in the month of February, in *anno* 1555, the said ROBERT TOMSON, with the said JOHN FIELD and his company, shipped themselves in a caravel of the city of Cadiz, out of the town of San Lucar; and within six days, they arrived at the port of the Grand Canary: where at our coming, the ships that rode in the said port began to cry out of all measure, with loud voices: insomuch that the Castle, which stood fast by, began to shoot at us, and shot six or eight shot at us, and struck down our mainmast before we could hoist out our boat to go on land to know what the cause of the shooting was; seeing that we were Spanish ships, and coming into our country.

So that being on land, and complaining of the wrong and damage done unto us; they answered that "they had thought we had been French rovers, that had come into the said port to do some harm to the ships that were there." For that eight days past, there went out of the said port a caravel much like unto ours, ladened with sugars and other merchandise for Spain; and on the other side of the Point of the said island, met with a French Man of War: which took the said caravel, and unladed out of her into the said

French ship, both men and goods. And it being demanded of the said Spaniards, "What other ships remained in the port whence they came?"; they answered, "There remained divers other ships, and one ladened with sugars as they were, and ready to depart for Spain." Upon the which news, the Frenchmen put thirty tall men of their ship, well appointed, into the said caravel that they had taken, and sent her back again to the said port from whence she had departed the day before.

Somewhat late towards evening, she came into port, not showing past three or four men, and so came to an anchor hard by the other ships that were in the said port. Being seen by the Castle and by the said ships, they made no reckoning of her, because they knew her: and thinking that she had found contrary winds at the sea, or having forgotten something behind them, they had returned back again for the same, they made no account of her, but let her alone riding quietly among the other ships in the said port. So that about midnight, the said caravel, with the Frenchmen in her, went aboard [*touched*] the other ship that lay hard by, ladened with sugars; and driving the Spaniards that were in her under the hatches, presently let slip her cables and anchors, and set sail and carried her clean away: and after this sort, deceived them. And they thinking or fearing that we were the like, did shoot at us as they did.

This being past: the next day after our arrival in the said port, we did unbark ourselves, and went on land up to the city or head town of the Grand Canaria, where we remained eighteen or twenty days; and there found certain Englishmen, merchants, servants of ANTHONY HICKMAN and EDWARD CASTELIN, merchants in the city of London, that lay there for

traffic: of whom we received great courtesy and much good cheer.

After the which twenty days being past, in which we had seen the country, the people, and the disposition thereof, we departed from thence, and passed to the next isle of the Canaries, eighteen leagues off, called Teneriffe; and being come on land, went up to the city called La Laguna: where we remained seven months, attending the coming of the whole fleet, which, in the end, came; and there having taken that which they had need of, we shipped ourselves in a ship of Cadiz, being one of the said fleet, belonging to an Englishman married in the city of Cadiz in Spain, whose name was JOHN SWEETING. There came in the said ship as Captain, an Englishman also, whose name was LEONARD CHILTON, married in Cadiz, and son-in-law to the said JOHN SWEETING: and another Englishman also, whose name was RALPH SARRE, came in the same ship, which had been a merchant of the city of Exeter; one of fifty years of age or thereabouts.

So that we departed from the said islands in the month of October, the foresaid year [1555], eight ships in our company, and so directed our course towards the Bay of New Spain [*Gulf of Mexico*]; and, by the way, towards the island of Santo Domingo, otherwise called Hispaniola: so that within forty-two days [*i.e., in December*] after we departed from the said islands of Canaries, we arrived with our ship at the port of Santo Domingo; and went in over the bar, where our ship knocked her keel at her entry. There our ship rid [*rode*] before the town; where we went on land, and refreshed ourselves sixteen days.

There we found no bread made of wheat, but biscuit brought out of Spain, and out of the Bay of Mexico.

For the country itself doth yield no kind of grain to make bread withal: but the bread they make there, is certain cakes made of roots called *cassavia*; which is something substantial, but it hath an unsavoury taste in the eating thereof. Flesh of beef and mutton, they have great store; for there are men that have 10,000 head of cattle, of oxen, bulls, and kine, which they do keep only for the hides: for the quantity of flesh is so great, that they are not able to spend the hundredth part. Of hog's flesh is there good store, very sweet and savoury; and so wholesome that they give it to sick folks to eat, instead of hens and capons: although they have good store of poultry of that sort, as also of guinea cocks and guinea hens.

At the time of our being there, the city of Santo Domingo was not of above 500 households of Spaniards: but of the Indians dwelling in the suburbs, there were more. The country is, most part of the year, very hot: and very full of a kind of flies or gnats with long bills [*mosquitos*], which do prick and molest the people very much in the night when they are asleep, in pricking their faces and hands and other parts of their bodies that lie uncovered, and make them to swell wonderfully. Also there is another kind of small worm, which creepeth into the soles of men's feet, and especially of the Black Moors [*Indians*] and children which use to go barefoot, and maketh their feet to grow as big as a man's head, and doth so ache that it would make one run mad. They have no remedy for the same, but to open the flesh, sometimes three or four inches, and so dig them out.

The country yieldeth great store of sugar, hides of oxen, bulls and kine, ginger, *cana fistula*, and *salsaparilla*. Mines of silver and gold there are none; but in some rivers, there is found some small

quantity of gold. The principal coin that they do traffic withal in that place is black money, made of copper and brass: and this they say they do use, not for that they lack money of gold and silver to trade withal out of the other parts of [West] India, but because, if they should have good money, the merchants that deal with them in trade would carry away their gold and silver, and let the country commodities lie still. And thus much for Santo Domingo. So we were, coming from the isles of Canaries to Santo Domingo, and staying there, until the month of December: which was three months.

About the beginning of January [1556], we departed thence towards the Bay of Mexico and New Spain; towards which we set our course, and so sailed twenty-four days, till we came within fifteen leagues of San Juan de Ulua, which was the port of Mexico of our right discharge.

And being so near our said port, there rose a storm of northerly winds which came off from *Terra Florida*; which caused us to cast about into the sea again, for fear lest that night we should be cast upon the shore before day did break, and so put ourselves in danger of casting away. The wind and sea grew so foul and strong, that, within two hours after the storm began, nine ships that were together, were so dispersed, that we could not see one another.

One of the ships of our company, being of the burden of 500 tons, called the "Hulk of Carion," would not cast about to sea, as we did; but went that night with the land: thinking in the morning to purchase the port of San Juan de Ulua; but missing the port, went with the shore, and was cast away. There were drowned of that ship, seventy-five persons, men, women, and children; and sixty-four were saved that

could swim, and had means to save themselves. Among those that perished in that ship, was a gentleman who had been Pres[id]ent the year before in Santo Domingo, his wife and four daughters, with the rest of his servants and household.

We, with the other seven ships, cast about into the sea, the storm [en]during ten days with great might, boisterous winds, fogs, and rain. Our ship, being old and weak, was so tossed that she opened at the stern a fathom under water, and the best remedy we had was to stop it with beds and pilobiers [? *pillows for litters*]: and for fear of sinking we threw and lightened into the sea all the goods we had, or could come by; but that would not serve.

Then we cut our mainmast, and threw all our ordnance into the sea, saving one piece; which, early in a morning, when we thought we should have sunk, we shot off: and, as it pleased GOD, there was one of the ships of our company near unto us, which we saw not by means of the great fog; which hearing the sound of the piece, and understanding some of the company to be in great extremity, began to make towards us, and when they came within hearing of us, we desired them "for the love of GOD! to help to save us, for that we were all like to perish!" They willed us "to hoist our foresail as much as we could, and make towards them; for they would do their best to save us;" and so we did.

And we had no sooner hoisted our foresail, but there came a gale of wind; and a piece of sea struck in the foresail, and carried away sail and mast all overboard: so that then we thought there was no hope of life. And then we began to embrace one another, every man his friend, every wife her husband, and the children their fathers and mothers;

committing our souls to Almighty GOD, thinking never to escape alive. Yet it pleased GOD, in the time of most need, when all hope was past, to aid us with His helping hand, and caused the wind a little to cease; so that within two hours after, the other ship was able to come aboard us, and took into her, with her boat, man, woman and child, naked without hose, or shoes upon many of our feet.

I do remember that the last person that came out of the ship into the boat was a woman Black Moore [*Indian*]; who leaping out of the ship into the boat, with a young sucking child in her arms, leapt too short, and fell into the sea, and was a good while under the water before the boat could come to rescue her: and, with the spreading of her clothes rose above water again, and was caught by the coat and pulled into the boat, having still her child under her arm, both of them half drowned; and yet her natural love towards her child would not let her let the child go. And when she came aboard the boat, she held her child so fast under her arm still, that two men were scant able to get it out.

So we departed out of our ship, and left it in the sea. It was worth 400,000 ducats [= *about* £100,000 *then* = *about* £900,000 *now*], ship and goods, when we left it.

Within three days after, we arrived at our port of San Juan de Ulua, in New Spain.

I do remember that in the great and boisterous storm of this foul weather, in the night there came upon the top of our mainyard and mainmast, a certain little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards called the *corpos sancto*, and said "It was Saint ELMO" [*see Vol. III. p. 417*], whom they take to be the advocate of sailors. At which

sight, the Spaniards fell down upon their knees and worshipped it: praying GOD and Saint ELMO to cease the torment, and save them from the peril they were in; with promising him that, on their coming on land, they would repair unto his chapel, and there cause masses to be said, and other ceremonies to be done. The friars [did] cast relics into the sea, to cause the sea to be still, and likewise said *Gospels*, with other crossings and ceremonies upon the sea to make the storm to cease: which, as they said, did much good to weaken the fury of the storm. But I could not perceive it, nor gave any credit to it; till it pleased GOD to send us the remedy, and delivered us from the rage of the same. His name be praised therefore!

This light continued aboard our ship about three hours, flying from mast to mast, and from top to top; and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once. I informed myself of learned men afterward, what this light should be? and they said that "It was but a congelation of the wind and vapours of the sea congealed with the extremity of the weather, and so flying in the wind, many times doth chance to hit the masts and shrouds of the ship that are at sea in foul weather." And, in truth, I do take it to be so: for that I have seen the like in other ships at sea, and in sundry ships at once. By this, men may see how the Papists are given to believe and worship such vain things and toys as God; to whom all honour doth appertain: and in their need and necessities do let [*cease*] to call upon the living GOD, who is the giver of all good things.

The 16th of April in *anno* 1556, we arrived at the port of San Juan de Ulua in New Spain, very naked and distressed of apparel and all other things, by

means of the loss of our foresaid ship and goods; and from thence we went to the new town called Vera Cruz, five leagues from the said port of San Juan de Ulua, marching still by the sea shore: where we found lying upon the sands a great quantity of mighty great trees, with roots and all, some of them four, five, or six cart load, by estimation; which, as the people told us, were, in the great stormy weather which we [en]dured at sea, rooted out of the ground in *Terra Florida* right against that place (which is 300 leagues over the sea), and brought thither.

So that we came to the said town of Vera Cruz; where we remained a month. There the said JOHN FIELD chanced to meet an old friend of his acquaintance in Spain, called GONZALO RUIZ DE CORDOVA, a very rich man of the said town of Vera Cruz; who (hearing of his coming thither, with his wife and family; and of his misfortune by sea) came unto him, and received him and all his household into his house, and kept us there a whole month, making us very good cheer; and giving us good entertainment, and also gave us, that were in all eight persons, of the said J. FIELD's house, double apparel, new out of the shop, of very good cloth, coats, cloaks, shirts, smocks, gowns for the women, hose, shoes, and all other necessary apparel; and for our way up to the city of Mexico, horses, moyles [*mules*], and men; and money in our purses for the expenses by the way, which by our account might amount unto the sum of 400 crowns [= £120 *then* = *about* £1,000 *now*].

After we were entered two days' journey into the country, I, the said ROBERT TOMSON, fell sick of an ague: so that the next day I was not able to sit on my horse; but was fain to be carried upon Indians' backs

from thence to Mexico.

And when we came within half a day's journey of the city of Mexico, the said JOHN FIELD also fell sick; and within three days after we arrived at the said city, he died. And presently sickened one of his children, and two more of his household people; who within eight days died. So that within ten days after we arrived at the city of Mexico, of eight persons that were of us of the said company, there remained but four of us alive: and I, the said TOMSON, at the point of death, of the sickness that I got on the way, which continued with me for the space of six months [*till October 1556*]. At the end of which time, it pleased GOD to restore me my health again, though weak and greatly disabled.

Mexico was a city, in my time, of not above 1,500 households of Spaniards inhabiting there; but of Indian people in the suburbs of the said city, there dwelt about 300,000 as it was thought, and many more. This city of Mexico is sixty-five leagues from the North Sea [*the Gulf of Mexico*] and seventy-five leagues from the South Sea [*the Pacific Ocean*]; so that it standeth in the midst of the main land, betwixt the one sea and the other.

It is situated in the midst of a lake of standing water, and surrounded round about with the same; save, in many places, going out of the city, are many broad ways through the said lake or water. This lake and city are surrounded also with great mountains round about, which are in compass above thirty leagues; and the said city and lake of standing water doth stand in a great plain in the midst of it. This lake of

standing water doth proceed from the shedding of the rain, that falleth upon the said mountains; and so gathers itself together in this place.

All the whole proportion of this city doth stand in a very plain ground; and in the midst of the said city is a square Place, of a good bow shot over from side to side. In the midst of the said Place is a high Church, very fair and well built all through, but at that time not half finished.

Round about the said Place, are many fair houses built. On the one side are the houses where MONTEZUMA, the great King of Mexico that was, dwelt; and now there lie always the Viceroys that the King of Spain sendeth thither every three years: and in my time there was for Viceroy a gentleman of Castille, called DON LUIS DE VELASCO.

And on the other side of the said Place, over against the same, is the Bishop's house, very fairly built; and many other houses of goodly building. And hard by the same are also other very fair houses, built by the Marquis DE LA VALLE, otherwise called HERNANDO CORTES; who was he that first conquered the said city and country. After the said conquest (which he made with great labour and travail of his person, and danger of his life), being grown great in the country; the King of Spain sent for him, saying that he had some particular matters to impart to him: and, when he came home, he could not be suffered to return back again, as the King before had promised him. With the sorrow for which, he died: and this he had for the reward of his good service.

The said city of Mexico hath streets made very broad and right [*straight*] that a man being in the highway at one end of the street, may see at the least a good mile forward: and in all the one part of the streets of

the north part of their city, there runneth a pretty lake of very clear water, that every man may put into his house as much as he will, without the cost of anything but of the letting in.

Also there is a great ditch of water that cometh through the city, even into the high Place; where come, every morning, at break of the day, twenty or thirty canoes or troughs of the Indians; which bring in them all manner of provisions for the city that is made and groweth in the country: which is a very good commodity for the inhabitants of that place. And as for victuals in the said city, beef, mutton, hens, capons, quails, guinea cocks, and such like, are all very good cheap; as the whole quarter of an ox, as much as a slave can carry away from the butcher's, for five tomynes, that is, five rials of plate [*i.e., of silver. See Vol. III. p.* 184], which is just 2*s.* 6d. [= £1 5*s.* 0*d. now*]; and fat sheep at the butcher's, for three rials, which is 1s. 6d. [= 12*s.* 6*d. now*], and no more. Bread is as good cheap as in Spain; and all other kinds of fruits, as apples, pears, pomegranates, and quinces, at a reasonable rate.

The city goeth wonderfully forward in building of Friaries and Nunneries, and Chapels; and is like, in time to come, to be the most populous city in the world, as it may be supposed.

The weather is there always very temperate. The day differeth but one hour of length all the year long. The fields and woods are always green. The woods are full of popinjays, and many other kind of birds, that make such a harmony of singing and crying, that any man will rejoice to hear it. In the fields are such odoriferous smells of flowers and herbs, that it giveth great content to the senses.

In my time, were dwelling and alive in Mexico, many

ancient men that were of the Conquerors, at the first conquest with HERNANDO CORTES: for, then, it was about thirty-six years ago, that the said country was conquered.

Being something strong, I procured to seek means to live, and to seek a way how to profit myself in the country seeing it had pleased GOD to send us thither in safety.

Then, by the friendship of one THOMAS BLAKE, a Scottish-man born, who had dwelt, and had been married in the said city above twenty years before I came to the said city [*i.e., before 1536*], I was preferred to the service of a gentleman, a Spaniard dwelling there, a man of great wealth, and of one of the first conquerors of the said city, whose name was GONZALO SEREZO: with whom I dwelt twelve months and a half [*i.e., up to November 1557*]; at the end of which, I was maliciously accused by the Holy House for matters of religion.

And because it shall be known wherefore it was, that I was so punished by the clergy's hand; I will in brief words, declare the same.

It is so, that, being in Mexico, at table, among many principal people at dinner, they began to inquire of me, being an Englishman, "Whether it were true that in England, they had overthrown all their Churches and Houses of Religion; and that all the images of the saints of heaven that were in them, were thrown down and broken, and burned, and [that they] in some places stoned highways with them; and [that they] denied their obedience to the Pope of Rome: as they had been certified out of Spain by their

friends?"

To whom, I made answer, "That it was so. That, in deed, they had in England, put down all the religious houses of friars and monks that were in England; and the images that were in their churches and other places were taken away, and used there no more. For that, as they say, the making of them, and the putting of them where they were adored, was clean contrary to the express commandment of Almighty GOD, *Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image &c.*: and that, for that cause, they thought it not lawful that they should stand in the church, which is, the House of Adoration."

One that was at the declaring of these words, who was my master, GONZALO SEREZO, answered and said, "If it were against the commandment of GOD, to have images in the churches; that then he had spent a great deal of money in vain; for that, two years past [*i.e., in 1555*] he had made in the Monastery of Santo Domingo in the said city of Mexico, an image of Our Lady, of pure silver and gold, with pearls and precious stones, which cost him 7,000 and odd *pesos*" (and every *peso* is 6s. 8d. of our money) [= *about* £2,400, or *about* £24,000 *now*]: which indeed was true, for I have seen it many times myself where it stands.

At the table was another gentleman, who, presuming to defend the cause more than any one that was there, said, "That they knew well enough, that they were made but of stocks and stones, and that to them was no worship given; but that there was a certain veneration due unto them after they were set up in church: and that they were set there with a good intent. The one, for that they were Books for the Simple People, to make them understand the glory of

the saints that were in heaven, and a shape of them; to put us in remembrance to call upon them to be our intercessors unto GOD for us: for that we are such miserable sinners that we are not worthy to appear before GOD; and that using devotion to saints in heaven, they may obtain at GOD's hands, the sooner, the thing that we demand of Him. As, for example," he said, "imagine that a subject hath offended his King upon the earth in any kind of respect; is it for the party to go boldly to the King in person, and to demand pardon for his offences? No," saith he, "the presumption were too great; and possibly he might be repulsed, and have a great rebuke for his labour. Better it is for such a person to seek some private man near the King in his Court, and to make him acquainted with this matter, and let him be a mediator to His Majesty for him and for the matter he had to do with him; and so might he the better come to his purpose, and obtain the thing which he doth demand. Even so," saith he, "it is with GOD and His saints in heaven. For we are wretched sinners; and not worthy to appear or present ourselves before the Majesty of GOD, to demand of Him the thing that we have need of: therefore thou hast need to be devout! and have devotion to the mother of God, and the saints in heaven, to be intercessors to GOD for thee! and so mayest thou the better obtain of GOD, the thing that thou dost demand!"

To this I answered, "Sir, as touching the comparison you made of the intercessors to the King, how necessary they were, I would but ask of you this question. Set the case, that this King you speak of, if he be so merciful as when he knoweth that one or any of his subjects hath offended him; he send for

him to his own town, or to his own house or place, and say unto him, 'Come hither! I know that thou hast offended many laws! if thou dost know thereof, and dost repent thee of the same, with full intent to offend no more, I will forgive thee thy trespass, and remember it no more!'" Said I, "If this be done by the King's own person, what then hath this man need go and seek friendship at any of the King's private servants' hands; but go to the principal: seeing that he is readier to forgive thee, than thou art to demand forgiveness at his hands!"

"Even so is it, with our gracious GOD, who calleth and crieth out unto us throughout all the world, by the mouth of His prophets and apostles; and, by His own mouth, saith, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are over laden, and I will refresh you!' besides a thousand other offers and proffers, which He doth make unto us in His Holy Scriptures. What then have we need of the saints' help that are in heaven, whereas the LORD Himself doth so freely offer Himself for us?"

At which sayings, many of the hearers were astonied, and said that, "By that reason, I would give to understand that the Invocation of Saints was to be disannulled, and by the laws of GOD not commanded."

I answered, "That they were not my words, but the words of GOD Himself. Look into the Scriptures yourself, and you shall so find it!"

The talk was perceived to be prejudicial to the Romish doctrine; and therefore it was commanded to be no more entreated of. And all remained unthought upon, had it not been for a villainous Portuguese that was in the company, who said, *Basta ser Ingles para saber todo esto y mas*, who, the next day, without

imparting anything to anybody, went to the Bishop of MEXICO and his Provisor, and said, that "In a place where he had been the day before was an Englishman, who had said that *there was no need of Saints in the Church, nor of any Invocation of Saints*." Upon whose denomination [*denouncement*], I was apprehended for the same words here rehearsed, and none other thing; and thereupon was used as hereafter is written.

So, apprehended, I was carried to prison, where I lay a close prisoner seven months [*till July 1558*], without speaking to any creature, but to the gaoler that kept the said prison, when he brought me my meat and drink. In the meantime, was brought into the said prison, one AUGUSTINE BOACIO, an Italian of Genoa, also for matters of religion; who was taken at Zacatecas, eighty leagues to the north-westward of the city of Mexico.

At the end of the said seven months [*i.e., in July 1558*], we were both carried to the high Church of Mexico, to do an open penance upon a high scaffold made before the high altar, upon a Sunday, in the presence of a very great number of people; who were, at least, 5,000 or 6,000. For there were some that came one hundred miles off to see the said *auto*, as they call it; for that there was never any before, that had done the like in the said country: nor could tell what Lutherans were, nor what it meant; for they never heard of any such thing before.

We were brought into the Church, every one with a *san benito* upon his back; which is, half a yard of yellow cloth, with a hole to put in a man's head in the midst, and cast over a man's head: both flaps hang, one before, and another behind; and in the midst of every flap a Saint Andrew's cross, made of

red cloth, and sewed in upon the same. And that is called *San Benito*.

The common people, before they saw the penitents come into the Church, were given to understand that we were heretics, infidels, and people that did despise GOD and His works, and that we had been more like devils than men; and thought we had had the favour [*appearance*] of some monsters or heathen people: and when they saw us come into the Church in our players' coats, the women and children began to cry out and made such a noise, that it was strange to hear and see; saying, that "They never saw goodlier men in all their lives; and that it was not possible that there could be in us so much evil as was reported of us; and that we were more like angels among men, than such persons of such evil religion as by the priests and friars, we were reported to be; and that it was a great pity that we should be so used for so small an offence."

So that we were brought into the said high Church, and set upon the scaffold which was made before the high altar, in the presence of all the people, until *High Mass* was done; and the Sermon made by a friar concerning our matter: putting us in all the disgrace they could, to cause the people not to take so much compassion upon us, for that "we were heretics, and people seduced of the Devil, and had forsaken the faith of the Catholic Church of Rome"; with divers other reproachful words, which were too long to recite in this place.

High Mass and Sermon being done; our offences (as they called them) were recited, each man what he had said and done: and presently was the sentence pronounced against us, that was that—

The said AUGUSTINE BOACIO was

> condemned to wear his *San Benito* all the days of his life, and put into perpetual prison, where he should fulfil the same; and all his goods confiscated and lost.
>
> And I, the said TOMSON, to wear the *San Benito* for three years; and then to be set at liberty.
>
> And for the accomplishing of this sentence or condemnation, we must be presently sent down from Mexico to Vera Cruz, and from thence to San Juan de Ulua, which was sixty-five leagues by land; and there to be shipped for Spain, with straight commandment that, upon pain of 1,000 ducats, every one of the Masters should look straightly unto us, and carry us to Spain, and deliver us unto the Inquisitors of the Holy House of Seville; that they should put us in the places, where we should fulfil our penances that the Archbishop of MEXICO had enjoined unto us, by his sentence there given.

For the performance of the which, we were sent down from Mexico to the seaside, with fetters upon our feet; and there delivered to the Masters of the ships to be carried for Spain, as is before said.

And it was so, that the Italian fearing that if he presented himself in Spain before the Inquisitors, that they would have burnt him; to prevent that danger, when we were coming homeward, and were arrived at the island of Terceira, one of the isles of Azores, the first night that we came to an anchor in the said port [*i.e., of Angra*], about midnight, he found the means to get him naked out of the ship into the sea, and swam naked ashore; and so

presently got him to the further side of the island, where he found a little caravel ready to depart for Portugal. In the which he came to Lisbon; and passed into France, and so into England; where he ended his life in the city of London.

And I, for my part, kept still aboard the ship, and came into Spain; and was delivered to the Inquisitors of the Holy House of Seville, where they kept me in close prison till I had fulfilled the three years of my penance, [*i.e., till about 1561*].

Which time being expired, I was freely put out of prison, and set at liberty.

Being in the city of Seville, a cashier of one HUGH TYPTON, an English merchant of great doing, by the space of one year [*i.e., till about 1562*]; it fortuned that there came out of the city of Mexico, a Spaniard, JUAN DE LA BARRERA, that had been long time in the Indies, and had got great sums of gold and silver. He, with one only daughter, shipped himself for to come to Spain; and, by the way, chanced to die, and gave all that he had unto his only daughter, whose name was MARIA DE LA BARRERA.

She having arrived at the city of Seville, it was my chance to marry with her. The marriage was worth to me £2,500 [= £25,000 *now*] in bars of gold and silver, besides jewels of great price. This I thought good to speak of, to show the goodness of GOD to all them that trust in Him; that I, being brought out of the Indies in such great misery and infamy to the world, should be provided at GOD's hand, in one moment, of more than in all my life before, I could attain unto by my own labour.

After we departed from Mexico, our *San Benitos* were set up in the high Church of the said city, with our

names written in the same, according to their use and custom; which is and will be a monument and a remembrance of us, as long as the Romish Church doth reign in that country. The same have been seen since, by one JOHN CHILTON; and divers others of our nation, which were left in that country, long since [*i.e., in October 1568*] by Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

We purpose giving in the present Volume, all the printed Songs to which music was set by JOHN DOWLAND, the Lutenist; of whom, probably, BARNfiELD wrote the following lines, which first appeared in the surreptitious Collection *the Passionate Pilgrim*, in 1599; but which are usually included in SHAKESPEARE's *Works*:

If Music and sweet Poetry agree;
As they must needs, the sister and the brother:
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me!
Because thou lov'st the one; and I, the other.
DOWLAND to thee, is dear; whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense:
SPENSER, to me; whose deep conceit is such

As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That PHŒBUS's Lute, the Queen of Music, makes:
And I, in deep delight, am chiefly drowned
When as himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as Poets feign:
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain!

The other poems set to music by DOWLAND, will be found at *pp*. 519-534, 609-622, 644-656.



JOHN DOWLAND, Bachelor of Music.

THE FIRST BOOK OF SONGS OR AIRS.

1597.



**To The Right Honourable Sir GEORGE CAREY,
of the noble Order of the Garter, Knight, Baron of Hunsdon, Captain of Her Majesty's Gentlemen Pensioners, Governor of the Isle of Wight, Lieutenant of the County of Southampton, Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's most royal House; and of Her Highness's most honourable Privy Council.**



That harmony, Right Honourable! which is skilfully expressed by instruments: albeit, by reason of the variety of number and proportion of itself, it easily stirs up the minds of the hearers to admiration and delight; yet for higher authority and power, hath been ever worthily attributed to that kind of music which to the sweetness of [the] instrument applies the lively voice of man, expressing some worthy sentence, or excellent poem. Hence, as all antiquity can witness, first grew the heavenly Art of Music: for Linus, Orpheus, and the rest, according to the number and time of their Poems, first framed the numbers and times of Music. So that Plato defines Melody to consist of Harmony, Number, and Words: Harmony, naked of itself; Words, the ornament of Harmony; Number, the common friend and writer of them both.

This small book containing the consent of speaking harmony, joined with the most musical instrument, the Lute, being my first labour, I have presumed to dedicate to your Lordship: who, for your virtue and nobility, are best able to protect it; and for your honourable favours towards me, best deserving my duty and service. Besides, your noble inclination and love to all good arts, and namely [particularly] *the divine science of Music, doth challenge the Patronage of all Learning; than which no greater title can be added to Nobility*.

Neither in these your honours, may I let pass the dutiful remembrance of your virtuous Lady, my honourable mistress, whose singular graces towards me have added spirit to my unfortunate labours.

What time and diligence I have bestowed in the Search of Music, what travels in foreign countries, what success and estimation, even among strangers, I have found, I leave to the report of others. Yet all this in vain, were it not that your honourable hands have vouchsafed to

uphold my poor fortunes: which I now wholly recommend to your gracious protection, with these my first endeavours, humbly beseeching you to accept and cherish the same with your continued favours.

Your Lordship's most humble servant,

JOHN DOWLAND.





To the Courteous Reader.



HOW hard an enterprise it is, in this skilful and curious Age, to commit our private labours to the public view, mine own disability and others' hard success do too well assure me: and were it not for that love [which] I bear to the true lovers of music, I had concealed these my first fruits; which how they will thrive with your taste I know not, howsoever the greater part of them might have been ripe enough by their age. The Courtly judgement, I hope will not be severe against them, being itself a party; and those sweet Springs of Humanity, I mean our two famous Universities, will entertain them for his sake whom they have already graced, and, as it were, enfranchised in the ingenuous profession of Music:

which, from my childhood I have ever aimed at, sundry times leaving my native country, the better to attain so excellent a science.

About sixteen years past [*i.e., in 1580*], I travelled the chiefest parts of France, a nation furnished with great variety of Music; but lately, being of a more confirmed judgement, I bent my course towards the famous provinces of Germany, where I found both excellent Masters, and most honourable patrons of music, namely, those two miracles of this Age for virtue and magnificence, HENRY JULIO, Duke of Brunswick, and the learned MAURICE, Landgrave of Hesse; of whose princely virtues and favours towards me, I can never speak sufficiently. Neither can I forget the kindness of ALEXANDRO HOROLOGIO, a right learned master of music, servant to the royal Prince, the Landgrave of Hesse, and GREGORIO HOWET, Lutenist to the magnificent Duke of Brunswick; both [of] whom I name, as well for their love to me as also for their excellency in their faculties.

Thus having spent some months in Germany, to my great admiration of that worthy country; I passed over the Alps into Italy, where I found the Cities furnished with all good arts, but especially music. What favour and estimation I had in Venice, Padua, Genoa, Ferrara, Florence, and divers other places, I willingly suppress; lest I should, [in] any way, seem partial in mine own endeavours. Yet I cannot dissemble the great content I found in the proffered amity of the most famous LUCA MARENZIO, whose sundry letters I received from Rome; and one of them, because it is but short, I have thought good to set down, not thinking it any disgrace to be proud of the judgement of so excellent a man.

Molto magnifico Signior mio osservandissimo.

Per una lettera del Signior Alberigo Malvezi ho inteso quanto con cortese affeto si mostri desideroso di essermi congionto d'amicitia, dove infinitamente la ringratio di questo suo buon'animo, offerendomegli all'incontro se in alcuna cosa la posso servire, poi che gli meriti delle sue infinite virtù, e qualità meritano che ogni uno e me l'ammirino e osservino, e per fine di questo le bascio le mani. Di Roma, a' 13. di Luglio. 1595.

D.V.S. Affettionatissimo servitore,

LUCA MARENZIO.

Not to stand too long upon my travels: I will only name that worthy Master, GIOVANNI CROCHIO, Vice-master of the Chapel of Saint Mark's in Venice; with whom I had familiar conference.

And thus what experience I could gather abroad; I am now ready to practice at home, if I may but find encouragement in my first assays.

There have been divers Lute Lessons of mine lately printed without my knowledge, false and imperfect: but I purpose shortly myself to set forth the choicest of all my Lessons in print, and also an Introduction for Fingering; with other *Books of Songs*, whereof this is the first. And as this finds favour with you, so shall I be affected to labour in the rest. Farewell!

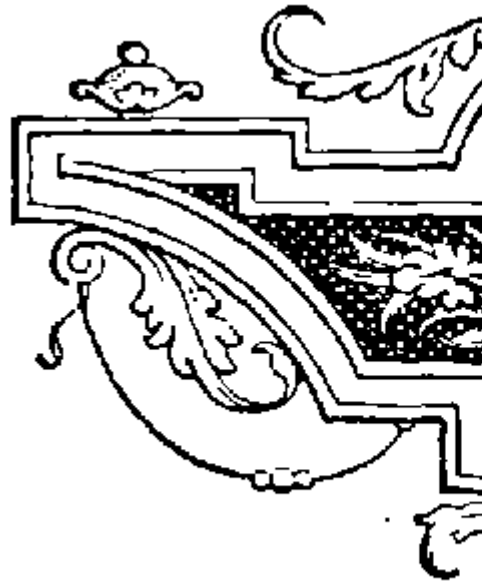
JOHN DOWLAND.



THOMÆ CAMPIANI.

Epigramma. De instituto authoris.

Famam, posteritas quam dedit Orpheo.
Dolandi melius Musica dat sibi,
Fugaces reprimens archetypis sonos;
Quas et delitias præbuit auribus,
Ipsis conspicuas luminibus facit.



Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.



John Dowland.
The First Book of Songs or Airs



Vnquiet thoughts! your civil slaughter
stint!
And wrap your wrongs within a pensive
heart!
And you, my tongue! that makes my
mouth a mint,
And stamps my thoughts, to coin them
words by art,
Be still! For if you ever do the like,
I'll cut the string, that makes the hammer
strike!

But what can stay my thoughts, they may
not start?
Or put my tongue in durance for to die?
When as these eyes, the keys of mouth
and heart

Open the lock, where all my love doth lie.
I'll seal them up within their lids for ever!
So thoughts and words and looks shall die
together.

How shall I then gaze on my mistress'
eyes?
My thoughts must have some vent, else
heart will break.
My tongue would rust, as in my mouth it
lies;
If eyes and thoughts were free, and that
not speak.
Speak then! and tell the passions of
Desire!
Which turns mine eyes to floods, my
thoughts to fire.



Whoever thinks, or hopes of love for love?
Or who beloved, in CUPID's laws doth
glory?
Who joys in vows, or vows not to remove:
Who, by this light god, hath not been
made sorry?
Let him see me! eclipsed from my sun;
With dark clouds of an earth, quite
overrun.

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires
hidden,
Or humble faith in constant honour
armed,
Can keep love from the fruit that is
forbidden?
Who thinks that change is by entreaty
charmed?
Looking on me; let him know Love's
delights
Are treasures hid in caves, but kept by
sprites!



My Thoughts are winged with Hopes, my
Hopes with Love.
Mount Love unto the moon in clearest
night!
And say, "As she doth in the heavens
move,
In earth so wanes and waxeth my delight."
And whisper this, but softly, in her ears!
"Hope oft doth hang the head, and Trust
shed tears."

And you, my Thoughts, that some mistrust
do carry!
If for mistrust, my mistress do you blame,

Say, "Though you alter, yet you do not
vary
As she doth change; and yet remain the
same:
Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect;
And love is sweetest, seasoned with
suspect."

If she for this, with clouds do mask her
eyes,
And make the heavens dark with her
disdain;
With windy sighs disperse them in the
skies!
Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain!
Thoughts, Hopes, and Love return to me
no more,
Till CYNTHIA shine, as she hath done
before!



If My complaints could passions move,
Or make LOVE see wherein I suffer wrong;
My passions were enough to prove
That my despairs had governed me too
long.
O LOVE, I live and die in thee!
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me!

Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks,
Yet thou dost hope when I despair!
My heart for thy unkindness breaks!
Thou say'st, "Thou can'st my harms
repair."
And when I hope: thou mak'st me hope in
vain!
Yet for redress, thou let'st me still
complain!

Can LOVE be rich, and yet I want?
Is LOVE my judge, and yet am I
condemned?
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant!
Thou made a god, and yet thy power
contemned!
That I do live, it is thy power!
That I desire, it is thy worth!

If love doth make men's lives too sour,
Let me not love, nor live henceforth!
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you, that of my fall may hearers be,
May hear Despair, which truly saith,
"I was more true to LOVE, than LOVE to
me."



Can she excuse my wrongs with virtue's

cloak?
Shall I call her good, when she proves
unkind?
Are those clear fires, which vanish into
smoke?
Must I praise the leaves, where no fruit I
find?

No! No! Where shadows do for bodies
stand,
Thou may'st be abused, if thy sight be
dim.
Cold love is like to words written on sand;
Or to bubbles, which on the water swim.

Wilt thou be abused still,
Seeing that she will right thee never?
If thou can'st not o'ercome her will,
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever!

Was I so base, that I might not aspire,
Unto those high joys, which she holds
from me?
As they are high, so high is my desire,
If she this deny, what can granted be?

If she will yield to that which reason is,
It is Reason's will, that Love should be
just.
Dear! make me happy still, by granting
this,
Or cut off delays, if that die I must!

Better a thousand times to die,
Than for to live thus still tormented:
Dear! but remember it was I,
Who, for thy sake, did die contented.



Now, O now, I needs must part,
Parting, though I absent mourn;
Absence can no joy impart,
Joy once fled, cannot return.
While I live, I needs must love,
Love lives not, when hope is gone.
Now at last despair doth prove
Love divided, loveth none.
Sad despair doth drive me hence,
This despair, unkindness sends;
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

Dear! when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my joys at once.
I loved thee, and thee alone!
In whose love I joyed once:
And although your sight I leave,
Sight wherein my joys do lie;
Till that death do sense bereave,
Never shall affection die!
Sad despair doth drive me hence, *&c.*

Dear! if I do not return,
Love and I shall die together.
For my absence never mourn!
Whom you might have joyed ever.
Part we must, though now I die,

Die I do, to part with you:
Him despair doth cause to lie
Who both lived and dieth true.
Sad despair doth drive me hence, *&c.*



Dear, if you change! I'll never choose
again.
Sweet, if you shrink! I'll never think of
love.
Fair, if you fail! I'll judge all beauty vain.
Wise, if too weak! more wits I'll never
prove.
Dear! sweet! fair! wise! change,
shrink, nor be not weak;
And, on my faith! my faith shall never
break.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven
adorn;
Heaven her bright stars, through earth's
dim globe shall move.
Fire, heat shall lose; and frosts, of flames
be born;
Air made to shine, as black as hell shall
prove:
Earth, heaven, fire, air, the world
transformed shall view,

Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to
you!



Burst forth my tears! Assist my forward
grief!
And show what pain, imperious love
provokes!
Kind tender lambs, lament love's scant
relief,
And pine, since pensive care my freedom
yokes.
O pine to see me pine, my tender flocks!

Sad pining Care, that never may have
peace,
At Beauty's gate, in hope of pity knocks;
And Mercy sleeps while deep disdains
increase;
And Beauty, hope in her fair bosom yokes,
O grieve to hear my grief, my tender
flocks!

Like to the winds, my sighs have wingèd
been,
Yet are my sighs and suits repaid with
mocks;
I plead, yet she repineth at my teen.
O ruthless rigour! harder than the rocks!

That both the shepherd kills, and his poor
flocks.



O Crystal tears! like to the morning
showers.
And sweetly weep into thy lady's breast!
And as the dews revive the drooping
flowers,
So let your drops of pity be addresst!
To quicken up the thoughts of my
desert.
Which sleeps too sound; whilst I from
her depart.

Haste hapless sighs! and let your burning
breath
Dissolve the ice of her indurate heart!
Whose frozen rigour, like forgetful Death,
Feels never any touch of my desert.
Yet sighs and tears to her, I sacrifice:
Both, from a spotless heart, and
patient eyes.



Think'st thou, then, by feigning
Sleep, with a grand disdaining;
Or, with thy crafty closing,
Thy cruel eyes reposing;
To drive me from thy sight!
When sleep yields more delight,
Such harmless beauty gracing:
And while sleep feignèd is
May not I steal a kiss
Thy quiet arms embracing?

O that thy sleep dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled!
Thy cruel eyes deceiving,
Of lively sense bereaving:
Then should my love requite
Thy love's unkind despite,
While fury triumphed boldly
In beauty's sweet disgrace;
And lived in deep embrace
Of her that loved so coldly,

Should then my love aspiring,
Forbidden joys desiring,
So far exceed the duty
That Virtue owes to Beauty?
No! Love seek not thy bliss
Beyond a simple kiss!
For such deceits are harmless
Yet kiss a thousand fold;

For kisses may be bold
When lovely sleep is armless.



Come away! come, sweet love!
The golden morning breaks;
All the earth, all the air,
Of love and pleasure speaks!
Teach thine arms then to embrace,
And sweet rosy lips to kiss,
And mix our souls in mutual bliss!
Eyes were made for beauty's grace
Viewing, ruing, love's long pains;
Procured by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away! come, sweet love!
Do not in vain adorn
Beauty's grace, that should rise
Like to the naked morn!
Lilies on the river's side,
And fair Cyprian flowers newly blown,
Desire no beauties but their own:
Ornament is Nurse of Pride.
Pleasure measure, love's delight,
Haste then, sweet love, our wishèd flight!



Rest awhile, you cruel cares!
Be not more severe than love!
Beauty kills and beauty spares,
And sweet smiles, sad sighs remove.
LAURA, fair Queen of my delight!
Come grant me love, in love's despite!
And if I ever fail to honour thee,
Let this heavenly light I see,
Be as dark as hell to me!

If I speak! My words want weight.
Am I mute! My heart doth break.
If I sigh! She fears deceit.
Sorrow then for me, must speak!
Cruel! unkind! with favour view
The wound that first was made by you!
And if my torments feignèd be,
Let this heavenly light I see,
Be as dark as hell to me!

Never hour of pleasing rest,
Shall revive my dying ghost,
Till my soul hath repossesst
The sweet hope, which love hath lost:
Laura! redeem the soul that dies
By fury of thy murdering eyes!
And if it proves unkind to thee,
Let this heavenly light I see,
Be as dark as hell to me!



Sleep wayward thoughts, and rest you
with my Love!
Let not my Love, be with my love
diseased!
Touch not proud hands, lest you her anger
move!
But pine you with my longings long
displeased:
Thus while she sleeps, I sorrow for her
sake,
So sleeps my Love; and yet my love doth
wake.

But O, the fury of my restless fear!
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires!
The glories and the beauties that appear
Between her brows, near CUPID'S closèd
fires!
Thus while she sleeps, moves sighing for
her sake,
So sleeps my Love; and yet my love doth
wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my Love doth
rest;
Fear in my love, and yet my Love secure;
Peace in my Love, and yet my love
opprest;

Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
Sleep dainty Love, while I sigh for thy
sake!
So sleeps my Love; and yet my love doth
wake.



All ye, whom love or fortune hath
betrayed!
All ye that dream of bliss, but live in grief!
All ye whose hopes are evermore delayed!
All ye whose sighs or sickness want relief!
Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless
man!
That sings my sorrows like the dying
swan!

Care that consumes the heart with inward
pain,
Pain that presents sad care in outward
view;
Both, tyrant-like, enforce me to complain,
But still in vain, for none my plaints will
rue:
Tears, sighs, and ceaseless cries alone I
spend.
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow,
end.



Wilt thou, Unkind! thus 'reave me
Of my heart, and so leave me?
Farewell!
But yet, or ere I part, O Cruel!
Kiss me Sweet, my Jewel!
Farewell!

Hope by disdain grows cheerless
Fear doth love, love doth fear
Beauty peerless.
Farewell!

If no delays can move thee!
Life shall die, death shall live
Still to love thee.
Farewell!

Yet be thou mindful ever!
Heat from fire, fire from heat,
None can sever.
Farewell!

True love cannot be changed,
Though delight from desert
Be estranged.
Farewell!



Would my conceit that first inforced my
woe,
Or else mine eyes, which still the same
increase,
Might be extinct, to end my sorrows so;
Which now are such, as nothing can
release.
Whose life is death; whose sweet, each
change of sour;
And eke whose hell reneweth every hour.

Each hour, amidst the deep of hell I fry,
Each hour, I waste and wither where I sit;
But that sweet hour, wherein I wish to die,
My hope, alas, may not enjoy it yet.
Whose hope is such bereaved of the bliss,
Which unto all, save me, allotted is.

To all, save me, is free to live or die;
To all, save me, remaineth hap or hope.
But all, perforce, I must abandon!
Since Fortune still directs my hap aslope;
Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,
But to my thrals I yield: for so I must.



Come again! Sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces that refrain
To do me due delight;
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss,
To die with thee again in sweetest
sympathy!

Come again! that I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain!
For now, left and forlorn,
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
In deadly pain, and endless misery.

All the day, the sun that lends me shine
By frowns doth cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay.
Her smiles, my springs, that make my joys
to grow:
Her frowns, the winters of my woe.

All the night, my sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams;
My heart takes no delight
To see the fruits and joys that some do
find,
And mark the storms are me assigned.

Out, alas! my faith is ever true;
Yet she will never rue,
Nor yield me any grace.

Her eyes, of fire; her heart of flint is made:
Whom tears nor truth may once invade.

Gentle LOVE draw forth thy wounding
dart!
Thou can'st not pierce her heart!
For I (that do approve
By sighs and tears, more hot than are thy
shafts)
Did 'tempt, while she for triumph laughs.

(*On the British Museum Copy, G9, there is the following pencil note to this Song.* These words by [Robert Devereux] the Earl of Essex, and sung before Queen Elizabeth, in a Masque at Greenwich.)



His golden locks, Time hath to silver
turned.
O Time too swift! O swiftness never
ceasing!
His Youth, 'gainst Time and Age hath ever
spurned,
But spurned in vain, Youth waneth by
increasing.
Beauty, Strength, Youth are flowers but
fading seen;
Duty, Faith, Love are roots, and ever
green.

His helmet, now, shall make a hive for bees,
And lover's Sonnets turn to holy Psalms;
A man-at-arms must, now, serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Age's alms:
But though from Court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits, in homely cell,
H'll teach his swains this Carol for a Song;
Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well!
Curst be the soul that thinks her any wrong!
Goddess! Allow this aged man his right!
To be your Beadsman now; that was your Knight.



Awake, sweet love! Thou art returned!
My heart, which long in absence mourned,
Lives now in perfect joy.
Only herself hath seemèd fair;
She only could I love.

She only drave me to despair,
When she unkind did prove.

Let love which never, absent, dies;
Now live for ever in her eyes!
Whence came my first annoy:
Despair did make me wish to die
That I my joys might end,
She only, which did make me fly,
My state may now amend.

If she esteem thee now ought worth;
She will not grieve thy love henceforth!
  Which so despair hath proved.
Despair hath proved now in me
That love will not unconstant be,
  Though long in vain I loved.

If she, at last, reward thy love
  And all thy harms repair!
Thy happiness will sweeter prove,
  Raised up from deep despair.
And if that now thou welcome be,
  When thou with her doth meet;
She all this while, but played with thee,
  To make thy joys more sweet.



Come, heavy Sleep! the Image of true

Death!
And close up these my weary weeping
eyes!
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital
breath,
And tears my heart with sorrow's sigh-
swollen cries.
Come, and possess my tired thoughts!
worn soul!
That living dies, till thou on me bestoule!

Come, Shadow of my End; and Shape of
Rest!
Allied to Death, Child to this black-fast
Night!
Come thou, and charm these rebels in my
breast!
Whose waking fancies doth my mind
affright.
O come, sweet Sleep! Come, or I die for
ever!
Come ere my last sleep comes, or come
never!



Away with these self-loving lads,
Whom CUPID's arrow never glads!
Away poor souls that sigh and weep,

In love of them that lie and sleep!
For CUPID is a meadow god,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

God CUPID's shaft, like Destiny,
Doth either good or ill decree;
Desert is borne out of his bow,
Reward upon his feet doth go.
What fools are they, that have not known
That LOVE likes no laws, but his own!

My songs, they be CYNTHIA's praise:
I wear her rings on holidays.
On every tree, I write her name,
And every day I read the same:
Where HONOUR, CUPID's rival is,
There miracles are seen of his.

If CYNTHIA crave her ring of me,
I'll blot her name out of the tree!
If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then "Well fare nothing!" once a year:
For many run, but one must win.
Fools only, hedge the cuckoo in!

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love; which is the bow of LOVE:
And love as well the For'ster can,
As can the mighty Nobleman.
Sweet saint, 'tis true, you worthy be!
Yet, without love, nought worth to me!



R[?ichard]. Y[?oung].
The state of a Christian lively set forth, by an allegory of a Ship under Sail.

[This Writer was evidently a forerunner of JOHN BUNYAN.]

Prov. xxxi. 14. Job ix. 26. Isaiah xxiii. 1. Rev. viii. 9.

[Original broadside, inserted in a distinct work of the Author, called *The Victory of Patience*. 1636.]



MY body is the Hull, the Keel my back, my neck the Stem; the Sides are my ribs, the Beams my bones, my flesh the Planks; gristles and ligaments are the Pintels and Knee-timbers; arteries, veins, and sinews, the several Seams of the ship; my blood is the Ballast, my heart the Principal Hold, my stomach the Cook-room, my liver the Cistern, my bowels the Sink; my lungs the Bellows, my teeth the Chopping-knives; except you divide them, and then they are the 32 Points of the Compass, both agreeing in number. Concoction is the Cauldron, and hunger the Salt or Sauce. My belly is the Lower Deck, my kidneys Close Cabins or receptacles, my thighs are Long Galleries for the grace of the ship; my arms and hands the Canhooks, my midriff is a large partition or Bulkhead. Within the circumference of my head is placed the Steeridge Room and Chief Cabins, with the Round-house [*now called the Captain's Cabin*] where the Master lieth: and these for the more safety and decency are enclosed in a double fence; the one *Dura mater*, something hard and thick [*the skull*], the other *Pia mater*, very thin and soft [*the hair*], which serveth instead of hangings. The ears are two doors or Scuttles fitly placed for entertainment; the two eyes are Casements to let in light; under them, is my mouth, the Stowage or Steward's Room. My lips are Hatches for receipt of goods, my two nostrils serve as Gratings to let in air. At the one end stands my chin, which is the Beakhead. My forehead is the Upper Deck; all which being trimmed with my fat instead of

Pitch, and hair instead of Oakum, are coloured with my skin.

The Fore Deck is humility, the Stern, charity. Active obedience, the Sails; which being hoisted up with the several Yards, Halliards, and Bowlines of holy precepts and good purposes; are let down again by fickleness, faintings and inconstancy. Reason is my Rudder, experience the Helm, hope of salvation my Anchor, passive obedience the Capstan, holy revenge the Cat and Fish to haul the Sheet Anchor or last hope. Fear of offending is the Buoy, virtues are the Cables, holy desires and sudden ejaculations the Shrouds. The zeal of GOD's glory is my Mainmast, premeditation the Foremast, desire of my own salvation the Mizenmast, saving knowledge the Bowsprit, circumspection a Sounding line.

My Light is illumination; justice is the Card [*Map*]; GOD's Word, the Compass; the meditation of life's brevity, a Four-Hour Glass [*i.e.*, *the length of a ship's watch*]; contemplation of the creatures, the Cross-staff or Jacob's-staff; the creed, a Sea-Grammar; the life of CHRIST, my Load-Star. The saint's falls are Sea-marks; good examples, Land-marks. Repentance pumps out the sink of my sins, a good conscience keeps me clean. Imputative righteousness is my Flag, having this motto, *Being cast down, we perish not!* the Flag-staff is sincerity.

The ship is victualled afresh by reading, hearing, receiving. Books are Long-boats, letters are little Skiffs to carry and recarry my spiritual merchandise. Perseverance is my Speed, and patience my Name. My Fire is lust, which will not be clean extinguished: full feeding and strong drink are the Fuel to maintain it; whose Flame, if it be not suppressed, is jealousy; whose Sparks are evil words, whose Ashes are envy;

whose Smoke is infamy. Lascivious talk is a Flint and Steel, concupiscence as Tinder, opportunity the Match to light it, sloth and idleness are the Servants to prepare it.

The LAW OF GOD is my Pilot, FAITH my Captain, FORTITUDE the Master, CHASTITY the Master's Mate, my WILL the Coxswain, CONSCIENCE the Preacher [*or, as we now say, Chaplain*], APPLICATION OF CHRIST'S DEATH the Surgeon, MORTIFICATION the Cook, VIVIFICATION the Caulker, SELF-DENIAL an Apprentice of his, TEMPERANCE the Steward, CONTENTATION his Mate, TRUTH the Purser, THANKFULNESS the Purser's Mate, REFORMATION the Boatswain, the Four HUMOURS, SANGUINE, CHOLER, &c., are the Quarter-masters; CHRISTIAN VIGILANCY undertakes to supply the office of the Starboard and Larboard Watches, MEMORY is the Clerk of the Cheque, ASSURANCE the Corporal, the Armour INNOCENCY, the Mariners, ANGELS.

Schismatics are Searchers sent abroad. My UNDERSTANDING, as Master Gunner, culls out from those two Budge-casks of the *Old* and *New Testaments* certain threats and promises which are my only Powder and Shot; and with the assistance of the Gunner's Mate, HOLY ANGER AGAINST SIN, chargeth my tongue, which, like to a piece of ordnance, shoots them to the shame and overthrow of my spiritual Adversaries.

My noble passengers are JOY IN THE HOLY GHOST and PEACE OF CONSCIENCE, whose retinue are DIVINE GRACES. My ignoble or rather mutinous passengers are WORLDLY COGITATIONS and VAIN DELIGHTS which are more than a good many; besides some that are arrant thieves and traitors, namely, PRIDE, ENVY, PREJUDICE: but all these I will bid

farewell to, when I come to my journey's end; though I would, but cannot, before.

Heaven is my Country, where I am Registered in the Book of Life, my King is JEHOVAH. My Tribute alms-deeds: they which gather it are the poor. Love is my country's Badge, my Language is holy conference, my Fellow Companions are the saints.

I am poor in performances, yet rich in GOD's acceptation. The Foundation of all my good is GOD's free election. I became Bound into the Corporation of the Church to serve Him, in my baptism. I was Enrolled at the time when He first called me. My Freedom is justification. It was Purchased with the blood of CHRIST. My Evidence is the earnest of His spirit. My Privileges are His sanctifying graces. My Crown, reserved for me on high, is glorification.

My Maker and Owner is GOD; who built me by His Word, which is CHRIST; of earth, which was the Material; He freighted it with the essence of my Soul, which is the Treasure; and hath set me to sail in the Sea of this world, till I attain to the Port of death: which letteth the terrestrial part into the Harbour of the grave, and the celestial part into the Kingdom of Heaven. In which voyage, conveniency of estate [*comfortable circumstances*] is as sea room; good affections serve as a tide; and prayer as a prosperous gale, a wind to help forward.

But innumerable are the impediments and perils. For here I meet with the profers of unlawful gain and sensual delights, as so many SIRENS; the baits of prosperity, as High Banks, on the right hand or Weather Shore; and there with evil suggestions and crabbed adversity, as Rocks, on the left hand or Lee Shore, ready to split me. The fear of hell, like Quicksands, threatens to swallow me; original sin

like Weeds clog me, and actual transgressions like so many Barnacles hang about me. Yea, every sin I commit springs a new Leak. My senses are as so many Storms of Rain, Hail, and Snow to sink me. Lewd affections are Roaring Billows and Waves. Self-confidence, or to rely upon anything but the Divine assistance, is to lose the Bowsprit. Restitution is heaving goods overboard to save the ship. Melancholy is want of Fresh Water. The scoffs of atheists, and contempt of religion in all places is a notable becalming; the lewd lives and evil examples of them most a contagious air. Idleness furrs it, and is a shrewd decay, both of the Hull and Tackling.

Moreover, sailing along, and keeping Watch (for they that be CHRIST's friends, you know! must look for all they meet to be their enemies), we no sooner look up, but presently we ken a Man of War, and then we must be for war too, and provide for a skirmish.

Now the Galleon that hath our Pinnace in chase, and always watcheth for advantages to surprise it, is the Piracy of Hell; the Synagogue of SATAN. Her Freight is temptations and persecutions, with all the engines of mischief. In which the DEVIL is Master, MALICE the Master's Mate, CRUELTY the Captain, MURDER the Cook, FLATTERY the Caulker, PROFANENESS a Quartermaster, RIOT the Steward, NEVER CONTENT his Mate, PRIDE the Coxswain, SUPERSTITION the Preacher, HYPOCRISY the Boatswain, COVETOUSNESS the Purser, LUST the Swabber, FURY the Gunner, PRESUMPTION the Corporal, SEDITION the Trumpeter, DRUNKENNESS the Drummer.

Vices are the Sails, custom the Mainmast, example of

the multitude the Foremast, lusts and passions the Cables, blindness of mind the Rudder, hardness of heart the Helm, the wisdom of the flesh the Card, the mystery of iniquity the Compass. The five senses, or if you will, scoffing Atheists, profane foul-mouthed drunkards, and all the rabble of hell are the Mariners. Lewd affections the Passengers, LITTLE CONSCIENCE the Load star.

She hath two tire of great ordnance planted in her, Heresy and Irreligion; being either for a false god, or none. Oaths, blasphemy, and curses are the Powder and Shot: which they spit against all that worship the LAMB, or fight under the Ensign of Faith. Her Armour is carnal security. The Flag in her Top is infidelity: the motto, *There is no god, but gain!*

Her Ballast, which keeps her upright, is Ignorance. Most of her Tackling she has from Rome, or Amsterdam. ANTICHRIST, as Pilot, steers her in such a course that she goes on swiftly, proudly, securely, scorning and scoffing (SENNACHERIB like) to hear that any Lord should deliver this poor Pinnace out of her hands.

Yet in the sequel, this silly Pink, having the Insurance of GOD's omnipresence, finds not only succour from the Stock of the Church's prayers, which, like another Merchantman, come in to the rescue: but, likewise that GOD's Almighty power and providence is near at hand, as a strong Castle of Defence to free her, whereby she escapes, even as a bird out of the snare of the hunter, to praise the LORD: who hath not given her as a prey unto their teeth, that would have swallowed up all quick; but delivered her from such swelling waters, floods of affliction and streams of persecution, as else had gone over her and even drowned her soul, as it is

Psalm cxxiv. While this great Galleon (though it seems like that Invincible Armada) flies; and, having no Anchor, when the storms of GOD's wrath arise, down she sinks to desperation; and perisheth in the bottomless pit or burning lake of fire and brimstone: where we will leave her to receive a just recompense of reward.

R. Y.

London. Printed by Thomas Cotes for the Author; and are to be sold by Sarah Fairbeard, at the North Door of the Royal Exchange, 1636.

[? Thomas Occleve, Clerk in the Office of the Privy Seal.]

The Letter of Cupid.

[Old forms like *servin*, serve; *wollin*, will; *tellin*, tell; *doin*, done; and the Imperatives *bethe*, be; *telleth*, tell; occur in this Poem.]

[Urry's edition of CHAUCER's *Works*. ii. 534. *Ed.* 1721.]



Cupido, (unto whose commandèment
The gentle kindred of goddis on high
And people infernal be obedient;
And all mortal folk servin busily),
Of the goddess son, CYTHEREA only;
Unto all those that, to our deity
Be subjects, heartily greeting, send we!

In general, we wollin that ye know
That Ladies of honour and reverence,
And other Gentlewomen havin sow[n]
Such seed of complaint in our audience,
Of men that do them outrage and offence;
That it our earis grieveth for to hear,
So piteous is the effect of this matere.

Passing all landis, on the little isle
That clepèd is Albion, they most complain,
They say that there, is crop and root of guile:
So can those men dissimulin and feign,
With standing dropis in their eyin twain;
When that their heartis feeleth no distress,
To blindin women with their doubleness.

Their wordis, spoken be so sighingly,
With so piteous a cheer and countenance
That every wight that meaneth truly
Deemeth they in heart havin such grievance.
They say, "So importable is their penance,
That but their lady lust to shew them grace
They, right anon, must starvin in the place."

"Ah, Lady mine!" they say, "I you ensure
As doth me grace! and I shall ever be,
While that my life may lasting and endure
To you as humble and low in each degree
As possible is, and keep all things in secre[t]
Right as your selfin listeth that I do!
And ellis mine heartè must burst in two."

Full hard it is, to know a manis heart
For outward may no man the truthè deem.
When word out of the mouth, may none astert
But it, by reason seemed a wight to queme,
So it is said of heart, as it would seem.
O faithful woman! full of innocence!
Thou art deceivèd by false appearance!

By process moveth oft woman's pity.

Weening all things were as these men ysay,
They grant them grace, of their benignity,
For that men shouldin not, for their sake die,
And with good heart, settin them in the way
Of blissful love: keepin it, if they con!
And thus, otherwhile, women bethe ywon.

And when this man, the pan hath by the steel
And fully is in his possession;
With that woman keepeth he no more to deal
After, if he may findin in the town
Any woman, his blind affection
Unto bestow. But evil mote he preve!
A man, for all his oaths, is hard to believe!

And for that every false Man hath a Make,
(As unto every wight is light to know)
When this traitor, this woman hath forsake,
He fast speedeth him unto his fellow.
Till he be there, his heart is on a low;
His false deceit ne may him not suffice,
But of his treason telleth all the wise.

Is this a fair avaunt? Is this honour?
A man himself accuse thus and defame!
Is it good to confess himself a traitor?
And bring a woman into slanderous name

And tell how he her body hath do
shame?
No worship may he thus, to him
conquer,
But great dislander unto him and her!

To her! Nay! Yet ywas it no reprefe;
For all for virtue was, that she
ywrought!
But he that brewèd hath all this mischief,
That spake so fair, and falsely inward
thought;
His, be the slander! as it by reason
ought
And unto Her be thank perpetual
That, in such a need, helpin can so
well.

Although through manis sleight and
subtilty,
A silly simple and innocent woman
Betrayed is: no wonder! since the city
Of Troyè, as the story tellin can,
Betrayèd was, through the deceit of
man,
And set on fire, and all down
overthrown;
And finally destroyèd, as men
knowèn.

Betrayin not men, cities great and kings?
What wight is it that can shape remedy
Against these falsely proposèd things?
When can the craft, such crafts to espy
But man? whose wit is e'er ready to
apply
To thing that sowning is into

falshede?
Woman! bethe 'ware of false men! I
thee rede!

And, furthermore, have these men in
usage
That where they not likely been to sped
Such as they been, with a double visage,
They procurin, for to pursue their need
He prayeth him, in his cause to proceed.
And largely guerdoneth she his
travail.
Little wot women, how men them
assail!

Another wretch, unto his fellow saith,
"Thou fishest fair! She which that thee
hath fired
Is false, inconstant, and she hath no faith.
She for the road, of folk is so desired;
And, as an horse, from day to day she is
hired!
That when thou twinnest from her
company,
Cometh another; and bleared is thine
eye!

Now prick on fast! and ridin thy journey
While thou art there! For she, behind
thy back,
So liberal is, she will nothing withsay,
But smartly of another take a smack.
And thus farin these women all the pack
Whoso them trusteth, hanged mote he
be!
Ever they desire change and novelty."

Wherefore proceedeth this, but of envy?
For that he himself, her ne winnin may,
He speaketh her reprefe and villainy;
As manis blabbing tongue is wont alway.
Thus divers men full often make assay,
For to disturbin folk in sundry wise,
For they may not eschuin their emprise.

Many one eke would speakin for no good,
That hath in love his timè spent and used.
Men wist, his Lady his asking withstood;
Ere that he were of her, plainly refused.
Or waste and vain all that he had ymused:
Wherefore he can none other remedy,
But on his Lady, shapeth him to lie.

"Every woman," he saith, "is light to get,
Can none say, 'Nay!' if she be well ysought;
Whoso may leisure have with her to treat
Of his purpose, ne shall be failin ought
But he on madness be so deep ybrought
That he shende all with open homeliness
That loven women. They doting! as I guess."

To slaunder women thus, what may profit
To gentleness? namely, that them arm should
In defence of women, and them delight
As that the Order of Gentleness would?
If that a man list gentle to be held

He must all eschew that thereto is
contrary.
A slanderous tongue is his great
enemy!

A foul vice it is, of tongue to be light.
For *whoso mochil clappeth, gabbeth oft.*
The Tongue of Man so swift is, and so
wight
That when it is yraisèd up on loft,
Reason is shewed so slowly and soft,
That it him never overtakin may.
Lord! so these men been trusty in
assay!

Albeit that men find one woman nice,
Inconstant, recheless, and variable,
Deignous and proud, full fillèd of malice,
Without faith or love, and deceivable,
Sly, quaint, false, in all untrust culpable,
Wicked or fierce, or full of cruelty:
Yet followeth not that such, all
women be!

When the high GOD, angellis formèd had:
Amongis them all formed, were there
none
That foundin were malicious and bad?
Yet all men wotin, there were many one
That for their pride fell from heaven
anon.
Should we, forthy, give all angels
proud name?
Nay, he that that sustaineth, is to
blame!

Of twelve Apostles, one a traitor was;

The remenant yet good werin and true.
So if it happen men findin, percase,
A woman false; such, good is to eschew:
And deem not all that they therefore be untrue.
I see well, that menis own falseness
Them causeth, woman for to trust the less.

O, every man ought have a heart tender
To a woman, and deem her honourable;
Whether her shape be thick, or else slender,
Or she be good or bad! It is no fable.
Every wight wot, that wit hath reasonable,
That of a woman, he descendèd is:
Then is it shame of her to speak amiss!

A wicked tree, good fruit may none forth bring;
For such the fruit, is aye as is the tree.
Take heed of whom thou take thy beginning!
Let thy mother be mirror unto thee!
Honour her, if thou wilt honoured be!
Despiseth her then not, in no manere!
Lest that thereby thy wickedness appear.

An old proverb there said is, in English,
That bird or fowl, soothly, is dishonest
What that he be, and holdin full churlish
That useth to defoulin his own nest.
Men to say well of women, it is the best:
And naught to despisin them, ne

deprave;
If that they will their honour keep or save.

The Ladies ever complain them on Clerks
That they have made bookis of their defame;
In which they despise women and their works,
And speakin of them great reproof and shame:
And causèless give them a wicked name.
Thus they despisèd be, on every side,
Dislanderèd and blown upon full wide.

Those sorry books make mention
How women betrayed in especial
ADAM, DAVID, SAMPSON, and SOLOMON,
And many one more; who may rehearse them all,
The treasons that they havin done, and shall?
The world their malice may not comprehend
(As Clerkis feign), for it ne hath none end.

OVID, in his book callèd *Remedy*
Of Love, great reproof of woman ywriteth,
Wherein, I know that he did great folly;
And every wight who, in such case, him delighteth.
A Clerkis custom is, when he enditeth
Of women (be it prose, or rhyme, or verse)

Say, "They be wicked!" all know he
the reverse.

And the book Scholars learned in their
childhead
For they of women beware should in
age,
And to lovin them, ever be in dread.
Sith to deceive, is all their courage,
They say, of peril, men should cast the
advantage,
Namely, of such as men havin
bewrapped:
For many a man, by woman hath
mishapped.

No charge is what so these Clerkis ysain
Of all their writing, I ne do ne cure
All their labour and travail is in vain
For between me and my Lady Nature
Shall not be suffred, while the world
may 'dure.
Thus these Clerkis, by their cruel
tyranny,
On silly women, kithin their mastery.

Whilom, for many of them were in my
chain
Ytied; and now, for unwieldy age
And unlust, they may not to love attain:
And sain, now, that "Love is but very
dotage!"
Thus, for they themselfin lackin
courage,
They folk excitin by their wicked
saws
For to rebell against Me, and my

laws!

But, maugre them that blamin women most,
Such is the force of mine impression
That, suddenly, I can fell all their boast,
And all their wrong imagination.
It shall not be in their election,
The foulest slut in all the town to refuse;
If that me lust, for all that they can muse:

But her in heart, as brenningly desire
As though she were a Duchess, or a Queen;
So can I folkis heartis set on fire
And, as me list, sendin them joy or teen.
They that to women ben ywhet so keen,
My sharpè piercing strokis! how they smite!
Shall feel and knowin, how they kerve and bite!

Pardie! this Clerk, this subtle sly OVID,
And many another deceivèd have be
Of women, as it is knowin full wide.
What! no men more! and that is great dainty
So excellent a Clerk as was he!
And other more, that couldin full well preach
Betrapped were, for aught that they could teach!

And trusteth well, that it is no marvail!
For women knowin plainly their intent.

They wist how softily they could assail
Them; and what falsehood they, in heartè meant:
And thus they Clerkis, in their danger hent,
With one venom, another is destroyed!
And thus these Clerkis often were annoyed.

These Ladies, ne these gentles ne'ertheless,
Where none of those that wroughtin in this wise;
But such women as werin vertueless
They quiltin thus, these old Clerkis wise.
To Clerkis muchil less ought to suffice
Than to dispravin women generally;
For worship shallin they none get thereby.

If that these men, that lovers them pretend,
To women werin faithful, good, and true,
And dread them to deceive, or to offend;
Women, to love them wouldin not eschew.
But, every day, hath man an heart new!
It, upon one abidin can, no while.
What force is it, such a wight to beguile?

Men bearing, eke, the women upon hand
That lightly, and withoutin any pain
They women be; they can no wight withstand
That his disease list to them to

complain!
They be so frail, they may them not
refrain!
But whoso liketh them, may lightly
have;
So be their heartis easy in to grave.

To Master JEAN DE MEUN, as I suppose,
Then, it was a lewd occupation,
In making of the *Romance of the Rose*,
So many a sly imagination,
And perils for to rollin up and down,
The long process, so many a slight
cautel
For to deceive a silly damosel!

Nought can I say, ne my wit comprehend,
That art, and pain, and subtilty should
fail
For to conquer, and soon to make an end;
When men, a feeble place shullin assail:
And soon, also, to vanquish a battle
Of which no wight may makin
resistance;
Ne heart hath none, to make any
defence.

Then mote it follow, of necessity,
Sith art asketh so great engine and pain
A woman to deceive, what so she be?
Of constancy be they not so barren
As that some of these silly Clerkis feign;
But they be, as women oughtin to be,
Sad, constant, and full fillèd of pity.

How friendly was MEDEA to JASON
In his Conquering of the Fleece of Gold!

How falsely quit he, her true affection,
By whom victory he gate as he would!
How may this man, for shame, be so bold
To falsin her, that, from his death and shame
Him kept, and gate him so great a prize and name?

Of Troy also, the traitor ÆNEAS,
The faithless wretch! how he himself forswore
To DIDO, which that Queen of Carthage was
That him relievèd of his smartis sore!
What gentleness might she have doin more
Than she, with heart unfeigned, to him kidde?
And what mischief to her thereof betid!

In my *Legend of Natures* may men find
(Whoso yliketh therein for to read)
That oathis ne behest may man not bind
Of reprovable shame have they no dread
In manis heart truth ne hath no stead.
The soil is naught; there may no troth ygrow.
To women, namely, it is not unknow[n].

Clerkis feign also there is no malice
Like unto woman's wicked crabbedness.
O Woman! how shalt thou thyself chevice;
Sith men of thee, so mochil harm

witness?
Beth ware! O Woman! of their
fickleness.
Kepeth thine ownè! what men clap or
crake!
And some of them shall smart, I
undertake!

Malice of women! What is it to dread?
They slay no man, destroyin no cities,
Ne oppress people, ne them overlaid,
Betray Empires, Realms, or Duchies,
Nor bereaven men their landis, ne their
mees,
Empoison folk, ne houses set on fire,
Ne false contractis makin for no hire.

Trust, Perfect Love, and Entire Charity,
Fervent Will, and Entalented Courage,
All thewis good, as sitteth well to be,
Have women, ere, of custom and usage.
And well they canin manis ire asuage,
With soft wordis, discreet and benign.
What they be inward, they show
outward by sign!

Womanis heart unto no cruelty
Inclined is; but they be Charitable,
Piteous, Devout, Full of Humility,
Shamefast, Debonaire, and Amiable,
Dread full, and of wordis measurable:
What women, these have not,
peradventure;
Followeth not the way of their nature.

Men sayin that our First Mother na'theless
Made all mankind lesin his liberty,

And nakid it of joyè, doubtless,
For GOD is hest disobeyèd she,
When she presumed to taste of the tree,
That GOD forbade, that she eat thereof should.
And ne had the Devil be, no more she would!

The envious swelling, that the Fiend our foe
Had unto man in heart, for his wealth,
Sent a serpent, and made her for to go
To deceive EVE; and thus was manis wealth
Bereft him by the Fiend, in a stealth,
The woman not knowing of the deceipt,
God wot! Full far was it from her conceipt!

Wherefore I say, that this good woman EVE
Our father ADAM, ne deceived nought.
There may no man for a deceipt it prove
Properly, but that she, in heart and thought,
Had it compassed[1] first, ere she it wrought.
And for such was *not* her Impression,
Men may it call no Deceipt, by reason.

Ne no wight disceiveth, but he purpose!
The Fiend this deceipt cast, and nothing She.
Then it is wrong to deemin or suppose
That of his harm She should the causè

be.
Wytith the Fiend, and his be the maugre!
And all excusèd have her innocence,
Save only, that she brake obedience!

And touching this, full fewè men there be,
Unnethis any, dare I safely say!
From day to day, as men may all day see,
But that the hest of GOD they disobey.
Have this in mindè, siris! I you pray.
If that ye be discreet and reasonable;
Ye will her hold the more excusable!

And where men say, "In man is stedfastness;
And woman is of her courage unstable."
Who may of ADAM bear such a witness?
Tellith me this! Was he not changeable?
They both werin in one case semblable.
Save that willing, the Fiend deceived EVE;
And so did she *not* ADAM, by your leave!

Yet was this sinnè happy to mankind,
The Fiend disceived was, for all his sleight;
For aught he could him in his sleightis wind.
For his trespass, came from heaven on height
GOD, to discharge man of his heavy weight
He, flesh and blood ytook of a Virgine,
And suffered death, him to deliver of

pine.

And GOD, to whom there may nothing hid be,
If he, in woman knowen had such malice,
As men record of them in generalty;
Of our Lady, of Life Reparatrice
He n'old have be born: but that she of vice
Was void, and full of virtue, well He wist,
Endowid! of her, to be born Him list.

Her heapèd virtue hath such excellence
That all too lean is manis faculty
To declare it; and therefore in suspense
Her due praising put, needis must ybe.
But this I sayin, Verily, that she
Next GOD, best friend is, that to Man 'longeth.
The Key of Mercy by her girdle hangeth!

And of mercy, hath every man such need,
That razing that, farewel the joy of man!
And of her power, now takith right good heed!
She, mercy may well, and purchasin can.
Depleasith her not! Honoureth that woman!
And other women, honour for her sake!
And but ye do, your sorrow shall awake!

In any book also, where can ye find
That of the workis of death or of life,
Of JESU spelleth or maketh any mind
That women, Him forsoke, for woe or strife?
Where was there any wight so ententife
Aboutin Him as woman? Provid none!
The Apostles him forsokin everichone.

Woman forsoke Him not! For all the faith
Of holy church in woman left only!
These are no lies, for thus Holy Writ saith,
Look! and ye shall so find it hardily!
And therefore I may well provin thereby
That in woman reigneth stable constancy;
And in men is change of variancy.

Thou Precious Gem! Of martyrs, Magarite!
That of thy blood, dreadest none effusion!
Thou Lover true! Thou Maiden mansuete!
Thou, constant Woman! in thy passion
Overcame the Fiendis temptation!
And many a wight, convertid thy doctrine,
Unto the faith of holy GOD, thou Virgin!

But, understandeth this! I commend her nought,
By encheson of her virginity.
Trusteth, it came never into thought!
For ever were I against Chastity.
And ever shall. But, lo, this moveth me!
Her loving heart; and, constant to her lay,

Drive out of my remembrance I ne
may.



Now holdith this for firm, and for no lie!
That this true and just commendation
Of women, tell I for no flattery;
Nor because of pride or elation:
But only, too, for this intention
To give them courage of perseverance
In virtue; and their honour to advance.

The more the virtue, the less is the pride.
Virtue so digne is, and so noble in kind,
That Vice and he will not in fere abide.
He putteth vices clean out of his mind,
He flyeth from them, he leaveth them behind.
O, Woman! that of Virtue, art hostess;
Great is thy honour, and thy worthiness!



Then will I thus concludin and define.
We, you command! our ministers each one
That ready ye be, our hests to incline!

That of these falsè men, our rebell foen
Ye doin punishment! and that, anon!
Void them our Court! and banish
them for ever!
So that therein more comin, may they
never!

Fulfilled be it! Ceasing all delay,
Look that there be none excusation!
Written in the lusty month of May,
In our Palace, where many a million
Of lovers true, have habitation;
In the year of grace, joyful and
jocond,
A thousand, four hundred and second.

Thus endeth

The letter of Cupid.



FOOTNOTES:

[1] Embraced.

Edward Underhill, Esq. of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, surnamed, "The hot Gospeller."

Examination and Imprisonment in August 1553; with anecdotes of the Time.

[Harl. MS. 425.]
[*Narratives of the Days of the Reformation.* Camden Society. 1859.]

A Note of the Examination and Imprisonment of EDWARD UNDERHILL (son and heir of THOMAS UNDERHILL of Honingham, in the county of Warwick, Esquire) being of the Band of the Pensioners [*see pp.* 93-94], for a ballet that he made against the Papists, immediately after the Proclamation of Queen MARY at London; she being in Norfolk.



THE next day [4th] after the Queen was come to the Tower [*on the 3rd of August, 1553*]; the foresaid ballet [*ballad*] came into the hands of Secretary [Sir

JOHN] BOURNE; who straightways made inquiry for me, the said EDWARD, who dwelt at Limehurst [*Limehouse*]; which he having intelligence of, sent the Sheriff of Middlesex, with a company of bills and glaives [*lances, with a cutting blade at the end of each*]; who came unto my house, I being in my bed, and my wife being newly laid in childbed.

The High Constable, whose name was THOMAS IVE, dwelt at the next house unto me, the said EDWARD; whom the Sheriff brought also with him. He, being my very friend, desired the Sheriff and his company to stay without, for [fear of af]frighting of my wife, being newly laid; and he would go and fetch me unto him. Who knocked at the door, saying, "He must speak with me."

I, lying so near that I might hear him, called unto him, willing him "to come unto me!" for that he was always my very friend, and earnest in the Gospel. Who declared unto me that the Sheriff, with a great company with him, was sent for me.

Whereupon I rose, made me ready, and came unto him, demanding, "What he would with me?"

"Sir," said he, "I have commandment from the Council to apprehend you, and forthwith to bring you unto them."

"Why," said I, "it is now ten o'clock in the night; ye cannot, now, carry me unto them!"

"No, Sir," said he, "you shall go with me to my house to London, where you shall have a bed: and to-morrow, I will bring you unto them at the Tower."

"In the name of GOD! [=*most certainly*]," said I: and so went with him, requiring [*inquiring of*] him, "If I might understand the cause."

He said, "He knew none."

"This needed not, then," said I; "any one messenger might have fetched me unto them": suspecting the cause to be, as it was indeed, the ballet.

On the morrow [*5th of August, 1553*], the Sheriff, seeing me nothing dismayed, thinking it to be some light matter, went not with me himself: but sent me unto the Tower with two of his men, waiting upon me with two bills [*men with halberts*], prisoner-like, who brought me unto the Council Chamber; being commanded to deliver me unto Secretary BOURNE.

Thus standing waiting at the Council Chamber door, two or three of my fellows, the Pensioners, and my cousin-german GILBERT WYNTER, Gentleman Usher unto the Lady ELIZABETH [*see p.* 120], stood talking with me.

In the meantime, cometh Sir EDWARD HASTINGS [*see Vol. III. p. 147*], newly made Master of the Horse to the Queen, and seeing me standing there prisoner, frowning earnestly upon me, said, "Are you come? We will talk with you or your party, I warrant you!" and so went into the Council.

With that, my fellows and kinsman shrank away from me, as men greatly afraid.

> I did then perceive the said Sir EDWARD bare in remembrance the controversy that was betwixt him and me in talk and questions of religion at Calais, when the Right Honourable the Earl of HUNTINGDON, his brother, went over, General of 6,000 men: with whom I went the same time, and was Controller of the Ordnance.

The Earl being visited with sickness when he came thither, for that I went over in his company, and could play and sing to the lute, therewith to pass away the time, on the nights being long, for we went over in Christmas [1552], would have me with him in his chamber; and had also a great delight to hear his brother reason with me in matters of religion. Who would be very hot, when I did overlay him with the texts of the Scripture concerning the natural presence of CHRIST in the sacrament of the altar; and would swear great oaths, specially, "by the Lord's foot!" that after the words spoken by the priest there remained no bread, but the natural body that MARY bare.

"Nay, then, it must needs be so," would I say, "and [*if*] you prove it with such oaths!"

Whereat the Earl would laugh heartily, saying, "Brother, give him over! UNDERHILL is too good for you!" Wherewith he would be very angry.

The greatest hold that he took of, was of the 3rd of *John*, upon those words, "And no man ascendeth up to heaven, but He that came down from heaven, that is to say, the Son of Man which is in heaven." I drove him from the 6th of *John* and all other places that he could allege; but from this, he would not be removed, but that those words proved his natural body to be in heaven and in the sacrament also. I told him he as grossly understood CHRIST, as

> NICODEMUS did in the same place, of "being born anew."
>
> In my opinion, any man that is not given up of GOD, may be satisfied concerning the natural presence in the Supper of the Lord, by the Gospel of Saint JOHN, reading from the first chapter to the end of the seventeenth; with the witness of the first of the *Acts of the Apostles* of CHRIST's ascension and coming again; if ever he will be satisfied, without the help of any Doctors.

Undoubtedly, the apprehending of me was for this matter: but the great mercy of GOD so provided for me, that Master HASTINGS was not at my examination. For tarrying thus at the Chamber door, Doctor Cox [*afterwards Bishop of Ely*] was within; who came forth, and was sent to the Marshalsea. Then came forth the Lord FERRERS, [Viscount HEREFORD], and was committed to the Tower. Then it was dinner time, and all were commanded to depart until after dinner.

My two waiting men and I went to an alehouse to dinner; and, longing to know my pain [*punishment*], I made haste to get to the Council Chamber door, that I might be the first.

Immediately, as they had dined, Secretary BOURNE came to the door, looking as a wolf doth for a lamb; unto whom my two keepers delivered me, standing next unto the door: for there were more behind me.

He took me in greedily, and shut to the door; leaving me at the nether [*lower*] end of the Chamber, he went unto the Council showing them of me: and then beckoned me to come near.

Then they began the table, and sat them down. The Earl of BEDFORD sat as chief, uppermost upon the bench. Next unto him, the Earl of SUSSEX; next him, Sir RICHARD SOUTHWELL.

On the side next me, sat the Earl of ARUNDEL; next him, the Lord PAGET. By them, stood Sir JOHN GAGE, then Constable of the Tower; the Earl of BATH, and Master [*afterwards Sir John*] MASON.

At the board's end, stood Serjeant MORGAN [*who, later on, condemned Lady Jane Grey*] that afterwards died mad; and Secretary [Sir JOHN] BOURNE.

The Lord WENTWORTH [*the Lord Deputy of Calais, when lost; see p.* 173] stood in the bay window, talking with one, all the while of my examination, whom I knew not.

> My Lord of BEDFORD being my very friend, (for that my chance was to be at the recovering of his son, my Lord RUSSELL, when he was cast into the Thames against the Limehurst, whom I carried to my house and got him to bed; who was in great peril of his life, the weather being very cold) would not seem to be familiar with me, nor called me not by my name, but said, "Come hither, sirrah! did not you set forth a ballet of late, in print?"

I kneeled down, saying, "Yes, truly, my Lord! Is that the cause I am called before your Honours?"

"Ay, marry," said Secretary BOURNE, "you have one of them about you, I am sure."

"Nay, truly, have I not," said I.

Then he took one out of his bosom, and read it over distinctly; the Council giving diligent ear.

When he had ended, "I trust, my Lords," said I, "I have not offended the Queen's Majesty in this ballet; nor spoken against her title, but maintained it."

"You have, sir," said Morgan, "yes, I can divide your ballet, and make a distinction in it; and so prove at the least sedition in it."

"Ay, sir," said I, "you men of law will make of a matter what ye list!"

"Lo," said Sir RICHARD SOUTHWELL, "how he can give a taunt! You maintain the Queen's title, with the help of an arrant heretic, TYNDALE."

"You speak of Papists there, sir," said Master MASON, "I pray you, how define you a Papist?"

I look upon him, turning towards him; for he stood on the side of me, "Why, sir," said I, "it is not long since you could define a Papist better than I" [*meaning that he had turned with the new change of religion*]. With that some of them secretly smiled; as the Lords of BEDFORD, ARUNDEL, SUSSEX, and PAGET.

In great haste, Sir JOHN GAGE took the matter in hand, "Thou callest men Papists there," said he, "who be they that thou judgest to be Papists?"

I said, "Sir, I do name no man, and I came not hither to accuse any, nor none will I accuse; but your Honours do know that in this Controversy that hath been, some be called Papists, and some Protestants."

"But we must know whom thou judgest to be Papists, and that we command thee, upon thine allegiance to

declare!"

"Sir," said I, "I think if you look among the priests in Paul's, ye shall find some old *Mumpsimuses* there."

"*Mumpsimuses*, knave!" said he, "*Mumpsimuses!* Thou art an heretic knave, by God's blood!"

"Ay, by the mass!" says the Earl of BATH, "I warrant him an heretic knave indeed."

"I beseech your Honours!" said I, speaking to the Lords that sat at table; for those other stood by, and were not then of the Council, "be my good Lords! I have offended no laws, and I have served the Queen's Majesty's father and brother a long time; and in their service have spent and consumed part of my living, never having, as yet, any preferment or recompense; and the rest of my fellows likewise, to our utter undoings, unless the Queen's Highness be good unto us. And for my part, I went not forth against Her Majesty; notwithstanding that I was commanded, nor liked those doings."

"No, but with your writings, you would set us together by the ears!" said the Earl of ARUNDEL.

"He hath spent his living wantonly," saith BOURNE, "and now saith he has spent it in the King's service; which I am sorry for. He is come of a worshipful house in Worcestershire."

"It is untruly said of you," said I, "that I have spent my living wantonly: for I never consumed any part thereof until I came into the King's service; which I do not repent, nor doubted of recompense, if either of my two masters had lived. I perceive you [to be] BOURNE's son of Worcester; who was beholden unto my uncle WYNTER, and therefore you have no cause to be my enemy: nor you never knew me, nor I you

before now, which is too soon."

"I have heard enough of you," said he.

"So have I of you," said I, "how that Master SHELDON drave you out of Worcestershire, for your behaviour."

With that, came Sir EDWARD HASTINGS from the Queen, in great haste, saying, "My Lords! you must set all things apart, and come forthwith to the Queen."

Then said the Earl of SUSSEX, "Have this gentleman unto the Fleet until we may talk further with him!" though I was "knave," before, of Master GAGE.

"To the Fleet!" said Master SOUTHWELL, "have him to the Marshalsea!"

"Have the gentleman to Newgate!" saith Master GAGE again, "Call a couple of the Guard here."

"Ay," saith BOURNE, "and there shall be a letter sent to the keeper how he shall use him; for we have other manner of matters to him than these."

"So had ye need," said I, "or else I care not for you!"

"Deliver him to Master [*after Sir William*] GARRARD, the Sheriff [of London]," said he, "and bid him send him to Newgate."

"My Lord," said I, unto my Lord of ARUNDEL, (for that he was next to me) as they were rising, "I trust you will not see me thus used, to be sent to Newgate. I am neither thief nor traitor."

"You are a naughty fellow!" said he, "you were always tutting in the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND's ear, that you were!"

"I would he had given better ear unto me," said I; "it had not been with him then, as it is now" [*waiting his*

trial in the Tower].

Master HASTINGS passing by me, I thought good to prove him; although he threatened me, before noon.

"Sir," said I, "I pray you speak for me, that I be not sent to Newgate; but rather unto the Fleet, which was first named. I have not offended. I am a Gentleman, as you know; and one of your fellows, when you were of that Band of the Pensioners."

Very quietly, he said unto me, "I was not at the talk, Master UNDERHILL; and therefore I can say nothing to it." But I think he was well content with the place I was appointed to.

So went I forth with my two fellows of the Guard, who were glad they had the leading of me, for they were great Papists.

"Where is that knave, the printer [*of the ballad*]?" said Master GAGE.

"I know not," said I.

When we came to the Tower gate, where Sir JOHN BRYDGES [*afterwards Lord Chandos of Sudeley, see p. 128*] had the charge, [who was there] with his brother Master THOMAS; with whom I was well acquainted, (but not with Sir JOHN) who, seeing the two of the Guard leading me, without their halberts, rebuked them; and stayed me while they went for their halberts.

His brother said unto me, "I am sorry you should be

an offender, Master UNDERHILL."

"I am none, Sir!" said I, "nor went I against the Queen."

"I am glad of that," said he.

And so forth we went at the gate, where was a great throng of people to hear and see what prisoners were committed: and amongst whom stood, my friend Master IVE, the High Constable, my next neighbour.

One of the Guard went forth at the wicket before me, to take me by the arm, the other held me by the other arm; fearing, belike, I would have shifted [*escaped*] from them amongst the people.

When my friend, who had watched at the gate all the forenoon saw me thus led; he followed afar off, as PETER did CHRIST, to see what should become of me. Many also followed, some that knew me: some to learn who I was; for that I was in a gown of satin.

Thus passed we through the streets, well accompanied, unto Master GARRARD, the Sheriff's house, in the Stocks Market. My friend Master IVE tarried at the gate.

These two of the Guard declared unto Master Sheriff, that they were commanded by the Council to deliver me unto him, and he to send me unto Newgate: saying, "Sir, if it please you, we will carry him thither."

With that, I stepped unto Master Sheriff, and, taking him a little aside, requested him that, forasmuch as their commission was but to deliver me unto him, and *he* to send me into Newgate, that he would send me by his officers: for the request was of mere malice.

"With a goodwill!" said Master Sheriff.

"Masters!" said he, "you may depart! I will send my officers with this gentleman anon; when they be come in."

"We will see him carried, Sir!" said they, "for our discharge."

Then the Sheriff said sharply unto them, "What! do you think that I will not do the Council's commandment? You are discharged by delivering him unto me!"

With that, they departed.

My friend, Master IVE, seeing them depart and leave me behind, was very glad thereof: and tarried still at the gate to see farther.

All this talk in the Sheriff's hall, did my Lord RUSSELL, son and heir to the Earl of BEDFORD, hear and see; who was at commandment [*under arrest*] in the Sheriff's house, and his chamber joining into the hall, wherein he might look: who was very sorry for me, for that I had been familiar with him in matters of religion, as well on the other side the seas as at home. He sent me on the morrow, 20s. [= *about £10 now*]; and every week as much, while I was in Newgate.

When these two companions of the Guard were gone, the Sheriff sent two of his officers with me, who took no bills with them, nor lead me; but followed a pretty way behind me: for as I said unto Master Sheriff, "But for order's sake and to save him blameless, I would have gone unto Newgate myself, at the Council's commandment, or his either."

When I came into the street, my friend Master IVE, seeing me have such liberty, and such distance

betwixt me and the officers, he stepped before them, and so went talking with me through Cheapside: so that it was not well perceived that I was apprehended, but by the great company that followed.

The officers delivered me unto the Keeper of Newgate, as they were commanded: who unlocked a door, and willed me to go up the stairs into the Hall. My friend IVE went up with me; where we found three or four prisoners that had the liberty of the house.

After a little talk with my friend, I required him not to let my wife know that I was sent to Newgate, but [to say] to the Counter, until such time that she were near her *churching*: and that she should send me my night-gown, my *Bible*, and my Lute. And so he departed.

In a while after, it was supper time [*i.e., about 5 p.m.*]. The board was covered in the same hall. The Keeper, whose name was ALEXANDER, and his wife came to supper; and half a dozen prisoners that were there for felonies: for I was the first, for religion, that was sent unto that prison; but the cause why, the Keeper knew not.

> One of those prisoners took acquaintance of [*recognised*] me, and said, "He was a soldier under Sir RICHARD CROMWELL in the journey [*in July, 1543*] to Landreci [in Hainault], where he did know me and whose servant I was, at the same time; and who, the next year following [1544], when the famous King HENRY VIII. went

> unto Boulogne, did put me unto his Majesty into the room of a man-at-arms. Of the which Band, there were 200 of us, upon barded horses, all in one suit of red and yellow damask, the bards of our horses and plumes of feathers of the same colours, to attend upon his Majesty for the defence of his person."

After supper, this good fellow whose name was BRYSTOW procured me to have a bed in his chamber. He could play well upon the rebeck [*violin*]. He was a tall man, and afterwards of the Queen MARY's Guard, and yet a Protestant, which he kept secret: "For else," he said, "he should not have found such favour as he did at the Keeper's hands, and his wife's; for to such as love the Gospel, they were very cruel."

"Well," said I, "I have sent for my *Bible*; and by GOD's grace, therein shall be my daily exercise. I will not hide it from them."

"Sir!" said he, "I am poor; but they will bear with you, for that they see your estate is to pay well; and I will shew you the nature and manner of them: for I have been here a a good while. They both do love music very well; wherefore you with your lute, and I to play with you on my rebeck, will please them greatly. He loveth to be merry, and to drink wine; and she also. If you will bestow upon them every dinner and supper a quart of wine, and some music: you shall be their white son, and have all the favour that they can shew you!" And so it came to pass.

> And now I think it good a little to digress from my matter concerning my imprisonment and my deliverance; and to note the great mercy of GOD shewed unto

> his servants in that great Persecution in Queen MARY's time: how mightily and how many ways he preserved such as did fear Him, even as He preserved DANIEL, JEREMY, PAUL, and many in the old time.
>
> Some were moved by His Spirit to flee over the seas. Some were preserved still in London, that, in all the time of persecution, never bowed their knees unto Baal: for there was no such place to shift [*hide*] in, in this realm, as London, notwithstanding their great spiall and search; nor no better place to shift the Easter time [*to avoid being houselled, i.e., taking the sacrament*] than in Queen MARY's Court, serving in the room I did, as shall be shewed hereafter [*p.* 88].
>
> A great number, God did strengthen constantly to stand to His Word, to glorify His name, which be praised for ever and ever, world without end! And some be preserved for these days.

And now again to prosecute the matter of my trouble and wonderful deliverance out of that loathsome gaol of Newgate.

When that I had been there about two weeks [*5th-18th August, 1553*], through the evil savours, and great unquietness of the lodgings, as also by occasion of drinking of a draught of strong Hollock [a sweet] wine, as I was going to bed, which my chamber fellow would needs have me to pledge him in, I was cast into an extreme burning ague, that I could take no rest, and desiring to change my lodging. And so did, from one to another, but none could I abide; there was so many evil savours, and so

much noise of prisoners.

The Keeper and his wife offered me his own parlour, where he himself lay: which was furthest from noise; but it was near the kitchen, the savour of which I could not abide. Then did she lay me in a chamber, where she said never a prisoner lay, which was her store chamber, where all her plate and money lay; which was much.

So much friendship I found at their hands, notwithstanding that they were spoken unto, by several Papists. And the Woodmongers of London, with whom I had had a great conflict for presenting them for false marking of billets; they required the Keeper to show me no favour, and to lay irons upon me, declaring that "I was the greatest heretic in London."

My very friend Master RECORDE, Doctor of Physic, singularly seen in all the seven sciences, and a great Divine, visited me in the prison (to his great peril if it had been known, who long time was at charges and pains with me, gratis), and also after I was delivered. By means whereof, and the Providence of GOD, I received my health.

My wife then was churched before her time, to be a suitor for my deliverance; who put up a Supplication unto the Council declaring my extreme sickness and small cause to be committed unto so loathsome a gaol; requiring that I might be delivered, putting in sureties to be forthcoming to answer farther when I should be called. Which she obtained by the help of Master [afterwards Sir] JOHN THROGMORTON, being the Master of the Requests, and my countryman [*i.e.,*

of Worcestershire] and my kinsman. He, understanding who were my enemies, took a time in their absence, and obtained [*on 21st August,1553*] a letter to the Keeper, subscribed by the Earl of BEDFORD, the Earl of SUSSEX, [STEPHEN GARDINER the Bishop of] WINCHESTER, [Sir ROBERT] ROCHESTER [Comptroller of the Household], and [Sir EDWARD] WALDEGRAVE, to be delivered; putting in surety, according to the request of my wife's Supplication.

> With whom WINCHESTER talked, concerning the christening of her child at the church at the Tower Hill; and the gossips [*sponsors*], which were the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of PEMBROKE, and the Lady JANE, then being Queen: with the which, he [*Gardiner*] was much offended.
>
> My Lady THROGMORTON, wife unto Sir NICHOLAS THROGMORTON, was the Queen's deputy; who named my son GUILDFORD after her [*the Queen's*] husband.
>
> Immediately after the christening was done [*on the 19th of July, 1553*], Queen MARY was proclaimed in Cheapside; and when my Lady THROGMORTON came into the Tower, the Cloth of Estate was taken down, and all things defaced. A sudden change! She would have gone forth again; but could not be suffered.

But now again to my matter.

When my wife had obtained the letter, joyful she was; and brought her brother, JOHN SPERYNE of London, merchant, with her; a very friendly man,

and zealous in the LORD: who was bound with me, according to the Council's letters before Master CHEDELY, Justice of the Peace: who came into the prison unto me; for I was so sick and weak that I was constrained to tarry a while longer, and my wife with me day and night.

During all the time of my sickness, I was constrained to pay 8*d.* [= *about* 6*s.* 8*d. now*] every meal; and as much for my wife, and for every friend that came to see me, if they were alone with me at dinner or supper time, whether they came to the table or not; and paid also 40*s.* for a fine for irons [*i.e., for not being chained*] which they said, "They shewed me great favour in; I should have else paid £4 or £5."

Thus, when they perceived I did not amend, but rather [grew] worse and worse; they thought it best to venture the matter; and provided a horse litter to carry me home to Limehurst. I was so weak that I was not able to get down the stairs; wherefore one that was servant to the gaoler, who, beforetime, had been my man, who was also very diligently and friendly unto me, took me in his arms, and carried me down the stairs to the horse-litter, which stood ready at the prison door; and went with me to my house.

Many people were gathered to see my coming forth, who praised GOD for my deliverance, being very sorry to see my state, and the lamentation of my wife and her friends, who judged I would not live until I came home.

I was not able to endure the going of the horse-litter, wherefore they were fain to go very softly, and oftentimes to stay; at which times, many of my acquaintances and friends and others resorted to see me: so that it was two hours ere we could pass from

Newgate to Aldgate; and so within night, before I could get to my house. Where many of my neighbours resorted to see me taken out of the horse-litter; who lamented and prayed for me, thinking it not possible for me to escape death, but by the great mercy of GOD.

Thus I continued for the space of eight or ten days, without any likelihood or hope of amendment.

I was sent to Newgate, the 5th day of August; and was delivered the 5th day of September.

The 1st day of October, was Queen MARY crowned; by which time I was able to walk up and down my chamber. Being very desirous to see the Queen pass through the City, I got up on horseback, being scant able to sit, girded in a long night-gown; with double kerchiefs about my head, a great hat upon them; my beard dubbed [*clotted*] hard too. My face so lean and pale that I was the very Image of Death; wondered at of all that did behold me; and unknown to any. My wife and neighbours were too too sorry that I would needs go forth; thinking I would not return alive.

Thus went I forth, having on either side of me a man to stay [*uphold*] me; and so went to the West end of Paul's; and there placed myself amongst others that sat on horseback to see the Queen pass by.

Before her coming, I beheld Paul's steeple bearing top and top-gallant [yards] like a royal ship, with many flags and banners: and a man [*Peter, a Dutchman*] triumphing and dancing in the top.

I said unto one that sat on horseback by

> me, who had not seen any coronation, "At the coronation of King EDWARD, I saw Paul's steeple lie at anchor, and now she weareth top and top-gallant. Surely, the next will be shipwreck, ere it be long!" which chanceth sometimes by tempestuous winds, sometimes by lightnings and fire from heaven.
>
> But I thought that it should rather perish with some horrible wind, than with lightning or thunderbolt [*evidently alluding to the destruction by lightning of the Steeple, on the 4th June,1561*]; but such are the wonderful works of GOD, whose gunners will not miss the mark that He doth appoint, be it never so little.

When the Queen passed by, many beheld me, for they might almost touch me, the room [*space*] was so narrow; marvelling, belike, that one in such a state would venture forth. Many of my fellows the Pensioners, and others, and divers of the Council beheld me: and none of them all knew me.

I might hear them say one to another, "There is one that loveth the Queen well, belike; for he ventureth greatly to see her. He is very like never to see her more." Thus my men whose hearing was quicker than mine, that stood by me, heard many of them say.

The Queen herself, when she passed by, beheld me. Thus much I thought good to write, to shew how GOD doth preserve that which seemeth to man impossible; as many that day did judge of me. Thus returned I home.

And about two months after [*i.e., in December*], I was able to walk to London at an easy pace; but still with my kerchiefs and pale lean face. I muffled me with a sarsenet, which the rude people in the streets would murmur at, saying, "What is he? Dare he not show his face?"

I did repair to my old familiar acquaintance, as drapers, mercers, and others: and stood talking with them, and cheapened their wares; and there was not one of them that knew me.

Then would I say unto them, "Do you not know me? Look better upon me! Do you not know my voice?" For that also was altered.

"Truly," would they say, "you must pardon me! I cannot call you to remembrance."

Then would I declare my name unto them; whereat they so marvelled, that they could scarcely credit me, but for the familiar acquaintance that I put them in remembrance of.

Thus passed I forth the time at Limehurst until Christmas [1553] was passed, then I waxed something strong. I then thought it best to shift from thence; for that I had there fierce enemies; especially [HENRY MORE the Vicar of Stepney, Abbot *quondam* of St. Mary de Grace on Tower Hill. *He died in November, 1554.*]

> Whom I apprehended in King EDWARD's time, and carried him to Croydon to CRANMER, Bishop of CANTERBURY, for that he disturbed the Preachers in his

Church [*at Stepney*] causing the bells to be rung when they were at the Sermon; and sometimes begin to sing in the Choir before the sermon were half done, and sometimes challenge the Preacher in the Pulpit. For he was a strong stout Popish prelate: whom the godly men of the parish were weary of; specially my neighbours of the Limehurst, as Master DRIVER, Master IVE, Master POINTER, Master MARCHE, and others.

Yet durst they not meddle with him, until it was my hap to come and dwell amongst them: and for that I was the King's Servant, I took it upon me; and they went with me to the Bishop to witness those things against him. Who was too full of lenity. A little he rebuked him, and bad him do no more so.

"My Lord," said I, "methinks, you are too gentle unto so stout a Papist!"

"Well," said he, "we have no law to punish them by."

"We have, my Lord!" said I. "If I had your authority, I would be so bold to un-Vicar him; or minister some sharp punishment unto him, and such other. If ever it come to their turn; they will show you no such favour."

"Well," said he, "if GOD so provide, we must abide it."

"Surely," said I, "GOD will never cone you thank for this; but rather take the sword from such as will not use it upon His

enemies." And thus we departed.

The like favour is shewed now [*i.e., in Elizabeth's reign*]; and therefore the like plague will follow.

There was also another spiteful enemy at Stepney, called BANBERY, a shifter, a dicer, &c., like unto DAPERS the dicer, MORGAN of Salisbury Court, busking [Sir THOMAS, *also called* Long] PALMER, lusty YOUNG, [Sir] RALPH BAGNALL [*see Vol. III. p. 147*], [Sir] MILES PARTRIDGE [*idem*], and such others. With which companions, I was conversant a while; until I fell to reading the Scriptures, and following the Preachers.

Then, against the wickedness of those men, which I had seen among them; I put forth a ballet, uttering the falsehood and knavery that I was made privy unto. For the which, they so hated me that they raised false slanders and bruits of me, saying that "I was a spy for the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND": and calling me [Bishop] "HOOPER's companion," for a bill that I set up upon Paul's gate, in defence of HOOPER; and another at St. Magnus's Church, where he was too much abused, with railing bills cast into the pulpit and other ways.

Thus became I odious unto most men, and many times in danger of my life, even in King EDWARD's days. As also for apprehending one ALLEN, a false prophesier [*of whom Underhill says*

> *elsewhere*, This ROBERT ALLEN was called the God of Norfolk, before they received the light of the Gospel]; who bruited [*in January, 1551*] that King EDWARD was dead, two years before it came to pass; who was a great calculator for the same. But these jugglers and wicked dicers were still in favour among the magistrates, and were advanced; who were the sowers of sedition, and the destroyers of the two Dukes.
>
> I pray God the like be not practised by such flatterers in these days [*i.e., in Elizabeth's reign*], according to the old proverb, "He that will in Court dwell, must curry Fauvell." And
>
> *He that will in Court abide,*
> *Must curry Fauvell back and side,*

[*i.e.*, he must curry or groom a horse, of Fauvell (a bright yellow or tawny) colour (opposed to Sorell, a dark colour), back and side.]

> for such get most gain.
>
> I was also called "the hot Gospeller!" jesting and mocking me, saying, "He is all of the Spirit!"
>
> This was their common custom, at their tables, to jest and mock the Preachers and earnest followers of the Gospel; even among the magistrates: or else [speak] in wanton and ribald talk; which when they fell into, one or other would look through [*along*] the board, saying, "Take heed that

> UNDERHILL be not here!"
>
> At Stratford on the Bow [*now Stratford at Bow*], I took the pix of the altar; being of copper, stored with copper gods: the Curate being present, and a Popish Justice dwelling in the town, called Justice TAWE.
>
> There was commandment it should not hang in a string over the altar; and then, they set it upon the altar.
>
> For this act, the Justice's wife with the women of the town, conspired to have murdered me; which one of them gave me warning of, whose good will to the Gospel was not unknown unto the rest. Thus the Lord preserved me from them, and many other dangers more; but specially from hell fire, but that, of His mercy, He called me from the company of the wicked.

This BANBERY, aforesaid, was the spy for Stepney parish; as JOHN AVALES, BEARD, and such others were for London: who [*i.e., Banbery*]caused my friend and neighbour Master IVE to be sent unto the Marshalsea, but the LORD shortly delivered him. Wherefore I thought it best to avoid [*leave*]; because my not coming to the church there, should by him be marked and presented.

Then took I a little house in a secret corner, at the nether [*lower*] end of Wood Street; where I might better shift the matter.

Sir HUMPHREY RATCLIFFE was the Lieutenant of the Pensioners, and always favoured the Gospel; by whose means I had my wages still paid me [*70 marks a year* = £46 13*s.* 4*d.* = *about* £500 *now; besides a free diet*].

When [Sir THOMAS] WYATT was come to Southwark [*6th February, 1554*] the Pensioners were commanded to watch in armour that night, at the Court: which I hearing of, thought it best, in like sort, to be there; lest by my absence I might have some quarrel piked unto [*picked with*] me; or, at the least, be stricken out of the book for receiving any more wages.

After supper, I put on my armour as the rest did; for we were appointed to watch all the night.

So, being all armed, we came up into the Chamber of Presence, with our pole-axes in our hands. Wherewith the Ladies were very fearful. Some lamenting, crying, and wringing their hands, said, "Alas, there is some great mischief toward! We shall all be destroyed this night! What a sight is this! to see the Queen's Chamber full of armed men. The like was never seen, nor heard of!"

The Master [JOHN] NORRIS, who was a Gentleman Usher of the Utter [*Outer*] Chamber in King HENRY VIII.'s time, and all King EDWARD's time; always a rank Papist, and therefore was now Chief Usher of Queen MARY's Privy Chamber: he was appointed to call the Watch, and see if any were lacking. Unto whom, MOORE, the Clerk of our Cheque, delivered the book of our names; which he perused before he would call them at the cupboard. And when he came to my name, "What!" said he, "what doth he here?"

"Sir," said the Clerk, "he is here ready to serve as the rest be."

"Nay, by God's body!" said he, "that heretic shall not be called to watch here! Give me a pen!" So he struck out my name out of the book.

The Clerk of the Cheque sought me out, and said

unto me, "Master UNDERHILL, you need not to watch! you may depart to your lodging!"

"May I?" said I, "I would be glad of that," thinking I had been favoured, because I was not recovered from my sickness: but I did not well trust him, because he was also a Papist. "May I depart indeed?" said I, "will you be my discharge?"

"I tell you true," said he, "Master NORRIS hath stricken you out of the book, saying these words, 'That heretic shall not watch here!' I tell you true what he said."

"Marry, I thank him!" said I, "and you also! You could not do me a greater pleasure!"

"Nay, burden not me withal!" said he, "it is not my doing."

So departed I into the Hall, where our men were appointed to watch. I took my men with me, and a link; and went my ways.

When I came to the Court gate, there I met with Master CLEMENT THROGMORTON [*father of Job Throgmorton, the Martinist of 1589*], and GEORGE FERRERS [*the Poet and Historian; see p.* 173], tending their links, to go to London. Master THROGMORTON was come post from Coventry; and had been with the Queen to declare unto her the taking of the Duke of SUFFOLK. Master FERRERS was sent from the Council unto the Lord WILLIAM HOWARD, who had the charge of the watch at London Bridge.

As we went, for that they were both my friends and Protestants, I told them of my good hap, and manner

of discharge of the Watch at the Court.

When we came to Ludgate, it was past eleven o'clock. The gate was fast locked; and a great watch within the gate of Londoners, but none without: whereof HENRY PECKHAM had the charge, under his father; who, belike, was gone to his father, or to look to the water side.

Master THROGMORTON knocked hard, and called to them, saying, "Here are three or four gentlemen come from the Court that must come in; and therefore open the gate!"

"Who?" quoth one, "What?" quoth another; and much laughing they made.

"Can ye tell what you do, sirs?" said Master THROGMORTON, declaring his name, and that he had been with the Queen to shew her Grace of the taking of the Duke of SUFFOLK, "and my lodging is within, as I am sure, some of you do know!"

"And," said FERRERS, "I am FERRERS, that was Lord of Misrule with King EDWARD; and am sent from the Council unto my Lord WILLIAM, who hath charge of the Bridge as you know, upon weighty affairs: and therefore let us in, or else ye be not the Queen's friends!"

Still there was much laughing amongst them.

Then said two or three of them, "We have not the keys. We are not trusted with them. The keys be carried away for this night."

"What shall I do?" said Master THROGMORTON, "I am weary and faint, and I now wax cold. I am not acquainted hereabout; nor no man dare open his doors at this dangerous time; nor am I able to go back again to the Court. I shall perish this night!"

"Well," said I, "Let us go to Newgate! I think I shall get in there."

"Tush!" said he, "it is but in vain. We shall be answered there as we are here."

"Well," said I, "and [*if*] the worst fall, I can lodge ye in Newgate. Ye know what acquaintance I have there! and the Keeper's door is without the gate."

"That were a bad shift!" said he, "I had almost as leave die in the streets; yet I will, rather than wander again to the Court."

"Well," said I, "let us go and prove! I believe the Keeper will help us in at the gate, or else let us in through his wards, for he hath a door on the inside also. If all this fail, I have a friend at the gate, NEWMAN the ironmonger; in whose house I have been lodged: where, I dare warrant you, we shall have lodging, or at the least, house-room and fire."

"Marry, this is well said!" saith FERRERS.

So to Newgate, we went: where was a great Watch without the gate, which my friend NEWMAN had the charge of; for that he was the Constable. They marvelled to see there, torches coming at that time of the night.

When we came to them, "Master UNDERHILL," said NEWMAN, "what news, that you walk so late?"

"None but good!" said I, "We come from the Court, and would have gone in at Ludgate, and cannot be let in: wherefore, I pray you, if you cannot help us in here, let us have lodging with you!"

"Marry, that ye shall!" said he, "or go in at the gate whether ye will!"

"Godamercy, gentle friend!" said Master

THROGMORTON; "I pray you let us go in, if it may be!"

He called to the Constable within the gate, who opened the gate forthwith. "How happy was I!" said Master THROGMORTON, "that I met with you. I had been lost else."

When WYATT was come about [*i.e., from Southwark, through Kingston, to Westminster on 7th February 1554*], notwithstanding my discharge of the watch by Master NORRIS, I put on my armour, and went to the Court [*at Whitehall Palace*]: where I found all my fellows in the Hall, which they were appointed to keep that day.

Old Sir JOHN GAGE was appointed without the utter [*outer*] gate, with some of his Guard, and his servants and others with him. The rest of the Guard were in the Great Court, the gates standing open. Sir RICHARD SOUTHWELL had charge of the back sides, as the Wood Yard and that way, with 500 men.

The Queen was in the Gallery by the Gatehouse.

Then came KNEVETT and THOMAS COBHAM with a company of the rebels with them, through the Gatehouse from Westminster: wherewith Sir JOHN GAGE and three of the Judges [of the Common Pleas] that were meanly armed in old brigantines [*jackets of quilted leather, covered with iron plates*] were so frighted, that they fled in at the gates in such haste, that old GAGE fell down in the dirt and was foul arrayed: and so shut the gates, whereat the rebels shot many arrows.

By means of this great hurly burly in shutting of the

gates, the Guard that were in the Court made as great haste in at the Hall door; and would have come into the Hall amongst us, which we would not suffer. Then they went thronging towards the Water Gate, the kitchens, and those ways.

Master GAGE came in amongst us, all dirt; and so frighted that he could not speak to us. Then came the three Judges; so frighted that we could not keep them out, except we should beat them down.

With that we issued out of the Hall into the Court, to see what the matter was; where there were none left but the porters, the gates being fast shut. As we went towards the gate, meaning to go forth, Sir RICHARD SOUTHWELL came forth of the back yards into the Court.

"Sir!" said we, "command the gates to be opened that we may go to the Queen's enemies! We will else break them open! It is too much shame that the gates should thus be shut for a few rebels! The Queen shall see us fell down her enemies this day, before her face!"

"Masters!" said he, and put his morion off his head, "I shall desire you all, as you be Gentlemen, to stay yourselves here; that I may go up to the Queen to know her pleasure; and you shall have the gates opened. And, as I am a Gentleman! I will make speed!"

Upon this, we stayed; and he made a speedy return: and brought us word, the Queen was content that we should have the gates opened: "But her request is," said he, "that you will not go forth of her sight; for her only trust is in you, for the defence of her person this day."

So the gate was opened, and we marched before the

Gallery window: where she spake unto us; requiring us, "As we were Gentlemen, in whom she only trusted, that we would not go from that place."

There we marched up and down the space of an hour; and then came a herald posting, to bring the news that WYATT was taken.

Immediately came Sir MAURICE BERKELEY and WYATT behind him; unto whom he did yield at the Temple Gate: and THOMAS COBHAM behind another gentleman.

Anon after, we [*the Gentlemen Pensioners*] were all brought unto the Queen's presence, and every one kissed her hand; of whom we had great thanks and large promises how good she would be unto us: but few or none of us got anything, although she was very liberal to many others, that were enemies unto GOD's Word, as few of us were.

Thus went I home to my house, where[in] I kept, and came little abroad, until the marriage was concluded with King PHILIP.

Then was there [the] preparing [*in July, 1555*] to go with the Queen, unto Winchester; and all the Books of the Ordinaries were perused by [STEPHEN GARDINER] the Bishop of WINCHESTER and the Earl of ARUNDEL, to consider of every man.

Sir HUMPHREY RATCLIFFE, our Lieutenant, brought unto him the Book of the Pensioners; which when they overlooked, they came unto my name.

"What doth he here?" said the Earl of ARUNDEL.

"I know no cause why he should not be here," said Master RATCLIFFE, "he is an honest man. He hath served from the beginning of the Band [*founded in December, 1539, as the Band of Spears. It consisted of a Captain, Lieutenant, Standard bearer, Clerk of the Cheque, and Gentleman Harbinger, and fifty Gentlemen; chosen out of the best and most ancient families of England. Some of them sons to Earls, Barons, Knights, and Esquires: men thereunto specially recommended for their worthiness and sufficiency; without any stain or taint of dishonour, or disparagement in blood*], and was as forward as any to serve the Queen, in the time of WYATT's rebellion."

"Let him pass then!" said the Bishop.

"Well," said the Earl, "you may do so; but I assure you, my Lord! he is an arch-heretic!"

Thus I passed once again.

When we came to Winchester, being in the Chamber of Presence, with my fellows, Master NORRIS came forth of the Queen's Privy Chamber; unto whom we did reverence, as his place required.

"What!" saith he unto me; "what do you here?"

"Marry, sir!" said I, "what do you here?"

"Eh!" said he, "are you so short with me?"

"Sir!" said I, "I must and will forbear, for the place you be in; but if you were in the place you were in, of the Outer Chamber, I would be shorter with you! You were then the doorkeeper; when we waited at

the table. Your office is not to find fault at my being here. I am at this time appointed to serve here, by those that be in authority; who know me, as well as you do!"

"They shall know you better!" said he, "and the Queen also."

With that, said Master JOHN CALVELEY, one of my fellows (brother unto Sir HUGH CALVELEY, of Cheshire), who served at the journey to Laundercei in the same Band that I did, "In good faith! Master NORRIS, methinks you do not well! This gentleman, our fellow, hath served of long time, and was ready to venture his life in defence of the Queen's Majesty at the last service, and as forward as any was there; and also being appointed and ready to serve here again now, to his great charges, as it is unto us all, methinks you do other than the part of a Gentleman thus to seek him!"

"What!" said he, "I perceive you will hold together!"

"Else we were worse than beasts," said my fellow; "if we would not, in all lawful cases, so hold together; he that toucheth one of us, shall touch all."

So went he from us, into the Privy Chamber; and from that time never meddled more with me.

On the marriage day [*25th July, 1555, at Winchester*], the King and the Queen dined in the hall in the Bishop's Palace; sitting under the Cloth of Estate, and none else at that table. The Nobility sat at the side tables. We were the chief servitors, to carry the meat; and the Earl of SUSSEX, our Captain, was the Sewer.

The second course at the marriage of a King is given unto the bearers; I mean the meat, but not the dishes, for they were of gold.

It was my chance to carry a great pasty of a red deer in a great charger, very delicately baked; which, for the weight thereof, divers refused [*i.e., to carry*]. The which pasty I sent unto London, to my wife and her brother; who cheered therewith many of their friends.

I will not take upon me, to write the manner of the marriage, of the feast, nor of the dancing of the Spaniards, that day; who were greatly out of countenance, specially King PHILIP dancing with the Queen, when they did see my Lord BRAY, Master CAREW, and others so far exceed them; but will leave it unto the learned, as it behoveth him to be, that shall write a Story of so great a Triumph.

Which being ended, their repair was to London. Where, shortly after, began the cruel persecution of the Preachers and earnest professors and followers of the Gospel; and searching of men's houses for their books. Wherefore I got old HENRY DAUNCE, the bricklayer of Whitechapel; who used to preach the Gospel in his garden, every holiday, where I have seen a thousand people: he did inclose my books in a brick wall by the chimney's side in my chamber; where they were preserved from moulding or mice, until the first year of our most gracious Queen ELIZABETH, &c.

Notwithstanding that, I removed from thence, and went unto Coventry; and got me a house a mile out of that city in a wood side. But before I removed

from the said house [*in Wood Street*] in London; I had two children born there, a wench [*i.e., a girl, his fifth daughter, Anne, born 4th January, 1554*], and a boy [*his second son, Edward, born 10th February, 1555*].

It was a great grief to me, to see so much innocent blood shed for the Verity. I was also threatened by JOHN AVALES and BEARD: which I understood by Master LUKE [SHEPHERD], my very friend, of Coleman Street, physician; who was great with some that kept them company, and yet were honest men. Whom I caused to let them understand, that "If they did attempt to take me, except they had a warrant signed with four or five of the Council's hands, I would go further with them than PETER did, who strake off but the ear of MALCHUS; but I would surely strike off head and all." Which was declared unto them; so that I oftentimes met them, but they would not meddle with me. So mightily the merciful LORD defended me; as also from being present at that blasphemous *Mass*, in all the time of Queen MARY.

> This LUKE [SHEPHERD] wrote many proper books against the Papists, for the which he was imprisoned in the Fleet; especially a book called *John Bon and mast. Person*, who reasoned together of the natural presence in the Sacrament [*see pp. 101-111*]. Which book he wrote in the time of King EDWARD; wherewith the Papists were sore grieved, specially SIR JOHN GRESHAM, then being Mayor [*i.e., October 1547-October 1548; but the true date of Allen's arrest would appear, from p. 87, to have been in 1551; when Sir Andrew Judde was Lord Mayor*].

JOHN DAY did print the same book [*? in 1551*]; whom the Mayor sent for, to know the maker [*author*] thereof saying "He should also go to prison, for printing the same."

It was my chance to come in the same time; for that I had found out where [ROBERT] ALLEN the Prophesier, had a chamber; through whom there was a bruit in the city, that the King was dead: which I declared to the Mayor, requiring him to have an Officer to apprehend him.

"Marry," said the Mayor, "I have received letters to make search for such this night at midnight."

He was going unto dinner; who willed me to take part of the same.

As we were at dinner, he said "There was a book put forth, called JOHN BON; the maker whereof, he would gladly search for."

"Why so?" said I, "that book is a good book. I have one of them here, and there are many of them in the Court."

"Have you so?" said he, "I pray you, let me see it; for I have not seen any of them."

So he took it, and read a little of it, and laughed thereat, as it was both pithy and merry. By means whereof, JOHN DAY, sitting at a sideboard after dinner, was bidden [to] go home; who had, else, gone to prison.

When we had dined, the Mayor sent two of his Officers with me to seek ALLEN; whom we met withal in Paul's [Church], and took him with us unto his chamber; where we found figures set to calculate the nativity of the King, and a judgement given of his death; whereof this foolish wretch thought himself so sure, that he, and his counsellors the Papists, bruited it all over.

The King lay at Hampton Court, the same time; and my Lord Protector [*the Duke of Northumberland*] at the Sion [*Sion House, near Isleworth*]; unto whom I carried this ALLEN, with his books of conjurations, calculations, and many things belonging to that devilish art: which he affirmed before my Lord, "was a lawful science, for the statute [*33 Hen. VIII. c. 8.*] against such was repealed [by 1 *Edw. VI. c. 12*]."

"Thou foolish knave!" said my Lord, "if thou, and all that be of thy science tell me what I shall do to-morrow, I will give thee all that I have!" Commanding me to carry him unto the Tower: and wrote a letter to Sir JOHN MARKHAM, then being Lieutenant, to cause him to be examined by such as were learned.

Master MARKHAM, as he was both wise and zealous in the LORD, talked with him. Unto whom he did affirm that "He knew more of the science of Astronomy than all the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge." Whereupon he sent for my friend, before spoken of, Doctor RECORDE;

who examined him: and he knew not the rules of Astronomy; but "Was a very unlearned ass; and a sorcerer, for the which he was worthy hanging," said Master RECORDE.

To have further matters unto [*in reference to*] him, we sent for THOMAS ROBYNS *alias* MORGAN, commonly called Little MORGAN or TOM MORGAN (brother unto great [*big*] MORGAN, of Salisbury Court, the great dicer); who, when I was a companion with him, told me many stories of this ALLEN: what a cunning man he was! and what things he could do! as, to make a woman love a man, to teach men how to win at the dice, what should become of this realm; there was nothing, but he knew it! So he had his chambers in divers places of the city, whither resorted many women, for things stolen or lost, to know their fortunes, and their children's fortunes; where the ruffling roister[er]s and dicers made their ma[t]ches.

When this MORGAN and ALLEN were brought together; MORGAN utterly denied that ever he had seen him, or known him.

"Yes," said ALLEN, "you know me! and I know you!" For he had confessed that, before his coming.

Upon this, Master Lieutenant stayed Little MORGAN also a prisoner in the Tower.

I caused also Master GASTON the lawyer [*not to be confounded with Gascoigne the Poet, of Gray's Inn; who did not marry Widow Breton till after 13th June, 1559*], who was also a great dicer, to be apprehended. In whose house, ALLEN was much; and had a chamber there, where many things were practised.

GASTON had an old wife, who was laid under the board all night, for dead; and when the women, in the morning, came to wind her, they found that there was life in her; and so recovered her: and she lived about two years after.

By the resort of such as came to seek for things stolen and lost, which they would hide for the nonce, to blear their husband's eyes withal, [afterwards] saying, "the wise man told them"; of such, GASTON had choice for himself and his friends, young lawyers of the Temple [, *not of Gray's Inn*].

Thus became I so despised and odious unto the lawyers, Lords and ladies, gentlemen, merchants, knaves, and thieves; that I walked as dangerously as DANIEL amongst the lions. Yet from them all, the LORD delivered me: notwithstanding their often devices and conspiracies by violence to have shed my blood, or with sorcery [to have] destroyed me.

These aforesaid were in the Tower about the space of a year; and then by friendship

> delivered. So 'scapeth always the wicked, and such as GOD commandeth should not live among the people.

Yea, even now in these days also; so that, methinks, I see the ruin of London and this whole realm to be even at hand; for GOD will not suffer any longer. Love is clean banished. No man is sorry for JOSEPH's hurt.

A Prayer, taken out of the Psalms of David, daily and nightly, to be said of Edward Underhill.

LORD! teach me the understanding of Thy commandments! that I may apply myself for the keeping of the same, as long as I live! Give me such wisdom that I may understand, and so to fulfil the thing that Thy law deviseth! to keep it also with my whole heart, that I do nothing against it! Guide me after the true understanding of Thy commandments! for that hath been always my special desire. Incline mine heart unto the love of Thy statutes, and cause me utterly to abhor covetousness! Turn mine eyes

aside! lest they be 'tangled with the love of most vain things; but lead me, rather, unto life through Thy warnings! Set such a Word before Thy servant, as may most chiefly further him to worship Thee! Take away the shame that I am afraid of! for Thy judgements are greatly mixed with mercy. As for me, verily, I have loved Thy commandments; wherefore keep me alive according to Thy righteousness!

Love GOD, above all things! and thy
neighbour as thyself!
That this is CHRIST'S doctrine, no man
can it deny,
Which little is regarded in England's
commonwealth,
Wherefore great plagues at hand be, the
realm for to destroy.

Do as thou wouldst be done unto! No place
here he can have.
Of all he is refused. No man will him
receive.
But Private Wealth, that cursed wretch,
and most vile slave!
Over all, he is embraced; and fast to
him, they cleave.

He that hath this world's goods, and seeth his
neighbour lack;
And of him hath no compassion, nor
sheweth him no love,
Nor relieveth his necessity, but suffers him to
go to wrack;
GOD dwelleth not in that man, the
Scriptures plainly prove.

Example we have by DIVES, that daintily
did fare,
In worldly wealth and riches therein he
did excel;
Of poor LAZARUS's misery he had thereof
no care:
Therefore was suddenly taken, and
tormented in hell.

EDWARD UNDERHILL.

John Bon and mast Parson.

Picture of a procession of Priests bearing the Host.

☞ Alas, poor fools! so sore ye be lade!
No marvel is it, though your shoulders
ache:

For ye bear a great god which ye
yourselves made.
Make of it, what ye will! it is a Wafer
Cake;
And between two irons, printed it is and
bake.
And look, where idolatry is, Christ will not
be there!
Wherefore, lay down your burden! An
idol, ye do bear!
☞ Alas, poor fools!

[This attack on the *Mass*, written by Doctor LUKE SHEPHERD, one of the very earliest productions of the press of the celebrated Elizabethan printer, JOHN DAY, was apparently printed in 1551; and is reprinted here from the *Percy Society*'s text, on account of UNDERHILL's story respecting it at *p.* 96.]



John Bon and mast Parson.

☞ The Parson.

What, JOHN BON! Good morrow to thee!

John Bon.

Now, good morrow, mast[er] Parson, so
mut I thee!

Parson.

What meanest thou, JOHN! to be at work
so soon?

John.

The sooner I begin, the sooner shall I have
done,
For I 'tend to work no longer than none.

Parson.

Marry, JOHN, for that, GOD's blessing on
thy heart!
For, surely, some there be, will go to
plough and cart;
And set not by, this holy *Corpus Christi*
even.

John.

They are the more to blame, I swear by
Saint Stephen!
But tell me, mast[er] Parson, one thing,
and you can;
What Saint is Copsi Cursty, a man, or a
woman?

Parson.

Why, JOHN! knowest not that? I tell thee,
it was a man.
It is CHRIST His own self, and to-morrow
is His day.
We bear Him in procession, and thereby
know it ye may.

John.

I know! mast[er] Parson! and nay, by my
fay!
But methink it is a mad thing that ye say,
That it should be a man. How can it come
to pass?
Because ye may Him bear within so small
a glass.

Parson.

Why, neighbour JOHN, and art thou now
there?
Now I may perceive ye love this new gear.

John.

God's forbod! master! I should be of that
faction.
I question why, your masship, in way of
cumlication.
A plain man, ye may see, will speak as
cometh to mind:
Ye must hold us excused, for ploughmen
be but blind.
I am an eld fellow, of fifter winter and
more,
And yet, in all my life, I knew not this
before.

Parson.

No did! Why sayest thou so? Upon thyself, thou lyest!
Thou hast ever known the sacrament to be the body of CHRIST!

John.

Yea, sir, ye say true! All that, I know indeed;
And yet, as I remember, it is not in my *Creed*:
But as for Cropsy Cursty to be a man or no,
I knew not till this day, by the way my soul shall to!

Parson.

Why, foolish fellow! I tell thee it is so!
For it was so determined by the Church long ago;
It is both the sacrament and very CHRIST himself.

John.

No spleaser, mast[er] Parson! Then make ye CHRIST an elf;
And the maddest made man, that ever body saw!

Parson.

What! peace, mad man! Thou speakest like a daw!

It is not possible his manhood for to see.

John.

Why, sir; ye tell me it is even very He:
And if it be not His manhood, His godhead
it must be.

Parson.

I tell thee, none of both! What meanest
thou? Art thou mad?

John.

No, neither made nor drunk; but to learn I
am glad:
But to displease your masship, I would be
very loath,
Ye grant me here plainly, that it is none of
both,
Then it is but a cake: but I pray ye, be not
wroth!

Parson.

Wroth, quoth ha! By the mass! (thou
makest me swear an oath),
I had leaver with a Doctor of Divinity to
reason,
Than with a stubble cur, that eateth beans
and pease.

John.

I cry ye mercy, mast[er] Parson! Patience
for a season!
In all this cumlication is neither felony nor

treason.

Parson.

No, by the mass! But hearest thou! It is
plain heresy.

John.

I am glad it chanced so, there was no
witness by;
And if there had, I cared not; for ye spake
as ill as I.
I speak but as I heard you say, I wot not
what ye thought.
Ye said "It was not God, nor man," and
made it worse than nought.

Parson.

I meant not so. Thou tookest me wrong!

John.

A, sir! Ye sing another song!
I dare not reason with you long.
I see well, now, ye have a knack
To say a thing, and then go back.

Parson.

No, JOHN! I was but a little overseen:
But thou meantest not good faith, I ween,
In all this talk that was us between.

John.

I! No, trow, it shall not so been

That JOHN BON shall an heretic be called,
Then might he lay him so foul befald.

Parson.

But, now, if thou wilt mark me well!
From beginning to ending, I will thee tell
Of the godly service that shall be to-
morrow;
That, ere I have done, no doubt, thou wilt
sorrow
To hear that such things should be
foredone.
And yet, in many places, they have begun
To take away the old, and set up new.
Believe me, JOHN! this tale is true.

John.

Go to, mast[er] Parson! Say on, and well
to thrive!
Ye be the jolliest gemman [*gentleman*] that
ever saw in my life.

Parson.

We shall first have *Matins*. Is it not a godly
hearing?

John [*who is now speaking, aside*].

Fie! yes. Methink 'tis a shameful gay
cheering,
For oftentimes, on my prayers, when I
take no great keep,
Ye sing so arrantly well, ye make me fall
asleep!

Parson.

Then have we Procession, and CHRIST
about we bear.

John.

That is a poison holy thing, for GOD
Himself is there.

Parson.

Then come we in, and ready us dress,
Full solemnly to go to *Mess*.

John.

Is not here a mischievous thing!
The *Mess* is vengeance holy, for all their
saying!

Parson.

Then say we *Confiteor* and *Miseriatur*.

John.

JEZE LORD! 'tis abominable matter!

Parson.

And then we stand up to the altar.

John.

This gear is as good as *Our Lady's Psalter*.

Parson.

And so go forth with the other deal
Till we have read the *Pistel* and *Gospel*.

John.

That is good, mast[er] Parson, I know
right well.

Parson.

Is that good! Why, what say'st thou to the
other?

John.

Marry! horribly good! I say none other.

Parson.

So is all the *Mess*, I dare avow this,
As good in every point as *Pistel* or *Gospel*
is.

John.

The foul evil it is! Who would think so
much?
In faith, I ever thought that it had been no
such.

Parson.

Then have we the *Canon*, that is holiest.

John.

A spiteful gay thing, of all that ever I wist.

Parson.

Then have we the *Memento*, even before
the sacring.

John.

Ye are morenly well learned! I see by your
reck'ning
That ye will not forget such an elvish
thing.

Parson.

And after that, we consecrate Very God
and Man;
And turn the bread to flesh, with five
words we can.

John.

The devil ye do! I trow this is pestilence
business!
Ye are much bound to GOD for such a
spittle holiness!
A gallows gay gift! With five words alone,
To make both God and Man; and yet we
see none!
Ye talk so unreasonably well, it maketh
my heart yearn,
As eld a fellow as I am, I see well I may
learn.

Parson.

Yea, JOHN! and then, with words holy and
good,
Even, by and by, we turn the wine to
blood.

John.

Lo! Will ye se? Lo! who would have
thought it?
That ye could so soon from wine to blood
ha brought it?
And yet, except your mouth be better
tasted than mine,
I cannot feel it other but that it should be
wine.
And yet I wot ne'er a cause there may be,
why
Perchance, ye ha drunk blood oftner than
ever did I.

Parson.

Truly, JOHN, it is blood, though it be wine
in taste.
As soon as the word is spoke, the wine is
gone and past!

John.

A sessions on it! for me. My wits are me
benumme:
For I cannot study where the wine should
become?

Parson.

Study, quoth ha! Beware, and let such
matter go!
To meddle much with this, may bring ye
soon to woe.

John.

Yea, but, mast[er] Parson! think ye it were
right,
That, if I desired you to make my black ox
white;
And you say, "It is done!" and still is black
in sight;
Ye might me deem a fool, for to believe so
light?

Parson.

I marvel much, ye will reason so far!
I fear if ye use it, it will ye mar!

John.

No, no, sir! I trust of that I shall be 'ware,
I pray you, with your matter again forth to
fare!

Parson.

And then we go forth, and CHRIST's body
receive;
Even the very same that MARY did
conceive.

John.

The devil it is! Ye have a great grace
To eat GOD and Man in so short a space.

Parson.

And so we make an end, as it lieth in an
order.
But now the blessed *Mess* is hated in every

border,
And railed on, and reviled, with words
most blasphemous:
But I trust it will be better with the help of
Catechismus.
For though it came forth but even that
other day,
Yet hath it turned many to their old way:
And where they hated *Messe*, and had it in
disdain,
There have they *Messe* and *Matins* in Latin
tongue again.
Yea, even in London self, JOHN, I tell the
truth!
They be full glad and merry to hear of
this, GOD knoweth!

John.

By my troth! mast[er] Parson, I like full
well your talk!
But mass me no more *messings*! The right
way will I walk.
For, though I have no learning, yet I know
cheese from chalk,
And each can perceive your juggling, as
crafty as ye walk!
But leave your devilish *Mass*, and the
Communion to you take!
And then will CHRIST be with you; even
for His promise sake!

Parson.

What, art thou such a one, and kept it so
close!

Well, all is not gold, that hath a fair gloss,
But, farewell, JOHN BON! GOD bring thee
in better mind!

John.

These are cries to the plough horses.

I thank you, sir! for that you seem very
kind;
But pray not so for me! for I am well
enough.
Whistle, boy! drive forth! GOD speed us
and the plough!
Ha! browne done! forth, that horson crab!
Reecomomyne, garled! with haight, black
hab!
Have a gain, bald before! hayght ree who!
Cherrily, boy, come off! that homeward
we may go.

Finis.

☞ Imprinted at London, by John Day, and William Seres, dwelling in Sepulchres Parish, at the sign of the Resurrection, a little above Holborn Conduite.

CUM GRATIA ET PRIVILEGIO AD IMPRIMENDUM SOLUM.



John Fox, the Martyrologist.
The Imprisonment of the Princess Elizabeth.

[*Actes and Monumentes, &c., p. 1710. Ed. 1563.*]



FIRST, therefore, to begin with her princely birth, being born at Greenwich, *anno* 1534, of the famous and victorious Prince, King HENRY VIII., and of the noble and most virtuous Lady, Queen ANNE her mother; sufficiently is committed to the story before. Also of the solemn celebration of her baptism in the said town, and Grey Friar's Church, of Greenwich; having to her godfather, THOMAS CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

After that, she was committed to godly tutors and governors. Under whose institution her Grace did so greatly increase, or rather excel in all manner of virtue and knowledge of learning, that I stand in a doubt whether is more to be commended in this behalf, the studious diligence of them that brought her up, or the singular towardness of her own princely nature to all virtuous disposition; so apt and so inclinable: both being notwithstanding the gifts of GOD, for which we are all bound to give Him thanks. What tongue is it that Her Grace knoweth not? What language she cannot speak? What liberal art or science, she hath not learned? And what virtue wherewith her noble breast is not garnished? In counsel and wisdom, what Councillor will go beyond Her Majesty?

If the goodness of nature, joined with the industry of Her Grace's institution, had not been in her marvellous, how many things were there, besides the natural infirmity of that sex, the tenderness of youth,

the nobility of estate, allurements of the world, persuasions of flatterers, abundance of wealth and pleasures, examples of the Court, enough to carry her Grace away after the common fashion and rule of many other Ladies, from gravity to lightness, from study to ease, from wisdom to vanity, from religion to superstition, from godliness to gawishness, to be pricked up with pride, to be garish in apparel, to be fierce in condition?

Eloquently is it spoken, and discreetly meant of TULLY, the eloquent orator: "To live," saith he, "a good man in other places, is no great matter: but in Asia, to keep a sober and temperate life, that is a matter indeed praiseworthy!" So here, why may I not affirm without flattery, that [which] every man's conscience can testify? In that age, that sex, in such State and fortune, in so great occasions, so many incitements: in all these, to retain so sober conversation, so temperate condition, such mildness of manners, such humbleness of stomach, such clemency in forgiving, such travailing in study: briefly, in the midst of Asia, so far to degenerate from all Asia; it hath not lightly been seen in Europe! Hitherto, it hath been seen in very few. Whereby it may appear not only what education, or what Nature may do; but what GOD, above Nature, hath wrought in her noble breast, adorning it with so worthy virtues.

Of which her princely qualities and virtuous disposition, such as have been conversant with her youth can better testify. That which I have seen and read, I trust I may boldly repeat without suspicion either of feigning or flattery. For so I have read, written, and testified of Her Grace by [*according to*] one, both learned and also that can say something in

this matter. Who in a certain book, by him set forth, entreating of Her Grace's virtuous bringing up, what discreet, sober, and godly women she had about her; speaketh, namely, of two points in Her Grace to be considered. One concerning her moderate and maidenly behaviour; the other one concerning her training up in learning and good letters. Declaring, first, for her virtuous moderation of life, that seven years after her father's death [*i.e. in 1553*], she had no little pride of stomach, so little delight in glistering gazes of the world, in gay apparel, rich attire, and precious jewels, that in all that time [*i.e., through her brother Edward's reign*] she never looked upon those, that her father left her (and which other Ladies commonly be so fond upon) but only once; and that against her will. And, moreover, after that, so little gloried in the same, that there came neither gold nor store upon her head, till her sister enforced her to lay off her former soberness, and bear her company in her glistening gains: yea, and then, she so ware it, as every man might see that her body bare that which her heart misliked. Wherein the virtuous prudence of this Princess, not reading but following the words of PAUL and PETER, well considered True Nobility to consist not in circumstances of the body, but in substance of the heart; not in such things which deck the body, but in that which dignifieth the mind, shining and blazing more bright than pearl or stone, be it never so precious.

Again, the said author, further proceeding in the same matter, thus testifieth, that he knew a great man's daughter receiving from the Lady MARY, before she was Queen, goodly apparel of tinsel, cloth of gold and velvet, laid on with parchment lace of gold. When she saw it she said, "What shall I do with

it?"

"Marry!" said a gentlewoman, "wear it!"

"Nay!" quoth she, "that were a shame! To follow my Lady MARY, against GOD's Word; and leave my Lady ELIZABETH, which followeth GOD's Word."

Let noble Ladies and gentlewomen here learn either to give, or to take good example given: and if they disdain to teach their inferiors, in well doing; yet, let it not shame them, to learn of their betters.

Likewise also at the coming in of the Scottish Queen [*in 1553*], when all the other Ladies of the Court flourished in their bravery, with their hair frounced and curled, and double curled; yet she altered nothing; but to the shame of them all, kept her old maidenly shamefastness.

Let us now come to the second point, declaring how she hath been trained in learning; and that not vulgar and common, but the purest and the best, which is most commended at these days, as the Tongues, Arts, and GOD's Word. Wherein she so exceedingly profited, as the foresaid author doth witness, that being under twenty years of age [*i.e., before 1554*], she was not, in the best kind of learning, inferior to those that all their life time had been brought up in the Universities, and were counted jolly fellows.

And that you may understand that there hath not been, nor is in her, learning only without nature, and knowledge without towardness to practice; I will tell what hath been heard of her first schoolmaster [JOHN AYLMER], a man very honest and learned: who reported of her, to a friend of his, that "He learned every day more of her, than she of him." Which when it seemed to him a mystery, as indeed it

was, and he therefore desired to know his meaning therein, he thus expounded it: "I teach her words," quoth he, "and she, me things. I teach her the tongues to speak; and her modestly and maidenly life teacheth me words to do. For," saith he, "I think she is the best inclined and disposed of any in all Europe."

It seemed to me a goodly commendation of her, and a witty saying of him.

Likewise [CASTIGLIONE] an Italian, which taught her his tongue (although that nation lightly praise not out of their own country), said once to the said party, that "He found in her two qualities, which are never lightly yokefellows in one woman; which were a singular wit, and a marvellous meek stomach."

If time and leisure would serve to peruse her whole life past, many other excellent and memorable examples of her princely qualities and singular virtues might here be noted; but none, in my mind, more worthy of commendation, or that shall set forth the fame of her heroical and princely renown more to all posterity, than the Christian patience, and incredible clemency of her nature showed in her afflictions, and towards her declared enemies. Such was then the wickedness and rage of that time, wherein what dangers and troubles were among the inferior subjects of this realm of England, may be easily gathered when such a Princess, of that Estate, being a King's daughter, a Queen's sister, and Heir Apparent to the Crown, could not escape without her cross.

And therefore, as we have hitherto discoursed [of] the afflictions and persecutions of the other poor members of CHRIST, comprehended in this History before; so likewise, I see no cause why the

communion of Her Grace's afflictions also, among the other saints of CHRIST, ought to be suppressed in silence: especially seeing the great and marvellous workings of GOD's glory, chiefly in this Story, appeareth above all the rest.

And though I should, through ingratitude or silence, pass over the same; yet the thing itself is so manifest, that what Englishman is he which knoweth not the afflictions of Her Grace to have been far above the condition of a King's daughter: for there was no more behind, to make a very IPHIGENIA of her, but her offering up upon the altar of the scaffold.

In which her storms and tempests, with what patience Her Highness behaved herself, although it be best known to them who, then being her adversaries, had the minding [*imprisoning*] of her. Yet this will I say, by the way, that then she must needs be in her affliction, marvellous patient: which sheweth herself now, in this prosperity, to be utterly without desire of revenge; or else she would have given some token, ere this day, of remembrance, how she was handled.

It was no small injury that she suffered, in the Lord Protector's days, by certain venomous vipers! But to let that pass! was it no wrong, think you! or small injury that she sustained, after the death of King EDWARD, when they sought to defeat her and her sister from their natural inheritance and right to the Crown?

But to let that pass likewise! and to come more near to the late days of her sister, Queen MARY. Into what fear, what trouble of mind, and what danger of death was she brought?

First, with great solemnity, with bands of harnessed

men [*i.e., in arms and armour*] (Happy was he that might have the carrying of her!) to be fetched up, as the greatest traitor in the world; clapped in the Tower: and, again, to be tossed from thence, from prison to prison, from post to pillar. At length, also prisoner in her own house; and guarded with a sort [*number*] of cutthroats, which ever gaped for the spoil of the same, that they might have been fingering of somewhat.

Which Story, if I should set forth at large, through all the particulars and circumstances of the same, and as the just occasion of the history requireth; peradventure, it would move offence to some, being yet alive. Yet notwithstanding, I intend, by the grace of CHRIST, therein to use such brevity and moderation as may be to the glory of GOD, the discharge of the Story, the profit of the reader, and hurt to none: suppressing the names of some, whom here, although I could recite, yet I thought not to be more cruel in hurting their name, than the Queen hath been in pardoning their life.

Therefore, now to enter into the description of the matter. First, to declare her undeserved troubles; and then, the most happy deliverance out of the same, this is the Story.



IN the beginning of Queen MARY'S reign, mention is

made before, how the Lady ELIZABETH, and the Lord COURTNEY were charged with false suspicion of [being concerned in] Sir THOMAS WYATT's rising [*in January, 1554, see p.* 88].

Whereupon, Queen MARY, whether for that surmise, or for what other cause I know not, being offended with the said Lady ELIZABETH her sister, at that time lying in her house at Ashridge [*near Great Berkhampstead*], sent to her two Lords [*or rather William, Lord Howard, Sir Edward Hastings, afterwards Lord Hastings of Loughborough; and Sir Thomas Cornwallis*, and Sir JOHN WILLIAMS, afterwards Lord WILLIAMS] of Thame, with their retinue, and troop of horsemen, to the number of 250, who at their sudden and unprovided [*unexpected*] coming *on the 11th February, 1554*, found her at the same time, sore sick in bed, and very feeble and weak of body.

Whither, when they came; ascending up to Her Grace's Privy Chamber, willed there, one of her Ladies whom they met, to declare unto Her Grace that "There were certain Lords come from the Court, which had a message from the Queen."

Her Grace having knowledge thereof, was right glad of their coming: howbeit, being then very sick, and the night far spent, which was at ten of the clock, requested them by the messenger, that they would resort thither in the morning.

To this, they answered, and by the said messenger sent word again, that "They must needs see her; and would do so, in what case soever she were in." Whereat, the Lady being aghast, went to shew Her Grace their words; but they hastily following her, came rushing as soon as she, into Her Grace's chamber, unbidden.

At whose so sudden coming into her bedchamber, Her Grace being not a little amazed, said unto them, "My Lords! is the haste such, that it might not have pleased you to come to-morrow, in the morning?"

They made answer, that "They were right sorry to see Her Grace in that case."

"And I," quoth she, "am not glad to see you here, at this time of the night!"

Whereunto, they answered that "They came from the Queen to do their message and duty; which was to this effect, that the Queen's pleasure was that she should be at London, the 7th [? 12th] day of that present month."

Whereunto, she said, "My Lords! no creature [can be] more glad than I, to come to Her Majesty; being right sorry that I am not in case at this time, like to wait on her; as you yourselves, my Lords! do see and can well testify!"

"Indeed, we see it true," quoth they, "that you do say; for which we are very sorry: albeit we let you to understand that our Commission is such, and so straineth us, that we must needs bring you with us, either quick or dead."

Whereat she being amazed, sorrowfully said that "Their commission was very sore! but yet, notwithstanding, she hoped it to be otherwise, and not so straight."

"Yes, verily!" they answered.

Whereupon the Lords calling for two physicians, Doctor OWEN and Doctor WENDIF, demanded of them, "Whether she might be removed from thence, with life or not?" whose answer and judgement was this, "That there was no impediment to their

judgement to the contrary; but that she might travel without danger of life."

In conclusion, they willed her to prepare against the morning, at nine of the clock, to go with them, declaring that "they had brought with them, the Queen's litter for her."

After much talk, the Lords declaring how there was no prolonging of times and days, so departed to their chamber; being entertained and cheered as appertained to their Honours.

On the next morrow [*12th February*], at the time prescribed, they had her forth as she was, very faint and feeble; and in such case as she was ready to swoon three or four times between them. What should I speak here that [which] cannot well be expressed! What a heavy house there was to behold the unreverent and doleful dealing of the Lords; but especially the careful fear and captivity of their innocent Lady and mistress.

Now to proceed in their journey. From Ashridge, all sick in the litter, she came to Redborne; where she was guarded all night.

From thence, to St. Albans, to Sir RALPH ROWLET's house; where she tarried that night all heavy, both feeble in body, and comfortless in mind.

From that place, they passed to Master DODD's house, at Mimms [*near Potters' Bar*]; where they also remained that night.

And so from thence, she came to Highgate: where she, being very sick, tarried that night and the next day: during which time of her abode, there came many pursuivants and messengers from the Court unto the Lords; but what about, I cannot tell.

From that place, she was conveyed to the Court; where by the way came to meet her, many gentlemen to accompany Her Highness, which were very sorry to see her in that case: but especially a great multitude of people that were standing by the way; who then flocking about her litter, lamented and greatly bewailed her estate.

Now when she came to the Court, Her Grace was there straightways shut up, and kept as close prisoner for a fortnight, seeing neither Queen, nor Lord, nor friend at that time; but only then, the Lord Chamberlain, Sir JOHN GAGE, and the Vice-Chamberlain, which were attendant upon the doors.

About which time, Sir WILLIAM ST. LO was called before the Council; to whose charge was laid, that he knew of WYATT's rebellion: which he stoutly denied, protesting that he was a true man, both to God and his Prince, defying all traitors and rebels. But being straitly examined, was, in conclusion, committed to the Tower.

The Friday before Palm Sunday [*16th March*], [STEPHEN GARDINER] the Bishop of WINCHESTER, with nineteen others of the Council (who shall be here nameless, as I have promised) came unto Her Grace, from the Queen's Majesty; and burdened [*accused*] her with WYATT's conspiracy: which she utterly denied, affirming that "she was altogether guiltless therein."

They being not contented with this, charged Her Grace with the business made by Sir PETER CAREW and the rest of the Gentlemen of the West Country; which she also utterly denying, cleared her

innocency therein.

In conclusion, after long debating of matters, they declared unto her, that "It was the Queen's will and pleasure that she should go unto the Tower, while the matter were further tried and examined."

Whereat, she being aghast, said that "She trusted the Queen's Majesty would be a more gracious Lady unto her; and that Her Highness would not otherwise conceive of her, but that she was a true woman." Declaring furthermore to the Lords, that "She was innocent in all those matters, wherein they had burdened her, and desired them therefore to be a further mean to the Queen her sister, that she, being a true woman in thought, word, and deed, towards Her Majesty, might not be committed to so notorious and doleful a place": protesting that she would request no mercy at her hand, if she should be proved to have consented unto any such kind of matter as they laid unto her charge. And therefore, in fine, desired their Lordships to think of her what she was; and that she might not so extremely be dealt withal for her truth.

Whereunto, the Lords answered that "There was no remedy. For that the Queen's Majesty was fully determined that she should go unto the Tower"; wherewith the Lords departed, with their caps hanging over their eyes [*this was a purposed sign of disrespect*].

But not long after, within the space of an hour or a little more, came four of the foresaid Lords of the Council, with the Guard, who warding the next chamber to her, secluded all her Gentlemen and yeomen, Ladies and gentlewomen; saving that for one Gentleman Usher, three Gentlewomen, and two Grooms of her Chamber, were appointed in their

rooms, three other men, and three waiting women of the Queen's, to give attendance upon her; that none should have access to her Grace.

At which time, there were a hundred of Northern soldiers, in white coats, watching and warding about the gardens all that night: a great fire being made in the midst of the Hall; and two certain Lords watching there also with their Band and company.

Upon Saturday, being Palm Sunday Eve [*17th March*], two certain Lords of the Council, whose names here also we do omit [*but who were the Marquis of Winchester and the Earl of Sussex*], came and certified Her Grace that "forthwith she must go unto the Tower! the barge being prepared for her, and the tide now ready, which tarrieth for nobody."

In heavy mood, Her Grace requested the Lords, that "She might tarry another tide;" trusting that the next would be more joyous and better *because in the day time*.

But one of the Lords [*i.e.*, WINCHESTER] replied that "Neither tide nor time was to be delayed!"

And when Her Grace requested him, that she might be suffered to write to the Queen's Majesty, he answered that "He durst not permit that;" adding that, "in his judgement it would rather hurt than profit Her Grace in so doing."

But the other Lord, who was the Earl of SUSSEX, more courteous and favourable, kneeling down, told Her Grace that "She should have liberty to write, and, as he was a true man, he would deliver it to the Queen's Highness; and bring an answer of the same,

whatsoever came thereof."

Whereupon she wrote: albeit she could not, nor might not speak with her; to her great discomfort, being no offender against Her Majesty.

[*The actual letter written by the Princess, at this moment, is in the State Paper Office.* Domestic, MARY, Vol. IV. No. 2.

The Lady ELIZABETH to the Queen.

If any ever did try this old saying, that *A King's word was more than another man's oath*, I most humbly beseech your Majesty to verify it in me; and to remember your last promise, and my last demand, that "I be not condemned without answer and due proof," which it seems that I now am: for, without cause proved, I am, by your Council, from you, commanded to go to the Tower, a place more wonted for a false traitor than a true subject, which, though I know I desire it not, yet, in the face of all this realm, [it] appears proved. While I pray to GOD I may die the shame-fullest death that ever any died afore, if I may mean any such thing! and to this present hour I protest before GOD (who shall judge my truth, whatsoever malice shall devise), that I never practised, counselled, nor consented to anything that might be prejudicial to your person any way, or dangerous to the State by any means. And therefore, I humbly beseech your Majesty to let me answer afore yourself and not suffer me to trust to your Councillors; yea, and that afore I go to the Tower, if it be possible, if not, before I be further condemned. Howbeit, I trust assuredly your Highness will give me leave to do it, afore I go; that thus shamefully, I may not be cried out on, as I now shall be: yea, and

without cause!

Let conscience move your Highness to take some better way with me than to make me be condemned in all men's sight afore my desert known! Also I most humbly beseech your Highness to pardon this my boldness, which innocency procures me to do; together with hope of your natural kindness which I trust will not see me cast away, without desert: which what it is, I would desire no more of GOD but that you truly knew; but which thing, I think and believe you shall never by report know; unless by yourself you hear.

I have heard of many, in my time, cast away for want of coming to the presence of their Prince; and, in late days, I heard my Lord of SOMERSET say that "If his brother [*The Admiral Lord Thomas Seymour*] had been suffered to speak with him, he had never suffered; but persuasions were made to him so great that he was brought in belief that he could not live safely if the Admiral lived, and that made him give consent to his death." Though these persons are not to be compared to your Majesty; yet, I pray GOD, as evil persuasions persuade not one sister against the other! and all for that they have heard false report, and not hearken to the truth not known.

Therefore, once again, kneeling with humbleness of heart, because I am not suffered to bow the knees of my body; I

> humbly crave to speak with your Highness: which I would not be so bold as to desire, if I knew not myself most clear, as I know myself most true.
>
> And as for the traitor WYATT, he might peradventure, write me a letter; but, on my faith, I never received any from him. And as for the copy of the letter sent to the French King, I pray GOD may confound me eternally if ever I sent him word, message, token, or letter, by any means! And to this truth, I will stand in to my death.
>
> Your Highness's most faithful subject, that hath been from the beginning, and will be to my end,
>
> ELIZABETH..
>
> I humbly crave but only one word of answer from yourself.]

And thus the tide [*season*] and time passed away for that time, till the next day, being Palm Sunday, when, about nine of the clock, these two came again, declaring that "it was time for Her Grace to depart."

She answered, "If there be no remedy, I must be contented;" willing the Lords to go on before.

And being come forth into the garden, she did cast up her eyes towards the window; thinking to have seen the Queen, which she could not. Whereat she said, "She marvelled much, what the Nobility of the realm meant; which, in that sort, would suffer her to be led forth into captivity, the LORD knew whither! for she did not."

After all this, she took her barge, with the two aforesaid Lords, three of the Queen's Gentlewomen, and three of her own, her Gentleman Usher, and two of her Grooms: lying and hovering upon the water, an hour; for that they could not shoot the Bridge [*the tide used to rush through the narrow spaces of old London bridge, with the force of a mill-race*]: the bargemen being very unwilling to shoot the same so soon as they did, because of the danger thereof. For the stern of the boat struck upon the ground, the fall was so big, and the water was so shallow.

Then Her Grace desired of the Lords, that "She might not land at the stairs where all traitors and offenders customably used to land" [*called the Traitor's Gate*].

They answered that "it was past their remedy; for that otherwise they had in commandment."

"Well," said she, "if it be so, my Lords! I must needs obey it: protesting before all your Honours, that here now steppeth as true a subject as ever was, towards the Queen's Highness. And before thee, O GOD! I speak it; having none other friends, but only Thee!"

The Lords declared unto her that "there was no time then to try the truth."

"You have said well, my Lords!" quoth she, "I am sorry that I have troubled you!"

So then they passed on [*i.e., through the Traitor's Gate*], and went into the Tower: where were a great company of harnessed men, and armed soldiers warding on both sides: whereat she being amazed, called the Lords to her, and demanded "the cause, why those poor men stood there?"

They declared unto her, that "it was the use and order of the place so to do."

"And if it be," quoth she, "for my cause; I beseech you that they may be dismissed."

Whereat, the poor men kneeled down, and with one voice, desired GOD to preserve Her Grace; who, the next day, were released of their cold coats.

After this, passing a little further, she sat down upon a cold stone, and there rested herself.

To whom, the Lieutenant [*Lord Chandos, see p.* 78] then being, said, "Madam, you were best to come out of the rain! for you sit unwholesomely."

She then replying, answered again, "Better sitting here, than in a worse place! For, GOD knoweth! I know not whither you will bring me!"

With that, her Gentleman Usher wept. She demanded of him, "What he meant so uncomfortably to use her, seeing she took him to be her comforter, and not her dis-mayer: especially for that she knew her truth to be such, that no man should have cause to weep for her." But forth she went into the prison.

The doors were locked and bolted upon her; which did not a little discomfort and dismay Her Grace. At what time, she called to her gentlewoman for her book [*i.e., her Bible*], desiring GOD, "Not to suffer her to build her foundation upon the sands, but upon the rocks! whereby all blasts of blustering weather should have no power against her."

After the doors were thus locked, and she close shut up; the Lords had great conference how to keep ward and watch, every man declaring his opinion in that behalf, agreeing straightly and circumspectly to keep her: while that one of them, I mean the Lord of SUSSEX, swearing, said, "My Lords! let us take heed! and do no more than our Commission will bear us!

whatsoever shall happen hereafter. And, further, let us consider that she was the King our Master's daughter! and therefore let us use such dealing, that we may answer unto it hereafter, if it shall so happen! For just dealing," said he, "is always answerable."

Whereunto the other Lords agreed that it was well said of him: and thereupon departed.

It would make a pitiful and strange story, here by the way, to touch and recite what examinations and rackings of poor men there were, to find out the knife that should cut her throat! what gaping among the Lords of the Clergy to see the day, wherein they might wash their goodly white rochets in her innocent blood? But especially the Bishop of WINCHESTER, STEPHEN GARDINER, then Lord Chancellor, and ruler of the rost.

Who then, within few days after [*March, 1554*], came unto her, with divers other of the Council, and examined her of the talk that was at Ashridge, betwixt her and Sir JAMES A CROFT concerning her removing from thence to Donnington Castle, requiring her to declare, "What she meant thereby?"

At the first, she, being so suddenly taken, did not well remember any such house: but within a while, well advising herself, she said, "Indeed, I do now remember that I have such a place: but I never lay in it, in all my life. And as for any that hath moved me thereunto, I do not remember."

Then to enforce the matter, they brought forth Sir JAMES A CROFT.

The Bishop of WINCHESTER demanded of her, "What she said to that man?"

She answered that, "She had little to say to him, or to the rest that were then prisoners in the Tower. But my Lords!" quoth she, "you do examine every mean prisoner of me! wherein, methinks, you do me great injury! If they have done evil, and offended the Queen's Majesty, let them answer to it accordingly. I beseech you, my Lords! join not me in this sort with any of these offenders! And as concerning my going unto Donnington Castle, I do remember Master HOBY and mine Officers, and you Sir JAMES A CROFT! had such talk: but what is that to the purpose, my Lords! but that I may go to my own houses at all times?"

The Lord of ARUNDEL, kneeling down, said, "Your Grace saith true! and certainly we are very sorry that we have so troubled you about so vain matters."

She then said, "My Lords, you did sift me very narrowly! But well I am assured, you shall do no more to me, than GOD hath appointed: and so, GOD forgive you all!"

At their departing, Sir JAMES A CROFT kneeled down, declaring that "He was sorry to see the day in which he should be brought as a witness against Her Grace." "But, I assure your Grace," said he, "I have been marvellously tossed and examined touching your Highness; which, the Lord knoweth! is strange to me. For I take GOD to record! before all your Honours! I do not know anything of that crime that you have laid to my charge! and will thereupon take my death, if I should be driven to so straight a trial."

> [There seems no doubt that at the back of all the following efforts to alleviate and terminate the imprisonment of the Princess, was the ever faithful Sir WILLIAM CECIL, working by many secret means, as far as he dare.]

[Side note: These were not the Officers of the Tower, but such as went in white and green.]

That day or thereabouts, divers of her own Officers, who had made provision for her diet, brought the same to the utter [*outer*] gate of the Tower; the common rascal soldiers receiving it: which was no small grief unto the Gentlemen, the bearers thereof.

Wherefore they required to speak with [Sir JOHN GAGE] the Lord Chamberlain, being then Constable of the Tower: who, coming before his presence, declared unto his Lordship that "they were much afraid to bring Her Grace's diet, and to deliver it unto such common and desperate persons as they were, which did receive it; beseeching His Honour to consider Her Grace, and to give such order that her viands might at all times be brought in by them which were appointed thereunto."

"Yea, sirs!" said he, "who appointed you this office?"

They answer, "Her Grace's Council!"

"Council!" quoth he, "there is none of them which hath to do, either in that case, or anything else within this place; and, I assure you! for that she is a prisoner, she shall be served with the Lieutenant's men, as the other prisoners are."

Whereat the Gentlemen said that "They trusted for more favour at his hands! considering her personage," saying that "They mistrusted not, but that the Queen and her Council would be better to Her Grace than so!" and therewith shewed themselves to be offended at the ungrateful [*harsh*] words of the Lord Chamberlain, towards their Lady and Mistress.

At this, he sware, by GOD! stroking himself on the

breast; that "If they did either frown or shrug at him; he would set them where they should see neither sun nor moon!"

Thus taking their leave, they desired GOD to bring him into a better mind towards Her Grace, and departed from him.

Upon the occasion whereof [*there being always a fear of poisoned food*], Her Grace's Officers made great suit unto the Queen's Council, that some might be appointed to bring her diet unto her; and that it might no more be delivered in to the common soldiers of the Tower: which being reasonably considered, was by them granted. Thereupon were appointed one of her Gentlemen, her Clerk of the Kitchen, and her two Purveyors, to bring in her provisions once a day. All which was done. The warders ever waiting upon the bringers thereof (and the Lord Chamberlain himself, being always with them), circumspectly and narrowly watched and searched what they brought; and gave heed that they should have no talk with any of Her Grace's waiting servants; and so warded them both in and out.

At the said suit of her Officers, were sent, by the commandment of the Council, to wait upon Her Grace, two Yeomen of her Chamber, one of her Robes, two of her Pantry and Ewry, one of her Buttery, another of her Cellar, two of her Kitchen, and one of her Larder: all which continued with her, the time of her trouble.

Here the Constable (being at the first not very well pleased with the coming in of such a company against his will) would have had his men still to have served with Her Grace's men: which her servants, at no hand, would suffer; desiring his Lordship to be contented, for "that order was taken that no stranger

should come within their offices."

At which answer, being sore displeased, he brake out into these threatening words: "Well," said he, "I will handle you well enough!"

Then went he into the kitchen, and there would needs have his meat roasted with Her Grace's meat; and said "His cook should come thither, and dress it."

To that, Her Grace's Cook answered, "My Lord! I will never suffer any stranger to come about her diet, but her own sworn men, so long as I live!"

He said, "They should!"

But the Cook said, "His Lordship should pardon him for that matter!"

Thus did he trouble her poor servants very stoutly: though afterward he were otherwise advised, and they were more courteously used at his hands. And good cause why! For he had good cheer, and fared of the best; and Her Grace paid well for it.

Wherefore he used himself afterwards more reverently towards Her Grace.

After this sort, having lain a whole month there, in close prison; and being very evil at ease therewithal; she sent [*in April*] for the Lord Chamberlain and Lord CHANDOS [*see p.* 78] to come and speak with her.

Who coming, she requested them that "She might have liberty to walk in some place, for that she felt herself not well."

To the which, they answered that "They were right sorry that they could not satisfy Her Grace's request;

for that they had commandment to the contrary, which they durst not in any wise break."

Furthermore, she desired of them, "If that could not be granted; that she might walk but into the 'Queen's Lodgings.'"

"No, nor that!" they answered, "could, by any means, be obtained, without a further suit to the Queen and her Council."

"Well," said she, "my Lords! if the matter be so hard that they must be sued unto, for so small a thing; and that friendship be so strait, God comfort me!"

And so they departed: she remaining in her old dungeon still; without any kind of comfort, but only GOD.

The next day after, the Lord CHANDOS came again unto Her Grace, declaring unto her that "He had sued unto the Council for further liberty. Some of them consented thereunto. Divers others dissented, for that there were so many prisoners in the Tower. But in conclusion, they did all agree that Her Grace might walk into those 'Lodgings'; so that he and the Lord Chamberlain, and three of the Queen's Gentlewomen did accompany her: and the windows were shut, and she not suffered to look out at any of them." Wherewith, she contented herself; and gave him thanks for his goodwill in that behalf.

Afterwards, there was liberty granted to Her Grace to walk in a little garden, the doors and gates being shut up; which, notwithstanding, was as much discomfort unto her, as the walk in the garden was pleasant and acceptable. At which times of her walking there, the prisoners on that side straightly were commanded not to speak, or look out at the windows into the garden, till Her Grace were gone

out again: having in consideration thereof, their keepers waiting upon them for that time.

Thus Her Grace, with this small liberty, contented herself in GOD, to whom be praise therefore.

During this time, there used a little boy, the child of a man in the Tower, to resort to their chambers, and many times to bring Her Grace flowers; which likewise he did to the other prisoners that were there. Whereupon naughty and suspicious heads thinking to make and wring out some matter thereof, called, on a time, the child unto them, promising him figs and apples, and asking, "When he had been with the Earl of DEVONSHIRE?" not ignorant of the child's wonted frequenting unto him.

The boy answered that "He would go by-and-by thither."

Further they demanded of him, "When he was with the Lady ELIZABETH?"

He answered, "Every day!"

Furthermore they examined him, "What the Lord DEVONSHIRE sent by him to Her Grace?"

The child said, "I will go [and] know what he will give to carry to her." Such was the discretion of the child, being yet but three years of age.

"This same is a crafty boy!" quoth the Lord Chamberlain; "what say you, my Lord CHANDOS?"

"I pray you, my Lord! give me the figs ye promised me!"

"No, marry," quoth he, "thou shalt be whipped if thou

come any more to the Lady ELIZABETH, or the Lord COURTNEY!"

The boy answered, "I will bring the Lady, my Mistress, more flowers!"

Whereupon the child's father was commanded to permit the boy no more to come into their chambers.

And the next day, as Her Grace was walking in the garden, the child, peeping in at a hole in the door, cried unto her, saying, "Mistress! I can bring you no more flowers!" Whereat, she smiled, but said nothing; understanding thereby, what they had done.

Wherefore, afterwards, the Lord Chamberlain rebuked his father highly; commanding him to put him out of the house.

"Alas, poor infant!" quoth the father.

"It is a crafty knave!" quoth the Lord Chamberlain. "Let me see him here no more!"

The 5th day of May [1554], the Constable was discharged of his office of the Tower; one Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD being placed in his room. A man unknown to Her Grace, and therefore the more feared: which so sudden [a] mutation was unto her, no little amaze.

He brought with him a hundred soldiers in blue coats; wherewith she was marvellously discomforted; and demanded of such as were about her, "Whether the Lady JANE's scaffold were taken away or not?" fearing, by reason of their coming, least she should have played her part.

To whom, answer was made, that "The scaffold was taken away; and that Her Grace needed not to doubt [*fear*] any such tyranny, for GOD would not suffer

any such treason against her person."

Wherewith, being contented, but not altogether satisfied, she asked, "What Sir H. BEDINGfiELD was? and whether he was of that conscience or not, that if her murdering were secretly committed to his charge, he would see the execution thereof?"

She was answered that "They were ignorant what manner of man he was." Howbeit they persuaded her that GOD would not suffer such wickedness to proceed.

"Well!" quoth she, "GOD grant it be so! For Thou! O GOD! art the withdrawer and mollifier of all such tyrannous hearts and acts! and I beseech Thee! to hear me thy creature! which am Thy servant and at Thy commandment! trusting by Thy grace ever so to remain."

About which time, it was spread abroad, that Her Grace should be carried from thence; by this new jolly captain and his soldiers; but whither, it could not be learned. Which was unto Her Grace a great grief, especially for that such a kind of company was appointed to her guard: requesting rather to continue there still, than to be led thence with such a rascal company.

At last, plain answer was made by the Lord CHANDOS, that "There was no remedy; but from thence she must needs depart to the Manor of Woodstock, as he thought."

Being demanded of her, "For what cause?"

"For that," quoth he, "the Tower is like[ly] further to

be furnished."

Whereat she, being more greedy, as far as she durst, demanded, "wherewith!"

He answered, "With such matter as the Queen and Council were determined in that behalf: whereof he had no knowledge." And so departed.

In conclusion, the 16th day of May she was removed from the Tower: the Lord Treasurer [*the Marquis of Winchester*] being then there, for the lading of her carts, and discharging the Place of the same.

Where Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD, being appointed her goaler, did receive her with a company of rakehells to guard her; besides the Lord of DERBY'S Band [*servants*] wafting in the country about, for the moonshine in the water[!]. Unto whom, at length came, my Lord [WILLIAMS] of Thame, joined in Commission, with the said Sir HENRY for the safe guiding of her to prison. And they together conveyed Her Grace to Woodstock, as hereafter followeth.

The first day [*16th May*], they conducted her to Richmond, where she continued all night: being restrained of her own men, which were laid out in chambers; and Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD his soldiers appointed in their rooms, to give attendance on her person.

Whereat she, being marvellously dismayed, thinking verily some secret mischief a working towards her, called her Gentleman Usher, and desired him with the rest of his company to pray for her, "For this night," quoth she, "I think to die."

Whereat he being stricken to the heart, said, "GOD forbid that any such wickedness should be pretended [*intended*] against your Grace!"

So comforting her as well as he could, he at last burst out in tears; and went from her down into the court where were walking the Lord [WILLIAMS] of Thame, and Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD; and he staying aside the Lord of Thame, who had proffered to him much friendship, desire to speak with him a word or two.

Unto whom, he familiarly said, "He should with all his heart."

Which when Sir HENRY standing by, heard, he asked, "What the matter was?"

To whom the Gentleman Usher answered, "No great matter, sir, but to speak with my Lord a word or two!"

Then when the Lord of Thame came to him he spake in this wise, "My Lord! you have always been my good Lord, and so I beseech you to remain. Why I come to you at this time, is to desire your Honour, unfeignedly to declare unto me, whether any danger is meant unto my Mistress this night or not? that I and my poor fellows may take such part as [it] shall please GOD to appoint. For certainly we will rather die, than she should secretly and innocently miscarry."

"Marry," said the Lord of Thame, "GOD forbid that any such wicked purpose should be wrought! and rather than it should be so, I, with my men, are ready to die at her feet also."

And so, GOD be praised! they passed that doubtful night, with no little heaviness of heart.

The next day [*17th May*] passing over the water [*i.e., the Thames*] at Richmond, going towards Windsor; Her Grace espied certain of her poor servants standing on the other side, which were very desirous to see her. Whom, when she beheld, turning to one of her men standing by, said, "Yonder, I see certain of my men; go to them! and say these words from me, *Tanquam ovis!*"

So, she passing forward to Windsor, was lodged there that night, in the Dean of Windsor's house: a place indeed more meet for a priest, than a Princess.

And from thence [*on 18th May*] Her Grace was guarded and brought the next night, to Master DORMER's house; where much people standing by the way, some presented to her one gift, and some another. So that Sir HENRY was greatly moved thereat, and troubled the poor people very sore, for shewing their loving hearts in such a manner; calling them "Rebels!" and "Traitors!" with such like vile words.

Besides, as she passed through the villages, the townsmen rang the bells, as being joyful of her coming; thinking verily it had been otherwise than it was indeed: and as the sequel proved after, to the poor men. For immediately the said Sir HENRY hearing the same, sent his soldiers hither: who apprehended some of the ringers, setting them in the stocks, and otherwise uncourteously misused some others for their good wills.

On the morrow [*18th May*] Her Grace passed from Master DORMER's, where was, for the time of her abode, a straight watch kept; came to the Lord of Thame his house [*at Thame*] where she lay all the next night; being very princely entertained, both of Knights and Ladies, gentlemen and gentlewomen.

Whereat Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD gronted [*grunted*] and was highly offended, saying unto them that "They could not tell what they did, and were not able to answer to their doings in that behalf; letting them to understand that she was the Queen's Majesty's prisoner, and no otherwise; advising them therefore to take heed, and beware of after claps!"

Whereunto, the Lord of Thame answered him in this wise, that "He was well advised of [*in*] his doings, being joined in Commission as well as he," adding with warrant, that "Her Grace might, and should, in his house, be merry."

After this, Sir HENRY went up into a chamber, where were appointed for Her Grace, a chair, two cushions, and a foot-carpet, very fair and prince-like; wherein presumptuously he sat, calling for BARWICK, his man, to pull off his boots: which as soon as it was known among the ladies and gentles, every one musing thereat, did laugh him to scorn; and observed his indiscreet manners in that behalf, as they might very well.

When supper was done, he called my Lord, and willed him that all the Gentlemen and Ladies should withdraw themselves; every one to his lodging: marvelling much that he would permit there such a company; considering so great a charge was committed to him.

"Sir HENRY!" quoth my Lord, "content yourself! All shall be voided, your men and all."

"Nay, my soldiers," quoth Sir HENRY, "shall watch all night."

The said Lord of Thame answered, "It shall not need."

"Well," said he, "need or need not, they shall do so,"

mistrusting, belike, the company; which, GOD knoweth, was without cause.

The next day [*19th May*] Her Grace took her journey from thence, to Woodstock; where she was enclosed, as before in the Tower of London; the soldiers guarding and warding both within and without the walls, every day to the number of three score, and, in the night, without the walls forty; during the time of her imprisonment there.

At length, she had gardens appointed for her walks, which were very comfortable to Her Grace. Always when she did recreate herself therein, the doors were fast locked up, in as straight a manner as they were in the Tower; there being at the least five or six locks between her lodging and her walks; Sir HENRY himself keeping the keys, trusted no man therewith.

Whereupon she called him "her gaoler:" and he, kneeling down, desired Her Grace not to call him so, for he was appointed there to be one of her Officers.

"From such Officers," quoth she, "good Lord, deliver me!"

And now, by way of digression, or rather of refreshing the reader (if it be lawful in so serious a story to recite a matter incident, and yet not impertinent to the same) occasion here moveth or rather enforceth me to touch briefly what happened in the same place and time, by a certain merry conceited man, being then about Her Grace. Who (noting the straight and strange keeping of his Lady and Mistress by the said Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD, with so many locks and doors, with such watch and

ward about her, as was strange and wonderful) spied a goat in the ward where Her Grace was; and (whether to refresh her oppressed mind, or to notify her straight handling by Sir HENRY; or else both), he took it up on his neck, and followed Her Grace therewith, as she was going to her lodging. Who, when she saw it, asked him, "What he would do with him?" willing him to let it alone.

Unto whom, the said party answered, "No, by Saint Mary! if it like your Grace! will I not! For I cannot tell whether he be one of the Queen's friends or not. I will, GOD willing! carry him to Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD, to know what he is."

So, leaving Her Grace, went, with the goat on his neck, and carried it to Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD; who, when he saw him coming with it, asked him half angrily, "What he had there?"

Unto whom the party answered, saying, "Sir! I cannot tell what he is. I pray you, examine him! for I found him in the place where my Lady's Grace was walking, and what talk they have had, I cannot tell. For I understand him not, but he should seem to me to be some stranger: and I think verily a Welshman, for he hath a white frieze coat on his back. And forasmuch as I being the Queen's subject, and perceiving the strait charge committed to you of her keeping, that no stranger should have access to her, without sufficient license: I have here found a stranger (what he is, I cannot tell) in the place where Her Grace was walking; and, therefore, for the necessary discharge of my duty, I thought it good to bring the said stranger to you to examine, as you see cause." And so he set him down.

At which his words, Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD seemed much displeased, and said, "Well! well! you will

never leave this gear, I see." And so they departed.

Now to return to the matter from whence we have digressed.

After Her Grace's being there a time [*i.e., about a year*], she made suit to the Council, that she might be suffered to write to the Queen; which, at last, was permitted to Her Grace. So that Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD brought her pen, ink, and paper; and standing by her, while she wrote, which he very straitly observed; always, she being weary, would carry away her letters, and bring them again when she called for them.

In the finishing thereof, he would have been messenger to the Queen of the same; whose request Her Grace denied, saying, "One of her own men should carry them; and that she would neither trust him, nor none of his thereabouts."

Then he answering again, said, "None of them durst be so bold," he trowed, "to carry her letters, being in her present case!"

"Yes," quoth she, "I am assured I have none so dishonest that would deny my request in that behalf; but will be as willing to serve me now as before."

"Well," said he, "my Commission is to the contrary; and may not suffer it."

Her Grace, replying again, said, "You charge me very often with your Commission! I pray GOD you may justly answer the cruel dealing ye deal with me!"

Then he kneeling down, desired Her Grace to think and consider how he was a servant, and put in trust

there by the Queen to serve Her Majesty: protesting that if the case were hers, he would as willingly serve Her Grace, as now he did the Queen's Highness.

For the which answer, Her Grace thanked him, desiring GOD that she might never have need of such servants as he was: declaring further to him that his doings towards her were not good or answerable, but more than all the friends he had, would stand by; for in the end, she plainly told him, they would forsake him.

To whom, Sir HENRY replied, and said that "There was no remedy but his doings must be answered; and so they should, trusting to make a good account thereof."

The cause which moved Her Grace so to say, was for that he would not permit her letters to be carried, four or five days after the writing thereof. But, in fine, he was content to send for her Gentleman from the town of Woodstock, demanding of him, "Whether he durst enterprise the carriage of Her Grace's letters to the Queen or not?"

And he answered, "Yea, sir! That I dare, and will, with all my heart."

Whereupon, Sir HENRY, half against his stomach, took them to him, to the effect aforesaid.

Then, about the 8th of June [1555] came down Doctor OWEN and Doctor WENDIF, sent by the Queen to Her Grace, for that she was sickly; who ministering to her, and letting her blood, tarried

there, and attended on Her Grace five or six days: who being well amended, they returned again to the Court, making their good report to the Queen and Council, of Her Grace's behaviour and humbleness towards the Queen's Highness; which Her Majesty hearing, took very thankfully. But the Bishops thereat repined, looked black in the mouth, and told the Queen, they "marvelled she submitted not herself to Her Majesty's mercy, considering that she had offended Her Highness."

Wily champions, ye may be sure! and friends at a need! GOD amend them!

About this time, Her Grace was requested by a secret friend, "to submit herself to the Queen's Majesty; which would be very well taken, and to her great quiet and commodity."

Unto whom, she answered that "She would never submit herself to them whom she had never offended! For," quoth she, "if I have offended, and am guilty; I then crave no mercy, but the law! which I am certain I should have had, ere this, if it could be proved by me. For I know myself, I thank GOD! to be out of the danger thereof, wishing that I were as clear out of the peril of my enemy; and then I am sure I should not be so locked and bolted up within walls and doors as I am. GOD give them a better mind! when it pleaseth Him."

About this time [*i.e., after the Queen's marriage on 3rd July 1555*] was there a great consulting among the Bishops and gentlemen, touching a marriage for Her Grace: which some of the Spaniards wished to be

with some stranger, that she might go out of the realm with her portion. Some saying one thing, and some another.

A Lord [*Lord Paget*] being there, at last said that "the King should never have any quiet common wealth in England; unless her head were stricken from the shoulders."

Whereunto the Spaniards answered, saying, "GOD forbid that their King and Master should have that mind to consent to such a mischief!" This was the courteous answer of the Spaniards to the Englishmen speaking, after that sort, against their own country.

From that day, the Spaniards never left off their good persuasions to the King, that the like honour he should never obtain as he should in delivering the Lady ELIZABETH's Grace out of prison: whereby, at length, she was happily released from the same.

Here is a plain and evident example of the good nature and clemency of the King and his Councillors towards Her Grace. Praised be GOD therefore! who moved their hearts therein.

Then hereupon, she was sent for, shortly after, to come to Hampton Court.

In her imprisonment at Woodstock, these verses she wrote with her diamond, in a glass window.

Much suspected by me,
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth Elizabeth the prisoner.

[In the Second Edition of his *Actes*,&c.,

published in 1570 under the fresh title of *Ecclesiastical History, p. 2,294*; JOHN FOX gives the following additional information of the Woodstock imprisonment.

And thus much touching the troubles of Lady ELIZABETH at Woodstock.

Whereunto this is more to be added, that during the same time the Lord [WILLIAMS] of Thame had laboured for the Queen, and became surety for her, to have her from Woodstock to his house, and had obtained grant thereof. But (through the procurement either of Master BEDINGfiELD, or by the doing of [the Bishop of] WINCHESTER, her mortal enemy), letters came over night, to the contrary: whereby her journey was stopped.

Thus, this worthy Lady, oppressed with continual sorrow, could not be permitted to have recourse to any friends she had; but still in the hands of her enemies, was left desolate, and utterly destitute of all that might refresh a doleful heart, fraught full of terror and thraldom. Whereupon no marvel, if she hearing, upon a time, out of her garden at Woodstock, a certain milkmaid singing pleasantly, wished herself to be a milkmaid, as she was: saying that "Her case was better, and life more merry than hers, in that state she was."]

Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD and his soldiers, with the Lord [WILLIAMS] of Thame, and Sir RALPH CHAMBERLAIN guarding and waiting upon her, the

first night [*July 1555*] from Woodstock, she came to Rycot.

The next night to Master DORMER's; and so to Colebrook, where she lay all that night at the *George*. By the way, coming to the said Colebrook, certain of her gentlemen and yeomen, to the number of three score met Her Grace, much to all their comforts: which had not seen Her Grace of long season before, neither could: but were commanded, in the Queen's name, "immediately to depart the town," to Her Grace's no little heaviness and theirs, who could not be suffered once to speak with from them. So that night all her men were taken her, saving her Gentleman Usher, three gentlewomen, two Grooms, and one of her Wardrobe; the Soldiers watching and warding round-about the house, and she shut up close within her prison.

The next day Her Grace entered Hampton Court on the back side, unto the Prince's Lodgings. The doors being shut to her; and she, guarded with soldiers as before, lay there a fortnight at the least, ere ever any had recourse unto her.

At length, came the Lord WILLIAM HOWARD, who marvellously honourably used Her Grace: whereat she took much comfort, and requested him to be a means that she might speak with some of the Council.

To whom, not long after came the Bishop of WINCHESTER, the Lord of ARUNDEL, the Lord of SHREWSBURY, and Secretary PETRE; who, with great humility, humbled themselves to Her Grace.

She again likewise saluting them, said, "My Lords! I am glad to see you! For, methinks, I have been kept a great while from you, desolately alone. Wherefore I would desire you to be a means to the King's and Queen's Majesties, that I may be delivered from prison, wherein I have been kept a long space, as to you, my Lords, is not unknown!"

When she had spoken, STEPHEN GARDINER, the Bishop of WINCHESTER kneeled down, and requested that "She would submit herself to the Queen's Grace; and in so doing he had no doubt but that Her Majesty would be good unto her."

She made answer that "rather than she would do so, she would lie in prison all the days of her life:" adding that "she craved no mercy at Her Majesty's hand, but rather desired the law, if ever she did offend her Majesty in thought, word, or deed. And besides this, in yielding," quoth she, "I should speak against myself, and confess myself to be an offender, which I never was towards Her Majesty; by occasion whereof, the King and Queen, might ever hereafter conceive an ill opinion of me: and, therefore, I say, my Lords! it were better for me to lie in prison for the truth, than to be abroad and suspected of my Prince."

And so they departed, promising to declare her message to the Queen.

On the next day [*July 1555*] the Bishop of WINCHESTER came again unto Her Grace, and kneeling down, declared that "The Queen marvelled that she should so stoutly use herself, not confessing to have offended; so that it should seem the Queen's Majesty wrongfully to have imprisoned Her Grace."

"Nay," quoth my Lady ELIZABETH, "it may please her

to punish me, as she thinketh good."

"Well," quoth GARDINER, "Her Majesty willeth me to tell you, that you must tell another tale ere that you be set at liberty."

Her Grace answered that "She had as lief be in prison with honesty and truth, as to be abroad suspected of Her Majesty. And this that I have said, I will stand to. For I will never belie myself!"

The Lord of WINCHESTER again kneeled down, and said, "Then your Grace hath the vantage of me and the other Lords, for your long and wrong imprisonment."

"What vantage I have," quoth she, "you know; taking GOD to record, I seek no vantage at your hands, for your so dealing with me. But GOD forgive you, and me also!"

With that, the rest kneeled, desiring Her Grace that "all might be forgotten," and so departed, she being fast locked up again.

A sevennight after [*July 1555*], the Queen's Majesty sent for Her Grace, at ten of the clock in the night, to speak with her. For she had not seen her in two years before. Yet for all that, she was amazed at the so sudden sending for, thinking it had been worse for her, than afterwards proved; and desired her gentlemen and gentlewomen to "pray for her! for that she could not tell whether ever she should see them again or not."

At which time, coming in with Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD and Mistress CLARENCIUS [*p.* 216], Her Grace was brought into the garden, unto a stairs' foot, that went into the Queen's Lodging; Her Grace's gentlewomen waiting upon her, her Gentleman

Usher and his grooms going before with torches. Where her gentlemen and gentlewomen being all commanded to stay, saving one woman; Mistress CLARENCIUS conducted her to the Queen's bedchamber, where Her Majesty was.

At the sight of whom, Her Grace kneeled down, and desired GOD to "preserve Her Majesty! not mistrusting, but that she should try herself as true a subject towards Her Majesty as ever any did," and desired Her Majesty even so to judge of her; and said "she should not find her to the contrary; whatsoever false report otherwise had gone of her."

To whom, the Queen answered, "You will not confess your offence; but stand stoutly in your truth! I pray GOD! it may so fall out."

"If it do not," quoth she, "I request neither favour nor pardon at your Majesty's hands."

"Well," said the Queen, "you stiffly still persevere in your truth! Belike, you will not confess but that you have wrongly punished!"

"I must not say so, if it please your Majesty! to you!"

"Why, then," said the Queen, "belike you will to others."

"No, if it please your Majesty!" quoth she, "I have borne the burden, and must bear it. I humbly beseech your Majesty to have a good opinion of me, and to think me to be your true subject; not only from the beginning, hitherto; but for ever, as long as life lasteth."

And so they departed [*separated*], with very few comfortable words of the Queen in English. But what she said in Spanish, GOD knoweth! It is thought that

King PHILIP was there, behind a cloth [*tapestry*], and not shewn; and that he shewed himself a very friend in that matter, &c.

Thus Her Grace departing, went to her lodging again; and the sevennight after, was released of Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD, "her gaoler," as she termed him, and his soldiers.

So Her Grace, set at liberty from imprisonment, went into the country, and had appointed to go with her, Sir THOMAS POPE, one of Queen MARY's Councillors; and one of her Gentleman Ushers, Master GAGE; and thus straitly was she looked to, all Queen MARY's time.

And this is the discourse of Her Highness's imprisonment.

Then there came to Lamheyre, Master JERNINGHAM, and NORRIS, Gentleman Usher, Queen MARY's men; who took away from Her Grace, Mistress ASHELEY to the Fleet, and three others of her gentlemen to the Tower; which thing was no little trouble to Her Grace, saying, that "she thought they would fetch all away at the end." But God be praised! shortly after was fetched away GARDINER, through the merciful providence of the LORD's goodness, by occasion of whose opportune decease [*13th November, 1555*] the life of this so excellent Prince that is the wealth of England, was preserved.

After the death of this GARDINER; followed the death also, and dropping away of others, her enemies; whereby, by little and little, her jeopardy decreased, fear diminished, hope of more comfort began to

appear, as out of a dark cloud; and though as yet Her Grace had no full assurance of perfect safety, yet more gentle entertainment daily did grow unto her, till the same day, which took away the said Queen MARY, brought in the same her foresaid sister, Lady ELIZABETH in to the right of the Crown of England. Who, after so long restrainment, so great dangers escaped, such blusterous storms overblown, so many injuries digested and wrongs sustained: the mighty protection of our merciful GOD, to our no little safeguard, hath exalted and erected, out of thrall, to liberty; out of danger, to peace and rule; from dread, to dignity; from misery, to majesty; from mourning, to ruling; briefly, of a prisoner, hath made her a Prince; and hath placed her in her royal throne, being placed and proclaimed Queen with as many glad hearts of her subjects, as ever was any King or Queen in this realm before, or ever shall be (I think) hereafter.

In whose advancement, and this her princely governance, it cannot sufficiently be expressed what felicity and blessed happiness this realm hath received, in receiving her at the LORD's almighty and gracious hand. For as there have been divers Kings and Rulers over this realm, and I have read of some; yet could I never find in English Chronicles, the like that may be written of this our noble and worthy Queen, whose coming in was not only so calm, so joyful, so peaceable, without shedding of any blood; but also her reigning hitherto (reign now four years and more) hath been so quiet, that yet (the LORD have all the glory!) to this present day, her Sword is a virgin, spotted and polluted with no drop of blood.

In speaking whereof, I take not upon me the part of the Moral, or of the Divine Philosopher, to Judge of

things done; but only keep me within the compass of an Historiographer, declaring what hath been before; and comparing things done, with things now present, the like whereof, as I said, is not to be found lightly in Chronicles before. And this, as I speak truly, so would I to be taken without flattery; to be left to our posterity, *ad sempiternam clementiæ illius memoriam*.

In commendation of which her clemency, I might also here add, how mildly Her Grace, after she was advanced to her Kingdom, did forgive the said Sir HENRY BEDINGfiELD; suffering him, without molestation, to enjoy goods, life, lands, and liberty. But I let this pass.

Thus hast thou, gentle Reader! simply but truly described unto thee, the time, first, of the sorrowful adversity of this our most Sovereign Queen that now is; also, the miraculous preserving her in so many straights and distresses: which I thought here briefly to notify, the rather for that the wondrous works of the LORD ought not to be suppressed; and that also Her Majesty, and we her poor subjects likewise, having thereby a present matter always before our eyes, be admonished how much we are bound to His Divine majesty, and also to render thanks to Him condignly for the same.

¶ A compendious Register in metre, containing the names and patient

sufferings of the members of Jesus Christ, and the tormented, and cruelly burned within England;
since the death of our famous King, of immortal memory, EDWARD the Sixth, to the entrance
and beginning of the reign of our Sovereign
and dearest Lady ELIZABETH, of England, France, and Ireland, Queen;
Defender of the Faith; to whose Highness
truly and properly appertaineth, next
and immediately under GOD, the
supreme power and authority of the Churches
of
England and
Ireland.

So be it.



Anno. 1559.

Apocalypse 7.

And one of the angels (saith Saint JOHN) *spake, saying unto me, "What are they, which are arrayed in long white garments; and whence come they?" (before the people, before sealed by the angel). And I said unto him, "Lord, thou wottest!" And he said unto me, "These are they which came out of great tribulation; and washed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they in the presence of the Throne of GOD, and serve Him, day and night, in His Temple: and He that sitteth in the Throne will dwell among them."*





To the Right Honourable
Lord Parr, Marquis of Northampton;
Thomas Price, your Lordship's daily Orator,
wisheth continual increase of grace,
concord, and consolation in Him
that is, was, and is to come,
even the First and
the Last.
Amen.



IT may please your goodness, Honourable Lord! to receive in good part, the little labour of my pen: which, albeit the rudeness and quantity thereof procureth not to be dedicate[d] to so honourable a Personage; yet the matter itself is of such worthiness, as duly deserveth to be graven in gold. But who goeth about so finely to depict with APELLES's instrument, this said *Register*, thinking to exceed the rest? Not I! poor wretch! because I am assured that such a worthy work as thereof may be written, cannot, neither shall pass untouched among so many godly learned. But were it, that no man hereafter should, in more ample and learned manner, set forth the same; yet should my presumption (if I so meant) be turned to reproach: for this I believe, that they be in such sort registered in the Book of the Living, as passeth either pen, ink, or memory to declare.

This my simplicity and too bold attempt might move your Honour to conjecture in me much rudeness, or, at the least, might persuade me so to think: but that experience hath showed me the humility and gentleness of your long tried patience; the certain knowledge whereof hath pricked me forward in this my pretence. And being thereunto requested of a faithful brother and friend; I have, with more industry than learning, GOD knoweth! finished the same.

Which being, as I thought, brought to good end; I desired, according to the accustomed manner, to

dedicate the same unto such [an] one, as would not contemn so simple a gift. And calling you to mind, Right Honourable Lord! I knew none more meet. First, because your knowledge in CHRIST teacheth you the same godly and virtuous life; which not only your Lordship, but all other Honourable, &c., ought to ensue. Secondly, because these late years, you have had good experience of the troubles and miseries of the faithful, which have patiently embraced in their arms, the comfortable, although painful, cross of CHRIST; which, in so great a number, is commonly not so plenteous as commendable. But what stand I praising this patience in them (which yet deserveth the same)? seeing the mighty GOD and His CHRIST hath prepared, from everlasting, for such, a glorious, rich and incomprehensible Crown of Felicity and continual comforts.

This my short and simple work, I commend and dedicate unto your Lordship! craving pardon at your hands, for this my too homely and rude enterprise: considering that albeit golden fruit were offered in pewter and by the hands of a simple man; yet is the fruit notwithstanding still precious, and neither abased by the pewter, nor the giver. Even so, Honourable Lord! though the verses be simple, and the giver unworthy: yet the fruit or matter is precious, comfortable and good.

The order to attain to the perfect understanding of my mind, in setting forth the same with figures and letters, shall largely appear in this book: which I have not only done to make plain unto your Honour, the year, month, and day; but also, to all others that hereafter shall read it. For that I do pretend [*design*], if GOD and favour will permit it, to use the same as

common to the profit of all: for which cause, I have also placed a Preface to the Reader.

But that it may please your Honour, in respect of the premises, to extend your favourable assistance to the manifest setting forth of this short and simple work, to the glory of the great and mighty GOD, and to the comfort of Christians: I, as unworthy and too bold a suitor, most humbly craveth your Lordship's aid and supportation in the same; especially to bear [with] the rudeness of my unlearned style, which, alas, I lament.

But now ceasing to trouble your Lordship any longer, this shall be my continual prayer for you.

The wisdom of GOD direct your Honour!
The mercy of GOD give you spiritual power!
The HOLY GHOST guide and comfort you, with all fulness of consolation in Christ Jesus!
Amen.

Your Lordship's daily orator,

THOMAS BRICE.



To the Gentle Reader, mercy and peace!

MAY it please thee, gentle Reader, to take in good worth this short and simple *Register*, containing the names of divers, although not all, both men, women, and virgins, &c., who, for the profession of CHRIST

their Captain, have been most miserably afflicted, tormented, and [im]prisoned; and, in fine, either died by some occasion in prison, or else erected [*gone to heaven*] in the charret [*fiery chariot*] of ELIAS, since the 4th day of February, 1555, to the 17th day of November, 1558, wherein (according to the determination of our most merciful Father) our long wished for and most noble Queen, ELIZABETH, was placed Governess and Queen, by general Proclamation; to the great comfort of all true English hearts.

This I commit to thy friendly acceptation and favourable scanning, gentle Reader, and albeit, I doubt not but some, of godly zeal, both wise and learned, will not neglect, hereafter, to set forth so worthy a work, namely, of the martyrdom and patient sufferings of CHRIST's elect Members; and also of the tyrannical tragedies of the unmerciful Ministers of SATAN: yet, at the request of a dear friend, to whom love and Nature hath linked me, I could not, without ingratitude, deny his lawful desire, attempting the same; also, rather because it might be manifest to the eyes of the world, and also put the learned, of godly zeal, in memory more amply to enlarge; and, at their good discretion, to set forth the same. Pardon my rudeness, therefore, I beseech thee! considering that will in the unable is to be esteemed. Look not upon the baseness of the metre! the true number whereof cannot easily be observed in such a gathering of names: but, with lifted eyes of the mind, meditate upon the omnipotent power of GOD! which hath given and wrought such constancy in His children, in these our days, that even in fiery flambes [*flames*] and terrible torments, they have not ceased to invocate and extol the name of their Creator, Redeemer, and Comforter,

according to the saying of the cxlviii. *Psalm*, "Young men and maidens, old men and children" have set forth His worthy and excellent praise. So that the same just and righteous GOD, who, for our sins, corrected us, and gave us over into the hands of the most bloody and viperous generation, to be eaten like bread: hath now, of His mercy alone, "exalted the horn of His people." Therefore all His saints shall praise Him.

Farewell!

T. B.



The manner how to understand the letters and figures.

[A specimen of a Stanza of the *Register* as originally given by BRICE, will help the reader to understand the unnecessarily complicated form in which he put it; and also the following Instructions, which were omitted in subsequent impressions.

Three stanzas occupy each page of the original edition. They are printed like this.

63	1558. March.	C ✠
28	When that JOHN DEWNESHE and HUGH FOXE, In Smithfield, cruel death sustained, As fixed foes to Romish rocks;	

28	And CUTHBERT SYMSON also slain. When these did worthily receive their death, We wished for our ELIZABETH.	
		7

A comparison of this Stanza, with its fellow at page 167, will show our method of reproducing this text.]



In primus, the figures, which are always four in number, are placed in the middle of the two strykes [*strokes, or rules*], which go between the verses, within two short strikes; signify the year wherein those persons were slain under them contained.

And where you see a little cross, ✠, on the outside of the outmost line, it signifieth the changing of the year [*i.e., on the 25th March*], as from 1554 to 1555; and in such manner.

The letters which stand in the little square place, on the right side of the book, signified the month wherein they died; and for the plainer understanding thereof I have used twelve letters, for the twelve months: that is, A, for January; B, for February; C, for March; D, for April; E, for May; F, for June; G, for July; H, for August; I, for September; K, for October; L, for November; M, for December.

But where one letter standeth in the little square place; and another is placed under it between the two lines before the verse be ended; it signified the changing of the month: so that the person or persons, where against the letter so changed doth stand, was put to death in that month which that letter doth signify.

And whereas, in the third Verse [*or Stanza, p.* 154], and nowhere else, there standeth figures on the right side, between the two lines; that giveth to understand that HUNTER, HIGBYE, PICKET, and KNIGHT, which are placed in one line, were burnt at three sundry days.

The figures which standeth in the little square place, on the left side of the book, is but the sum of the Verses. But those which stand between the two lines on the left side of the book, signified the day of the month, wherein that person or persons died, where against those figures stand.

The figures, which stand without both the lines, on the top of the right side, signifieth the folio or number of the sides; but the figures which stand underneath the nether strike, between the two lines, is the number of persons murdered on that side [*i.e., of the page*].

This is done, gentle Reader! that thou shouldest understand the year, month, and day wherein every person died; according to the knowledge that I have learned.

Also, in some places, where you shall see a name or names stand without figures; that signifieth the certain day to be unknown. Some, therefore, perchance, will judge much rashness in me to write with ignorance; to whom, with reverence, I answer,

that as I received the names registered and gathered by a good gentleman: even so, at a friend's desire, I have put them in metre, in this little book, thinking that, by pleasantness of reading, and easiness [*cheapness*] of price, they might be the more largely blown and known.

For my desire is that all men should participate [in] this my travail: and were the author and inditing half so worthy as the matter; then would I most earnestly wish and desire that it might be conveyed and delivered to the Queen's Majesty's own hands. Wherein Her Grace might see, what unmerciful Ministers had charge over the poor sheep; who, wolfishly, at their wills, devoured the same: and, also, what ruin and decay of Her Grace's subjects (that might have been), they have brought to pass. Therein might Her Grace see, as in a glass, how that bloodthirsty generation, neither spared hore [*hoary*] headed and ancient age, which all men ought to honour; neither youth, nor middle age; neither wife, nor widow; young man, nor tender virgin. But like the unnatural eggs of ASTYAGES that tyrant, destroy, and spill the blood of all: besides stocking [*putting in the stocks*], racking [*putting on the rack*], and whipping of the younger sort; whom shame would not suffer to kill, as some are well enough known, and I am not altogether ignorant [of].

Should such tyrannical tragedies be kept one hour, from the hands of so noble and virtuous a Governess? whose princely and natural heart, I doubt not, should have occasion thereby to be, in both kinds, both heavy and joyful: heavy, for the innocent blood spilt; but joyful for the praises of her GOD, and that our GOD shall be honoured thereby, while the world doth endure. I doubt whether [*doubt not but*]

Her Grace, inwardly wrapt up with PAUL and JOHN in divine science, will brast [*burst*] out and say, "O happy LATIMER! CRANMER! HOOPER! ROGERS! FARRER! TAYLOR! SAUNDERS! PHILPOT! CARDMAKER! BRADFORD! &c.; you members of CHRIST! you faithful Fathers and preaching Pastors! you, that have not defiled yourselves with abomination, but have washed your garments white in the blood of the Lamb! you, that in fiery torments, with STEPHEN, have called upon the name of your Redeemer, and so finished you lives! you that are now clothed in white garments of innocency, with crowns of consolation, and palms of victory in your hands, following the Lamb withersoever He goeth!" Or else, in anguish of soul, sighingly to say, "O thou tyrannous and unmerciful world! thou monstrous and unnatural generation! what devil inflamed thy mind such malicious mischief? to torment and shed the blood of such innocent livers, perfect preachers and worthy counsellors, learned ministers, diligent divines, perfect personages, and faithful shepherds. They were constant Confessors before, but thou (with the Roman Emperor) thoughtest to prevent the determination of GOD, in making them Martyrs, to be the sooner with their CHRIST, whom they so much talked of. O cruel NEROS! that could kill, through malice, such worthy men, as have often preached to our dear father [*Henry VIII.*] and brother [*Edward VI.*] the everlasting gospel of GOD. Could neither honourable age, innocent single life, chaste matrimony, inviolate virginity, nor yet pity move you to cease shedding of blood! Alas, too much unnaturalness!"

Whether the sight of this simple book, I say, should bring to her Grace's natural heart, the passions of heaviness or joy, I doubt: but I think rather both.

Therefore, would to God! it were worthy to enter into the hands of so noble and natural a Princess and Queen; whom the LORD, of His eternal and foreseeing determination, hath now placed in this royal dignity: to the redress of such unnatural and bloody facts, as in this book are contained.

But forasmuch as some imperfection is, and may easily be in this Gathering; I commend it to thy goodness, gentle Reader! beseeching thee, not to be precise in perusing the day; for it may, that, either through my negligence, or [that of] some other writing [*manuscript*] before me, we may miss so narrow a mark.

Such as it is, I commend unto thee! only, judge well!

The Book to the Reader.



Peruse with patience, I thee pray!
My simple style, and metre base.
The works of GOD, with wisdom weigh!
The force of Love, the strength of Grace.

Love causèd GOD, His grace to give,
To such as should for Him be slain.
Grace wrought in them, while they did live,
For love, to love their Christ again.

Now Grace is of such strength and might,
That nothing may the same withstand.

Grace putteth death and hell to flight,
And guides us to the Living Land.

The force of Love also is such,
That fear and pain it doth expel;
Love thinketh nothing over much;
Love doth all earthly things excel.

Thus Love and Grace of GOD began
To work in them, to do His will:
These virtues' force wrought Love in man,
That fear was past, their blood to spill.

FINIS.

The Register of the Martyrs.

[Never before did such doggerel verse carry so fearful a story as this. It is thought to have been useful to JOHN FOX, when at work on his *Actes and Monumentes &c.*, 1563.

The following entries in the *Stationers' Registers* show that there were two simultaneous editions of this work, both surreptitiously produced in 1559.

> RYCHARD ADAMS [*see p.* 172] for pryntinge *The Regester of all them that ware burned* without lycense was fined at vs. [= £2 10*s. now*]. OWYN ROGERS for printinge without lycense *The Regester of all them that were burned* was fyned at xxd.]

[*Transcript &c.*, 1. *p.* 101, *Ed. 1875*.]

1555

FEBRUARY



WHEN raging reign of tyrants stout,
Causeless, did cruelly conspire
To rend and root the Simple out,
With furious force of sword and fire;
When man and wife were put to death:
We wished for our Queen ELIZABETH.

FEBRUARY 4 When ROGERS ruefully was brent;
8 When SAUNDERS did the like sustain;
When faithful FARRAR forth was sent
His life to lose, with grievous pain;
22 When constant HOOPER died the death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

FEBRUARY 9 When ROWLAND TAYLOR, that Divine,
At Hadley, left this loathsome light;
24 When simple LAWRENCE, they did pine,
22 With HUNTER, HIGBY, PIGOT, and KNIGHT;
23 When CAUSUN, constantly, died the death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

MARCH 5 When TOMKINS, tyranny did abide,
Having his hand, with torchlight brent;
7 When LAWRENCE, WHITE, and DIGGELL died,
With earnest zeal and good intent;
14 When WILLIAM FLOWER was put to death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

APRIL 2 When AWCOCKE, in Newgate prisoner,
His latter end, with joy, did make;
11 When JOHN WARREN and CARDMAKER,
Kissed each other at the stake;
24 When MARCH, the Minister, was put to death:

We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JUNE When WILLIAM COWLEY, for offence,
4 Was forthwith hanged at Charing Cross;
Buried; then burned, of fond pretence;
Thus carion carcass they did toss:
When such insipients put men to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JUNE 10 When worthy WATTES, with constant cry,
Continued in the flaming fire;
11 When SIMSON, HAWKES, and JOHN ARDLIE
Did taste the tyrant's raging ire;
11 When CHAMBERLAINE was put to death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JUNE 12 When blessed BUTTER and OSMANDE,
With force of fire, to death were brent;
12 When SHITTERDUN, sir FRANKE, and BLANDE,
12 And HUMFREY MIDDLETON of Kent;
1 When MINGE, in Maidstone, took his death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JULY When BRADFORD, beautified with bliss,
1 With young JOHN LEAST, in Smithfield, died;
When they, like brethren, both did kiss,
And in the fire were truly tried;
When tears were shed for BRADFORD's death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JULY 12 When DIRICK HARMAN lost his life;
12 When LAUNDER, in their fume, they fried;
12 When they sent EVERSON from strife,
With moody minds, and puffèd pride;
12 When WADE, at Dartford, died the death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JULY 21 When RICHARD HOOKE, limbless and lame,
At Chichester, did bear the cross;
22 When humble HALL, for CHRISTes name,
Ensued the same, with worldly loss;

23 When JOAN POLLEY was burnt to death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JULY 23 When WILLIAM AILEWARDE, at Reading,
In prison died of sickness sore;
23 When ABBES, which feigned a recanting
Did wofully weep, and deplore;
23 When he, at Bury, was done to death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

AUGUST 23 When DENLY died, at Uxbridge town,
With constant care to CHRISTES cause;
23 When WARREN's widow yielded down
Her flesh and blood, for holy laws;
When she, at Stratford, died the death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

AUGUST 23 When LAURENCE, COLLIER, COKER, and STERE,
At Canterbury, were causeless slain,
23 With HOPPER and WRIGHTE; Six in one fire,
Converted flesh to earth again;
24 When ROGER CORRIAR was done to death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

AUGUST 26 When TANKERfiELDE, at St. Albans,
26 And WILLIAM BAMFORD, spent his blood;
When harmful hearts, as hard as stones,
30 Burnt ROBERT SMITH and STEPHEN HARWO[O]D;
29 When PATRICK PATTINGHAM died the death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

AUGUST 31 When JOHN NEWMAN, and THOMAS FUSSE,
At Ware, and Walden, made their end;
30 When WILLIAM HAILES, for CHRIST JESUS,
With breath and blood did still contend;
31 When he, at Barnet, was put to death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

AUGUST 31 When SAMUELL did firmly fight,
Till flesh and blood, to ashes went;
3 When constant COB, with faith upright,

At Thetford, cruelly was brent:
When these with joy did take their death;
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

SEPTEMBER 2 When WILLIAM ALLEN, at Walsingham,
For truth was tried in fiery flame;
3 When ROGER COOE, that good old man!
Did lose his life, for CHRISTes name;
When these, with others, were put to death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

SEPTEMBER 6 When BRADBRIDGE, STRETER, and BURWARDE,
6 TUTTIE, and GEORGE PAINTER of Hyde,
Unto their duty, had good regard;
Wherefore in one fire, they were fried:
When these, at Canterbury, took their death;
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

SEPTEMBER When JOHN LESSE, prisoner in Newgate,
10 By sickness turned to earth and clay;
When wicked men, with ire and hate,
13 Burnt THOMAS HEYWARDE, and GOREWAY;
13 When TINGLE, in Newgate, took his death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

SEPTEMBER 14 When RICHARD SMITH in Lollards' Tower;
15 ANDROWES and KYNG, by sickness, died;
In fair fields they had their bower,
Where earth and clay doth still abide:
When they, in this wise, did die the death;
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

SEPTEMBER 19 When GLOVER, and CORNELIUS
Were fiercely brent at Coventry;
4 When WOLSEY and PIGOT, for CHRIST JESUS
At Ely, felt like cruelty.
19 When the poor bewept Master GLOVER's death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

OCTOBER When learnèd RIDLEY, and LATIMER,

16 Without regard, were swiftly slain;
When furious foes could not confer
But with revenge and mortal pain.
When these two Fathers were put to death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

OCTOBER 13 When worthy WEB, and GEORGE ROPER,
In ELIAS' car to heaven were sent;
13 Also when GREGORY PAINTER,
The same straight path and voyage went;
When they, at Canterbury, took their death;
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

DECEMBER 7 When godly GORE in prison died,
14 And WISEMAN in the Lollards' Tower:
18 When Master PHILPOT, truly tried,
Ended his life with peace and power;
When he kissèd the chain, at his death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

1556.

JANUARY 27 When THOMAS WHITWELL, and BARTLET GREENE,
27 ANNIS FOSTER, JOAN LASHEFORDE, and BROUNE,
27 TUTSUN, and WINTER; these Seven were seen,
In Smithfield, beat their enemies down;
Even Flesh and Devil, World and Death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JANUARY 31 When JOHN LOWMAS and ANN ALBRIGHT,
31 JOAN SOALE, JOAN PAINTER, and ANNIS SNOD,
In fire, with flesh and blood did fight;
When tongues of tyrants laid on lode;
When these, at once, were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

FEBRUARY When two women in Ipswich town,
19 Joyfully did the fire embrace;
When they sang out with cheerful sound,
Their fixèd foes for to deface;

When NORWICH NO-BODY put them to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

MARCH 12 When constant CRANMER lost his life
And held his hand into the fire;
When streams of tears for him were rife,
And yet did miss their just desire:
When Popish power put him to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

MARCH 24 When SPENCER and two brethren more,
Were put to death at Salisbury;
Ashes to earth did right restore,
They being then joyful and merry:
When these, with violence, were burnt to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

APRIL 2 When HULLIARDE, a Pastor pure,
At Cambridge, did this life despise;
2 When HARTPOOLES death, they did procure
To make his flesh a sacrifice;
When JOAN BECHE, widow, was done to death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

APRIL 10 When WILLIAM TIMMES, AMBROSE, and DRAKE,
10 SPURGE, SPURGE, and CAVELL duly died,
Confessing that, for CHRISTes sake,
They were content thus to be tried:
10 When[2] LONDON LITTLE-GRACE put them to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

APRIL 28 When lowly LISTER, NICOLL, and MASE,
28 JOHN HAMMON, SPENCER, and YREN also,
At Colchester, in the Postern Place,
Joyfully to their death did go;
5 When two, at Gloucester, were put to death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

MAY When MARGARET ELIOT, being a maid,
13 After condemning, in prison died;

15 When lame LAVAROCKE, the fire assayed,
15 And blind APRICE with him was tried:
When these two impotents were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

MAY 16 When KATHERINE HUT did spend her blood
16 With two maids, ELIZABETH and JOAN;
When they embraced both reed and wood,
Trusting in CHRIST His death alone:
When men unnatural drew these to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

MAY 21 When two men and a sister dear,
At Beccles were consumed to dust;
31 When WILLIAM SLECHE, constant and clear,
In prison died, with hope and trust;
When these, our brethren, were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JUNE 6 When JOHN OSWOLD, and THOMAS REEDE,
6 HARLAND, MILWRIGHT, and EVINGTON;
With blazing brands their blood did bleed
As their brethren before had done.
When tyranny drave these to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JUNE 20 When WHOD the Pastor, with THOMAS MILLES
At Lewes, lost this mortal gain;
Compassed with spears, and bloody bills,
Unto the stake for to be slain:
23 When WILLIAM ADHERAL did die the death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JUNE 27 When JA[C]KSON, HOLYWEL, and WYE,
27 BOWIER, LAWRENCE, and ADDLINGTON;
27 When ROTH, SEARLES, LION, and HURST did die;
27 With whom, two women to death were done:

When DORIFALL, with them, was put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JUNE 27 When THOMAS PARRET, prisoner,
30 And MARTIN HUNTE died in the King's Bench;
When the young man at Leicester,
And CLEMENT died, with filthy stench;
25 When CARELESS, so took his death:
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JULY 16 When ASKUE, PALMER, and JOHN GWIN
Were brent with force, at Newbury;
Lamenting only for their sins,
And in the LORD were full merry:
When tyrants merciless, put these to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JULY 18 When JOHN FORMAN, and mother TREE,
At[3]Grenstede, cruelly were slain;
18 When THOMAS DUNGATE, to make up three,
With them did pass from woe and pain:
When these, with others, were put to death;
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

AUGUST 20 When the weaver at Bristow died,
And, at Derby, a wedded wife;
When these with fiery flames were fried,
For CHRISTes cause, losing their life;
When many others were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

SEPTEMBER 24 When RAVENSDALE and two brethren more,
To earthly ashes were consumed;
25 A godly glover would not adore
Their filthy idol; whereat they fumed;
When he, at Bristol, was put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

SEPTEMBER 26 When JOHN HORNE, with a woman wise,
At Newton, under hedge were killed,
Stretching their hands with lifted eyes,

And so their years, in earth fulfilled;
When these, with violence, were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

SEPTEMBER When DUNSTON, CLARKE, and POTKIN's wife,
WILLIAM FOSTER, and ARCHER also,
In Canterbury, did lose their life
By famishment; as the talk do go.
When these, alas, thus took their death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

OCTOBER When three, within one castle died,
And in the fields were layed to rest.
When at Northampton, a man was tried
Whether GOD or Mammon he loved best.
When these, by tyranny, were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

1557.

JANUARY 2 When THOMAS FINALL and his man,
2 FOSTER and three good members more,
Were purgèd with their fiery fan
At Canterbury, with torments sore.
When they with cheerfulness took their death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JANUARY When two at Ashford, with cruelty,
For CHRISTes cause, to death were brent;
2 When, not long after, two, at Wye,
Suffered for CHRIST His Testament:
When wily wolves put these to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

APRIL 2 When STANLY's wife, and ANNIS HYDE,
STURTLE, RAMSEY, and JOHN LOTHESBY
Were content, torments to abide,
And took the same right patiently;
When these, in Smithfield, were done to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

MAY 2 When WILLIAM MORANT and STEVEN GRATWICK
Refused, with falsehood to be beguiled,
And for the same, were burnèd quick,
With fury, in Saint George's Field;
When these, with others were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JUNE 16 When JOAN BRADBRIDGE, and a blind maid,
16 APPELBY, ALLEN, and both their wives;
16 When MANNING's wife was not afraid,
But all these Seven did lose their lives.
When these, at Maidstone, were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JUNE 19 When JOHN FISCOKE, PERDUE, and WHITE;
19 BARBARA, widow; and BENDEN's wife;
19 With these, WILSON's wife did firmly fight,
And for their faith, all lost their life;
When these, at Canterbury, died the death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JUNE 22 When WILLIAM MAINARDE, his maid and man;
22 MARGERY MORIES, and her son;
22 DENIS, BURGES, STEVENS, and WO[O]DMAN;
22 GLOVE's wife, and ASHDON's, to death were done;
When one fire, at Lewes, brought to them death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JULY When AMBROSE died in Maidstone Gaol,
And so set free from tyrant's hands;
2 When SIMON MILNER they did assail,
2 Having him, and a woman in bands;
When these, at Norwich, were done to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JULY 2 When ten, at Colchester, in one day,

Were fried with fire, of tyrants stout;
Not once permitted truth to say,
But were compassed with bills about:
When these, with others, were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JULY 2 When GEORGE EGLES, at Chelmsford town,
Was hangèd, drawn, and quarterèd;
His quarters carried up and down,
And on a pole they set his head.
When wrestèd law put him to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JULY 5 When THURSTON's wife, at Chichester,
5 And BOURNER's wife, with her also;
20 When two women at Rochester,
20 With father FRIER were sent from woe:
23 When one, at Norwich, did die the death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

AUGUST 10 When JOYCE BOWES, at Lichfield died,
Continuing constant in the fire;
When fixèd faith was truly tried,
Having her just and long desire.
When she, with others were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

AUGUST 17 When RICHARD ROOTH and RALPH GLAITON,
17 With JAMES AUSCOO and his wife
Were brent with force at Islington,
Ending this short and sinful life;
When they with cheerfulness, did take their death;
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

OCTOBER 18 When SPARROW, GIBSON, and HOLLINGDAY,
In Smithfield, did the stake embrace;
When fire converted flesh to clay,
They being joyful of such grace:
When lawless liberty put them to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

DECEMBER 22 When JOHN ROUGHE, a Minister meek,
22 And MARGARET MERING, with courage died:
Because CHRIST only they did seek,
With fire of force, they must be fried;
When these, in Smithfield, were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

1558.

MARCH 28 When that JOHN DEWNESHE and HUGH FOXE,
In Smithfield, cruel death sustained,
As fixèd foes to Romish rocks;
28 And CUTHBERT SYMSON also slain.
When these did worthily receive their death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

MARCH When DALE deceased in Bury gaol,
According to GOD's ordinance;
When widow THURSTON they did assail;
And brought ANN BONGER to Death's Dance;
When these, at Colchester, were done to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

APRIL 9 When WILLIAM NICOLL, in Ha[ve]rfor[d]west,
Was trièd with their fiery fire:
20 When SYMON fought against the best,
20 With GLOVER, and THOMAS CARMAN;
When these, at Norwich, did die the death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

MAY 26 When WILLIAM HARRIS, and RICHARD DAY;
26 And CHRISTIAN GEORGE with them was brent:
Holding their enemies at a bay
Till life was lost, and breath all spent;
When these, at Colchester, were put to death,

We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JUNE 27 When SOUTHAN, LAUNDER, and RICARBIE;
27 HOLLYDAY, HOLLANDE, PONDE, and FLOOD,
With cheerful look and constant cry,
27 For CHRISTes cause, did spend their blood:
When these in Smithfield were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JUNE When THOMAS TYLER passed this place;
And MATTHEW WITHERS also died.
Though suit were much, yet little grace
Among the Rulers could be spied:
In prison, patiently, they took their death,
We wishing for ELIZABETH.

JULY 10 When RICHARD YEMAN, Minister,
At Norwich, did his life forsake;
19 When Master BENBRIKE, at Winchester,
A lively sacrifice did make.
When these, with others, were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

JULY 14 When WILLIAM PECKES, COTTON, and WREIGHT,
The Popish power did sore invade;
To Burning School, they were sent straight,
14 And with them went, constant JOHN SLADE:
When these, at Brainford, were put to death,
We wished for our ELIZABETH.

NOVEMBER 4 When ALEXANDER GECHE was brent,
4 And with him ELIZABETH LAUNSON;
When they with joy, did both consent
To do as their brethren had done;
When these, at Ipswich, were put to death,
We wished for ELIZABETH.

NOVEMBER 5 When JOHN DAVY, and eke his brother,
5 With PHILIP HUMFREY kissed the cross;
When they did comfort one another
Against all fear, and worldy loss;
When these, at Bury, were put to death,

We wished for our ELIZABETH.

NOVEMBER. When, last of all (to take their leave!),
[11] At Canterbury, they did some consume,
Who constantly to CHRIST did cleave;
Therefore were fried with fiery fume:
But, six days after these were put to death,
GOD sent us our ELIZABETH!

Our wished wealth hath brought us peace.
Our joy is full; our hope obtained;
The blazing brands of fire do cease,
The slaying sword also restrained.
The simple sheep, preserved from death
By our good Queen, ELIZABETH.

As Hope hath here obtained her prey,
By GOD'S good will and Providence;
So Trust doth truly look for stay,
Through His heavenly influence,
That great GOLIATH shall be put to death
By our good Queen, ELIZABETH.

That GOD's true Word shall placèd be,
The hungry souls, for to sustain;
That Perfect Love and Unity
Shall be set in their seat again:
That no more good men shall be put to death;
Seeing GOD hath sent ELIZABETH.

Pray we, therefore, both night and day,
For Her Highness, as we be bound.
O LORD, preserve this Branch of Bay!
(And all her foes, with force confound)
Here, long to live! and, after death,
Receive our Queen, ELIZABETH!

Amen.

Apoc. 6. How long tarriest thou, O LORD, holy and true! to judge, and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth.

FINIS.

The wishes of the Wise,
Which long to be at rest;
To GOD, with lifted eyes,
They call to be redressed.



When shall this time of travail cease
Which we, with woe sustain?
When shall the days of rest and peace,
Return to us again?

When shall the mind be movèd right
To leave this lusting life?
When shall our motions and delight
Be free from wrath and strife?

When shall the time of woful tears
Be movèd unto mirth?
When shall the aged, with grey hairs,
Rejoice at children's birth?

When shall Jerusalem rejoice
In Him, that is their King?
And Sion's hill, with cheerful voice,
Sing psalms with triumphing?

When shall the walls erected be,
That foes, with fury, 'fray?
When shall that perfect Olive Tree,

Give odour like the Bay?

When shall the Vineyard be restored,
That beastly boars devour?
When shall the people, late abhorred,
Receive a quiet hour?

When shall the SPIRIT more fervent be,
In us that want good will?
When shall Thy mercies set us free
From wickedness and ill?

When shall the serpents, that surmise
To poison Thine Elect,
Be bound to better exercise,
Or utterly reject?

When shall the blood revengèd be,
Which on the earth is shed?
When shall sin and iniquity
Be cast into the bed?

When shall that Man of Sin appear
To be, even as he is?
When shall thy babes and children dear
Receive eternal bliss?

When shall that painted Whore of Rome
Be cast unto the ground?
When shall her children have their doom,
Which virtue would confound?

When shall Thy Spouse, and Turtle Dove
Be free from bitter blast?
When shall Thy grace, our sins remove,
With pardon at the last?

When shall this life translatèd be,

From fortune's fickle fall?
When shall True Faith and Equity
Remain in general?

When shall Contention and Debate,
For ever slack and cease?
When shall the days of evil date,
Be turnèd unto peace?

When shall True Dealing rule the rost
With those that buy and sell;
And Single Mind, in every coast,
Among us bide and dwell?

When shall our minds wholly convert
From wealth, and worldly gain?
When shall the movings of our heart
From wickedness refrain?

When shall this flesh return to dust,
From whence the same did spring?
When shall the trial of our trust
Appearing with triumphing?

When shall the Trump blow out his blast,
And thy dear babes revive?
When shall the Whore be headlong cast,
That sought us to deprive?

When shall Thy CHRIST, our King, appear
With power and renown?
When shall Thy saints, that suffer here,
Receive their promised crown?

When shall the faithful, firmly stand?
Before Thy face to dwell;
When shall Thy foes, at Thy left hand,

Be cast into the hell?

Apoca. 22.

Come, LORD JESU!

T. B.

¶ Imprinted at London, by John Kingston for Richard Adams.

FOOTNOTES:

[2] BONNER.

[3] *Grinstead.*

The winning of Calais by the French, January 1558 A.D.

There is but little doubt that the gross negligence whereby Calais was lost to us, was but the natural outcome of the national demoralization occasioned by the public administration of Queen MARY; which placed all Laymen at the mercy of the Spiritualty, and all Englishmen at the command of the Spaniard. Looking back, all now acknowledge that the loss of Calais was a gain to England, as well as to France: but for a time, it did sting Englishmen to the quick; and that, all the more, seeing it was lost in a war in which we were only fighting PHILIP's battles, and had no real concern ourselves.

We here group the following Eye Witness reports, accounts, &c., of the loss of the English Pale in France.

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George Ferrers, the Poet.
General Narrative of the Recapture.

[GRAFTON'S *Chronicle*. 1569.]

JOHN STOW, in his *Annals*, *p.* 1070, *Ed.* 1600, referring to this recapture, says, "Whereof Master GEORGE FERRERS hath written at large: for he collected the whole history of *Queen Mary*, as the same is set down, under the name of RICHARD GRAFTON."

It is clear from UNDERHILL's narrative at *p.* 90, that his friend FERRERS, who had been Lord of Misrule under EDWARD VI., was a Protestant.



FOR if ought were won by the having of St. Quentin, England got nothing at all; for the gain thereof came only to King PHILIP: but the loss of Calais, Hammes, and Guisnes, with all the country on that side of the sea, which followed soon after, was such a buffet to England as [had] not happened in more than an hundred years before; and a dishonour wherewith this realm shall be blotted until GOD shall give power to redubbe it with some like requital to the French.

At this time, although open hostility and war were between England and France, yet, contrary to the ancient custom afore used, the town of Calais and the forts thereabouts were not supplied with any new accrues [*reinforcements*] of soldiers; which negligence was not unknown to the enemy, who, long before, had practised [*plotted*] the winning of the said town and country. The French King therefore (being sharply nettled with the late loss of St. Quentin and a great piece of his country adjoining, and desirous of revenge) thought it not meet to let slip this occasion; and having presently a full army in a readiness to employ where most advantage should appear, determined to put in proof, with all speed, the enterprise of Calais; which long, and many times before, was purposed upon.

This practice [*design*] was not so secret but that the Deputies of Calais and Guisnes had some intelligence thereof; and informed the Queen [MARY] and her

Council accordingly: nevertheless, either by wilful negligence there, or lack of credit by the Queen's Council here, this great case was so slenderly regarded as no provision of defence was made until it was somewhat too late.

The Duke of GUISE [*known as, Le Balafré*], being General of the French army, proceeded in this enterprise with marvellous policy. For approaching the English frontier [*known in our history as the English Pale*], under colour to victual Boulogne and Ardes; he entered upon the same, on a sudden [*on 1st January, 1558*]; and took a little bulwark [*fortification*] called Sandgate, by assault. He then divided his army into two parts, sending one part with certain great pieces of artillery along the downs [*sandhills*] by the seaside towards Risbank [*or Ruisbank, a detached fort in Calais harbour. See Vol. II. p. 39*]; and the other part, furnished also with battery pieces, marched straight forth to Newnham [*or Newhaven*] Bridge: meaning to batter the two forts, both at one time. Which thing he did with such celerity, that coming thither very late in the evening, he was master of both by the next morning.

At the first shot discharged at Newnham Bridge, the head of the Master Gunner of that piece [*fort*], whose name was HORSELEY, was clean stricken off. The Captain [*Nicholas Alexander*] considering the great power of the French army; and having his fort but slenderly manned to make sufficient resistance, fled to Calais. And by the time he was come thither, the other part of the French army that went by the seaside, with their battery, had won Risbank; being abandoned [*by Captain John Harlestone*] to their hands.

The next day [*2nd of January*], the Frenchmen, with

five double-cannons and three culverins, began a battery from the sandhills next Risbank, against the town of Calais; and continued the same, by the space of two or three days, until they made a little breach in the wall next unto the Water Gate, which, nevertheless, was not yet assaultable: for that which was broken in the day, was by them within the town made up again in the night, stronger than afore. But the battery was not begun there by the French because they intended to enter in that place; but rather to abuse [*deceive*] the English, to have the less regard to the defence of the Castle: which was the weakest part of the town, and the place where they were we ascertained, by their espials, to win an easy entry.

So that while our people travailed fondly to defend that counterfeit breach of the town wall, the Duke had in the mean season, planted fifteen double-cannons against the Castle. Which Castle being considered by the Rulers of the town to be of no such force as might resist the battery of cannon, by reason that it was old, and without any rampires [*ramparts*]; it was devised to make a train with certain barrels of powder to this purpose, that when the Frenchmen should enter, as they well knew, that there they would, to have fired the said train, and blown up the Keep: and for that purpose left never a man within to defend it. But the Frenchmen, at their entry, espied the train, and so avoided the same. So that the device came to no purpose; and, without any resistance, they entered the Castle; and thought to have entered the town by that way.

But [*on the 6th of January*] by the prowess and hardy courage of Sir ANTHONY AGER [*Aucher*], Knight [*see Vol. I., pp. 33, 36*], and Marshal of the Town, with his

soldiers, they were repulsed and driven back again into the Castle: and followed so hard after, that our men forced them to close and shut the Castle gate for their surety, lest it should have been recovered against them. As it was once attempted [*p.* 199] by Sir ANTHONY AGER: who there, with his son and heir, and a Pursuivant at Arms called CALAIS, and divers others, to the number of fifteen or sixteen Englishmen, lost their lives.

The same night, after the recule [*retreat*] of the Frenchmen, whose number so increased in the Castle, that the town was not able to resist their force; the Lord WENTWORTH, Deputy of Calais, sent a Pursuivant called GUISNES, unto the Duke of GUISE, requiring composition; which, after long debate, was agreed to, upon this sort.

> First. That the town, with all the great artillery, victuals and munition, should be freely yielded to the French King.
>
> The lives of the inhabitants only saved; to whom safe conduct should be granted, to pass where they listed.
>
> Saving the Lord Deputy, with fifty others, such as the Duke should appoint, to remain prisoners; and be put to their ransom.

The next morning [*7th of January*], the Frenchmen entered and possessed the Town: and forthwith all the men, women, and children, were commanded to leave their houses, and to go into the two churches, of Our Lady, and Saint Nicholas; upon pain of death. Where they remained a great part of that day, and one whole night, and until three o'clock at afternoon the next day [*8th*]: without either meat or drink.

And while they were thus in the churches, the Duke of GUISE, in the name of the French King, in their hearing, made a Proclamation straitly charging and commanding all and every person that were inhabitants of the Town of Calais, having about them any money, plate, or jewels to the value of [*but*] one groat [4*d.*] to bring the same forthwith, and lay it down on the high altars of the said churches, upon pain of death: bearing them in hand [*inducing them to think*] also that they should be searched.

By reason of which Proclamation, there was made a great and sorrowful Offertory. And while they were at this offering within the churches, the Frenchmen entered into their houses, and rifled the same; where was found inestimable riches and treasure, but specially of ordnance, armour, and other munition.

About two o'clock, the next day at afternoon, being the 7th of January; all the Englishmen, except the Lord Deputy and the others reserved for prisoners, were suffered to pass out of the town in safety; being guarded through the army by a number of Scottish Light Horsemen.

There were in this town of Calais, 500 English soldiers ordinarily, and no more: and of the townsmen, not fully 200 fighting men: a small garrison for the defence of such a town! And there were in the whole number of men, women, and children, as they were counted when they went out of the gate, 4,200 persons.

But the Lord WENTWORTH, Deputy of Calais; Sir RALPH CHAMBERLAIN, Captain of the Castle; [JOHN] HARLESTONE, Captain of Risbank; NICHOLAS ALEXANDER, Captain of Newn[h]ambridge; EDWARD GRIMSTONE, Controller; with others of the chief of the town, to the number of fifty, as aforesaid, such as

it pleased the Duke of GUISE to appoint, were sent prisoners into France.

Thus have ye heard the discourse of the Overthrow and Loss of the Town of Calais; the which enterprise was begun and ended in less than eight days, to the great marvel of the world, that a town of such strength, and so well furnished of all things as that was, should so suddenly be taken and conquered: but most specially, in the winter season; what time all the country about, being marsh ground, is commonly overflown with water.

The said town was won from the French by King EDWARD III. in the time of PHILIP DE VALOIS, then French King: and, being in the possession of the Kings of England, 211 years; was, in the time of PHILIP and MARY, King and Queen of England, lost within less than eight days being the most notable fort that England had.

For the winning whereof, King EDWARD aforesaid, in the 21st year of his reign [1346], was fain to continue a siege one whole year or more: wherefore it was judged of all men, that it could not have so come to pass, without some secret treachery.

Here is also to be noted, that when Queen MARY and her Council heard, credibly, of the Frenchmen's sudden approach to that town; she, with all possible speed, but somewhat too late, raised a great power for the rescue thereof: which, if wind and weather had served, might, haply, have brought succour thither in time. But such terrible tempests then arose, and continued the space of four or five days together, that the like had not been seen before in the

remembrance of man; wherefore some said "That the same was done by necromancy, and that the Devil was raised up, and become French:" the truth whereof is known to GOD. But very true it is that no ship could brook the seas, by reason of those extreme storms and tempests. And such of the Queen's ships as did adventure the passage, were so shaken and torn, with the violence of the weather; as they were forced to return with great danger, and the loss of all their tackle and furniture.

Thus by the negligence of the Council at home, conspiracy of traitors elsewhere, force and false practice of enemies, helped by the rage of most terrible tempests of contrary winds and weather; this famous Fort of Calais was brought again to the hands and possession of the French.

So soon as this Duke of GUISE, contrary to all expectation, had, in a few days, gained this strong town of Calais, afore thought impregnable, and had put the same in such order as best seemed for his advantage: proud of the spoil, and pressing forward upon his sudden fortune, without giving long time to the residue of the Captains of the forts there to breathe on their business; the 13th of the same month, with all provision requisite for a siege, he marched with his army from Calais into the town and fort of Guisnes, five miles distant from thence.

Of which town and castle, at the same time, there was as Captain, a valiant Baron of England, called WILLIAM, Lord GREY of Wilton [*See Vol. III. p. 76*]: who, not without cause suspecting a siege at hand; and knowing the town of Guisnes to be of small force

(as being without walls or bulwarks, and only compassed with a trench), before the Frenchmen's arrival, caused all the inhabitants of the town to advoid [*depart*]; and so many of them as were apt to bear arms, he caused to retire into the Castle. Which was a place well fortified, with strong and massy Bulwarks [*redoubts or batteries*] of brick: having also a high and mighty tower, of great force and strength, called the Keep.

The town being thus abandoned, the Frenchman had the more easy approach to the Castle; who, thinking to find quiet lodging in those vacant houses, entered the same without any fear: and being that night, at their rest as they thought, a chosen band of soldiers, appointed by Lord GREY, issued out by a postern of the said Castle, and slew no small number of their sleepy guests. The rest, they put out of their new lodgings; and (maugre the Duke and all the French power) consumed all the houses of the town with fire. That notwithstanding, the said Duke, with all diligence, began his trenches: and albeit the shot of the great artillery from the Castle was terrible, and gave him great impeachment; yet did he continue his work without intermission, and, for example's sake, wrought in his own person as a common pioneer or labourer. So that, within less than three days, he brought, to the number of thirty-five battery pieces, hard to the brim [*edge*] of the Castle ditch, to batter the same on all sides, as well right forth as across. But his principal battery, he planted against the strongest bulwark of all, called Mary Bulwark [*a detached fort*]; thinking by gaining of the stronger, to come more easily by the weaker.

His battery being thus begun, he continued the same by the space of two days, with such terrible

thundering of great artillery, that, by the report of [F. DE] RABUTIN a French writer, there were, in those few days, discharged well near to the number of 8,000 or 9,000 cannon shot.

Through the violence whereof, by the 20th of the said month, the said great Bulwark was laid wide open, and the breach made reasonable and easy enough for the assault; nevertheless, the said Duke (being a man of war, and nothing ignorant of what devices be commonly used in forts and besieged towns to entrap and damage the assailants) afore he would put the persons of his good soldiers to the hazard of the assault, caused the breach to be viewed once or twice by certain forward and skilful soldiers; who, mounting the top of the breach, brought report that the place was saultable [*assaultable*]. Nevertheless, to make the climb more easy; he caused certain harquebussiers to pass over the ditch, and to keep the defendants occupied with shot, while certain pioneers with mattocks and shovels, made the breach more plain and easy. [*See Churchyard's account of this assault at p. 209. He was one of the defenders.*]

Which thing done accordingly, he gave order to Monsieur D'ANDELOT, Colonel of the French Footmen, that he, with his Bands, should be in readiness to give the assault, when sign should be given.

In which meantime, the Duke withdrew himself to an higher ground; from whence he might plainly discover the behaviour as well of his soldiers in giving the assault, as also of the defendants in answering the same. And not perceiving so many of the English part appearing for the defence, as he looked for; he gave order forthwith, that a regiment

of his most forward Lance Knights [*the Reiters*] should mount the breach to open the first passage, and that Monsieur D'ANDELOT with his Bands of the French, should back them.

Which order was followed with such hot haste and desperate hardiness, that, entering a deep ditch full of water, from the bottom whereof to the top of the breach was well forty feet, without fear either of the water beneath or the fire above, they mounted the breach: and whereas the Duke had prepared divers bridges made of plank-boards, borne up with caske and empty pipes [*i.e., barrels of the size of a Pipe*] tied one to another, for his men to pass the said ditch; many of the said assailants, without care of those bridges, plunged into the water, and took the next way to come to the assault.

Which hot haste notwithstanding, the said assailants were, in this first assault, so stoutly repulsed and put back by the defendants, being furnished with great store of wild fire and fricassees for the purpose, that they were turned down headlong, one upon another, much faster than they came up: not without great waste and slaughter of their best and most brave soldiers; to the small comfort of the stout Duke, who, as is said before, stood, all this while, upon a little hill to behold this business. Wherefore, not enduring this sight any longer, as a man arraged [*enraged*], he ran among his men; so reproving some and encouraging others, that the assault was foot hot renewed with much more vehemence and fury than before: and with no less obstinacy and desperation received by the defendants; whereby all the breach underneath was filled with French carcases.

This notwithstanding, the Duke still redoubled his forces with fresh companies; and continued so many

assaults, one upon another, that at the last charge, being most vehement of all others, our men being tired, and greatly minished in the number by slaughter and bloody wounds, were, of fine [*sheer*] force, driven to avoid, and give place of entry to the enemy.

Which was not done without a marvellous expense of blood, on both sides. For, of the French part, there were slain and perished in these assaults, above the number of 800 or 900 [*Churchyard says, at p. 214, 4,000*]: and of the English, but little fewer [*800, p. 214*]; amongst whom the greatest loss lighted on the Spaniards, who took upon them the defence of the said Mary Bulwark: insomuch, as the report went, that of the 500 [*or rather 450; whereof but 50 were Spaniards, the rest English and Burgundians, see p. 209*] brave soldiers which King PHILIP sent thither for succour, under the conduct of a valiant Spanish Captain, called MOUNT DRAGON, there were not known to have come away any number worth the reckoning, but all were either slain, maimed or taken.

These outrageous assaults were given to the Castle of Guisnes, on St. Sebastian's day, the 20th of January aforesaid.

At the end of which day, there were also gained from the English, two other principal Bulwarks of the said Castle; which, being likewise made assaultable by battery, were taken by the Almains [*? Swiss*], who entered in by the breaches.

The Lord GREY, with his eldest son, and the chief Captains and soldiers of the said garrison, who kept the Inner Ward of the Castle, where the most high and principal Tower, called the Keep, stood; thinking themselves in small surety there (being a place of the

old sort of fortification) after they saw the Utter Ward possessed by the enemy, and such a number of the most forward soldiers consumed and spent; and no likelihood of any more aid to come in time: by the advice of the most expert soldiers there, concluded for the best, to treat with the Duke for composition: according to the which advice, he sent forth two gentlemen, with this message in effect. That

> the Duke (being a man of war, and serving under a King) should not think it strange if the Lord GREY likewise (being a man of war, and serving his Prince, in manner) did his like deavour [*endeavour*] in well defending the place committed to his charge, so far forth, as to answer and bide the assault; considering that otherwise, he could never save his own honour, neither his truth and loyalty to his Prince. In respect whereof, according to the law of arms, he required honourable composition.

Which message, though it was well accepted of the Duke; yet he deferred his answer until the morrow. What [*At which*] time, the messengers repairing to him again, composition was granted in this sort.

> First. That the Castle with all the furniture thereof, as well victuals as great artillery, powder, and other munitions of war, should be wholly rendered; without wasting, hiding, or minishment thereof.
>
> Secondarily. That the Lord GREY, with all the Captains, Officers, and others having charge there, should remain prisoners, at the Duke's pleasure; to be ransomed after the manner of war.

> Thirdly. That all the rest, as well soldiers as others, should safely depart, with their armour and baggage to what parts, it seemed them best: nevertheless, to pass, without sound of drum or trumpet, or displaying of an ensigns [*flags*]; but to leave them behind.

These conditions being received and approved on either party, the day following, that is to wit, the 22nd day of the said month of January, all the soldiers of the said fortress, as well English as strangers, with all the rest of the inhabitants and others (except the Lord GREY, Sir ARTHUR his son, Sir HENRY PALMER Knight, MOUNT DRAGON the above named Captain of the Spaniards, and other men of charge reserved by the Composition) departed, with their bag and baggages, from thence, towards Flanders. At whose issuing forth, there was esteemed [*estimated*] to the number of 800 or 900 able men for the war: part English, part Burgundians, with a small remnant of Spaniards.

After the winning of this town and Castle, the Duke, advising well upon the place, and considering that if it should happen to be regained by Englishmen, what a noisome neighbour the same might be to Calais, now being French; and specially what impeachment should come thereby for the passage thither from France; considering also the near standing thereof to the French King's fortress of Ardes, so that to keep two garrisons so nigh together should be but a double charge, and not only needless, but also dangerous, for the cause afore rehearsed: upon these considerations, as the Frenchmen write, he took order for all the great artillery, victuals, and other munition to be taken forth; and the Castle, with all

the Bulwarks and other fortifications there, to be razed and thrown down, with all speed, and the stuff to be carried away, and employed in other more necessary places.

Then there rested nothing, within all the English Pale on that side, unconquered, but the little Castle or Pile called Hammes: which, though it were but of small force, made by art and industry of man's hand, and altogether of old workmanship, without rampiers [*ramparts*] or Bulwarks [*redoubts*]; yet, nevertheless, by the natural situation thereof, being environed on all sides, with fens and marsh grounds, it could not easily be approached unto: either with great ordnance for the battery, or else with an army to encamp there, for a siege; having but one straight passage thereto by a narrow causey [*causeway*], traversed and cut through, in divers places, with deep ditches always full of water. Which thing, being well foreseen by EDWARD Lord DUDLEY, then Captain there, having as good cause to suspect a siege there as his neighbours, had, afore the Frenchmen's coming to Guisnes, caused all the bridges of the said causey, which were of wood, to be broken; to give thereby the more impeachment [*obstacles*] to the French, if they should attempt to approach the same; as, shortly after, they did, and kept divers of the passages.

But to deliver the Duke and his soldiers from that care, there came to him glad news from those that had charge to watch the same causey; how the Captain, having intelligence of the rendering of Guisnes, had conveyed himself with his small garrison, secretly, the same night [*of the 22nd of January*] by a secret passage over the marshes into Flanders. Whereby, the Duke, being now past care of

any further siege to be laid in all that frontier, took order forthwith to seize the said little fort into his hands; as it was easy to do, when there was no resistance.

When this place was once seized by the French, then remained there none other place or strength of the English on all that side the sea, for the safeguard of the rest of the country: whereby the French King became wholly and thoroughly Lord and Master of all the English Pale: for now, as ye have heard, there was neither town, castle, or fortress, more or less, on that side (saving Bootes Bulwark, near to Gravelines; which now, [*in 1568*] King PHILIP keepeth as his); but it was either taken away by force, or else abandoned and left open to the enemy. And, as the Frenchmen write, besides the great riches of gold and silver coin, jewels, plate, wool, and other merchandise (which was inestimable [*i.e., beyond reckoning*]) there were found 300 pieces of brass, mounted on wheels, and as many pieces of iron: with such furniture of powder, pellets [*bullets*], armour, victuals, and other munitions of war, scarcely credible [*see p. 250*].

Thus have heard the whole discourse of the Conquest of the noble town of Calais with all the English fortresses and country adjoining, made by the Duke of GUISE. The news whereof, when it came to the French King: [*there is*] no need to ask how joyfully it was received! not only by him and all his Court, but also universally through the whole realm of France. For the which victory, there was, as the manner is, *Te DEUM* sung, and bonfires made everywhere, as it is wont to be in cases of common joy and gladness for some rare benefit of GOD. Shortly, upon this conquest, there was a public Assembly at Paris of all

the Estates of France: who frankly (in recompense of the King's charges in winning Calais and the places aforesaid, and for maintenance of his wars to be continued afterwards) granted unto him 3,000,000 of French Crowns [= *about £900,000 then = about £9,000,000 now*]; whereof the clergy of France contributed 1,000,000 crowns besides their *dîmes*.

And no marvel though the French did highly rejoice at the recovery of Calais out of the Englishmen's hands! For it is constantly affirmed by many that be acquainted with the affairs of France, that ever since the town was first won by the Englishmen, in all solemn Councils appointed to treat upon the state of France, there was a special person appointed to put them in remembrance, from time to time, of Calais: as it were to be wished that the like were used in England until it were regained from the French.

Now seemed every day a year, to the French King, until he personally had visited Calais and his new conquered country. Wherefore, about the end of January, aforesaid, he took his voyage thither, accompanied with no small number of his nobility. And immediately upon his arrival there, he perused the whole town and every part thereof, from place to place: and devising with the Duke of GUISE for the better fortification thereof; what should be added to the old, what should be made new, and what should be taken away. And after order taken for that business; he placed there a noble and no less valiant Knight, called Monsieur DE THERMES, to be Captain of the town: and so departed again to France.

After the French King's departure from Calais, he made great haste for the accomplishment of the marriage moved between FRANCIS, his eldest son, called the Dauphin, and MARY STUART, daughter

and sole heir of JAMES V., late King of Scotland: which Princess (if the Scots had been faithful of promise, as they seldom be) should have married with King EDWARD VI. For the breach of which promise, began all the war between England and Scotland, in the latter end of King HENRY VIII. and in the beginning of EDWARD VI. [*See Patten's account of the Wooing, Vol. III. p. 51.*]

This marriage (though it be not my matter) I thought not to omit; for many things were meant thereby, which, thanks be to GOD! never came to pass. But one special point was not hidden to the world, that, by the means of the same, the Realm of Scotland should, for evermore, have remained as united and incorporated to the Crown of France; that as the Son and Heir of every French King doth succeed to the inheritance and possession of a country, called the Doulphyn [*Dauphiné*], and is therefore called Doulphyn [*Dauphin*]; and as the Principality of Wales appertaineth to the Eldest Son of England, who is therefore called the Prince of WALES: even so, that the Dauphin and Heir of France should thereby have been King of Scotland, for evermore. Which name and title, upon this marriage, was accordingly given to FRANCIS the Dauphin and heir apparent of France, to be called "King Dauphin": the meaning whereof was, utterly to exclude for evermore any to be King of Scotland, but only the Eldest Son of France.

This memorable marriage was solemnized in the city of Paris, the 24th day of April, 1558, with most magnificent pomp and triumph.

Lord Wentworth, the Lord Deputy of Calais, and the Council there.
Letter to Queen Mary, 23rd May, 1557.

[*State Papers. Foreign, Mary, Vol. X. No. 615.* In Public Record Office.]



IT may please your Highness to understand that, where upon circumspect consideration and view of your Majesty's store here of munition and other habiliments of war, there is presently [*at this moment*] found not only a great want of many kinds thereof, but also such a decay in divers other things as the same are not serviceable, and will be utterly lost if they be not with speed repaired and put in better estate; as this bearer, Master HIGHFIELD, Master of your Ordnance here [*p.* 196], can declare more amply the particularities thereof, either unto your Majesty, or unto such of your Council as shall please your Highness to direct him: we have thought it our bounden duties to be most humble suitors to your Majesty, that it would please the same to give immediate order, as well for the supplement of the said lacks, as also for your warrant to be addressed hither, for the repairing of all other things requisite to be done within his office.

And thus we continually pray Almighty GOD for the long preservation of your Highness in most prosperous estate.

From your town of Calais, the 23rd of May, 1557.

Your Majesty's

Most humble bounden and obedient subjects and servants,

- WENTWORTH,
- WILLIAM GREY,
- RALPH CHAMBERLAIN,
- A. CORNWALLIS,
- EDWARD GRYMSTONE,
- EUSTACE HOBYNTON.

Lords Wentworth and Grey, and the Council at Calais. *Report to Queen Mary, 27th December, 1557.*

[*State Papers. Foreign, Mary, Vol. XI. No. 698.*



OUR bounden duties most humbly remembered unto

your Highness. Upon the receipt of the intelligences sent unto your Majesty this other day, from me your Grace's Deputy; I forthwith dispatched to my Lord GREY [*at Guisnes*], requiring his Lordship to repair to this town, that we might consult of the state of your Highness's places and country on this side.

So his Lordship coming hither, we have conferred together our several intelligences: and finding the same in effect to agree, it hath very much augmented our suspicion that this train [*design*] now meant by the enemy, should be made towards your Highness's country or pieces. Whereupon we, all together, have considered the state of the same; and said our opinions therein, as it may appear unto your Highness by these articles which we send herewith to your Majesty, which we have thought our duties to signify unto you. Most humbly beseeching your Highness to return unto us your pleasure therein.

So, we pray JESU, grant your Majesty long and prosperous reign.

At your town of Calais, 27th December, 1557.

Your Highness's, &c.

Our Consultation, made the 27th December, 1557.

Guisnes.



First. Having no supplement of men other than is presently there, we think it meetest, if the enemy should give the attempt, to abandon the Town (which could not be, without very great danger of the Castle); and defend the Turnpike, which is of the more importance, because that way only, in necessity, the relief to the Castle is to be looked for.

Item. There is great want of wheat, butter, cheese, and other victuals.

Item. It is requisite to have some men of estimation and service to be there [*i.e., at Guisnes*], that might be able to take the charge in hand; if either sickness or other accident should fortune to me the Lord GREY: which I, the said Lord GREY the rather require, by reason of Sir HENRY PALMER's hurt; being of any other person at this present utterly unfurnished.

Hampnes Castle.



Item. We think the same sufficiently furnished of men for the sudden; albeit this hard and frosty weather, if it continue, will give the enemy great advantage: yet we put in as much water as is possible.

Of victuals, that place is utterly unprovided; except the Captain's store.

That we also thought meet to have there some man of estimation and service, for the respects contained in the article of Guisnes: which also the Lord DUDLEY requires.

Newnam Bridge.



Item. We think it meet, upon the occasion, to withdraw the bands [*companies of soldiers*] from the Causeway thither; and then are of opinion, the same to be sufficient to defend that piece for a season; unless the enemy shall get

between this town and the bridge.

It is clean without victuals, other than the Captain's own provision.

Rysbank.



BECAUSE that place standeth upon the sea, and by the shore side, may the enemy come in a night to it: we think it meet to appoint hither a band [*company*] of the low country [*the open district round Calais, within the English pale*] under the leading of Captain DODD.

It is altogether unfurnished of victuals, other than for the Captain's own store.

Calais.



WHEREAS all your Majesty's pieces on this side, make account to be furnished of victuals and other necessaries from hence; it is so, that of victuals your Highness hath presently none here: and also this town

hath none, by reason that the restraint in the realm hath been so strait as the victuallers (as were wont to bring daily hither good quantities of butter, cheese, bacon, wheat, and other things) might not, of late, be suffered to have any recourse hither; whereby is grown a very great scarcity of all such things here.



Finally. Forasmuch as all the wealth and substance of your Majesty's whole dominion on this side, is now in your low country (a thing not unknown to the enemy): and if with this his great power, coming down (as the bruit goeth) for the victualling of Ardes, he will give attempt on your Highness's country; we do not see that the small number here, in respect of their force, can, by any means, defend it.

And if we should stand to resist their entry into the country [*the open district*], and there receive any loss or overthrow; the country should nevertheless be

overrun and spoiled: and besides it would set the enemy in a glory, and also be the more peril to your Highness's pieces [*towns*]. We therefore, upon the necessity, think it meet to gather all our men into strengths [*fortresses*]; and with the same to defend your pieces to the uttermost.

Notwithstanding, all the power on this side is insufficient to defend the pieces, in case the enemy shall tarry any space in the field.

- WENTWORTH,
- WILLIAM GREY,
- ANTHONY AUCHAR,
- JOHN HARLESTON,
- EDWARDE GRIMESTONE,
- N. ALEXANDER,
- EUSTACE HOBYNGTON.

Lord Wentworth, at Calais.
Letter to Queen Mary, 1 January, 1558, 9 p.m.

[*State Papers. Foreign, Mary, Vol. XII. No. 1.*

[One cannot help seeing that in this and the next letter, Lord WENTWORTH, quite hopeless of any successful attempt, was

trying to make things look as pleasant as he could to the Queen.]



IT may please your Highness, having retired the Bands from the Causeway the last night [*31 December 1557*], and placed them at the Bridge [at *Newhaven* or *Newnham*] and within the Brayes [*i.e., Calais walls*]: this morning early, I returned them to the said Causeway, to defend that passage in case the enemy would attempt to enter there; and also to offer skirmish to take some of them, and to learn somewhat of their power.

Between nine and ten, the enemy showed in a very great bravery about six ensigns [*regiments*] of footmen, and certain horsemen; and came from the Chalk Pits down the hill towards the Causeway. Whereupon some of ours issued and offered the skirmish; but the enemy would in no wise seem to meddle.

During this their stillness, they caused about 200 harquebussiers to cut over the marsh from Sandgate and get between ours and the Bridge, and then to have hotly set on them on both sides. In this time also, at a venture, I had caused your Majesty's Marshal, with the horsemen, to go abroad, and maintain the skirmish with the footmen: and by that [*time*] the Marshal came there, the enemy's harquebussiers that passed the marshes were discovered; and ours took a very honest retire. Which the enemies on the land side perceiving, came on,

both horsemen and footmen, marvellously hotly; to whom ours gave divers onsets, continually skirmishing till they came to the Bridge, and there reposed themselves. The bridge bestowed divers shot upon the enemy, and hurt some. Of ours, thanked be GOD! none slain nor hurt, save a man-at-arms stricken in the leg with a currion.

The alarm continued till one o'clock in the afternoon; before the end whereof our enemy's number increased: for eleven ensigns more of footmen came in sight, and three troops of horsemen.

Besides, the alarm went round about our country at that instant, even from Sandgate to Guisnes; and bands of the enemy at every passage.

They have gotten Froyton Church, and plant themselves at all the streights [*passages*] into this country. The bulwarks [*? earth works*] of Froyton and Nesle have this day done their duty very well; to whom I have this afternoon sent aid of men, and some shot and powder. Howbeit I am in some doubt of Nesle this night.

I am perfectly advertised, their number of horsemen and footmen already arrived is above 12,000; whereof little less have come in sight here. The Duke of GUISE is not yet arrived, but [is] hourly looked for with a more [*greater*] number.

This evening, I have discovered 500 waggons ladened with victuals and munition; and have further perfect intelligence, that thirty cannons be departed from Boulogne hitherwards.

They [*i.e., the French army*] are settled at Sandgate, Galley Moat, Causeway, Froyton, Calkewell, Nesle, and Syntrecase. At one o'clock after midnight, I look

for them; being low water at the passage over the haven.

Thus having set all things in the best order I can, I make an end of three days' work; and leave your Majesty to consider for our speedy succour. Beseeching GOD to grant your Highness victory, with long and prosperous reign.

At your town of Calais, this New Year's Day, at nine of the night, 1557.

I have received your Majesty's letter [*of 31st December*] by [JOHN HIGHfiELD] Master of the Ordnance [at Calais], who came in this morning. The contents whereof I follow as near as I can.

Your Highness's Most humble and obedient servant and subject,

WENTWORTH.

Lord Wentworth at Calais.
Letter to Queen Mary, 2 January, 1558, 10 p.m.

[*State Papers, &c.*]



AFTER my humble duty remembered, it may please your Highness. This last night our enemies lay still, without anything attempting in the places mentioned in my last letters; as we did well perceive, during the whole night, by great fires made in the same places.

This morning early, I put out fresh footmen to the Bridge, to relieve the watched men.

About nine a clock, the enemies in very great number approached the Bridge, and offered the skirmish: whereupon issued out some of our harquebussiers and bowmen, and kept them in play, with the help of the shot from the Bridge, more than an hour; and in the end, being overmatched with multitude, made their retire with the Turnpike, without any loss or hurt. The enemies shadowing [*sheltering*] themselves under the turnpike wall, with their curriors (which assuredly shot very great bullets, and carry far) kept themselves in such surety, as our pieces of the Bridge could not annoy them, till at eleven o'clock, certain of ours, bored holes with augers through the turnpike, and with harquebusses beat them out into the shot of ordnance, and so made them retire to the Causeway.

This forenoon, certain Swiss and Frenchmen, to the number of 500, got within the marshes between Froyton and Nesle bulwarks: and the men of the Bulwarks seeing themselves to be compassed on all sides, and seeing also that time yet served them well to depart; and (fearing they should not so do, if they tarried till they were assailed on both sides, as they could not indeed), forsook their Bulwarks, and right manfully, notwithstanding their enemies between them and home, saved themselves through the marshes. In the retire of the enemies, one COOKSON, a man-at-arms, and few other soldiers, with the

countrymen, rescued most part of the booty (which was certain kine); and took three prisoners of the Captain of Abbeville's Band.

The report of this enterprise of the enemy being brought to me, fearing Colham Hill, I forthwith appointed your Majesty's Marshal with the Horsemen, and 200 footmen to repair thither; and as they should see their match, so to demean themselves. Ere these men had marched a quarter of a mile, the enemies were retired out of the country, upon occasion that wading, as they entered in, up to the girdle stead; and perceiving the water to increase, [they] thought good to make a speedy return: and nevertheless, for all their haste, went up to the breast. And if they had tarried a little longer, I had put in so much water, as I think would have put them over head and ears: and, GOD willing, at the next tide, I will take in more.

This afternoon, they have been quiet, and we, in the meantime, be occupied in cutting up of passages to let in more water about the Bridge and that part of the marshes; whereby the enemies shall have very ill watering.

I would also take in the salt water about the town [*of Calais*], but I cannot do it, by reason I should infect our own water wherewith we brew: and, notwithstanding all I can do, our brewers be so behindhand in grinding and otherwise, as we shall find that one of our greatest lacks. I therefore make all the haste and provision I can there, and howsoever the matter go, must shortly be forced to let in the salt water.

The three men taken to-day be very ragged, and ill-appointed. In examining, they confess that "there is great misery in their camp, and great want of money

and victuals." They say (and I partly believe it, because it almost appeareth to me), "their number to be 25,000 footmen, whereof 10,000 [are] Swiss; and 10,000 horsemen. The Duke of GUISE is already among them, and the only deviser and leader of this enterprise." They say also, "a shot from the Bridgeway to the Causeway yesterday, struck off the Master of the Camp's leg, called Captain GOURDAULT."

I am also perfectly advertised, both by these men and otherwise, that they have no great ordnance yet come, but look for it daily by sea. It is eighty pieces, whereof thirty be cannons: and are laden, with munition and victuals, in 140 vessels which shall land at Sandgate; or rather I think at Boulogne, it to be taken out of great ships [there], and so again embarked at Sandgate in lesser vessels, as they have done most part of their victuals and carriage that they have hitherto occupied [*used*]. And, surely, if your Majesty's ships had been on this shore, they might either have letted [*hindered*] their voyage; or, at the least, very much hindered it: and not unlike[ly] to have distressed them, being only small boats. Their ordnance that comes, shall be conveyed in the same sort: it may therefore please your Majesty to consider it.

I have also now fully discovered their enterprise; and am (as a man may be) most sure they will first attempt upon Rysbanke; and that way chiefly assail the town. Marry! I think they lie hovering in the country, for the coming of their great artillery, and also to be masters of the sea. And therefore I trust your Highness will haste over all things necessary for us with expedition.

Under your Majesty's reformation [*correction*], I

think, if you please to set the passage at liberty for all men to come that would, bringing sufficient victuals for themselves for a season; I am of opinion there would be enow, and with more speed than can be made by order. Marry! then must it well be foreseen to transport with expedition, victuals hither.

I have written to the King's Majesty [PHILIP II.] of the enemies being here: and was bold humbly to beseech his Majesty to give commission to the governors of his frontiers [that] I might, in necessity, upon my letter, have 300 or 400 harquebussiers, Spaniards, that now be placed about St. Omer; whereof I thought it my duty to advertise your Majesty, for your pleasure, whether I may write to the Governors to that effect, upon his Majesty's answer, and take them or not?

I, with the rest of the Council here, are forced to put your Majesty to some charges: for having taken in a confused number of countrymen [*i.e., peasantry within the English Pale*], we must needs reduce them to order, and the commoners also; and have therefore called them into wages, and appointed Captains of the fittest men that presently [*at this moment*] be here.

I have placed DODD with his Band in Rysbank, and the rest of the extraordinary [*i.e., volunteer*] Bands be at the Bridge, and in the Brayes of this town.

As I was making this discourse, six Ensigns [*regiments*] of footmen, and certain Bands [*troops*] of horsemen, came from Sandgate by the downs, within the sight of Rysbank: on whom, that piece, and this town also, bestowed divers shots.

This evening, they have made their approach to Rysbank, without any artillery: and, as far as I can

perceive, do mind to make the assault with ladders, hurdles, &c., and other things, and that way get it.

At Calais, the 2nd of January, at ten in the night, 1557.

As I was in communication with your Mayor and Aldermen, touching the state of this town (whom I find of marvellous good courage, and ready to live and die in this town), I received letters from my Lords of the Council, of your Majesty's aid provided for us.

I fear this shall be my last letter, for that the enemy will stop my passage; but I will do what I can tidily [*duly from time to time*] to signify unto your Majesty, our state.

Your Majesty's most humble and obedient servant and subject,

WENTWORTH.



John Highfield, Master of the Ordnance at Calais.
To the Queen, our sovereign Lady.

[Lord HARDWICK's *Miscellaneous State Papers*, i. 114. *Ed.* 1788.]



PLEASETH it your Highness to understand the Declaration of your humblest and faithful servant JOHN HIGHfiELD, concerning the besieging and loss of your Grace's town of Calais.

First, being appointed by your most honourable Council [*i.e., the Privy Council in London*] to repair into England [*on the previous 23rd May, see p.* 186]; I came. And after some intelligence that the French Army drew towards the English Pale, I was commanded to return with diligence to my charge at Calais; and I arrived there on New Year's Day in the morning, the enemy being encamped about Sandgate.

The said morning, after I had delivered letters to my Lord Deputy, from your Grace's said Council, the said Lord Deputy told me how the alarm was made the night before, and also what he thought meet for me to be done for the better furniture of those fortresses which were in most danger, as the Bulwarks of the High Country [*Froyton and Nesle*], Guisnes, Newhaven Bridge, and Rysbank: and also for the defence of the Low Country, because his Lordship thought their enterprise had tended only to the spoil thereof. Then I showed that there was a sufficient store of all munitions, and that I would send to all places as need required; which was done.

Item. On Sunday following [*2nd January, 1558*], we perceived the French ordnance was brought to their camp; whereby appeared that the enemy meant to

batter some place: and thereupon were two mounts repaired for the better defence. At the same time, I desired to have some pioneers appointed to help the cannoneers, who were not forty in number, for the placing and entrenching of our great ordnance; which pioneers I could never get.

The same day, the enemy forced our men to forsake the Bulwarks of the High Country. And then it was moved to my Lord Deputy that the sea might be let in, as well to drown the Causeway beyond Newhaven Bridge, as also other places about the town: wherein was answered, "Not to be necessary without more appearance of besieging," and because that "the sea being entered in, should hinder the pastures of the cattle, and also the brewing of the beer."

The same day, my Lord took order that victuals and other necessaries should be sent to Newhaven Bridge for six days; which was done.

Item. On Monday [*3rd January*] in the morning, my Lord Deputy, with the rest of the Council there, perceiving that the enemy intended to approach nearer, were in doubt whether they might abandon the Low Country: and by advice, my Lord gave order that the Bailiff of Marke should appoint the servants and women of the Low Country, with their superfluous cattle, to draw (if need happened) into the Flemish Pale; and the said Bailiff with his best men, to repair to Marke Church, and there to abide further orders.

The same morning before day, the enemy had made their approaches, and did batter both Newhaven Bridge and the Rysbank; which were given up before nine o'clock.

The Captain of Newhaven Bridge had word sent him

that if he saw no remedy to avoid the danger, that then he should retire with his company into the Town.

The Captain of Rysbank did, about the same time, surrender; because, as he told me since, his pieces were all dismounted, and the soldiers very loth to tarry at the breach: wherein I know no more.

But after the enemy was entered, I cause the said Rysbank to be battered; and when my Lord saw how little it profited, he commanded to cease.

The same day, the passages being both lost, the enemy planted their ordnance on the Sand Hill, to batter the north side of the town; and then I moved my Lord to call in as many countrymen [*English peasantry*] as he could, and to appoint them Captains and their several quarters, for the relief of those which did most commonly watch and attend on the walls. Who answered, "He had determined already so to do." Howbeit the women did more labour [*watch*] about the ramparts than the said countrymen; which, for lack of order in time, did absent themselves in houses and other secret places.

The same evening, Captain SALIGUES [*or Sellyn*] came into Calais; whereupon the people rejoiced, hoping some succour: but after that time, it was too late to receive help by land, because the French horsemen were entered the Low Country.

Item. On Tuesday [*4th January*] in the morning, the enemy began their battery to the Town; on which side I had placed fourteen brass pieces. Howbeit, within short time, the enemy having so commodious a place, did dismount certain of our best pieces, and consumed some of the gunners, which stood very open for lack of mounds and good fortification. For if

the rampart had been finished, then might divers pieces have been brought from other places; which were above sixty in number, ready mounted: but lacking convenient place, and chiefly cannoneers and pioneers, it was hard to displace the French battery. Which counter battery could not have been maintained for lack of powder. For, at the beginning, having in store, 400 barrels; I found there was spent within five days, 100.

Item. On Wednesday [*5th January*], the enemy continued their battery on the town, without great hurt done, because they could not beat the foot of the wall, for that the *contremure* was of a good height, and we reinforced the breach, in the night, with timber, wool, and other matter sufficiently; and we looked that the enemy would have attempted the assault the same evening; whereupon I caused two flankers to be made ready, and also placed two bombards, by the help of the soldiers, appointing weapons and fireworks to be in readiness at the said breach. At which time, my Lord commanded the soldiers of the garrison to keep their ordinary wards, and Master GRIMSTON to the breach with the residue of the best soldiers. And then my Lord exhorted all men to fight, with other good words as in such cases appertaineth. And my Lord told me, divers times, that "although there came no succour; yet he would never yield, nor stand to answer the loss of such a town."

Item. On Thursday [*6th January*], began one other battery to the Castle; which being a high and weak wall without ramparts, was made [as]saultable the same day. Whereupon, the Captain of the Castle desired some more help to defend this breach, or else to know what my Lord thought best in that behalf.

Then, after long debating, my Lord determined to have the towers overthrown, which one SAULLE took upon him to do; notwithstanding, I said openly that "if the Castle were abandoned, it should be the loss of the Town."

The same night, my Lord appointed me to be at the breach of the town with him: and, about eight of the clock, the enemy waded over the haven, at the low water, with certain harquebussiers, to view the breaches; and, coming to the Castle, found no resistance, and so entered. Then the said SAULLE failed to give fire unto the train of powder [*see p. 204*].

Then my Lord, understanding that the enemy were entered into the Castle, commanded me to give order for battering of the Castle; whereupon incontinent there were bent three cannons and one saker [*p. 251*] before the gate, to beat the bridge; which, being in the night, did not greatly annoy.

The same time, Master Marshall [*Sir Anthony Aucher, see p. 176*] with divers soldiers, came towards the Castle, lest the enemy should enter the town also. And after we had skirmished upon the bridge, seeing no remedy to recover the Castle, we did burn and break the said bridge: and there was a trench immediately cast before the Castle, which was [the] only help at that time.

Within one hour after, upon necessity of things, [my Lord] determined to send a trumpet with a herald, declaring that "If the Frenchmen would send one gentleman, then he would send one other in gage." Whereupon my Lord sent for me, and commanded that I should go forth of the town for the same purpose; wherein I desired his Lordship that he would send some other, and rather throw me over

the walls. Then he spake likewise to one WINDEBANKE, and to MASSINGBERD, as I remember, which were both to go unto such service.

Then my Lord sent for me again, in PEYTON's house; and being eftsoons commanded by the Council there, I went forth with a trumpet [*trumpeter*], and received in a French gentleman: who, as I heard, was brought to my Lord Deputy's house, and treated upon some Articles; which were brought, within one hour, by one HALL, merchant of the staple.

Then Monsieur D'ANDELOT entered the town with certain French gentlemen; and the said HALL and I were brought to Monsieur DE GUISE, who lay in the sand hills by Rysbank, and there the said HALL delivered a bill: and we were sent to Monsieur D'ESTREES' tent.

The Friday after [*7th January*], Monsieur D'ESTREES told me that my Lord Deputy had agreed to render the town with loss of all the goods, and fifty prisoners to remain.

On Saturday [*8th January*], he brought me into the town, willing me to tell him what ordnance, powder, and other houses did belong unto my office; because he would reserve the same from spoiling by the French soldiers. And after he had knowledge that all my living was on that side [*i.e., he had only his Mastership of the Ordnance at Calais*], he was content that I should depart into Flanders.

Notwithstanding, I was driven off till Wednesday, [*12th January*]. Then he said, "He would send me away, if I would promise him to make suit that his son might be returned in exchange for the Captain of the Castle," who, being prisoner, desired me also to travail in it, for he would rather give 3,000 crowns

[= *£900 then = about £9,000 now*], than remain a prisoner. Whereupon I promised to inquire and labour in the same matter to the best of my power.

On my said return into the town, I found my wife, which showed me that, in my absence, she had bestowed my money and plate to the value of £600 [= *about £6,000 now*]; which was found before my coming, saving one bag with 350 crowns [= *£105 = about £1,000 now*], which I offered to give unto Monsieur D'ESTREES if he would promise me, on his honour, to despatch me on horseback to Gravelines [*then held by the Spaniards*]. Which he did.

And there I met with Monsieur DE VANDEVILLE, to whom I told, that "I thought the enemy would visit him shortly"; and, among other things, I inquire where Monsieur D'ESTREES' son did lay; who told me, "He was at Bruges."

Then, at my coming to Dunkirk, there were divers Englishmen willing to serve [*i.e., in Philip II.'s army*]: whereupon I spake to the Captain of the town; who advised me to move it to the Duke of SAVOY.

Then I rode to Bruges, beseeching him to consider the poor men, and how willing they were to serve the King's Majesty, if they might be employed. Then he answered, that he "thought my Lord of PEMBROKE would shortly arrive at Dunkirk and then he would take order."

Further, the said Duke asked me, "After what sort the

town was lost?"

I answered that "The cause was not only by the weakness of the Castle, and the lack of men; but also I thought there was some treason, for, as I heard, there were some escaped out of the town: and the Frenchmen told me, that they had intelligence of all our estate within the town."

Then I put the Duke in remembrance of Guisnes; who told me, that "he would succour the Castle, if it were kept four or five days."

Then I took leave to depart from him, and when I was going out of the house, he sent his Captain of his Guard to commit me to prison, where I have remained nine weeks, [*January-March, 1558*], without any matter laid to my charge; saving he sent to me, within fourteen days after, to declare in writing, after what sort the town was lost, which I did as nigh as I could remember.

And at the Duke's next return to Bruges, I sent him a supplication, desiring that, if any information were made against me, I might answer it in England, or otherwise at his pleasure.

[In the Public Record Office, *State Papers, Foreign, Mary*, is the following letter in French.

1558
March
14.

Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy to Queen Mary.

St.
Omer.

She will have been advertised that, soon after the French had entered Calais, JOHN HIGHfiELD, late Master of the Artillery there, came to Bruges. From strong suspicion that there had been an understanding between him and the French, had caused him to be arrested and detained at Bruges, where he has been until now.

Lately, while repassing through that town, was importuned by the prisoner's wife to set him free. Sends her under the charge of a French gentleman, FRANCIS DU BOURCH, the bearer.]

Whereupon he took order to send me hither [*i.e., to England*] without paying any part of my charges, which I have promised to answer.

Most humbly praying your Highness to consider my poor estate, and willing heart, which I bear, and am most bounden to your Grace's service: beseeching God to conserve your Majesty in all felicity.

John Fox, the Martyrologist. *Mistress* Thorpe's *Escape at Calais.*

[*Actes and Monumentes, p. 1702, Ed.* 1563.]



THE worthy works of the LORD's mercy toward His people be manifold, and cannot be comprehended: so

that who is he living in the earth almost, who hath not experienced the helping hand of the LORD, at some time or other upon him?

Amongst many other, what a piece of GOD's tender providence was shewed, of late, upon our English brethren and countrymen, what time Calais was taken by the tyrant GUISE (a cruel enemy to GOD's truth, and to our English nation); and yet by the gracious provision of the LORD, few, or none at all, of so many that favoured CHRIST and His Gospel, miscarried in that terrible Spoil.

In the number of whom, I know a godly couple, one JOHN THORPE and his wife, which fear the LORD and loveth His truth; who being sick the same time, were cast out into the wild fields, harbourless, desolate, and despairing of all hope of life; having their young infant moreover taken from them in the said fields, and carried away by the soldiers. Yet the LORD so wrought, that the poor woman, being almost past recovery of life, was fetched and carried, the space of well nigh a mile, by aliens whom they never knew, into a village, where she was recovered for that night.

Also the next day, coming towards England, she chanced into the same inn at the next town, where she found her young child sitting by the fireside.

Lord Grey of Wilton, Governor of Guisnes. *Letter to Queen Mary, 4th January, 1558. 7 a.m.*

[*State Papers. Foreign, Mary, Vol.* xii. *No. 711*.]

MY most bounden duty humbly premised to your Majesty. Whereas I have heretofore always in effect written nothing to your Highness but good, touching the service and state of your places here; I am now constrained, with woful heart, to signify unto your Majesty these ensuing.

The French have won Newhaven Bridge, and thereby entered into all the Low Country and the marshes between this [*Guisnes*] and Calais. They have also won Rysbanke, whereby they be now master of that

haven.

And this last night past, they have placed their ordnance of battery against Calais, and are encamped at St. Peter's Heath before it: so that I now am clean cut off from all relief and aid which I looked to have (both out of England, and from Calais) and know not how to have help by any means, either of men or victuals.

There resteth now none other way for the succour of Calais and the rest of your Highness's pieces on this side, but a power of men out of England, or from the King's Majesty [PHILIP II.]; or from both, without delay, able to distress and keep them from victuals coming to them, as well by sea as land; which shall force them to leave their siege to the battle, or else drive them to a greater danger.

For lack of men out of England, I shall be forced to abandon the Town [*of Guisnes*], and take in the soldiers thereof for the Castle. I have made as good provision of victuals as I could, by any means, out of the country; with which, GOD willing! I doubt not to defend and keep this piece as long as any man, whosoever he be, having no better provision, and furniture of men and victuals than I have: wherein your Grace shall well perceive that I will not fail to do the duty of a faithful subject and Captain, although the enemy attempt never so stoutly; according to the trust reposed in me.

I addressed letters presently to the King's Majesty by this bearer, most humbly desiring aid from him; according to the effect aforesaid.

I might now very evil[ly] have spared this bringer, my servant and trusty Officer here, in this time of service. Howbeit considering the great importance of

his message, I thought him a meet man for the purpose; desiring your Majesty to credit him fully, and to hear him at large, even as directly as your Grace would hear me to open my mind in this complaint of imminent danger.

Thus trusting for relief and comfort forthwith from your Majesty for the safeguard of Calais, and your other pieces here; I take my leave most humbly of your Grace.

At your Highness's Castle of Guisnes, most assured English even to the death, the 4th January, 1557, at seven of the clock in the morning.

Your Majesty's most humble servant, And obedient servant,

WILLIAM GREY.



Thomas Churchyard, the Poet.
Share in, and Eye Witness account of the Siege of Guisnes. 11th-22nd January, 1558, A.D.

[Besides living to an extreme age, all through ELIZABETH's reign, and writing very many poems and books: it is clear, from this account, that CHURCHYARD was one of

the heroes of the Mary Bulwark at Guisnes.]

[*A General Rehearsal of Wars, &c. 1579*. The title in the headline is *Churchyard's Choice*.]



SIR WILLIAM DRURY, now [*in 1579*] Lord Justice of Ireland, was so inclined to martial affairs, that, when foreign wars were ended, he sought entertainment at Guisnes, and those parts; which had war with the French, for King PHILLIP's Quarrel. And he, having charge, and a lusty Band of Horsemen, did many things that merit good liking.

For at that time, [there] was much ado: a Band [*regiment*] of horsemen, very well appointed and full of gentlemen, was sent from [Sir THOMAS CHENEY, K.G.] the Lord Warden [of the Cinque Ports], an honourable and a worthy gentleman, most full of nobleness; the Lord CHENEY's father, now living. In this band, and belonging to that charge, were sundry of the KEYES, gentlemen of good service: Master CRIPPES having the leading of all that company. There were sent, in like sort, from the Prince [*Sovereign, i.e., Queen Mary*]: Master WILLIAM HERBERT's (of St. Gillian) brother, called Master GEORGE HERBERT, with a Band of footmen; and one Captain BORNE, whose Lieutenant I was, at the siege of Guisnes.

These bands, a good season before Calais and Guisnes were taken, joining with other bands of

Calais, did make divers journeys into Bollinnoyes [*the Boullognois, or district round Boulogne*]; and sped very well: Sir WILLIAM DRURY, at every service, deserved no little praise; and one Captain WINNIBANK, an ancient soldier, was oftentimes so forward, that he was once run through with a lance. Many Gentlemen in those services did well and worthily: and sundry times the Lord Warden's Band was to be praised.

And, at length, a voyage was made, by the consent and whole power of Calais and Guisnes, to fetch a prey from Boulogne gates; Monsieur SNARPOULE [*? Senarpont*] then being Governor of Boulogne: but we could not handle the matter so privily, but the French, by espial, had gotten word thereof. Notwithstanding, as soldiers commonly go forward with their device, so we marched secretly all the whole night to come to our proposed enterprise: with our footmen, whereof Sir HARRY PALMER, a man of great experience, had the leading. He remained, with the whole power of [the] footmen, near the Black Neasts, as a stale [*decoy*] to annoy the enemy, and succour for such as were driven in, if any such occasion came. So the Horse Bands [*troops*] brake into the country, and pressed near Boulogne; where there was a great number of gallant soldiers to receive them: but our horsemen, making small account of the matter, began to prey [upon] the country, and drive a booty from the face of the enemy. The French horsemen, taking their advantage, offered a skirmish, to detract time, till better opportunity served to give a charge. This courageous bickering grew so hot, that the French bands began to show; and our men must abide a shock, or retire hardily with some foil: whereupon

the chiefest of our horsemen charged those of the French that were nearest danger; by which attempt, the French stayed a while. But, upon small pause, they charged our men again, and overthrew of the "Black Lances" a thirty: carrying away with them into Boulogne, eighteen gentlemen, prisoners. This skirmish began at seven o'clock in the morning; and lasted, in very great service, till a leven [*eleven*]. From this overthrow, came divers soldiers, sore wounded, to our Foot bands [*companies*]; whose heaviness made the valiant sort pluck up their hearts, and seek a revenge.

Then, albeit, that Foot Captains and gentlemen seldom leave their Bands, and venture beyond their charge (a rule to be much regarded!), yet the stoutest Captains and gentlemen found means to horse themselves on cart horses and victuallers' nags: and put certain scarfs, in manner of guidons [*standards*] on staves' [*spears'*] ends; showing those guidons under a hill in several sorts, sometimes appearing with twenty men, sometimes with fifty. And, last of all, made show of all our number, which was not fifty; and so, with a courageous cry, set upon the enemy (leaving some of these devised guidons behind on the hill top), and charged them with such a fury that they left their booty, and stood to their defence: but, in fine, were forced to retire, for by the little stay we held the enemy in, our footmen had leisure to march; the sound of whose drums gave no great courage to the French. For they thereon, gave back, and left some of their best soldiers behind them; whom we brought to Guisnes: driving the prey before us, that was gotten in the morning, lost in a skirmish, and recovered again at noon. At this service, were Sir WILLIAM DRURY, Captain ALEXANDER of Newnham Bridge, Captain CRIPPES,

Captain KEYES, and three of his brethren, Captain GEORGE HERBERT, and sundry others, in like manner, that merit good respect.

Our power met many times together; and did much hurt in the Boullognois. We besieged Fines Castle, and wan it: and Blossling Church, and overthrew it; and killed all the men that we found therein, because Sir HARRY PALMER was there hurt through the arm, with a shot. [*A very sorry reason!*]

A long season, our fortune was good; till, at length, by some oversight or mishap (Let the blame fall where it ought!) we lost Calais and Guisnes.

But a little, I pray you! give me leave to touch truly the Siege of Guisnes: not because I had some charge there; but because sundry reports hath been raised thereof, by those that never thoroughly knew or understood the matter.

The very truth is, after Calais was won, and that all hope was taken from us of any succour out of England, our General, the honourable Lord GREY [of Wilton], that is dead [*he died in 1562*], and Master LEWIS DIVE [*p.* 211], his Lieutenant, Sir HARRY PALMER, and all the Captains of Guisnes, determined to abide the worst that Fortune or the French could do.

And the day [*13th of January, 1558*] of the first approach the enemy made, we offered a hot and stout skirmish; but being driven in by an over great power, though our whole people were 1,300 men, and kept the Town awhile. But considering the Castle to be strongest, and doubting [*fearing*] that by a

Cambozade or sudden assault, the town might be won, for it was but weak; we retired our whole power into the Castle: and so manned the base Court, the Braies, and Bulwarks, the Keep, the Catte, the Heart of the Castle, and all that was necessary, with double men.

At the present siege, there came out of Flanders, fifty valiant Spaniards; and a band of Burgundians, Monsieur DIEffKIE, being their Captain. Monsieur MOUNT DRAGON was leader of the Spaniards: who were placed in the Braies; where Captain LAMBERT had some shot [*harquebussiers*] to succour them.

The Burgundians were placed in Mary Bulwark; with Captain BORNE's Band, whose Lieutenant I was. Against this Bulwark, which was thought impregnable, the [Frenchmen's] great battery was planted: albeit, three or four days [*15th-18th January, see pp.* 180-81] were spent (we held the enemy such play), before the battery was planted.

One day, we issued [forth], and set upon Monsieur [*i.e., the Duke*] DE GUISE, as he was in a place called Mill Field, viewing the ground; and had taken him, had he not left his cloak behind him: of the which white cloak, one of our Gentlemen had hold of. And though he was succoured, we brought away some of his company: and retired with little loss or none at all. [Sir ARTHUR], the Lord GREY that now is [1579], was at the hard escape of Monsieur DE GUISE.

We set upon a great troop of horsemen, not long before this, that came from the spoil of Calais; and took numbers of them. I had, for my part, a couple of fair horses and a prisoner. At both these services, were old Captain ANDREA, Captain JOHN SAVAGE, and a sufficient number of lusty soldiers.

We made divers sallies, but that prevailed not. For the battery went off, and many other great cannons did beat at the high towers; the stones whereof did marvellously annoy us: and the shot was so great; and the enemy had gotten such great advantage of ground, that we could not walk, nor go safely any way within the Castle. For our General and Sir HARRY PALMER sitting on a form, devising for our commodity, were in such danger, that a cannon shot took away the form, and brake Sir HARRY PALMER's leg; of which hurt, he died in Paris after. And a great shot took off Master WAKE's head, as he was sleeping under a great tree. So sundry, that thought themselves safe, were so dribbed at with cannon shot, that they never knew who did hurt them.

Well, the time drew on, after the breach was made, we must defend the assault that was given to Mary Bulwark; which stood out[side] of the Castle, and far from succour of any: because the gate was rammed up; and we could not pass into the Castle but by the way, first, along the Braies, and then, between two gates. Which way, the enemy had espied: and placed many great shot, full upon that passage.

Now [*i.e., 18th January, 1558*] Monsieur DIFFKIE, Captain BORNE, Captain OSWOLD LAMBERT [*with their companies*], and the fifty Spaniards, [*to the number in all of about 450 men*] were forced to abide the assault; which began at eleven o'clock, and lasted till night. MOUNT DRAGON came into Mary Bulwark, and three gentlemen more; and stood stoutly to our defence: two of whom were slain. My Captain's head was smitten off with a cannon's shot: and unto our Band were left no more but one Master HOLFORD and I, to guide the whole company. And Captain DIFFKIE was wounded to the death, whose Band

fought manfully in the revenge of their Captain. The old Captain ANDREA, covetous of fame, was desirous to have our fellowship: but he had no Band [*company*] nor people to do us pleasure. Captain LAMBERT was crossed [*struck*] with a great shot; and mine armour, with the breaking of a great piece, was stricken flat upon my body; but [it] being unbraced, I might continue the service. Which service, in mine opinion, was so terribly handled by the French (Monsieur D'ANDELOT being the leader of the assault), that both Englishman, Burgundian, and Spaniard, at that Bulwark, had enough to do to keep the enemy out: and, as I believe, at this assault, we lost 150 good soldiers.

But the night coming on, the French surceased their fury, and yet kept themselves closely, under the top of the breach, where our shot nor flankers could do them no harm: for all our great ordnance was dismounted, long before the enemy made any approach for the giving of an assault.

The next day [*the 19th of January*], within three half hours, the battery had beaten the breach so bare (it moulded away, like a hillock of sand) that we [*reduced now to about 300 men*] were forced to fight on our knees. Having been kept waking all the night before, with false allarummes [*alarms*]; our men began to faint, and wax weary of working at the breach: but we defended Mary Bulwark so well all that dangerous day, that the French lost 1,000 soldiers, by their own confession, at the same service; and yet the assault endured to the very dark night, with as much cruelty as could be devised. And always when the enemy's first men did wax feeble with labour; there was a second and new relief of fresh bands to continue the assault: so that, as long

as the daylight served, it seemed by the fight, a bloody broil hath no end, nor season to take breath in; which certainly would have daunted any heart living.

The next night, was so plied with politic practices, that we had scarcely leisure to take any rest or sustentation. And, indeed, with overwatching, some of our men fell asleep "in the middle of the tale" and time of greatest necessity to debate and argue of those things that pertained to life and liberty, and to avoid utter servitude and shame [*i.e., they slept in the course of the fight*].

And now we, that were without the Castle, might hear great business and stir throughout the whole body and heart of the piece [*fortress*].

For, the next morning [*20th of January, 1558*], which was the third day we were assaulted, our General looked for a general assault, and to be roundly assailed: as, of troth, he was. In the meanwhile, we might speak one to another afar off, and our friends answered us over the wall; for nearer together, we might not come: and for succour or aid to our soldiers in Mary Bulwark, we hoped not after. Every man was occupied with his own business and charge; that no one person might be spared from his place.

Well, as GOD would permit, the poor Spaniards [in the Braie] and such Burgundians as were left alive in Mary Bulwark, fell to make a counterscarf, to beat out the enemy from the Braie, when the Bulwark should be won: as it was likely to be lost, the breach was so bare, and the entry for the enemy was so large; for, in a manner, they might assault our Bulwark round about, on all sides. And they did lodge at the very edge of the breach, to the number of 2,000, of their bravest Bands: minding to assail us,

as soon as the day began to peep out of the skies.

Which they performed, when the third day approached. For a general assault was given to every place of the Castle: which assault endured till the very night came on. The French, in this assault, wan the Base Court; and were ready to set fire under the gate, and blow it up with powder.

Monsieur D'ANDELOT, in his own person, with 2,000 soldiers, entered the Mary Bulwark; who slew the Spaniards in the Braie: and forced, as many Burgundians and English as were left alive, which were but 15 (Captain ANDREA, Captain LAMBERT, and MYSELF; with twelve common soldiers) out of 400, to leap down into the dykes, and so to scramble for their lives; and creep into a hole of a brick wall that my Lord GREY had broken out to receive such as escaped from the assault. But when we had entered the hole in the wall, the French followed at our heels; and we, to save our lives, turned again, bending pikes against the passage, and so shot off one hargaboze [*harquibus*]: by which means, the enemy followed no further.

And yet we were in as great distress as before. For we were between two gates: and at the gate we should have entered, were two great cannon, ready charged to be shot off, to drive them back that would have set fire on the gate. And the cry and noise was so great and terrible, on all sides, that we could not be heard to speak. But, as GOD would, Master LEWIS DIVE [*p.* *207*] (now, a man of worship in Bedfordshire) heard my voice. Then I plied the matter so sore, for life: so that, with much ado, Master DIVE received us into the heart of the Castle. And yet, in the opening of the gate, the French were like to enter pelley melley [*pell mell*] with us, if a

cannon shot had not made place, whiles the gate was a shutting.

But now, we were no sooner come before my Lord GREY: but all the soldiers cried, "Yield up the Castle, upon some reasonable composition!" And when the soldiers saw they could not have the Castle yielded; they threatened "to fling my Lord GREY over the walls": and that was determined; if my Lord had not prevented [*forestalled*] them with a policy. Whereupon the Captains were called together; and there, they agreed to send me to Monsieur DE GUISE, with an offer, that "If we might all march, with bag and baggage, ensign displayed, and six pieces of ordnance: we would yield the Castle into the hands of the French."

Now it was night, and I must be let out at Master HARRY NORWITCH his Bulwark; but neither Drum nor Trumpet went with me: because a Trumpeter was slain as he sounded to have a parley; and, as I heard say, a Drum[mer] that would have followed me, was shot in the leg. But there was no remedy. I must wade over the water, in which there lay certain galthroppes, as they term them, which were great boards, full of long spikes of iron; on the which, having good boots and a stay in my hand, I was taught daintily to tread: and the night was so dark, that the enemy might not take any good mark of me, albeit they shot divers times.

So, with some hazard, and no great hope to attain that I was sent for, I was taken by the watch; and brought to Monsieur DE GUISE's tent, where the Duke D'AUMALE and many great Estates were in presence.

My message being said, with due reverence made: the Duke told me, that "all our ordnance was dismounted, and that thereby our malice was cut off;

and we could not do his camp any annoyance. Wherefore," said he, "this was a stout brag, to seek a capitulation with such advantage upon."

I replied to his Excellency, and told, "We had flankers [*guns with a cross fire*] and other great pieces, which would not be discovered till the next assault:" declaring likewise, "Our soldiers had sworn rather to die in their [own] defence, than not to march away, like men of war."

The noblemen, on this mine answer, bade me "Return! and with the rest of the Castle, to do the worst they could!"

So I departed, and the Duke of GUISE beholding, as he thought, we were resolved to see the uttermost of fortune; called me back again: and fell to questions and arguments with me, such as I liked not [*i.e., he tried to bribe Churchyard in some way*]; but other answer did I not make, than you have heard before. Wherewith, he called for some meat; and made me to sit down.

After I had a little refreshed myself, I demanded to know his pleasure.

Who straightways told me, "There was no help to be had; but to become all captives and prisoners to the French King."

"Not so, Sir," I answered; "and that should the next assault make trial of."

Then, he went to talk with the Noblemen; and there, they concluded, "That the soldiers should march away with bag and baggage: and the Captains and Officers should remain prisoners:" which I knew would not be liked: and so desired to be sent to my Lord GREY.

But when I came into the Castle, and the soldiers had gotten word that they might march away at their will: they came to me, and threatened me with great words, commanding me, "To make despatch, and yield up the fort!" For they said, "Since the matter is in talk, and likely to be brought to a good purpose; they would cut my throat, if I made not, hastily, an end of the case." And thereupon had they made a great hole in a wall; and so they thrust me out among the Almains, who rudely handled me.

But my Lord GREY, at my departure, bade me tell the Duke, that the Almains were about to break into the Castle, and to set the gate afire: and my Lord said, "He would shoot off his great ordnance among them; if the Law of Arms were not better observed!"

But, in the meantime, at another place was entered Monsieur DE TRE [*D'Estrees*] Master of the [French] Ordnance; and [Sir ARTHUR] the Lord GREY that now is, was sent to the Camp, for the pawn [*security*] of Monsieur D'ESTREES.

But I was come to Monsieur DE GUISE before those things were finished: and had told him my message. And he, like a noble Prince and faithful Captain, rode to the gate (causing me to mount behind Master HARRY DUDLEY); where the Almains were busily occupied about some naughty practice: and, with a great truncheon, he stroke divers of the Almains and others, to make them retire; and laying a load [*i.e., of blows*] about him, he made such way, that the gate was free, and the capitulation was, at leisure, talked of.

But I was not suffered to enter any more into the Castle; and so stayed as a prisoner.

Notwithstanding, look what promise Monsieur DE

GUISE made, it was so well kept and observed that our soldiers marched away, with all their wealth, money, and weapons. And great wealth was borne by them from Guisnes: insomuch that divers poor soldiers were made thereby, for all [the] days of their life after. And this is to be noted. There was great honour in the Duke of GUISE. For the Bands [*originally 1,300 p. 207; but now about 500, having lost 800, see below*] that parted [*departed*] (either sick or sound, hurt or whole) were honestly conveyed, and truly dealt withal; even as long as they were in any danger, albeit they had great sums of money and treasure with them: and the General with his Captains and Officers were courteously used, so long as they were in the Duke of GUISE his camp.

And, to say the truth, I think our peace was not so dishonourable, as some report. For

Succour, had we no hope of.

The next assault had overthrown us.

The whole members [*i.e., the external fortifications*] of the Castle were cut off from us.

There remained but the bare body of the Castle in our custody.

The enemy's cannons did beat us from the breach *on the inside*.

The Castle was subject to every shot; both from the Keep, the Catte, and the Mary Bulwark.

The French possessed all the special places of our strength and comfort.

The best and chiefest of our soldiers were

slain, or lay maimed in most miserable state.

And we had lost 800 men in these assaults and services; which did their duty so well, that the enemy confessed that they had lost 4,000, before we could be brought to any *parley* or composition.

But some of our Officers [*? Is our Author here alluding to Captain Lord Dudley at Hammes, p.* 183], by craft and cunning, escaped homewards out of the Frenchmen's hands; came to Court, and made up their Bands [*companies*] again; to the great reproach of those that meant no such matters. So, by that subtilty and shift, they that escaped got a pay or some reward of the Prince: and those that abode out the brunt and hazard of the bloody broil, were left in prison.

And the world thought, by seeing so many come home, we had lost but a few at the siege of Guisnes; which is otherwise to be proved and affirmed for a truth; when true trial [*inquiry*] shall be made.

Calais was lost before, I cannot declare how. But well I wot, Sir ANTHONY AGER, a stout gentleman, and a valiant Knight, there lost his life: and one Captain SAULE was terribly burnt with powder, in making a train to destroy the enemy [*p.* 199].

John Fox, the Martyrologist.
The death of Queen Mary.

[*The Ecclesiastical History* ii. 2296, *Ed.* 1570].



NOW then after these so great afflictions falling upon this realm from the first beginning of Queen MARY's reign, wherein so many men, women, and children were burned; many imprisoned, and in prisons starved, divers exiled, some spoiled of goods and possessions, a great number driven from house and home, so many weeping eyes, so many sobbing hearts, so many children made fatherless, so many fathers bereft of their wives and children, so many vexed in conscience, and divers against conscience constrained to recant, and, in conclusion, never a good man in all the realm but suffered something during all the time of this bloody persecution. After all this, I say, now we are come at length, the LORD be praised! to the 17th day of November, which day, as it brought to the persecuted members of CHRIST rest from their careful mourning, so it easeth me somewhat likewise of my laborious writing; by the death, I mean, of Queen MARY. Who, being long sick before, upon the said 17th day of November, 1558, about three or four a clock in the morning, yielded her life to nature, and her kingdom to Queen ELIZABETH, her sister.

As touching the manner of whose death, some say that she died of a tympany [*dropsy*]; some, by her much sighing before her death, supposed she died of thought and sorrow. Whereupon her Council seeing her sighing, and desirous to know the cause, to the end they might minister the more ready consolation unto her, feared, as they said, that "She took that

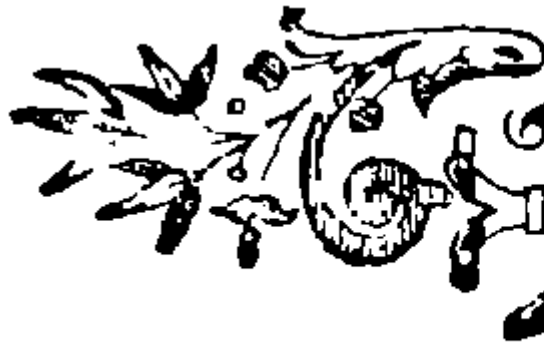
thought for the King's Majesty her husband, which was gone from her."

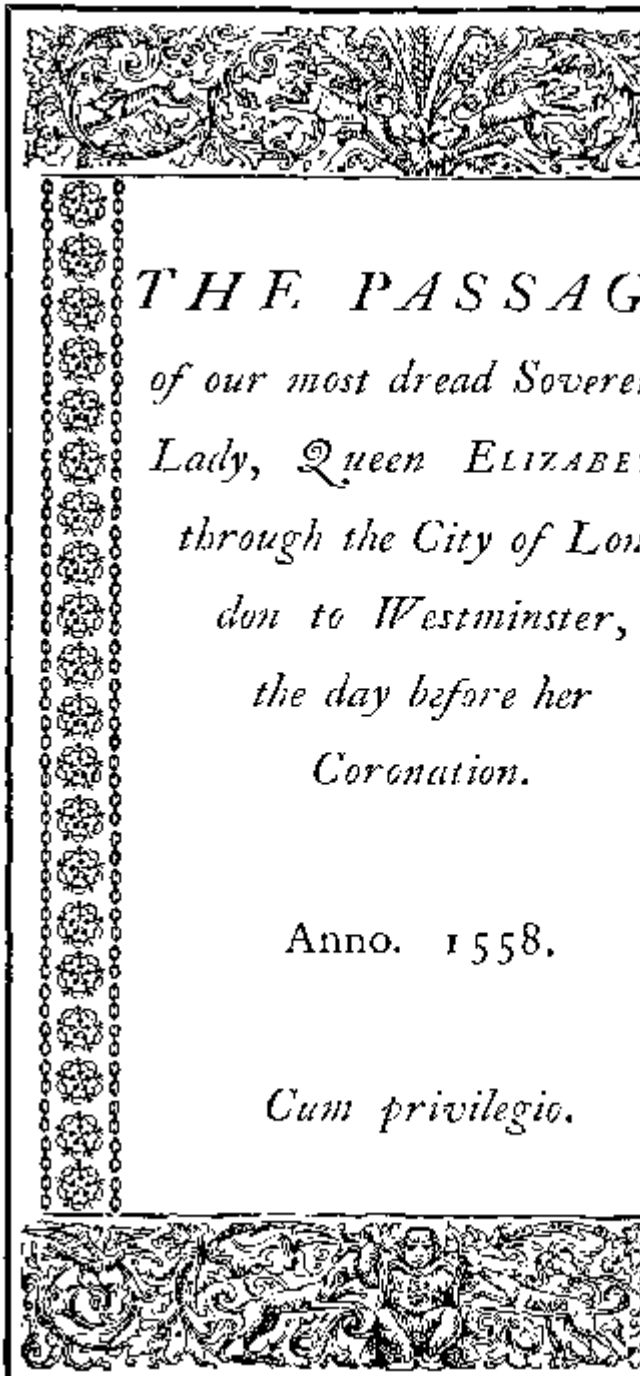
To whom she answering again, "Indeed," said she, "that may be one cause; but that is not the greatest wound that pierceth my oppressed mind!" but what that was, she would not express to them.

Albeit, afterwards, she opened the matter more plainly to Master RYSE and Mistress CLARENTIUS [*p.* *140*] (if it be true that they told me, which heard it of Master RYSE himself); who (then being most familiar with her, and most bold about her) told her that "They feared she took thought for King PHILIP's departing from her."

"Not that only," said she, "but when I am dead and opened; you shall find Calais lying in my heart," &c.

And here an end of Queen MARY and her persecution. Of which Queen, this truly, may be affirmed, and left in story for a perpetual Memorial or Epitaph, for all Kings and Queens that shall succeed her, to be noted, that before her, never was read in story of any King or Queen in England, since the time of King LUCIUS, under whom, in time of peace, by hanging, heading, burning, and prisoning, so much Christian blood, so many Englishmen's lives were spilled within this realm, as under the said Queen MARY, for the space of four years, was to be seen; and I beseech the LORD may never be seen hereafter.





THE PASSAG

of our most dread Sovere

Lady, Queen ELIZABE

through the City of Lon

don to Westminster,

the day before her

Coronation.

Anno. 1558.

Cum privilegio.



THE PASSAGE *of our most dread Sover Elizabeth, through the City of London the day before her Corona*

Anno. 1558.

Cum privilegio.



The Receiving of the Queen's Majesty.

[Compare this with the similar Procession of her Mother in Volume II. *p.* 46; and of her sister MARY at *p.* 84 of this Volume.

Here we see the Londoners in a kind of delirium of joy. The horrid nightmare of the burnings, of national loss and dishonour at Calais, &c., had passed away. Men could now breathe freely, and look forward to better times.]



VPON Saturday, which was the 14th day of January, in the year of our Lord God, 1558 [*i.e., 1559*], about two of the clock, at after noon, the most noble and Christian Princess, our most dread Sovereign Lady, ELIZABETH, by the grace of GOD, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., marched from the Tower, to pass through the City of London, towards Westminster: richly furnished, and most honourably accompanied, as well with Gentlemen, Barons, and other the Nobility of this realm, as also with a noble train of goodly and beautiful Ladies, richly appointed.

And entering the City, was of the people received marvellous entirely, as appeared by the assembly's prayers, wishes, welcomings, cries, tender words, and all other signs: which argue a wonderful earnest love of most obedient subjects towards their Sovereign. And, on the other side, Her Grace, by holding up her hands, and merry countenance to such as stood afar off, and most tender and gentle language to those that stood nigh to Her Grace, did declare herself no less thankfully to receive her people's good will, than they lovingly offered it unto

her.

To all that "wished Her Grace well!" she gave "Hearty thanks!" and to such as bade "GOD save Her Grace!" she said again, "GOD save them all!" and thanked with all her heart. So that, on either side, there was nothing but gladness! nothing but prayer! nothing but comfort!

The Queen's Majesty rejoiced marvellously to see that so exceedingly shewed towards Her Grace, which all good Princes have ever desired; I mean, so earnest Love of Subjects, so evidently declared even to Her Grace's own person, being carried in the midst of them. The people, again, were wonderfully ravished with the loving answers and gestures of their Princess; like to the which, they had before tried, at her first coming to the town, from Hatfield. This Her Grace's loving behaviour preconceived in the people's heads, upon these considerations, was then thoroughly confirmed; and indeed implanted a wonderful hope in them touching her worthy government in the rest of her reign.

For in all her Passage, she did not only shew her most gracious love towards the people in general; but also privately, if the baser personages had either offered Her Grace any flowers or such like, as a signification of their good will; or moved to her any suit, she most gently (to the common rejoicings of all lookers on, and private comfort of the party) stayed her chariot, and heard their requests. So that, if a man should say well, he could not better term the City of London that time, than a Stage wherein was shewed the wonderful Spectacle of a noble hearted Princess towards her most loving people; and the people's exceeding comfort in beholding so worthy a Sovereign, and hearing so prince-like a voice; which

could not but have set the enemy on fire, (since the virtue is in the enemy always commended) much more could not but inflame her natural, obedient, and most loving people; whose weal leaneth only upon her Grace, and her government.

Thus, therefore, the Queen's Majesty passed from the Tower [*see as to her former dismal visit in March, 1554, at p.* 123], till she came to Fanchurch [*Fenchurch*]: the people on each side, joyously beholding the view of so gracious a Lady, their Queen; and Her Grace no less gladly noting, and observing the same.

Near unto Fanchurch, was erected a scaffold richly furnished; whereon stood a noise of instruments; and a child, in costly apparel, which was appointed to welcome the Queen's Majesty, in the whole City's behalf.

Against which place, when Her Grace came, of her own will she commanded the chariot to be stayed; and that the noise might be appeased, till the child had uttered his welcoming Oration, which he spake in English metre, as here followeth.

O peerless Sovereign Queen! Behold, what
this thy town
Hath thee presented with, at thy First
Entrance here!
Behold, with how rich hope, she leadeth
thee to thy Crown!
Behold, with what two gifts, she
comforteth thy cheer!

The First is Blessing Tongues! which many
a "Welcome!" say.
Which pray, thou may'st do well! which
praise thee to the sky!
Which wish to thee long life! which bless
this happy day!
Which to thy Kingdom "Heapes!" [*Hips!*],
all that in tongues can lie.

The Second is True Hearts! which love
thee from their root!
Whose Suit is Triumph now, and ruleth all
the game,
Which Faithfulness has won, and all
untruth driven out;
Which skip for joy, when as they hear thy
happy name!

Welcome, therefore, O Queen! as much as
heart can think.
Welcome again, O Queen! as much as
tongue can tell,
Welcome to joyous Tongues, and Hearts
that will not shrink!
"GOD, thee preserve!" we pray; and wish
thee ever well!

At which words of the last line, the people gave a great shout; wishing, with one assent, as the child had said.

And the Queen's Majesty thanked most heartily, both the City for this her gentle receiving at the first, and also the people for confirming the same.

Here was noted in the Queen's Majesty's countenance, during the time that the child spake, besides a perpetual attentiveness in her face, a

marvellous change in look, as the child's words touched either her person, or the people's Tongues and Hearts: so that she, with rejoicing visage, did evidently declare that the words took no less place in her mind, than they were most heartily pronounced by the child, as from all the hearts of her most hearty citizens.

The same Verses were fastened up in a table [*painted board. Table is the Elizabethan word for picture*] upon the scaffold; and the Latin thereof likewise, in Latin verses, in another table, as hereafter ensueth.

Urbs tua quæ ingressu dederit tibi munera primo,
O Regina! parem non habitura, vide!
Ad diadema tuum, te spe quam divite mittat,
Quæ duo letitiœ det tibi dona, vide!
Munus habes Primum, Linguas bona multa Precantes,
Quæ te quum laudant, tum pia vota sonant,
Fœlicemque diem hunc dicunt, tibi secula longa
Optant, et quicquid denique lingua potest.
Altera dona feres, vera, et tui Amantia Corda,
Quorum gens ludum jam regit una tuum:
In quibus est infracta fides, falsumque perosa,
Quœque tuo audito nomine lœta salit.
Grata venis igitur, quantum Cor concipit ullum!
Quantum Lingua potest dicere, grata venis!
Cordibus infractis, Linguisque per omnia lœtis
Grata venis! salvam te velit esse DEUS!

Now when the child had pronounced his oration, and the Queen's Highness so thankfully received it; she marched forward towards Gracious [*Gracechurch*] Street, where, at the upper end, before the sign of the *Eagle*, the city had erected a gorgeous and sumptuous Ark, as here followeth.

A Stage was made which extended from one side of the street to the other, richly vawted [*vaulted*] with battlements, containing three ports [*gates*]; and over the middlemost was advanced three several stages, in degrees [*tiers*]. Upon the lowest stage, was made one seat royal; wherein were placed two personages representing King HENRY VII., and ELIZABETH his wife, daughter of King EDWARD IV. Both of these two Princes sitting under one Cloth of Estate, in their seats; no otherwise divided, but that th[e] one of them, which was King HENRY VII., proceeding out of the House of LANCASTER, was enclosed in a red rose; and the other, which was Queen ELIZABETH, being heir to the House of YORK, enclosed with a white rose: each of them royally crowned and decently apparelled, as pertaineth to Princes, with sceptres in their hands, and one vawt [*vault*] surmounting their heads, wherein aptly were placed two tables, each containing the title, of those two Princes. And these personages were so set, that the one of them joined hands with the other, with the ring of matrimony perceived on the finger.

Out of the which two roses sprang two branches gathered into one: which were directed upward to the second stage or degree; wherein was placed one representing the valiant and noble Prince, HENRY VIII., who sprang out of the former stock, crowned with a crown imperial. And by him sate one representing the right worthy Lady, Queen ANNE;

wife to the said HENRY VIII., and mother to our most sovereign Lady, Queen ELIZABETH that now is. Both apparelled with sceptres and diadems, and other furniture due to the estate of a King and Queen: and two tables surmounting their heads, wherein were written their names and titles.

From their seat also, proceeded upwards one branch directed to the third and uppermost stage or degree, wherein likewise was planted a seat royal; in the which was set one representing the Queen's most excellent Majesty, ELIZABETH, now our most dread Sovereign Lady, crowned and apparelled as the other Princes were.

Out of the forepart of this pageant was made a standing for a child, which, at the Queen's Majesty's coming, declared unto her the whole meaning of the said pageant.

The two sides of the same were filled with loud noises of music.

And all empty places thereof, were furnished with sentences concerning Unity. And the whole pageant was garnished with red and white roses; and in the forefront of the same pageant, in a fair wreath, was written the name and title of the same, which was

THE UNITING OF THE TWO HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

This pageant was grounded upon the Queen Majesty's name. For like as the long war between the two Houses of YORK and LANCASTER then ended, when ELIZABETH, daughter of EDWARD IV., matched in marriage with HENRY VII., heir to the House of LANCASTER; so since that the Queen's Majesty's name was ELIZABETH, and forasmuch as she is the only heir of HENRY VIII., which came of both Houses as

the knitting up of concord: it was devised that like as ELIZABETH was the first occasion of concord; so She, another ELIZABETH, might maintain the same among her subjects. So that Unity was the end, whereat the whole device shot; as the Queen's Majesty's name moved the first ground.

This pageant now against the Queen's Majesty's coming, was addressed [*set forth*] with children representing the forenamed personages; with all furniture due unto the setting forth of such a well-meant matter, as the argument declared, costly and sumptuously set forth, as the beholders can witness.

Now, the Queen's Majesty drew near unto the said pageant, and forasmuch as the noise was great, by reason of the press of people, so that she could scarce hear the child which did interpret the said pageant; and her chariot was passed so far forward that she could not well view the personages representing the Kings and Queens above named; she required to have the matter opened unto her, and what they signified, with the End of Unity, and Ground of her Name, according as is before expressed.

For the sight whereof, Her Grace caused her chariot to be removed back; and yet hardly could she see, because the children were set somewhat with the farthest in.

But after that Her Grace understood the meaning thereof, she thanked the City, praised the fairness of the work, and promised that "She would do her whole endeavour for the continual preservation of concord!" as the pageant did import.

The child appointed in the standing above named, to open the meaning of the said pageant, spake these words unto Her Grace.

The two Princes that sit under one Cloth
of State:
The Man in the red rose; the Woman in
the white:
HENRY the SEVENTH, and Queen
ELIZABETH his mate,
By ring of marriage, as man and wife
unite.

Both heirs to both their bloods: to
LANCASTER, the King,
The Queen, to YORK; in one the two
Houses do knit.
Of whom, as Heir to both, HENRY the
EIGHTH did spring,
In whose seat, his true Heir, thou, Queen
ELIZABETH! dost sit!

Therefore as civil war and shed of blood
did cease;
When these two Houses were united into
one:
So now, that jar shall stint and quietness
increase,
We trust, O noble Queen! thou wilt be
cause alone!

The which also were written in Latin verses. And both drawn in two tables upon the forefront of the said pageant, as hereafter followeth.

*Hii quos jungit idem solium, quos annulus
idem:*
Hæc albente nitens, ille rubente rosa:
Septimus Henricus rex, regina Elizabetha,
Scilicet Hæredes gentis uterque suæ.

Hæc Eboracensis, Lancastrius ille dederunt
Connubio e geminis quo foret una domus.
Excipit hos hæres Henricus copula regum
Octavus, magni regis imago potens.
Regibus hinc succedis avis regique parenti
Patris justa Hæres Elizabetha tui.

¶ Sentences placed therein, concerning Unity.

Nullæ concordes animos vires domant.
Qui juncti terrent, dejuncti timent.
Discordes animi solvunt, concordes ligant.
Augentur parva pace, magna bello cadunt.
Conjunctæ manus fortius tollunt onus.
Regno pro mœnibus æneis civium concordia.
Qui diu pugnant, diutius lugent.
Dissidentes principes, subditorum lues.

Princeps ad pacem natus, non ad arma
datur.
Filia concordiæ copia, neptis quies.
Dissentiens respublica hostibus patet.
Qui idem tenent, diutius tenent.
Regnum divisum facile dissolvitur.
Civitas concors armis frustra tentatur.
Omnium gentium consensus firmat fidem.
&c.

These Verses and other pretty Sentences were drawn in void places of this pageant, all tending to one end, that quietness might be maintained and all dissention displaced: and that by the Queen's Majesty, Heir to Agreement, and agreeing in name with her which tofore had joined those Houses, which had been the occasion of much debate and Civil War with this realm (as may appear to such as well search Chronicles; but be not to be touched in this Treatise,

only declaring Her Grace's Passage through the City, and what provision the City made therefore).

And ere the Queen's Majesty came within hearing of this pageant, as also at all the other pageants; she sent certain to require the people to be silent, for Her Majesty was disposed to hear all that should be said unto her.

When the Queen's Majesty had heard the child's oration and understood the meaning of the pageant at large; she marched forward towards Cornhill, always received with like rejoicing of the people.

And there, as Her Grace passed by the Conduit, which was curiously trimmed against that time, adorned with rich banners, and a noise of loud instruments upon the top thereof: she espied the second pageant. And because she feared, for the people's noise, that she should not hear the child which did expound the same, she inquired what that pageant was, ere that she came to it. And there understood, that there was a child representing Her Majesty's person, placed in a Seat of Government, supported by certain Virtues which suppressed their contrary Vices under their feet: and so forth, as, in the description of the said pageant, shall hereafter appear.

This pageant, standing in the nether end of Cornhill, was extended from one side of the street to the other; and, in the same pageant was devised three gates, all open: and over the middle part thereof was erected one Chair or Seat royal, with Cloth of Estate to the same appertaining, wherein was placed a child

representing the Queen's Highness, with consideration had for place convenient for a table, which contained her name and title.

And in a comely wreath, artificially and well devised, with perfect sight and understanding to the people, in the front of the same pageant, was written the name and title thereof which is

THE SEAT OF WORTHY GOVERNANCE.

Which Seat was made in such artificial manner, as to the appearance of the lookers on, the forepart seemed to have no stay; and therefore, of force, was stayed by lively [*living*] personages. Which personages were in number four, standing and staying the forefront of the same Seat royal, each having his face to the Queen and the people; whereof every one had a table to express their effects. Which are Virtues, namely, PURE RELIGION, LOVE OF SUBJECTS, WISDOM, and JUSTICE; which did tread their contrary Vices under their feet: that is to wit, PURE RELIGION did tread upon IGNORANCE and SUPERSTITION, LOVE OF SUBJECTS did tread upon REBELLION and INSOLENCY, WISDOM did tread upon FOLLY and VAINGLORY, JUSTICE did tread upon ADULATION and BRIBERY. Each of these personages, according to their proper names and properties, had not only their names in plain and perfect writing set upon their breasts, easily to be read of all: but also every of them was aptly and properly apparelled; so that his apparel and name did agree to express the same person, that in title he represented. This part of the pageant was thus appointed and furnished.

The two sides over the two side ports had in them placed a noise of instruments [*i.e., a band of players*]; which, immediately after the child's speech, gave a heavenly melody.

Upon the top or uppermost part of the said pageant stood the Arms of England, royally portraitured; with the proper beasts to uphold the same. One representing the Queen's Highness sat in this Seat, crowned with an imperial crown: and before her seat was a convenient place appointed for one child, which did interpret and apply the said pageant as hereafter shall be declared.

Every void place was furnished with proper Sentences commending the Seat supported by the Virtues; and defacing the Vices, to the utter extirpation of rebellion, and to everlasting continuance of quietness and peace.

The Queen's Majesty approaching nigh unto this pageant, thus beautified and furnished in all points, caused her chariot to be drawn nigh thereunto, that Her Grace might hear the child's oration, which was this:

While that Religion True shall Ignorance
suppress,
And with her weighty foot, break
Superstition's head;
While Love of Subjects shall Rebellion
distress,
And with Zeal to the Prince, Insolency
down tread;

While Justice can Flattering tongues
and Bribery deface;
While Folly and Vainglory, to Wisdom
yield their hands:
So long, shall Government not swerve

from her right race,
But Wrong decayeth still, and
Righteousness upstands.

Now all thy subjects' hearts, O Prince of
peerless fame!
Do trust these virtues shall maintain up
thy throne!
And Vice be kept down still, the wicked
put to shame;
That good with good may joy, and naught
with naught may moan!

Which Verses were painted upon the right side of the same pageant; and in Latin thereof, on the left side, in another table, which were these.

Quæ subnixa alte solio regina superbo est,
Effigiem sanctæ Principis alma refert,
Quam Civilis Amor fulcit, Sapientia firmat,
Justicia illustrat, Religioque beat
Vana Superstitio et crassæ Ignorantia frontis

Pressæ sub Pura Religione jacent.
Regis Amor domat Effrænos, animosque
rebelles
Justus Adulantes, Donivorosque terit.
Cum regit Imperium sapiens, sine luce
sedebunt
Stultitia, atque hujus numen inanis honor.

Beside these Verses, there were placed in every void room of the pageant, both in English and Latin, such Sentences as advanced the Seat of Governance upholden by Virtue.

The ground of this pageant was that, like as by Virtues (which do abundantly appear in Her Grace),

the Queen's Majesty was established in the Seat of Government; so she should sit fast in the same, so long as she embraced Virtue, and held Vice under foot. For if Vice once got up the head, it would put the Seat of Government in peril of falling.

The Queen's Majesty, when she had heard the child, and understood the pageant at full, gave the City also thanks there; and most graciously promised her good endeavour for the maintenance of the said virtues, and suppression of vices.

And so marched on, till she came against the Great Conduit in Cheap; which was beautified with pictures and sentences accordingly, against Her Grace's coming thither.

Against Soper Lane's end was extended from the one side of the street to the other, a pageant which had three gates, all open.

Over the middlemost whereof, were erected three several stages, whereon sat eight children, as hereafter followeth. On the uppermost, one child; on the middle, three; on the lowest, four; each having the proper name of the Blessing that he did represent, written in a table, and placed above his head.

In the forefront of this pageant, before the children

which did represent the Blessings, was a convenient standing cast out for a child to stand, which did expound the said pageant unto the Queen's Majesty; as was done in the other before. Every of these children were appointed and apparelled according to the Blessing, which he did represent.

And on the forepart of the said pageant was written, in fair letters, the name of the said pageant, in this manner following.

THE EIGHT BEATITUDES, EXPRESSED IN THE FIFTH CHAPTER OF THE GOSPEL OF SAINT MATTHEW, APPLIED TO OUR SOVEREIGN LADY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Over the two side posts was placed a noise of instruments.

And all void places in the pageant were furnished with pretty Sayings commending and touching the meaning of the said pageant; which were the Promises and Blessings of Almighty GOD made to His people.

Before the Queen's Highness came into this pageant, she required the matter somewhat to be opened unto her; that Her Grace might the better understand what should, afterward, by the child, be said unto her. Which was so, that the City had there erected the pageant with eight children, representing the Eight Blessings touched in the Fifth Chapter of *St. Matthew*; whereof every one, upon just considerations, was applied unto Her Highness. And that the people thereby put Her Grace in mind, that as her good doings before, had given just occasion

why that these Blessings might fall upon her; that so, if Her Grace did continue in her goodness, as she had entered, she should hope for the fruit of these Promises, due unto them that do exercise themselves in the Blessings.

Which Her Grace heard marvellously graciously, and required that the chariot might be removed towards the pageant, that she might perceive the child's words: which were these, the Queen's Majesty giving most attentive ear, and requiring that the people's noise might be stayed.

Thou hast been eight times blest! O Queen
of worthy fame!
By Meekness in thy spirit, when care did
thee beset!
By Mourning in thy grief! by Mildness in
thy blame!
By Hunger and by Thirst, and justice
couldst none get!

By Mercy showed, not felt! by Cleanness
of thy heart!
By seeking Peace always! by Persecution
wrong!
Therefore, trust thou in GOD! since He
hath helped thy smart!
That, as His Promise is, so He will make
thee strong!

When these words were spoken, all the people wished that "As the child had spoken, so GOD would strengthen Her Grace against all her adversaries!" whom the Queen's Majesty did most gently thank, for their so loving wish.

These Verses were painted on the left side of the said pageant; and other, in Latin, on the other side, which were these:

Qui lugent hilares fient, qui mitia gestant
Pectora, multa soli jugera culta metent.
Justitiam esuriens sitiensve replebitur, ipsum
Fas homini puro corde videre DEUM.
Quem alterius miseret Dominus miserebitur hujus,
Pacificus quisquis, filius ille DEI est.
Propter justitiam quisquis patietur habetque
Demissam mentem, cælica regna capit.
Huic hominum generi terram, mare, sidera vovit
Omnipotens, horum quisque beatus erit.

Besides these, every void place in the pageant was furnished with Sentences touching the matter and ground of the said pageant.

When all that was to be said in this pageant was ended; the Queen's Majesty passed on forward in Cheap side.

At the Standard in Cheap, which was dressed fair against the time, was placed a noise of trumpets, with banners and other furniture.

The Cross, likewise, was also made fair and well trimmed. And near unto the same, upon the porch of Saint Peter's Church door, stood the Waits of the City; which did give a pleasant noise with their instruments, as the Queen's Majesty did pass by. Who, on every side, cast her countenance, and

wished well to all her most loving people.

Soon after that Her Grace passed the Cross, she had espied the pageant erected at the Little Conduit in Cheap; and incontinent required to know what it might signify. And it was told Her Grace, that there was placed TIME.

"TIME!" quoth she, "and Time hath brought me hither!" And so forth the whole matter was opened to Her Grace, as hereafter shall be declared in the description of the pageant. But when in the opening, Her Grace understood that the *Bible* in English, should be delivered unto her by TRUTH (which was therein represented by a child), she thanked the City for that gift, and said that she would oftentimes read over that book; commanding Sir JOHN PARRAT, one of the knights which held up her canopy, to go before, and to receive it: but learning that it should be delivered unto Her Grace, down by a silken lace, she caused him to stay.

And so passed forward till she came against the Aldermen, in the high end of Cheap, tofore the Little Conduit; where the Companies of the City ended, which began at Fanchurch [*Fenchurch Street*] and stood along the streets, one by another, enclosed with rails hanged with cloths, and themselves well apparelled with many rich furs, and their Livery Hoods upon their shoulders, in comely and seemly manner; having before them sundry persons well apparelled in silks and chains of gold, as Whifflers and Guarders of the said Companies: besides a number of rich hangings (as well of tapestry, arras, cloths of gold, silver, velvet, damask, satin, and other silks) plentifully hanged all the way, as the Queen's Highness passed from the Tower through the City. Out at the windows and penthouses of every house

did hang a number of rich and costly banners and streamers, till Her Grace came to the upper end of Cheap.

And there by appointment, the Right Worshipful Master RANULPH CHOLMELEY, Recorder of the City, presented to the Queen's Majesty, a purse of crimson satin, richly wrought with gold; wherein the City gave unto the Queen's Majesty a thousand marks in gold [= *£666 = about £5,000 now*]; as Master Recorder did declare briefly unto the Queen's Majesty. [*Compare the similar usual gift to her Mother 25 years before, at Vol. II. p. 48.*] Whose words tended to this end, that "The Lord Mayor, his brethren and commonalty of the City, to declare their gladness and good will towards the Queen's Majesty, did present Her Grace with that gold; desiring Her Grace to continue their good and gracious Queen, and not to esteem the value of the gift, but the mind of the givers."

The Queen's Majesty, with both her hands took the purse, and answered to him again marvellously pithily; and so pithily that the standers by, as they embraced entirely her gracious answer, so they marvelled at the couching thereof: which was in words truly reported these. "I thank my Lord Mayor, his brethren, and you all! And whereas your request is, that I should continue your good Lady and Queen: be ye ensured that I will be as good unto you, as ever Queen was to her people! No will in me can lack! neither, do I trust, shall there lack any power! And persuade yourselves that, for the safety and quietness of you all, I will not spare, if need be, to shed my

blood! GOD thank you all!"

Which answer of so noble hearted a Princess, if it moved a marvellous shout and rejoicing, it is nothing to be marvelled at; since both the heartiness thereof was so wonderful, and the words so jointly knit.

When Her Grace had thus answered the Recorder, she marched towards the Little Conduit; where was erected a pageant, with square proportion, standing directly before the same Conduit, with battlements accordingly. And in the same pageant were advanced two hills or mountains of convenient height.

The one of them, being on the north side of the same pageant, was made cragged, barren, and stony; in the which was erected one tree, artificially made, all withered and dead, with branches accordingly. And under the same tree, at the foot thereof, sat one, in homely and rude apparel, crookedly, and in mourning manner, having over his head in a table, written in Latin and English, his name, which was

RUINOSA RESPUBLICA,

A DECAYED COMMON WEAL.

And upon the same withered tree, were fixed certain tables wherein were written proper Sentences, expressing the causes of the Decay of the Common weal.

The other hill, on the south side, was made fair, fresh, green, and beautiful; the ground thereof full of flowers and beauty. And on the same was erected also one tree, very fresh and fair; under which, stood upright one fresh personage, well apparelled and

appointed; whose name also was written, both in English and in Latin, which was

RESPUBLICA BENE INSTITUTA,

A FLOURISHING COMMON WEAL.

And upon the same tree also, were fixed certain tables containing Sentences, which expressed the causes of a Flourishing Common weal.

In the middle, between the said hills, was made artificially, one hollow place or cave, with door and lock enclosed; out of which, a little before the Queen's Highness's coming thither, issued one personage, whose name was TIME (apparelled as an old man, with a scythe in his hands, having wings artificially made), leading a personage, of less stature than himself, which was finely and well apparelled, all clad in white silk; and directly over her head was set her name and title, in Latin and English, TEMPORIS FILIA, THE DAUGHTER OF TIME.

Which two, so appointed, went forward, towards the south side of the pageant.

And on her breast was written her proper name, VERITAS, TRUTH; who held a book in her hand, upon the which was written, *Verbum Veritatis, The Word of Truth*.

And out of the south side of the pageant, was cast a standing for a child, which should interpret the same pageant.

Against whom, when the Queen's Majesty came, he spake unto Her Grace these words:

This old man with the scythe, old Father
TIME they call:
And her, his daughter TRUTH, which
holdeth yonder book;
Whom he out of his rock hath brought
forth to us all,
From whence, these many years, she durst
not once outlook.

The ruthful wight that sitteth under the
barren tree,
Resembleth to us the form when Common
weals decay;
But when they be in state triumphant, you
may see
By him in fresh attire, that sitteth under
the bay.

Now since that TIME again, his daughter
TRUTH hath brought;
We trust, O worthy Queen! thou wilt this
Truth embrace!
And since thou understandest the good
estate and nought;
We trust Wealth thou wilt plant, and
Barrenness displace!

But for to heal the sore, and cure that is
not seen,
Which thing the Book of Truth doth teach
in writing plain;
She doth present to thee, the same, O
worthy Queen!
For that, that words do fly, but writing
doth remain.

When the child had thus ended his speech, he

reached his book towards the Queen's Majesty; which, a little before, TRUTH had let down unto him from the hill: which by Sir JOHN PARRAT was received, and delivered unto the Queen.

But she, as soon as she had received the book, kissed it; and with both her hands held up the same, and so laid it upon her breast; with great thanks to the City therefore. And so went forward toward Paul's Churchyard.

The former matter, which was rehearsed unto the Queen's Majesty, was written in two tables, on either side the pageant, eight verses: and in the midst, these in Latin.

Ille, vides, falcem lava qui sustinet uncam,
Tempus is est, cui stat filia Vera comes;
Hanc pater exesa deductam rupe reponit
In lucem, quam non viderat ante diu.
Qui sedet a læva cultu male tristis inepto,
Quem duris crescens cautibus orbis obit
Nos monet effigiæ, qua sit Respublica quando
Corruit, at contra quando beata viget,
Ille docet juvenis forma spectandus amictu
Scitus, et æterna laurea fronde virens.

The Sentences, written in Latin and English upon both the trees, declaring the causes of both estates, were these:

¶ *Causes of a Ruinous Common Weal are these.*

- Want of the Fear of GOD.

- Disobedience to rulers.
- Blindness of guides.
- Bribery in magistrates.
- Rebellion in subjects.
- Civil disagreement.
- Flattering of Princes.
- Unmercifulness in rulers.
- Unthankfulness in subjects.

¶ *Causes of a Flourishing Common weal.*

- Fear of GOD.
- A wise Prince.
- Learned rulers.
- Obedience to officers.
- Obedient subjects.
- Lovers of the Common Weal.
- Virtue rewarded.
- Vice chastened.

The matter of this pageant dependeth of them [*i.e., the pageants*] that went before. For, as the first declared Her Grace to come out of the House of Unity; the second, that she is placed in the Seat of Government, stayed with virtues to the suppression of vice; and therefore in the third, the Eight Blessings of Almighty GOD might well be applied unto her: so this fourth now, is to put Her Grace in remembrance of the state of the Common Weal, which TIME, with TRUTH his daughter, doth reveal: which TRUTH also, Her Grace hath received; and therefore cannot but be merciful and careful for the good government thereof.

From thence, the Queen's Majesty passed towards Paul's Churchyard.

And when she came over against Paul's School, a child appointed by the Schoolmaster thereof, pronounced a certain Oration in Latin, and certain Verses: which also were there written, as follows.

> *Philosophus ille divinus Plato, inter multa præclare ac sapienter dicta, hoc posteris proditum reliquit, Rempublicam illam felicissimam fore, cui Princeps sophiæ studiosa, virtutibusque ornata contigerit. Quem si vere dixisse censeamus (ut quidem verissime) cur non terra Britannica plauderet? cur non populus gaudiam atque lætitiam agitaret? immo, cur non hunc diem albo (quod aiunt) lapillo notaret? quo Princeps talis nobis adest, qualem priores non viderunt, qualemque posteritas haud facile cernere poterit, dotibus quum animi, tum corporis undique felicissima. Casti quidem corporis dotes ita apertæ sunt, ut oratione non egeant. Animi vero tot tantæque, ut ne verbis quidem exprimi possint. Hæc nempe Regibus summis orta, morum atque animi nobilitate genus exuperat. Hujus pectus Christi religionis amore flagrat. Hæc gentem Britannicum virtutibus illustrabit, clipeoque justitiæ teget. Hæc literis Græcis et Latinis eximia, ingenioque præpollens est. Hac imperante, pietas vigebit, Anglia florebit, Aurea Secula redibunt. Vos igitur Angli, tot commoda accepturi, Elizabetham Reginam nostram celeberrimam ab ipso Christo hujus regni imperio destinatam, honore debito prosequimini. Hujus imperiis animo*

libentissimo subditi estote, vosque tali principe dignos præbete. Et quoniam, pueri non viribus sed precibus officium prestare possunt, nos Alumni hujus Scholæ ab ipso Coleto, olim Templi Paulini Decano, extructæ, teneras palmas ad cœlum tendentes Christum Opt. Maxi. precaturi sumus, ut tuum celsitudinem annos Nestoreos summo cum honore Anglis imperitare faciat, matremque pignoribus charis beatam reddat. Amen.

Anglia nunc tandem plaudas, lætare, re sulta,
Presto jam vita est, præsidiumque tibi.
En tua spes venit tua gloria, lux, decus omne
Venit jam solidam quæ tibi prestat opem.
Succurretque tuis rebus quæ pessum abiere.
Perdita quæ fuerant hæc reparare volet
Omnia florebunt, redeunt nunc aurea secla.
In melius surgent quæ cecidere bona.
Debes ergo illi totam te reddere fidam,
Cujus in accessu commoda tot capies.
Salve igitur dicas, imo de pectore summo.
Elizabeth Regni non dubitanda salus,
Virgo venit, veniatque optes comitata deinceps.
Pignoribus charis, lœta parens veniat.
Hoc DEUS omnipotens ex alto donet Olympo,
Qui cœlum et terram condidit atque regit.

Which the Queen's Majesty most attentively hearkened unto. And when the child had pronounced, he did kiss the Oration, which he had there fair written on paper, and delivered it unto the Queen's Majesty, which most gently received the same.

And when the Queen's Majesty had heard all that was there offered to be spoken; then Her Grace marched toward Ludgate: where she was received with a noise of instruments; the forefront of the Gate being finely trimmed against Her Majesty's coming.

From thence, by the way, as she went down toward Fleet Bridge, one about Her Grace, noted the City's charge, that "there was no cost spared."

Her Grace answered, that "She did well consider the same, and that it should be remembered!" An honourable answer, worthy a noble Prince: which may comfort all her subjects, considering there can be no point of gentleness or obedient love shewed towards Her Grace; which she doth not most tenderly accept, and graciously weigh.

In this manner, the people on either side rejoicing, Her Grace went forward towards the Conduit in Fleet Street, where was the fifth and last pageant, erected in the form following.

From the Conduit, which was beautified with painting, unto the north side of the street, was erected a Stage embattled with four towers, and in the same, a square plat rising with degrees.

Upon the uppermost degree was placed a Chair or royal Seat; and behind the same Seat, in curious artificial manner, was erected a tree of reasonable height, and so far advanced above the seat as it did well and seemly shadow the same, without endamaging the sight of any part of the pageant. And

the same tree was beautified with leaves as green as Art could devise, being of a convenient greatness and containing thereupon the fruit of the date tree; and on the top of the same tree, in a table was set the name thereof, which was, *A Palm Tree*.

And in the aforesaid Seat or Chair was a seemly and meet personage, richly apparelled in Parliament robes, with a sceptre in her hand, as a Queen; crowned with an open crown: whose name and title were in a table fixed over her head in this sort, *Deborah, The Judge and Restorer of Israel*. Judic. 4.

And the other degrees, on either side, were furnished with six personages; two representing the Nobility, two the Clergy, and two the Commonalty. And before these personages, was written in a table,

DEBORAH, WITH HER ESTATES, CONSULTING FOR THE GOOD GOVERNMENT OF ISRAEL.

At the feet of these, and the lowest part of the pageant, was ordained a convenient room for a child to open the meaning of the pageant.

When the Queen's Majesty drew near unto this pageant; and perceived, as in the others, the child ready to speak: Her Grace required silence, and commanded her chariot to be removed nigher that she might plainly hear the child speak; which said, as hereafter followeth:

JABIN, of Canaan King, had long, by force
of arms,
Oppressed the Israelites; which for GOD's
People went:

But GOD minding, at last, for to redress
their harms;
The worthy DEBORAH, as Judge among
them sent.

In war, She, through GOD's aid, did put
her foes to flight,
And with the dint of sword the band of
bondage brast;
In peace, She, through GOD's aid, did
always maintain right
And judgèd Israel, till forty years were
past.

A worthy precedent, O worthy Queen!
thou hast!
A worthy woman, Judge! a woman sent
for Stay!
And that the like to us, endure always
thou may'st;
Thy loving subjects will, with true hearts
and tongues, pray!

Which verses were written upon the pageant: and the same in Latin also.

Quando DEI populum Canaan, rex pressit
Jabin,
Mittitur a magno Debora magna DEO:
Quæ populum eriperet, sanctum servaret
Judan,
Milite quæ patrio frangeret hostis opes.
Hæc Domino mandante DEO lectissima fecit
Fœmina, et adversos contudit ense viros.
Hæc quater denos populum correxerat annos
Judicio, bello strenua, pace gravis.

Sic, O sic, populum, belloque et pace,
guberna!
Debora sis Anglis, Elizabetha tuis!

The void places of the pageant were filled with pretty Sentences concerning the same matter.

The ground of this last pageant was, that forasmuch as the next pageant before, had set before Her Grace's eyes the Flourishing and Desolate States of a Common Weal; she might by this, be put in remembrance to consult for the worthy Government of her people; considering GOD, ofttimes, sent women nobly to rule among men, as DEBORAH which governed Israel in peace, the space of forty years; and that it behoveth both men and women so ruling, to use advice of good counsel.

When the Queen's Majesty had passed this pageant; she marched towards Temple Bar.

But at St. Dunstan's, where the children of the Hospital [*i.e., Christ's Hospital, now known as the Blue Coat School, see p.* 246], were appointed to stand with their Governors; Her Grace perceiving a child offered to make an oration unto her, stayed her chariot; and did cast up her eyes to heaven, as who should say, "I here see this merciful work towards the poor; whom I must, in the midst of my royalty, needs remember." And so, turned her face towards the child, which, in Latin, pronounced an Oration to this effect.

> That after the Queen's Highness had passed through the City; and had seen so sumptuous, rich, and noble spectacles of

> the citizens, which declared their most hearty receiving and most joyous welcoming of Her Grace into the same: this one Spectacle yet rested and remained; which was the everlasting Spectacle of Mercy unto the poor members of Almighty GOD, furthered by that famous and most noble Prince, King HENRY VIII., Her Grace's Father; erected by the City of London; and advanced by the most godly, virtuous, and gracious Prince, King EDWARD VI., Her Grace's dear and loving brother. Doubting nothing of the mercy of the Queen's most gracious clemency: by the which they may not only be relieved and helped, but also stayed and defended; and therefore incessantly, they would pray and cry unto Almighty GOD for the long life and reign of Her Highness, with most prosperous victory against her enemies.

The child, after he had ended his Oration, kissed the paper wherein the same was written, and reached it to the Queen's Majesty; who received it graciously both with words and countenance, declaring her gracious mind towards their relief.

From thence, Her Grace came to Temple Bar, which was dressed finely, with the two images of GOTMAGOT the Albion, and CORINEUS the Briton; two giants big in stature, furnished accordingly: which held in their hands, even above the gate, a table, wherein was written, in Latin verses, the effect

of all the pageants which the City before had erected. Which Verses are these:

Ecce sub aspectu jam contemplaberis uno
O Princeps populi sola columna tui!
Quicquid in immensa passim perspexeris urbe
Quæ cepere omnes unus hic arcus habet.
Primus, te solio regni donavit aviti,
Hæres quippe tui vera parentis eras.
Suppressis vitiis, domina virtute, Secundus,
Firmavit sedem regia virgo tuam.
Tertius, ex omni posuit teparte beatam
Si, qua cœpisti pergere velle, velis.
Quarto, quid verum, Respublica Lapsa quid esset,
Quæ Florens staret te docuere tui.
Quinto, magna loco monuit te Debora, missam
Cœlitus in regni gaudia longa tui.
Perge ergo Regina! tuæ spes unica gentis!
Hæc Postrema urbis suscipe Vota tuæ.
"Vive diu! regnaque diu! virtutibus orna
Rem patriam, et populi spem tueare tui!
Sic, O sic petitur cœlum! Sic itur in astra!
Hoc virtutis opus, cætera mortis erunt!"

Which Verses were also written in English metre, in a lesse[r] table, as hereafter followeth.

Behold here, in one view, thou mayst see all that plain;
O Princess, to this thy people, the only stay!
What eachwhere thou hast seen in this wide town; again,
This one Arch, whatsoever the rest contained, doth say.

The First Arch, as true Heir unto thy
Father dear,
Did set thee in thy Throne, where thy
Grandfather sat!
The Second, did confirm thy Seat as
Princess here;
Virtues now bearing sway, and Vices beat
down flat!

The Third, if that thou wouldst go on as
thou began,
Declareth thee to be blessed on every side!
The Fourth did open Truth, and also
taught thee when
The Common Weal stood well, and when
it did thence slide!

The Fifth, as DEBORAH, declared thee to
be sent
From heaven, a long comfort to us thy
subjects all!
Therefore, go on, O Queen! (on whom our
hope is bent)
And take with thee, this wish of thy Town
as final!

"Live long! and as long, reign! adorning
thy country
With virtues; and maintain thy people's
hope of thee!
For thus, thus heaven is won! thus, must
thou pierce the sky!
This is by virtue wrought! All other must
needs die!"

On the south side [*i.e., of Fleet Street, at Temple Bar*]

was appointed by the City, a noise of singing children; and one child richly attired as a Poet, which gave the Queen's Majesty her Farewell, in the name of the whole City, by these words.

As at thine Entrance first, O Prince of high renown!
Thou wast presented with Tongues and Hearts for thy fair;
So now, sith thou must needs depart out of this Town,
This City sendeth thee firm Hope and earnest Prayer!

For all men hope in thee, that all virtues shall reign;
For all men hope that thou, none error wilt support;
For all men hope that thou wilt Truth restore again,
And mend that is amiss; to all good men's comfort!

And for this Hope, they pray thou mayst continue long
Our Queen amongst us here, all vice for to supplant!
And for this Hope, they pray that GOD may make thee strong,
As by His grace puissant, so in His truth constant!

Farewell! O worthy Queen! and as our hope is sure,
That into Error's place, thou wilt now Truth restore!
So trust we that thou wilt our sovereign

Queen endure
And loving Lady stand, from henceforth,
evermore!

While these words were in saying, and certain wishes therein repeated for the maintenance of Truth, and rooting out of Error; she, now and then, held up her hands to heaven-ward, and willed the people to say "Amen!"

When the child had ended, she said, "Be ye well assured, I will stand your good Queen!"

At which saying, Her Grace departed forth, through Temple Bar towards Westminster, with no less shooting [*i.e., firing of guns*] and crying of the people, than, when she entered the City, with a great noise of ordnance which the Tower shot off, at Her Grace's entrance first into Tower Street.

The child's saying was also, in Latin verses, written in a table which was hanged up there.

O Regina potens! quum primam urbem
ingredereris
Dona tibi, Linguas fidaque Corda dedit.
Discedenti etiam tibi nunc duo munera mittit,
Omina plena Spei, votaque plena Precum.
Quippe tuis Spes est, in te quod provida virtus
Rexerit, errori nec locus ullus erit.
Quippe tuis Spes est, quod ut verum omne
reduces
Solatura bonas, dum mala tollis, opes.
Hac Spe freti orant, longum ut Regina
gubernes,

Et regni excindas crimina cuncta tui.
Hac Spe freti orant, divina ut gratia fortem,
Et veræ fidei te velit esse basin.
Jam, Regina, vale! et sicut nos spes tenet una,
Quod vero indueto, perditus error erit.
Sic quoque speramus quod eris Regina benigna
Nobis per regni tempora longa tui!

Thus the Queen's Highness passed through the City! which, without any foreign person, of itself, beautified itself; and received Her Grace at all places, as hath been before mentioned, with most tender obedience and love, due to so gracious a Queen, and sovereign Lady.

And Her Grace likewise, of her side, in all Her Grace's Passage, shewed herself generally an Image of a worthy Lady and Governor; but privately these especial points were noted in Her Grace, as signs of a most Prince-like courage, whereby her loving subjects may ground a sure hope for the rest of her gracious doings hereafter.





Certain Notes of the Queen's Majesty's great mercy, clemency, and wisdom used in this

Passage.



ABOUT the nether end of Cornhill, toward Cheap, one of the Knights about Her Grace, had espied an ancient Citizen which wept, and turned his head back. And therewith said this Gentleman, "Yonder is an Alderman," for so he termed him, "which weepeth, and turneth his face backward! How may it be interpreted that he doth so? For sorrow! or for gladness?"

The Queen's Majesty heard him; and said, "I warrant you, it is for gladness!" A gracious interpretation of a noble courage, which would turn the doubtful to the best. And yet it was well known, that (as Her Grace did confirm the same) the party's cheer was moved, for very pure gladness for the sight of Her Majesty's person; at the beholding whereof, he took such comfort, that with tears he expressed the same.

In Cheapside, Her Grace smiled; and being thereof demanded the cause, answered, "For that she had heard one say, *Remember old King Henry VIII!*" A natural child! which at the very remembrance of her father's name took so great a joy; that all men may well think that as she rejoiced at his name whom this Realm doth hold of so worthy memory, so, in her doings, she will resemble the same.

When the City's charge without partiality, and only the City, was mentioned unto Her Grace; she said, "It should not be forgotten!" Which saying might move

all natural Englishmen heartily to shew due obedience and entireness to their so good a Queen, which will, in no point, forget any parcel of duty lovingly shewed unto her.

The answer which Her Grace made unto Master Recorder of London, as the hearers know it to be true and with melting hearts heard the same, so may the reader thereof conceive what kind of stomach and courage pronounced the same.

What more famous thing do we read in ancient histories of old time, than that mighty Princes have gently received presents offered them by base and low personages. If that be to be wondered at, as it is passingly! let me see any writer that in any one Prince's life is able to recount so many precedents of this virtue, as Her Grace shewed in that one Passage through the City. How many nosegays did Her Grace receive at poor women's hands? How ofttimes stayed she her chariot, when she saw any simple body offer to speak to Her Grace? A branch of rosemary given to Her Grace, with a supplication, by a poor woman, about Fleet Bridge, was seen in her chariot till Her Grace came to Westminster; notwithstanding the marvellous wondering of such as knew the presenter, and noted the Queen's most gracious receiving and keeping the same.

What hope the poor and needy may look for, at Her Grace's hand; she, as in all her journey continually, so in her hearkening to the poor children of Christ's Hospital, with eyes cast up unto heaven, did fully declare; as that neither the wealthier estate could stand without consideration had to the poverty, neither the poverty be duly considered unless they were remembered, as commanded to us by GOD's own mouth.

As at her first Entrance, she, as it were, declared herself prepared to pass through a City that most entirely loved her; so she, at her last Departing, as it were, bound herself by promise to continue good Lady and Governor unto that City, which, by outward declaration, did open their love to their so loving and noble Prince, in such wise as she herself wondered thereat.

But because Princes be set in their Seat by GOD's appointment, and therefore they must first and chiefly render the glory of Him from whom their glory issueth; it is to be noted in Her Grace, that, forasmuch as GOD hath so wonderfully placed her in the Seat of Government over this realm; she in all doings, doth shew herself most mindful of His goodness and mercy shewed unto her. And amongst all other, two principal signs thereof were noted in this Passage.

First, in the Tower: where Her Grace, before she entered her chariot, lifted up her eyes to heaven, and said:

> O LORD! Almighty and everlasting GOD! I give Thee most hearty thanks, that as Thou hast been so merciful unto me, as to spare me to behold this joyful day! And I acknowledge that Thou hast dealt as wonderfully and mercifully with me, as Thou didst with thy true and faithful servant DANIEL, the prophet; whom thou deliveredst out of the den, from the cruelty of the greedy and raging lions: even so, was I overwhelmed, and only by

> Thee! delivered. To Thee! therefore, only, be thanks, honour, and praise for ever! Amen.

The second was, the receiving of the *Bible*, at the Little Conduit, in Cheap. For when Her Grace had learned that the *Bible* in English, should there be offered; she thanked the City therefore, promised the reading thereof most diligently, and incontinent commanded that it should be brought. At the receipt whereof, how reverently, she did, with both her hands, take it! kiss it! and lay it on her breast! to the great comfort of the lookers on!

GOD will undoubtedly preserve so worthy a Prince; which, at His honour, so reverently taketh her beginning. For this saying is true, and written in the Book of Truth: "He that first seeketh the Kingdom of GOD, shall have all other things cast unto him."

Now, therefore, all English hearts, and her natural people must needs praise GOD's mercy, which hath sent them so worthy a Prince; and pray for Her Grace's long continuance amongst us.

Imprinted at London in Fleet Street within Temple Bar, at the sign of the Hand and Star, by Richard Tottill, the .rriii. day of January.

[1559]

Rev. William Harrison, B.D. Canon of Windsor, and Rector of Radwinter.

Elizabeth arms England, which Mary had left defenceless.

[Book II., Chap. 16 of *Description of England*, in HOLINSHED's *Chronicle*. Ed. 1587[-8]. Reprinted by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., for *New Shakspere Society*, *p.* 278, Ed. 1877.]



HOW well, and how strongly our country hath been furnished, in times past, with armour and artillery, it lieth not in me, as of myself to make rehearsal.

Yet that it lacked both, in the late time of Queen MARY; not only the experience of mine elders, but also the talk of certain Spaniards, not yet forgotten, did leave some manifest notice.

Upon the first, I need not stand: for few will deny it.

For the second, I have heard that when one of the greatest Peers of Spain [*evidently in Queen Mary's reign*] espied our nakedness in this behalf, and did solemnly utter in no obscure place, that "It should be an easy matter, in short time, to conquer England; because it wanted armour!" his words were then not so rashly uttered, as they were politicly noted.

For, albeit, that, for the present time, their efficacy was dissembled; and semblance made as though he spake but merrily: yet at the very Entrance of this our gracious Queen unto the possession of the Crown, they were so providently called to

remembrance, and such speedy reformation sought, of all hands, for the redress of this inconveniency, that our country was sooner furnished with armour and munition from divers parts of the main [*the Continent*], besides great plenty that was forged here at home, than our enemies could get understanding of any such provision to be made.

By this policy also, was the no small hope conceived by Spaniards utterly cut off; who (of open friends, being now become our secret enemies; and thereto watching a time wherein to achieve some heavy exploit against us and our country) did thereupon change their purposes: whereby England obtained rest; that otherwise might have been sure of sharp and cruel wars.

Thus a Spanish word uttered by one man at one time, overthrew, or, at the least, hindered sundry privy practices of many at another time.

In times past, the chief force of England consisted in their long bows. But now we have in manner generally given over that kind of artillery, and for long bows indeed, do practice to shoot compass for our pastime; which kind of shooting can never yield any smart stroke, nor beat down our enemies, as our countrymen were wont to do, at every time of need. Certes, the Frenchmen and Reitters [*i.e., Reiters, the German or Swiss Lance-knights*] deriding our new archery, in respect of their corslets, will not let, in open skirmish, if any leisure serve, to turn up their tails, and cry, "Shoot, English!" and all because our strong shooting is decayed, and laid in bed.

But if some of our Englishmen now lived, that served

King EDWARD III. in his wars with France: the breech of such a varlet had been nailed to his back with one arrow; and another feathered in his bowels, before he should have turned about to see who shot the first.

But as our shooting is thus, in manner, utterly decayed among us one way: so our countrymen wax skilful in sundry other points; as in shooting in small pieces, the caliver, and handling of the pike; in the several uses whereof, they are become very expert.

Our armour differeth not from that of other nations; and therefore consisteth of corslets, almain rivets, shirts of mail, jacks quilted and covered with leather, fustian, or canvas over thick plates of iron that are sewed in the same. Of which, there is no town or village that hath not her convenient furniture. The said armour and munition likewise is kept in one several place of every town, appointed by the consent of the whole parish; where it is always ready to be had and worn within an hour's warning.

Sometimes also it is occupied [*used*], when it pleaseth the magistrate, either to view the able men and take note of the well keeping of the same; or finally to see those that are enrolled, to exercise each one his several weapon: at the charge of the townsmen of each parish, according to his appointment. Certes there is almost no village so poor in England, be it never so small, that hath not sufficient furniture in a readiness to set forth three or four soldiers (as, one archer, one gunner, one pike, and a bill-man), at the least. No, there is not so much wanting as their very liveries [*uniforms*] and caps; which are least to be accounted of, if any haste required. So that if this good order continue, it shall be impossible for the sudden enemy to find us

unprovided.

As for able men for service, thanked be GOD! we are not without good store. For by the Musters taken in 1574 and 1575, our number amounted to 1,172,674; and yet they were not so narrowly taken, but that a third part of this like multitude was left unbilled and uncalled.

What store of munition and armour, the Queen's Majesty hath in her storehouses, it lieth not in me to yield account; sith I suppose the same to be infinite. And whereas it was commonly said, after the loss of Calais, that England would never recover the store of ordnance there left and lost; the same is proved false: since some of the same persons do now confess that this land was never better furnished with these things in any King's days, since the Conquest.

The names of our greatest ordnance are commonly these:

Robinet, whose weight is 200 lbs.; and it hath 1¼ inches within the mouth.

Falconet, weighing 500 lbs., and his wideness is 2 inches within the mouth.

Falcon hath 800 lbs., and 2½ inches within the mouth.

Minion poiseth [*weigheth*] 1,100 lbs., and hath 3¼ inches within the mouth.

Sacre hath 1,500 lbs., and is 3½ inches wide in the mouth.

Demi-Culverin weigheth 3,000 lbs., and hath 4½ inches within the mouth.

Culverin hath 4,000 lbs., and 5½ inches within the mouth.

Demi-Cannon, 6,000 lbs., and 6½ inches within the mouth.

Cannon, 7,000 lbs., and 8 inches within the mouth.

E. Cannon, 8,000 lbs., and 7 inches within the mouth.

Basilisk, 9,000 lbs., and 8¾ inches within the mouth.

By which proportions, also, it is easy to come by the weight of every shot, how many scores [*i.e., of yards*] it doth fly at point blank, how much powder is to be had to the same, and finally how many inches in height, each bullet ought to carry.

The names of the Great Ordnance	**hath Weight of the Shot. lbs.**	**Scores [of yards] of carriage.**	**Pounds of Powder.**	**Height of Bullet. Inches.**
Robinet	1	10	½	1
Falconet	2	14	2	1¼
Falcon	2½	16	2½	2¼
Minion	4½	17	4½	3
Sacre.	5	18	5	3¼
Demi-Culverin	9	20	9	4
Culverin	18	25	18	5¼
Demi-Cannon	30	38	28	6¾
Cannon	60	20	44	7¾
E. Cannon	42	20	20	6¾
Basilisk	60	21	60	8¼

As for the Armouries of some of the Nobility (whereof I also have seen a part), they are so well furnished, that within some one Baron's custody, I have seen three score or a hundred corslets at once; besides calivers, hand-guns, bows, sheafs of arrows,

pikes, bills, pole-axes, flasks, touch-boxes, targets, &c.: the very sight whereof appalled my courage.

Seldom shall you see any of my countrymen, above eighteen or twenty years old, to go without a dagger at the least, at his back or by his side; although they be aged burgesses or magistrates of any city who, in appearance, are most exempt from brabling and contention.

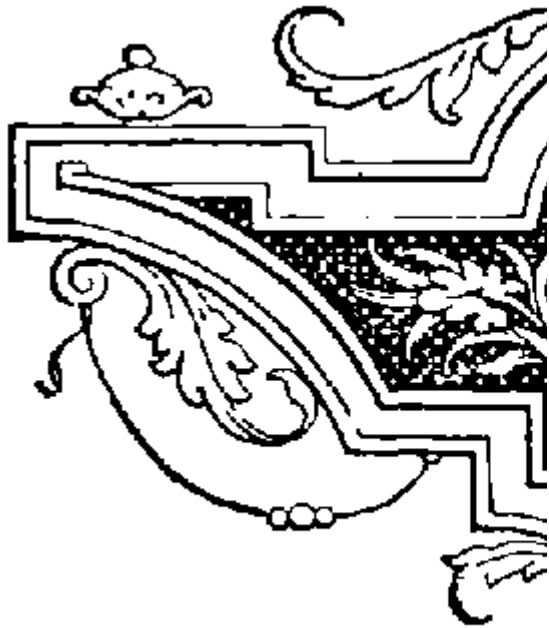
Our Nobility commonly wear swords or rapiers, with their daggers; as doth every common serving man also that followeth his lord and master.

Finally, no man travelleth by the way, without his sword or some such weapon, with us; except the Minister, who commonly weareth none at all, unless it be a dagger or hanger at his side.



ALCILIA: PHILOPARTHEN's Loving Folly.

Non Deus (ut perhibent) amor est, sed amaror, et error.



AT LONDON.

Printed by R. R. for William Mattes, dwelling in Fleet street, at the sign of the *Hand and Plough.*

1595.

[The only copy of the 1595 edition, at present known, is in the City Library, at Hamburg.

It was recovered, and reprinted in 1875 by Herr WILHELM WAGNER, Ph.D., in Vol. X. of the *Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft Jahrbuch*; copies of this particular text being also separately printed.

A limited Subscription edition, of fifty-one copies, was printed by Rev. A. B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A., of Blackburn, in 1879: with a fresh collation of the text by B. S. LEESON, Esq., of Hamburg.

The present modernized text is based on a comparison of the above two reprints of the 1595 edition with the text of the London edition of 1613 in which some headings (herein inserted between [], on *pp.* 256, 276, 278) first occur.]



A Letter written by a Gentleman to the Author, his friend.

FRIEND PHILOPARTHEN,

IN perusing your Loving Folly, and your Declining from it; I do behold Reason conquering Passion. The infirmity of loving argueth you are a man; the firmness thereof, discovereth a good wit and the best nature: and the falling from it, true virtue. Beauty was always of force to mislead the wisest; and men of greatest perfection have had no power to resist Love. The best are accompanied with vices, to exercise their virtues; whose glory shineth brightest in resisting motives of pleasure, and in subduing affections. And though I cannot altogether excuse

your Loving Folly; yet I do the less blame you, in that you loved such a one as was more to be commended for her virtue, than beauty: albeit even for that too, she was so well accomplished with the gifts of Nature as in mine conceit (which, for good cause, I must submit as inferior to yours) there was nothing wanting, either in the one or the other, that might add more to her worth, except it were a more due and better regard of your love; which she requited not according to your deserts, nor answerable to herself in her other parts of perfection. Yet herein it appeareth you have made good use of Reason; that being heretofore lost in youthful vanity, have now, by timely discretion, found yourself!

Let me entreat you to suffer these your Passionate Sonnets to be published! which may, peradventure, make others, possessed with the like Humour of Loving, to follow your example, in leaving; and move other ALCILIAS (if there be any) to embrace deserving love, while they may!

Hereby, also, she shall know, and, it may be, inwardly repent the loss of your love, and see how much her perfections are blemished by ingratitude; which will make your happiness greater by adding to your reputation, than your contentment could have been in enjoying her love. At the least wise, the wiser sort, however in censuring them, they may dislike of your errors; yet they cannot but commend and allow of your reformation: and all others that shall with indifferency read them, may reap thereby some benefit, or contentment.

Thus much I have written as a testimony of the good will I bear you! with whom I do suffer or rejoice according to the quality of your misfortune or good hap. And so I take my leave; resting, as always,

Yours most assured,

PHILARETES.





Author ipse φιλοπάρθενος ad libellum suum.



Parve liber Domini vanos dicture labores,
Insomnes noctes, sollicitosque dies,
Errores varios, languentis tædia vitæ,
Mærores certos, gaudia certa minus,
Peruigiles curas, suspiria, vota, querelas,
Et quæcunque pati dura coegit amor.
I precor intrepidus, duram comiterque salutans
Hæc me ejus causa sustinuisse refer.
Te grato excipiet vultu rubicundula, nomen
Cum titulo inscriptum viderit esse suum.
Forsitan et nostri miserebitur ilia doloris,
Dicet et, ah quantum deseruisse dolet:
Seque nimis sœvam, crudelemque ipsa vocabit,
Cuinon est fidei debita cura meæ;
Quod siquidem eveniet, Domino solaminis illud,
Et tibi supremi muneris instar erit.
Si quis (ut est æquum) fatuos damnaverit ignes,
Pigritiæ fructus ingeniique levis:
Tu Dominum cæcis tenebris errasse, sed ipsum
Erroris tandem pœnituisse sui,
Me quoque re vera nec tot, nec tanta tulisse,

Sed ficta ad placitum multa fuisse refer.
Ab quanto satius (nisi mens mihi vana) fuisset
Ista meo penitus delituisse sinu:
Quam levia in lucem prodire, aut luce carentis
Insanam Domini prodere stultitiam.
Nil amor est aliud, quam mentis morbus et error.
Nil sapienter agit, nil bene, quisquis amat.
Sed non cuique datur sapere, aut melioribus uti,
Forte erit alterius, qui meus error erat.
Cautior incedit, qui nunquam labitur, atqui
Jam proprio evadam cautior ipse malo.
Si cui delicto gravior mea pœna videtur;
Illius in laudes officiosus eris.
Te si quis simili qui carpitur igne videbit,
Ille suam sortem flebit, et ille meam.
Alciliæ obsequium supplex præstare memento,
Non minima officii pars erit illa tui.
Te fortasse sua secura recondet in arca,
Et Solis posthæc luminis orbus eris.
Nil referet, fateor me non prudenter amasse;
Ultima deceptæ sors erit illa spei.
Bis proprio Phœbus cursu lustraverat orbem,
Conscius erroris, stultitiœque meæ,
A quo primus amor cœpit penetrare medullas,
Et falsa accensos nutriit arte focos.
Desino jam nugas amplecti, seria posthæc
(Ut Ratio monet) ac utiliora sequor.





Amoris Præludium.
[*Vel, Epistola ad Amicam.*]



To thee, ALCILIA! solace of my youth!
These rude and scattered rhymes I have addressed!
The certain Witness of my Love and Truth,
That truly cannot be in words expressed:
Which, if I shall perceive thou tak'st in gree,
I will, from henceforth, write of none but thee!

Here may you find the wounds yourself have made!
The many sorrows, I have long sustained!
Here may you see that LOVE must be obeyed!
How much I hoped, how little I have gained!
That as for you, the pains have been endured;
Even so by you, they may, at length, be cured!

I will not call for aid to any Muse
(It is for learned Poets so to do):
Affection must, my want of Art excuse,
My works must have their patronage from You!
Whose sweet assistance, if obtain I might!
I should be able both to speak and write.

Nemini datur amare simul et sapere.

Meanwhile, vouchsafe to read this, as
assigned
To no man's censure; but to yours alone!
Pardon the faults, that you therein shall
find;
And think the writer's heart was not his
own!
Experience of examples daily prove
"That no man can be well advised, and
love!"

And though the work itself deserve it not
(Such is your Worth, with my great Wants
compared!);
Yet may my love unfeignèd, without spot,
Challenge so much (if more cannot be
spared!).
Then, lovely Virgin! take this in good part!
The rest, unseen, is sealed up in the heart.

Judge not by this, the depth of my
affection!
Which far exceeds the measure of my skill;
But rather note herein your own
perfection!
So shall appear my want of Art, not will:
Wherefore, this now, as part in lieu of
greater,
I offer as an insufficient debtor!





Sic incipit Stultorum Tragicomedia.



It was my chance, unhappy chance to me!
As, all alone, I wandered on my way;
Void of distrust, from doubt of dangers free,
To pass a grove where LOVE in ambush lay;
Who aiming at me with his feathered dart,
Conveyed it by mine eye unto my heart.

Where, retchless boy! he let the arrow stick,
When I, as one amazèd, senseless stood.
The hurt was great, yet seemèd but a prick!
The wound was deep, and yet appeared no blood!
But inwardly it bleeds. Proof teacheth this.
When wounds do so, the danger greater is.

Pausing a while, and grievèd with my wound,
I looked about, expecting some relief:
Small hope of help, no ease of pain I found.
Like, all at once, to perish in my grief:
When hastily, I pluckèd forth the dart;
But left the head fast fixèd in my heart.

Fast fixèd in my heart, I left the head,
From whence I doubt it will not be
removed.
Ah, what unlucky chance that way me
led?
O LOVE! thy force thou might'st elsewhere
have proved!
And shewed thy power, where thou art
not obeyed!
"The conquest's small, where no resist is
made."

But nought, alas, avails it to complain;
I rest resolved, with patience to endure.
The fire being once dispersed through
every vein,
It is too late to hope for present cure.
Now PHILOPARTHEN must new follies
prove,
And learn a little, what it is to love!



These Sonnets following were written by the Author (who giveth himself this feigned name of Philoparthen as his accidental attribute), at divers times, and upon divers occasions; and therefore in the form and matter they differ, and sometimes are quite contrary one to another: which ought not to be misliked, considering the very nature and quality of Love; which is

a Passion full of variety, and contrariety in itself.

I.



Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.

Vnhappy Eyes! that first my heart betrayed,
Had you not seen, my grief had not been such!
And yet, how may I, justly, you upbraid!
Since what I saw delighted me so much?
But hence, alas, proceedeth all my smart:
Unhappy Eyes! that first betrayed my heart!

II.

To seek adventures, as Fate hath assigned,
My slender Bark now floats upon the main;
Each troubled thought, an Oar; each sigh,

a Wind,
Whose often puffs have rent my Sails in twain.
LOVE steers the Boat, which (for that sight, he lacks)
Is still in danger of ten thousand wracks.

III.

What sudden chance hath changed my wonted cheer,
Which makes me other than I seem to be?
My days of joy, that once were bright and clear,
Are turned to nights! my mirth, to misery!
Ah, well I ween that somewhat is amiss;
But, sooth to say, I know not what it is!

IV.

What, am I dead? Then could I feel no smart!
But still in me the sense of grief reviveth.
Am I alive? Ah, no! I have no heart;
For she that hath it, me of life depriveth.
O that she would restore my heart again;
Or give me hers, to countervail my pain!

V.

If it be Love, to waste long hours in grief;
If it be Love, to wish, and not obtain;
If it be Love, to pine without relief;
If it be Love, to hope and never gain;
Then may you think that he hath truly loved,
Who, for your sake! all this and more,

hath proved!

VI.

If that, in ought, mine eyes have done
amiss;
Let them receive deservèd punishment!
For so the perfect rule of Justice is,
Each for his own deeds, should be praised,
or shent.
Then, doubtless, is it both 'gainst Law and
Sense,
My Heart should suffer for mine Eyes'
offence.

VII.

I am not sick, and yet I am not sound;
I eat and sleep, and yet, methinks, I thrive
not.
I sport and laugh, and yet my griefs
abound;
I am not dead, and yet, methinks, I live
not.
"What uncouth cause hath these strange
passions bred,
To make at once, sick, sound, alive, and
dead?"

VIII.

Something I want; but what, I cannot say.
O, now I know! It is myself I want!
My Love, with her, hath ta'en my heart
away;
Yea, heart and all, and left me very scant.
"Such power hath Love, and nought but

Love alone,
To make divided creatures live in one."

IX.

PHILOPARTHEN. "Come, gentle Death! and
strike me with thy dart!
Life is but loathsome to a
man opprest."
DEATH. "How can I kill thee! when thou
hast no heart?
That which thou hadst, is
in another's breast!"
PHILOPARTHEN. "Then, must I live, and
languish still in pain?"
DEATH. "Yea, till thy Love restore thy
heart again!"

X.

Were Love a Fire, my tears might quench
it lightly;
Or were it Water, my hot heart might dry
it.
If Air, then might it pass away more
slightly;
Or were it Earth, the world might soon
descry it.
If Fire nor Water, Air nor Earth it be;
What then is it, that thus tormenteth me?

XI.

To paint her outward shape and gifts of
mind,
It doth exceed my wit and cunning far.
She hath no fault, but that she is unkind.

All other parts in her so complete are,
That who, to view them throughly would
devise,
Must have his body nothing else but eyes.

XII.

Fair is my Love! whose parts are so well
framed,
By Nature's special order and direction;
That She herself is more than half
ashamed,
In having made a work of such perfection.
And well may Nature blush at such a
feature;
Seeing herself excelled in her creature.

XIII.

Her body is straight, slender, and upright;
Her visage comely, and her looks demure
Mixt with a cheerful grace that yields
delight;
Her eyes, like stars, bright, shining, clear
and pure:
Which I describing, LOVE bids stay my
pen,
And says, "It's not a work for mortal men!"

XIV.

The ancient poets write of Graces three,
Which meeting all together in one
creature,
In all points, perfect make the Frame to
be;
For inward virtues, and for outward

feature
But smile, ALCILIA! and the world shall
see
That in thine eyes, a hundred Graces be!

XV.

As LOVE had drawn his bow, ready to
shoot,
Aiming at me, with resolute intent;
Straight, bow and shaft he cast down at
his foot,
And said, "Why, needless, should one shaft
be spent?
I'll spare it then, and now it shall suffice
Instead of shafts, to use ALCILIA's eyes."

XVI.

Blush not, my Love! for fear lest PHŒBUS
spy!
Which if he do, then, doubtless, he will
say,
"Thou seek'st to dim his clearness with
thine eye!"
That clearness, which, from East, brings
gladsome day:
But most of all, lest JOVE should see, I
dread;
And take thee up to heaven like
GANYMEDE.

XVII.

PHILOPARTHEN. "What is the cause
ALCILIA is displeased?"
LOVE. "Because she wants that which

should most content her."
PHILOPARTHEN. "O did I know it, soon
should she be eased!"
LOVE. "Perhaps, thou dost! and that doth
most torment her."
PHILOPARTHEN. "Yet, let her ask! what
she desires to have."
LOVE. "Guess, by thyself! For maidens
must not crave!"

XVIII.

My Love, by chance, her tender finger
pricked;
As, in the dark, I strivèd for a kiss:
Whose blood, I seeing, offered to have
licked,
But half in anger, she refusèd this.
O that she knew the difference of the
smart
'Twixt her pricked finger, and my piercèd
heart!

XIX.

PHILOPARTHEN. "I pray thee, tell! What
makes my heart to tremble,
When, on a sudden, I,
ALCILIA spy?"
LOVE. "Because thy heart cannot thy joy
dissemble!
Thy life and death are
both lodged in her
eye."
PHILOPARTHEN. "Dost thou not her, with
self-same passion strike?"

LOVE. "O, no! Her heart and thine are not
alike."

XX.

Such are thy parts of body and of mind;
That if I should not love thee as I do,
I should too much degenerate from Kind,
And think the world would blame my
weakness too.
For he, whom such perfections cannot
move,
Is either senseless, or not born to love.

XXI.

ALCILIA's eyes have set my heart on fire,
The pleasing object that my pain doth
feed:
Yet still to see those eyes I do desire,
As if my help should from my hurt
proceed.
Happy were I, might there in her be found
A will to heal, as there was power to
wound.

XXII.

Unwise was he, that painted LOVE a boy;
Who, for his strength, a giant should have
been.
It's strange a child should work so great
annoy;
Yet howsoever strange, too truly seen.
"But what is he? that dares at LOVE
repine;
Whose works are wonders, and himself

divine!"

XXIII.

My fair ALCILIA! gladly would I know it,
If ever Loving Passion pierced thy heart?
O, no! For, then, thy kindness soon would show it!
And of my pains, thyself wouldst bear some part.
Full little knoweth he that hath not proved,
What hell it is to love, and not be loved.

XXIV.

LOVE! Art thou blind? Nay, thou canst see too well!
And they are blind that so report of thee!
That thou dost see, myself by proof can tell;
(A hapless proof thereof is made by me);
For sure I am, hadst thou not had thy sight,
Thou never couldst have hit my heart so right.

XXV.

Long have I languished, and endured much smart
Since hapless I, the Cruel Fair did love;
And lodged her in the centre of my heart.
Who, there abiding, Reason should her move.
Though of my pains she no compassion take;

Yet to respect me, for her own sweet sake.

XXVI.

In midst of winter season, as the snow,
Whose milk white mantle overspreads the ground;
In part, the colour of my love is so.
Yet their effects, I have contrary found:
For when the sun appears, snow melts anon;
But I melt always when my sun is gone.

XXVII.

The sweet content, at first, I seemed to prove
(While yet Desire unfledged, could scarcely fly),
Did make me think there was no life to Love;
Till all too late, Time taught the contrary.
For, like a fly, I sported with the flame;
Till, like a fool, I perished in the same.

XXVIII.

After dark night, the cheerful day appeareth;
After an ebb, the river flows again;
After a storm, the cloudy heaven cleareth:
All labours have their end, or ease of pain.
Each creature hath relief and rest, save I,
Who only dying, live; and living, die!

XXIX.

Sometimes I seek for company to sport,
Whereby I might my pensive thoughts
beguile;
Sometimes, again, I hide me from resort,
And muse alone: but yet, alas, the while
In changing place, I cannot change my
mind;
For wheresoe'er I fly, myself I find.

XXX.

Meritum petere grave.

Fain would I speak, but straight my heart
doth tremble,
And checks my tongue that should my
griefs reveal:
And so I strive my Passions to dissemble,
Which all the art I have, cannot conceal.
Thus standing mute, my heart with
longing starveth!
"It grieves a man to ask, what he
deserveth."

XXXI.

Since you desire of me the cause to know,
For which these divers Passions I have
proved;
Look in your glass! which will not fail to
show
The shadowed portrait of my best beloved.
If that suffice not, look into my heart!
Where it's engraven by a new found art.

XXXII.

The painful ploughman hath his heart's
delight;
Who, though his daily toil his body tireth,
Yet merrily comes whistling home at
night,
And sweetly takes the ease his pain
requireth:
But neither days nor nights can yield me
rest;
Born to be wretched, and to live opprest!

XXXIII.

O well were it, if Nature would devise
That men with men together might
engender,
As grafts of trees, one from another rise;
Then nought, of due, to women should we
render!
But, vain conceit! that Nature should do
this;
Since, well we know, herself a woman is!

XXXIV.

Upon the altar where LOVE's fires burnèd,
My Sighs and Tears for sacrifice I offered;
When LOVE, in rage, from me his
countenance turnèd,
And did reject what I so humbly proffered.
If he, my heart expect, alas, it's gone!
"How can a man give that, is not his
own?"

XXXV.

ALCILIA said, "She did not know my mind,
Because my words did not declare my love!"
Thus, where I merit most, least help I find;
And her unkindness all too late I prove.
Grant, LOVE! that She, of whom thou art neglected,
May one day love, and little be respected!

XXXVI.

Amor est otiosorum negotium.

The Cynic[4] being asked, "When he should love?"
Made answer, "When he nothing had to do;
For Love was Sloth!" But he did never prove
By his experience, what belonged thereto.
For had he tasted but so much as I,
He would have soon reformed his heresy.

XXXVII.

O judge me not, sweet Love, by outward show!
Though sometimes strange I seem, and to neglect thee!
Yet didst thou, but my inward Passions know,
Thou shouldst perceive how highly I respect thee!
"When looks are fixed, the heart ofttimes doth tremble!"

"Little loves he, that cannot much
dissemble!"

XXXVIII.

Parting from thee! even from myself I
part.
Thou art the star, by which my life is
guided!
I have the body, but thou hast the heart!
The better part is from itself divided.
Thus do I live, and this I do sustain,
Till gracious Fortune make us meet again!

XXXIX.

Open the sluices of my feeble eyes,
And let my tears have passage from their
fountain!
Fill all the earth, with plaints! the air,
with cries!
Which may pierce rocks, and reach the
highest mountain:
That so, LOVE's wrath, by these extremes
appeased;
My griefs may cease, and my poor heart
be eased.

XL.

"After long sickness, health brings more
delight."
"Seas seem more calm, by storms once
overblown."
"The day more cheerful, by the passed
night."
"Each thing is, by his contrary best

known."
"Continual ease is pain: Change sometimes
meeter."
"Discords in music make music sweeter."

XLI.

Fear to offend forbids my tongue to speak,
And signs and sighs must tell my inward
woe:
But (ay the while) my heart with grief
doth break,
And she, by signs, my sorrow will not
know.
"The stillest streams we see in deepest
fords;
And Love is greatest, when it wanteth
words."

XLII.

"No pain so great but may be eased by
Art."
"Though much we suffer, yet despair we
should not."
"In midst of griefs, Hope always hath some
part;
And Time may heal, what Art and Reason
could not."
O what is then this Passion I endure,
Which neither Reason, Art, nor Time can
cure?

XLIII.

Pale Jealousy! Fiend of the eternal Night!
Misshapen creature, born before thy time!

The Imp of Horror! Foe to sweet Delight!
Making each error seem an heinous crime.
Ah, too great pity! (were there remedy),
That ever Love should keep Thee
company!

XLIV.

Solstit: brumal. This Sonnet was devised upon the shortest day of the year.

The days are now come to their shortest
date;
And must, in time, by course, increase
again.
But only I continue at one state,
Void of all hope of help, or ease of pain;
For days of joy must still be short with
me,
And nights of sorrow must prolongèd be.

XLV.

Sleep now, my Muse! and henceforth take
thy rest!
Which all too long thyself in vain hath
wasted.
Let it suffice I still must live opprest;
And of my pains, the fruit must ne'er be
tasted.
Then sleep, my Muse! "Fate cannot be
withstood."

"It's better sleep; than wake, and do no
good."

XLVI.

Why should I love, since She doth prove
ungrateful:
Since, for reward, I reap nought but
disdain.
Love thus to be requited, it is hateful!
And Reason would, I should not love in
vain.
Yet all in vain, when all is out of season,
For "Love hath no society with Reason."

XLVII.

Heart's Ease and I have been at odds, too
long!
I follow fast, but still he flies from me!
I sue for grace, and yet sustain the wrong;
So gladly would I reconcilèd be.
LOVE! make us one! So shalt thou work a
wonder;
Uniting them, that were so far asunder.

XLVIII.

"Uncouth, unkist," our ancient Poet[5]
said.
And he that hides his wants, when he hath
need,
May, after, have his want of wit
bewrayed;
And fail of his desire, when others speed.
Then boldly speak! "The worst is at first
entering!"

"Much good success men miss, for lack of
venturing!"

XLIX.

Declare the griefs wherewith thou art
oppress,
And let the world be witness of thy woes!
Let not thy thoughts lie buried in thy
breast;
But let thy tongue, thy discontents
disclose!
For "who conceals his pain when he is
grieved,
May well be pitied, but no way relieved."

L.

Ne amor ne signoria vuole compagnia.

Wretched is he that loving, sets his heart
On her, whose love, from pure affection
swerveth;
Who doth permit each one to have a part
Of that, which none but he alone
deserveth.
Give all, or none! For once, of this be sure!
"Lordship and Love no partners may
endure."

LI.

Who spends the weary day in pensive
thought,

And night in dreams of horror and
affright;
Whose wealth is want; whose hope is
come to nought;
Himself, the mark for Love's and Fortune's
spite:
Let him appear, if any such there be!
His case and mine more fitly will agree.

LII.

Fair tree, but fruitless! sometimes full of
sap!
Which now yields nought at all, that may
delight me!
Some cruel frost, or some untimely hap
Hath made thee barren, only to despite
me!
Such trees, in vain, with hope do feed
Desire;
And serve for fuel to increase Love's fire.

LIII.

In company (whiles sad and mute I sit,
My thoughts elsewhere, than there I seem
to be)
Possessed with some deep melancholy fit;
One of my friends observes the same in
me,
And says in jest, which I in earnest prove,
"He looks like one, that had lost his First
Love!"

LIV.

'Twixt Hope and Fear, in doubtful balance

peazed,
My fate, my fortune, and my love
depends.
Sometimes my Hope is raised, when LOVE
is pleased;
Which Fear weighs down, when ought his
will offends.
The heavens are sometimes clear, and
sometimes lower;
And "he that loves, must taste both sweet
and sour!"

LV.

Retire, my wandering Thoughts! unto your
rest!
Do not, henceforth, consume yourselves in
vain!
No mortal man, in all points, can be blest;
What now is mine, may be another's pain.
The watery clouds are clear, when storms
are past;
And "things, in their extremes, long cannot
last."

LVI.

Visus.
Sermo.
Tactus.

The fire of Love is first bred in the Eye,
And thence conveys his heat unto the
Heart,
Where it lies hid, till time his force descry.
The Tongue thereto adds fuel for his part;
The touch of Lips, which doth succeed the

same,
Kindles the rest, and so it proves a flame.

LVII.

The tender Sprigs that sprouted in the field,
And promised hope of fruit to him that planted;
Instead of fruit, doth nought but blossoms yield,
Though care, and pain to prune them never wanted
Even so, my hopes do nought but blossoms prove,
And yield no fruits to recompense my love.

LVIII.

Though little sign of love in show appear;
Yet think, True Love, of colours hath no need!
It's not the glorious garments, which men wear,
That makes them other than they are indeed:
"In meanest show, the most affection dwells;
And richest pearls are found in simplest shells."

LIX.

Martial. Ille dolet vere, qui

sine teste dolet.

Let not thy tongue, thy inward thoughts
disclose!
Or tell the sorrows that thy heart endures!
Let no man's ears be witness of thy woes!
Since pity, neither help nor ease procures:
And "only he is, truly, said to moan,
Whose griefs none knoweth but himself
alone."

LX.

Alteri inserviens meipsum conficio.

A thousand times; I curse these idle
rhymes,
Which do their Maker's follies vain set
forth;
Yet bless I them again, as many times,
For that in them, I blaze ALCILIA's worth.
Meanwhile, I fare, as doth the torch by
night,
Which wastes itself in giving others light.

LXI.

Enough of this! For all is nought regarded!
And She, not once, with my complaints is
moved.
Die, hapless love! since thou art not
rewarded;
Yet ere thou die, to witness that I loved!

Report my truth! and tell the Fair unkind,
That "She hath lost, what none but She
shall find!"

LXII.

Lovers, lament! You that have truly loved!
For PHILOPARTHEN, now, hath lost his
love:
The greatest loss that ever lover proved.
O let his hard hap some compassion
move!
Who had not rued the loss of her so much;
But that he knows the world yields no
more such.

LXIII.

Upon the ocean of conceited error,
My weary spirits, many storms have past;
Which now in harbour, free from wonted
terror,
Joy the possession of their rest at last.
And, henceforth, safely may they lie at
road!
And never rove for "Had I wist!" abroad!



Love's Accusation at the Judgement Seat of Reason; wherein the Author's whole success in his love is covertly deciphered.

[Compare this, with GASCOIGNE's poem, *Vol. I. p. 63*.]



In REASON's Court, myself being Plaintiff
there,
LOVE was, by process, summoned to
appear.
That so the wrongs, which he had done to
me,
Might be made known; and all the world
might see:
And seeing, rue what to my cost I proved;
While faithful, but unfortunate I loved.

After I had obtainèd audience;
I thus began to give in evidence.

[*The Author's Evidence against Love.*]

"Most sacred Queen! and Sovereign of
man's heart!
Which of the mind dost rule the better
part!
First bred in heaven, and from thence,
hither sent
To guide men's actions by thy regiment!
Vouchsafe a while to hear the sad
complaint
Of him that LOVE hath long kept in
restraint;
And, as to you it properly belongs,
Grant justice of my undeservèd wrongs!
It's now two years, as I remember well,
Since first this wretch, (sent from the
nether hell,
To plague the world with new-found
cruelties),
Under the shadow of two crystal Eyes,
Betrayed my Sense; and, as I slumbering
lay,

Feloniously conveyed my heart away;
Which most unjustly he detained from me,
And exercised thereon strange tyranny.
  Sometime his manner was, in sport and
    game,
With briars and thorns, to raze and prick
    the same;
Sometime with nettles of Desire to sting it;
Sometime with pincons[6] of Despair to
    wring it;
Sometime again, he would anoint the sore,
And heal the place that he had hurt
    before:
But hurtful helps! and ministered in vain!
Which servèd only to renew my pain.
For, after that, more wounds he added
    still;
Which piercèd deep, but had no power to
    kill.
Unhappy medicine! which, instead of
    cure,
Gives strength to make the patient more
    endure!
  But that which was most strange of all
    the rest
(Myself being thus 'twixt life and death
    distrest),
Ofttimes, when as my pain exceeded
    measure,
He would persuade me that the same was
    pleasure;
My solemn sadness, but contentment
    meet;
My travail, rest; and all my sour, sweet;
My wounds, but gentle strokes: whereat
    he smiled,

And by these slights, my careless youth
beguiled.
Thus did I fare, as one that living died,
(For greater pains, I think, hath no man
tried)
Disquiet thoughts, like furies in my breast
Nourished the poison that my spirits
possesst.
Now Grief, then Joy; now War, then Peace
unstable,
Nought sure I had, but to be miserable.
I cannot utter all, I must confess.
Men may conceive more than they can
express!
But (to be short), which cannot be
excused,
With vain illusions, LOVE, my hope
abused;
Persuading me I stood upon firm ground
When, unawares, myself on sands I found.
This is the point which most I do enforce!
That Love, without all pity or remorse,
Did suffer me to languish still in grief
Void of contentment, succour, or relief:
And when I looked my pains should be
rewarded,
I did perceive, that they were nought
regarded.
For why? Alas, these hapless eyes did
see
ALCILIA loved another more than me!
So in the end, when I expected most;
My hope, my love, and fortune thus were
crost."

Proceeding further, REASON bad me stay

For the Defendant had some thing to say.
Then to the Judge, for justice, loud I
cried!
And so I pausèd: and LOVE thus replied.

[*Love's Reply to the Author.*]

"Since REASON ought to lend indifferent
ears
Unto both parties, and judge as truth
appears;
Most gracious Lady! give me leave to
speak,
And answer his Complaint, that seeks to
wreak
His spite and malice on me, without
cause;
In charging me to have transgressed thy
laws!
Of all his follies, he imputes the blame
To me, poor LOVE! that nought deserves
the same.
Himself it is, that hath abusèd me!
As by mine answer, shall well proved be.

Fond youth! thou knowest what I for thee
effected!
Though, now, I find it little be respected.
I purged thy wit, which was before but
gross.
The metal pure, I severed from the dross,
And did inspire thee with my sweetest fire
That kindled in thee Courage and Desire:
Not like unto those servile Passions
Which cumber men's imaginations
With Avarice, Ambition, and Vainglory;
Desire of things fleeting and transitory.

No base conceit, but such as Powers above
Have known and felt, I mean, th' Instinct
of Love;
Which making men, all earthly things
despise,
Transports them to a heavenly paradise.

Where thou complain'st of sorrows in thy
heart,
Who lives on earth but therein hath his
part?
Are these thy fruits? Are these thy best
rewards
For all the pleasing glances, sly regards,
The sweet stol'n kisses, amorous conceits,
So many smiles, so many fair intreats,
Such kindness as ALCILIA did bestow
All for my sake! as well thyself dost know?
That LOVE should thus be used, it is
hateful!
But 'all is lost, that's done for one
ungrateful.'

Where he allegeth that he was abusèd
In that he truly loving, was refusèd:
That's most untrue! and plainly may be
tried.
Who never asked, could never be denied!
But he affected rather single life,
Than yoke of marriage, matching with a
wife.
And most men, now, make love to none
but heires[ses]
Poor love! GOD wot! that poverty
empairs.
Worldly respects, LOVE little doth regard.
'Who loves, hath only love for his reward!'

The description of a foolhardy Lover.

He merits a lover's name, indeed!
That casts no doubts, which vain suspicion breed:
But desperately at hazard, throws the dice,
Neglecting due regard of friends' advice;
That wrestles with his fortune and his fate,
Which had ordained to better his estate;
That hath no care of wealth, no fear of lack,
But ventures forward, though he see his wrack;
That with Hope's wings, like ICARUS doth fly,
Though for his rashness, he like fortune try;
That, to his fame, the world of him may tell
How, while he soared aloft, adown he fell.
And so True Love awarded him his doom
In scaling heaven, to have made the sea his tomb;
That making shipwreck of his dearest fame,
Betrays himself to poverty and shame;
That hath no sense of sorrow, or repent,
No dread of perils far or imminent;
But doth prefer before all pomp or pelf,
The sweet of love as dearer than himself.
Who, were his passage stopped by sword and fire,
Would make way through, to compass his

Desire.
For which he would (though heaven and
earth forbad it)
Hazard to lose a kingdom, if he had it.
These be the things wherein I glory
most,
Whereof, this my Accuser cannot boast:
Who was indifferent to his loss or gain;
And better pleased to fail, than to obtain.
All qualified affections, LOVE doth hate!
And likes him best that's most
intemperate.
But hence, proceeds his malice and
despite;
While he himself bars of his own delight.
For when as he, ALCILIA first affected,
(Like one in show, that love little
respected)
He masqued, disguised, and entertained
his thought
With hope of that, which he in secret
sought;
And still forbare to utter his desire,
Till his delay receive her worthy hire.
And well we know, what maids
themselves would have,
Men must sue for, and by petition crave.
But he regarding more his Wealth, than
Will;
Hath little care his Fancy to fulfil.
Yet when he saw ALCILIA loved another;
The secret fire, which in his breast did
smother,
Began to smoke, and soon had proved a
flame:
If Temperance had not allayed the same.

Which, afterward, so quenched he did not find
But that some sparks remainèd still behind.
Thus, when time served, he did refuse to crave it;
And yet envied another man should have it!
As though, fair maids should wait, at young men's pleasure,
Whilst they, 'twixt sport and earnest, love at leisure.
Nay, at the first! when it is kindly proffered!
Maids must accept; least twice, it be not offered!
Else though their beauty seem their good t'importune,
Yet may they lose the better of their fortune.
Thus, as this Fondling coldly went about it;
So in the end, he clearly went without it.
For while he, doubtful, seemed to make a stay,
A Mongrel stole the maiden's heart away;
For which, though he lamented much in shew,
Yet was he, inward, glad it fell out so.
Now, REASON! you may plainly judge by this,
Not I, but he, the false dissembler is:
Who, while fond hope his lukewarm love did feed,
Made sign of more than he sustained indeed:

And filled his rhymes with fables and with lies,
Which, without Passion, he did oft devise;
So to delude the ignorance of such
That pitied him, thinking he loved too much.
And with conceit, rather to shew his Wit,
Than manifest his faithful Love by it.
Much more than this, could I lay to his charge;
But time would fail to open all at large.
Let this suffice to prove his bad intent,
And prove that LOVE is clear and innocent."

Thus, at the length, though late, he made an end,
And both of us did earnestly, attend
The final judgement, REASON should award:
When thus she 'gan to speak. "With due regard,
The matter hath been heard, on either side.
For judgement, you must longer time abide!
The cause is weighty, and of great import."
And so she, smiling, did adjourn the Court.

Little availed it, then, to argue more;
So I returned in worse case than before.

Love Deciphered.



Love and I are now divided,
Conceit, by Error, was misguided.
ALCILIA hath my love despised!
"No man loves, that is advised."
"Time at length, hath Truth detected."
LOVE hath missed what he expected.
Yet missing that, which long he sought;
I have found that, I little thought.
"Errors, in time, may be redrest,"
"The shortest follies are the best."

Love and Youth are now asunder;
Reason's glory, Nature's wonder.
My thoughts, long bound, are now
enlarged;
My Folly's penance is discharged:
Thus Time hath altered my estate.
"Repentance never comes too late."
Ah, well I find that Love is nought
But folly, and an idle thought.
The difference is 'twixt LOVE and me,
That he is blind, and I can see.

Love is honey mixed with gall!
A thraldom free, a freedom thrall!
A bitter sweet, a pleasant sour!
Got in a year, lost in an hour!
A peaceful war, a warlike peace!
Whose wealth brings want; whose want,
increase!

Full long pursuit, and little gain!
Uncertain pleasure, certain pain!
Regard of neither right nor wrong!
For short delights, repentance long!

Love is the sickness of the thought!
Conceit of pleasure, dearly bought!
A restless Passion of the mind!
A labyrinth of errors blind!
A sugared poison! fair deceit!
A bait for fools! a furious heat!
A chilling cold! a wondrous passion
Exceeding man's imagination!
Which none can tell in whole, or part,
But only he that feels the smart.

Love is sorrow mixt with gladness!
Fear, with hope! and hope, with madness!
Long did I love, but all in vain;
I loving, was not loved again:
For which my heart sustained much woe.
It fits not maids to use men so!
Just deserts are not regarded,
Never love so ill rewarded!
But "all is lost that is not sought!"
"Oft wit proves best, that's dearest
bought!"

Women were made for men's relief;
To comfort, not to cause their grief.
Where most I merit, least I find:
No marvel! since that love is blind.
Had She been kind, as She was fair,
My case had been more strange and rare.
But women love not by desert!
Reason in them hath weakest part!
Then, henceforth, let them love that list,

I will beware of "Had I wist!"

These faults had better been concealed,
Than to my shame abroad revealed.
Yet though my youth did thus miscarry,
My harms may make others more wary.
Love is but a youthful fit,
And some men say "It's sign of wit!"
But he that loves as I have done;
To pass the day, and see no sun:
Must change his note, and sing *Erravi!*
Or else may chance to cry *Peccavi!*

The longest day must have his night,
Reason triumphs in Love's despite.
I follow now Discretion's lore;
"Henceforth to like; but love no more!"
Then gently pardon what is past!
For LOVE draws onwards to his last.
"He walks," they say, "with wary eye;
Whose footsteps never tread awry!"
My Muse a better work intends:
And here my Loving Folly ends.

After long storms and tempests past,
I see the haven at the last;
Where I must rest my weary bark,
And there unlade my care and cark.
My pains and travails long endured,
And all my wounds must there be cured.
Joys, out of date, shall be renewed;
To think of perils past eschewed.
When I shall sit full blithe and jolly,
And talk of lovers and their folly.

Then LOVE and FOLLY, both adieu!
Long have I been misled by you.

FOLLY may new adventures try!
But REASON says that "LOVE must die!"
Yea, die indeed, although grieve him;
For my cold heart cannot relieve him!
Yet for her sake, whom once I loved,
(Though all in vain, as time hath proved)
I'll take the pain, if She consent!
To write his Will and Testament.

Love's Last Will and Testament.

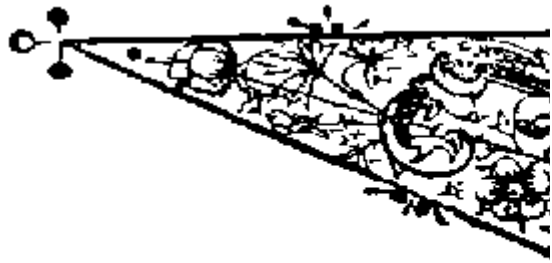


My Spirit, I bequeath unto the air!
My Body shall unto the earth repair!
My Burning Brand, unto the Prince of Hell;
T'increase men's pains that there in darkness dwell!
For well I ween, above nor under ground,
A greater pain than that, may not be found.
My sweet Conceits of Pleasure and Delight,
To EREBUS! and to Eternal Night!
My Sighs, my Tears, my Passions, and Laments,
Distrust, Despair; all these my hourly rents,
With other plagues that lovers' minds enthral:
Unto OBLIVION, I bequeath them all!

My broken Bow, and Shafts, I give to
REASON!
My Cruelties, my Slights, and forgèd
Treason,
To Womankind! and to their seed, for aye!
To wreak their spite, and work poor men's
decay.
Reserving only for ALCILIA's part,
Small kindness, and less care of lovers'
smart.

For She is from the vulgar sort excepted;
And had She, PHILOPARTHEN's love
respected,
Requiting it with like affection,
She might have had the praise of all
perfection.
This done; if I have any Faith and Troth;
To PHILOPARTHEN, I assign them both!
For unto him, of right, they do belong
Who loving truly, suffered too much
wrong.
TIME shall be sole Executor of my will;
Who may these things, in order due fulfil,
To warrant this my Testament for good;
I have subscribed it, with my dying blood.

And so he died, that all this bale had bred.
And yet my heart misdoubts he is not
dead:
For, sure, I fear, should I ALCILIA spy;
She might, eftsoons, revive him with her
eye!
Such power divine remaineth in her sight;
To make him live again, in Death's
despite.



The Sonnets following were written by the Author, after he began to decline from his Passionate Affection; and in them, he seemeth to please himself with describing the Vanity of Love, the Frailty of Beauty, and the sour fruits of Repentance.

I.



Now have I spun the web of my own

woes,
And laboured long to purchase my own
loss.
Too late I see, I was beguiled with shows.
And that which once seemed gold, now
proves but dross.
Thus am I, both of help and hope
bereaved.
"He never tried that never was deceived."

II.

Chi non si fida, non viene ingannato.

Once did I love, but more than once
repent;
When vintage came, my grapes were sour,
or rotten.
Long time in grief and pensive thoughts I
spent;
And all for that, which Time hath made
forgotten.
O strange effects of time! which, once
being lost,
Make men secure of that they lovèd most.

III.

Thus have I long in th'air of Error
hovered,
And run my ship upon Repentance's shelf.
Truth hath the veil of Ignorance
uncovered,
And made me see; and seeing, know

myself.
Of former follies, now, I must repent,
And count this work, part of my time ill
spent.

IV.

What thing is LOVE? "A tyrant of the
Mind!"
"Begot by heat of Youth; brought forth by
Sloth;
Nursed with vain Thoughts, and changing
as the wind!"
"A deep Dissembler, void of faith and
troth!"
"Fraught with fond errors, doubts, despite,
disdain,
And all the plagues that earth and hell
contain!"

V.

Like to a man that wanders all the day
Through ways unknown, to seek a thing of
worth,
And, at the night, sees he hath gone
astray;
As near his end, as when he first set forth:
Such is my case, whose hope untimely
crost,
After long errors, proves my labour lost.

VI.

Failed of that hap, whereto my hope
aspired,
Deprived of that which might have been

mine own:
Another, now, must have what I desired;
And things too late, by their events are
known.
Thus do we wish for that cannot be got;
And when it may, then we regard it not.

VII.

Ingrateful LOVE! since thou hast played
thy part!
(Enthralling him, whom Time hath since
made free)
It rests with me, to use both Wit and Art,
That of my wrongs I may revengèd be:
And in those eyes, where first thou took'st
thy fire!
Thyself shalt perish, through my cold
desire.

VIII.

"Grieve not thyself, for that cannot be had!
And things, once cureless, let them
cureless rest!"
"Blame not thy fortune, though thou deem
it bad!
What's past and gone will never be
redrest."
"The only help, for that cannot be gained,
Is to forget it might have been obtained."

IX.

How happy, once, did I myself esteem!
While Love with Hope, my fond Desire did
cherish;

My state as blissful as a King's did seem,
Had I been sure my joys should never perish.
"The thoughts of men are fed with expectation."
"Pleasures themselves are but imagination."

X.

Why should we hope for that which is to come,
Where the event is doubtful, and unknown?
Such fond presumptions soon receive their doom,
When things expected we count as our own;
Whose issue, ofttimes, in the end proves nought
But hope! a shadow, and an idle thought.

XI.

In vain do we complain our life is short,
(Which well disposed, great matters might effect)
While we ourselves, in toys and idle sport,
Consume the better part without respect.
And careless (as though time should never end it)
'Twixt sleep, and waking, prodigally spend it.

XII.

Youthful Desire is like the summer season

That lasts not long; for winter must
succeed:
And so our Passions must give place to
Reason;
And riper years, more ripe effects must
breed.
Of all the seed, Youth sowed in vain
desires,
I reapèd nought, but thistles, thorns, and
briars.

XIII.

Chi non fa,
non falla;
chi falla,
l'amenda.

"To err and do amiss, is given to men by
Kind."
"Who walks so sure, but sometimes treads
awry?"
But to continue still in errors blind,
A bad and bestial nature doth descry.
"Who proves not; fails not; and brings
nought to end:
Who proves and fails, may, afterward,
amend."

XIV.

There was but One, and doubtless She the
best!
Whom I did more than all the world
esteem:
She having failed, I disavow the rest;
For, now, I find "things are not as they

seem."
"Default of that, wherein our will is crost,
Ofttimes, unto our good availeth most."

XV.

Chi va, e ritorna, fa buon viaggio.

I fare like him who, now his land-hope spent,
By unknown seas, sails to the Indian shore;
Returning thence no richer than he went,
Yet cannot much his fortune blame therefore.
Since "Whoso ventures forth upon the Main,
Makes a good mart, if he return again."

XVI.

Lovers' Conceits are like a flatt'ring Glass,
That makes the lookers fairer than they are;
Who, pleased in their deceit, contented pass.
Such once was mine, who thought there was none fair,
None witty, modest, virtuous but She;
Yet now I find the Glass abusèd me.

XVII.

Adieu, fond Love! the Mother of all Error!

Replete with hope and fear, with joy and pain.
False fire of Fancy! full of care and terror.
Shadow of pleasures fleeting, short, and vain!
Die, loathèd Love! Receive thy latest doom!
"Night be thy grave! and Oblivion be thy tomb!"

XVIII.

Nihil agendo male agere discimus.

Who would be rapt up into the third heaven
To see a world of strange imaginations?
Who, careless, would leave all at six and seven,
To wander in a labyrinth of Passions?
Who would, at once, all kinds of folly prove;
When he hath nought to do, then let him love!

XIX.

What thing is Beauty? "Nature's dearest Minion!"
"The Snare of Youth! like the inconstant moon
Waxing and waning!" "Error of Opinion!"
"A Morning's Flower, that withereth ere noon!"

"A swelling Fruit! no sooner ripe, than
rotten!"
"Which sickness makes forlorn, and time
forgotten!"

XX.

The Spring of Youth, which now is in his
prime;
Winter of Age, with hoary frosts shall nip!
Beauty shall then be made the prey of
Time!
And sour Remorse, deceitful Pleasures
whip!
Then, henceforth, let Discretion rule
Desire!
And Reason quench the flame of CUPID's
fire!

XXI.

O what a life was that sometime I led!
When Love with Passions did my peace
encumber;
While, like a man neither alive nor dead,
I was rapt from myself, as one in slumber:
Whose idle senses, charmed with fond
illusion,
Did nourish that which bred their own
confusion.

XXII.

The child, for ever after, dreads the fire;
That once therewith by chance his finger
burned.
Water of Time distilled doth cool Desire.

"And far he ran," they say, "that never
turned."
After long storms, I see the port at last.
Farewell, Folly! For now my love is past!

XXIII.

Base servile thoughts of men, too much
dejected,
That seek, and crouch, and kneel for
women's grace!
Of whom, your pain and service is
neglected;
Yourselves, despised; rivals, before your
face!
The more you sue, the less you shall
obtain!
The less you win, the more shall be your
gain!

XXIV.

In looking back unto my follies past;
While I the present, with times past
compare,
And think how many hours I then did
waste
Painting on clouds, and building in the
air:
I sigh within myself, and say in sadness,
"This thing which fools call Love, is
nought but Madness!"

XXV.

"The things we have, we most of all
neglect;

And that we have not, greedily we crave.
The things we may have, little we respect;
And still we covet, that we cannot have.
Yet, howsoe'er, in our conceit, we prize
them;
No sooner gotten, but we straight despise
them."

XXVI.

Who seats his love upon a woman's will,
And thinks thereon to build a happy state;
Shall be deceived, when least he thinks of
ill,
And rue his folly when it is too late.
He ploughs on sand, and sows upon the
wind,
That hopes for constant love in
Womankind.

XXVII.

I will no longer spend my time in toys!
Seeing Love is Error, Folly, and Offence;
An idle fit for fond and reckless boys,
Or else for men deprived of common
sense.
'Twixt Lunacy and Love, these odds
appear;
Th' one makes fools, monthly; th' other, all
the year.

XXVIII.

While season served to sow, my plough
stood still;
My graffs unset, when other's trees did

bloom.
I spent the Spring in sloth, and slept my
fill;
But never thought of Winter's cold to
come;
Till Spring was past, the Summer well
nigh gone;
When I awaked, and saw my harvest none.

XXIX.

Now LOVE sits all alone, in black attire;
His broken bow, and arrows lying by him;
His fire extinct, that whilom fed Desire;
Himself the scorn of lovers that pass by
him:
Who, this day, freely may disport and
play;
For it is PHILOPARTHEN's Holiday.

XXX.

Otia si tollas periere Cupidinis arcus.

Nay, think not LOVE! with all thy cunning
slight,
To catch me once again! Thou com'st too
late!
Stern Industry puts Idleness to flight:
And Time hath changèd both my name
and state.
Then seek elsewhere for mates, that may
befriend thee!
For I am busy, and cannot attend thee!

XXXI.

Loose Idleness! the Nurse of fond Desire!
Root of all ills that do our youth betide;
That, whilom, didst, through love, my wrack conspire:
I banish thee! and rather wish t'abide
All austere hardness, and continual pain;
Than to revoke thee! or to love again!

XXXII.

The time will come when, looking in a glass,
Thy rivelled face, with sorrow thou shalt see!
And sighing, say, "It is not as it was!
These cheeks were wont more fresh and fair to be!
But now, what once made me so much admired
Is least regarded, and of none desired!"

XXXIII.

Temporis solius honesta est avaritia.

Though thou be fair, think Beauty but a blast!
A morning's dew! a shadow quickly gone!
A painted flower, whose colour will not last!
Time steals away, when least we think thereon.

Of which alone, the sparing is
commended.

XXXIV.

How vain is Youth that, crossed in his
Desire,
Doth fret and fume, and inwardly repine;
As though 'gainst heaven itself, he would
conspire;
And with his frailty, 'gainst his fate
combine,
Who of itself continues constant still;
And doth us good, ofttimes against our
will.

XXXV.

In prime of Youth, when years and Wit
were ripe,
Unhappy Will, to ruin led the way.
Wit danced about, when Folly 'gan to
pipe;
And Will and he together went astray.
Nought then but Pleasure, was the good
they sought!
Which now Repentance proves too dearly
bought.

XXXVI.

Est virtus pracitis abstinuisse bonis.

He that in matters of delight and pleasure,

Can bridle his outrageous affection;
And temper it in some indifferent
measure,
Doth prove himself a man of good
direction.
In conquering Will, true courage most is
shown;
And sweet temptations makes men's
virtues known.

XXXVII.

Invidia fatorum series summisque negatum stare diu.

Each natural thing, by course of Kind, we
see,
In his perfection long continueth not.
Fruits once full ripe, will then fall from
the tree;
Or in due time not gathered, soon will rot.
It is decreed, by doom of Powers Divine,
Things at their height, must thence again
decline.

XXXVIII.

Thy large smooth forehead, wrinkled shall
appear!
Vermillion hue, to pale and wan shall
turn!
Time shall deface what Youth has held
most dear!

Yea, these clear Eyes (which once my
heart did burn)
Shall, in their hollow circles, lodge the
night;
And yield more cause of terror, than
delight!

XXXIX.

Quanto piace al mondo, e breve sogno.

Lo here, the Record of my follies past,
The fruits of Wit unstaid, and hours
misspent!
Full wise is he that perils can forecast,
And so, by others' harms, his own prevent.
All Worldly Pleasure that delights the
Sense,
Is but a short Sleep, and Time's vain
expense!

XL.

The sun hath twice his annual course
performed,
Since first unhappy I, began to love;
Whose errors now, by Reason's rule
reformed,
Conceits of Love but smoke and shadows
prove.
Who, of his folly, seeks more praise to
win;
Where I have made an end, let him begin!

J.C.

FINIS.



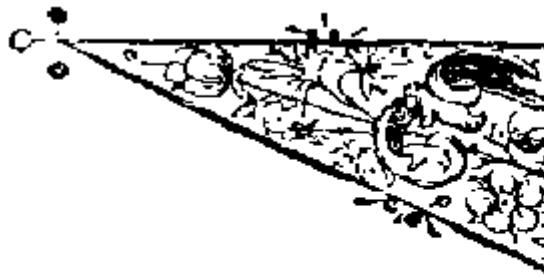
FOOTNOTES:

[4] *Diogenes.*

[5] *Chaucer.*

[6] *pincers.*

Sir Thomas Overbury
HIS
OBSERVATIONS,
IN HIS TRAVELS,
UPON THE STATE OF THE SEVENTEEN PROVINCES,
AS THEY STOOD ANNO DOMINI 1609;
THE TREATY OF PEACE BEING THEN ON FOOT.



Printed. M.DC.XXVI.

[In approximately estimating the present value of the money of 1609; we have multiplied by 4½.]

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY's Observations,

IN HIS TRAVELS, *UPON THE STATE OF THE Seventeen Provinces, AS THEY STOOD ANNO, DOMINI 1609; THE TREATY OF PEACE BEING THEN ON FOOT.*

And first, Of the Provinces United.



ALL things concurred for the rising and maintenance of this State: the disposition of the people, being as mutinous as industrious and frugal; the nature of the country, everywhere fortifiable with water; the situation of it, having behind them the Baltic sea, which yields them all materials for ships, and many other commodities; and for men, hard before them France and England, both fearing the Spanish greatness, and therefore both concurring for their aid; the remoteness of their Master from them; the change of religion, falling out about the time of their Revolt; and now the Marquis of BRANDENBURGH, a Protestant, like[ly] to become [the] Duke of CLEVE.

The discontentments of the Low Countries did first appear soon after the going away of the Kings of Spain, while the Duchess of PARMA governed. To suppress which beginnings, the Duke of ALVA being sent, inflamed them more upon attempting to bring in the Inquisition, and Spanish decimation; upon the beheading of Count HORN and Count EGMONT, persecuting those of the Religion: and undertaking to

build citadels upon all their towns; which he effected at Antwerp, but enterprising the like at Flushing, that town revolted first, and under it began the war.

But the more general Revolt of the Provinces happened after the death of Don LOUIS DE REQUIESCENS, and upon the coming down of Don JOHN of Austria: when all the Provinces, excepting Luxemburg (upon the sack of Antwerp and other insolences), proclaimed the Spaniards "rebels, and enemies to the King." Yet the abjuring of their obedience from the Crown of Spain, was not in a year or two after.

Holland and Zealand (upon their first standing out) offered the Sovereignty of themselves to the Queen, then the Protection, both which she neglected; and that, while the French sent greater aid, and more men of quality than we: but after the Civil War began in France, that kept them busy at home; and then the Queen, seeing the necessity of their being supported, upon the pawning of Brill and Flushing, sent money and men. And since that, most part of the great exploits there, have been done by the English, who were commonly the third part of their army; being four regiments, besides 1,100 in Flushing and the Ramekins, and 500 in the Brill. But, of late, the King of France appearing more for them than ours, and paying himself the French [soldiers] that are there; they give equal, if not more countenance to that nation. But upon these two Kings, they make their whole dependency: and though with more respect to him that is stronger for the time; yet so, as it may give no distaste unto the other.

For the manner of their Government. They have, upon occasion, an Assembly of the General States,

like our Parliament; being composed of those which are sent from every Province upon summons; and what these Enact, stands for Law. Then is there besides, a Council of State, residing, for the most part, at the Hague: which attends [to] daily occasions; being rather employed upon Affairs of State than particular [*individual*] justice. The most potent in this Council was BARNEVELD, by reason of his Advocates of Holland. And besides both these, every Province and great Town have particular Councils of their own. To all which Assemblies, as well of the General States as the rest, the gentry is called for order sake, but the State indeed is democratical: the merchant and the tradesman being predominant, the gentry, now, but few and poor; and, even at the beginning, the Prince of ORANGE saw it safer to rely upon the towns than [upon] them. Neither are the gentry so much engaged in the Cause: the people having more advantages in a Free State; they, in a Monarchy.

Their care in Government is very exact and particular, by reason that every one hath an immediate interest in the State. Such is the equality of justice, that it renders every man satisfied; such is the public regularity, as a man may see [that] their laws were made to guide, and not to entrap; such their exactness in casting the expense of an army, as that it shall be equally far from superfluity and want; and as much order and certainty in their acts of war, as in ours of peace; teaching it to be both civil and rich. And they still retain that sign of a Commonwealth yet uncorrupted, "Private poverty, and public weal!" for no one private man there is exceeding rich, and few very poor; and no State more sumptuous in all public things. But the question is, whether this, being a free State, will, as well subsist

in peace, as it hath hitherto done in war. Peace leaving every one to attend [to] his particular wealth: when fear, while the war lasts, makes them concur for their common safety. And Zealand, upon the least security, hath ever been envious at the predominancy of Holland and Utrecht; ready to mutiny for religion: and besides, it is a doubt, whether the same care and sincerity would continue if they were at their Consistence, as appears yet, while they are but in Rising.

The Revenue of this State ariseth chiefly from the Earl of HOLLAND's domains; and confiscated church livings; the rising and falling of money, which they use with much advantage; their fishing upon our coasts, and those of Norway; contributions out of the enemy's country, taxes upon all things at home, and impositions [*import duties*] upon all merchandise from abroad.

Their Expenses upon their Ambassadors, their shipping, their ditches, their rampiers [*dykes*] and munition; and commonly they have in pay, by sea and land, 60,000 men.

For the strength. The nature of the country makes them able to defend themselves long by land. Neither could anything have endangered them so much as the last great frost [*of 1608, see Vol. I. p. 77*], had not the Treaty been then on foot: because the enemy, being then master of the field; that rendered their ditches, marshes, and rivers as firm ground.

There belongs to that State, 20,000 vessels of all sorts. So that if the Spaniard were entirely beaten out of those parts; the Kings of France and England would take as much pains to suppress, as ever they did to raise them. For being our enemies, they are

[*would be*] able to give us the law at sea; and eat us out of all trade, much more the French: having at this time three ships for our one, though none so good as our best.

Now that whereupon the most part of their Revenue depends is their traffic, in which mystery of State they are, at this day, the wisest. For all the commodities that this part of the world wants, and the Indies have (as spice, silk, jewels, gold), they are become the conveyers of them for the rest of Christendom, excepting us: as the Venetians were of old. And all those commodities that those Northern countries abound with, and these Southern countries stand in need of: they likewise convey thither; which was the ancient trade of the Easterlings [*Baltic cities*]. And this they do, having little to export of their own, by buying of their neighbour-countries the former; and selling them again what they bring back, at their own prices: and so consequently, live upon the idleness of others. And to this purpose, their situation serves fitly. For the rivers of the Rhine, the Maas, and [the] Scheldt all end in their dominions; and the Baltic sea lies not far from them: all which afford them whatever the great continent of Germany, Russia, and Poland yields.

Then they, again, lying between Germany and the sea, do furnish it back, with all commodities foreign.

To remember some pieces of their discipline, as patterns of the rest. The Watches at night are never all of one nation [*race*], so that they can hardly concur to give up any one town. The Commissaries are nowhere so strict upon Musters, and where he finds a company thither, he reduceth them: so that, when an army marcheth, the List and the Poll are never far disagreeing. The army is ever well clothed,

well armed; and had never yet occasion to mutiny for pay or victuals. The soldiers commit nowhere fewer insolences upon the burghers, few robberies upon the country; nor the Officers fewer deceits upon the soldiers. And lastly, they provide well that their General shall have small means to invade their liberties. For first, their Army is composed of many nations, which have their several Commanders; and the commands are disposed by the States themselves, not by the General. And secondly, he hath never an implicit commission left to discretion: but, by reason their country hath no great bounds, receives daily commands what to do.

Their territory contains six entire Provinces; Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Groningen, Overyssel, and Friesland, besides three parts of Guelderland, and certain towns in Brabant and Flanders: the ground of which is, for the most part, fruitful; the towns nowhere are so *equally* beautiful, strong, and rich: which equality grows by reason that they appropriate some one staple commodity to every town of note; only Amsterdam not only passeth them all, but even Seville, Lisbon, or any other Mart Town in Christendom. And to it, is appropriated the trade of the East Indies, where they maintain commonly forty ships; besides which, there go, twice a year, from it and the adjoining towns, a great fleet to the Baltic sea. Upon the fall of Antwerp, that [town of Amsterdam] rose, rather than Middleburgh; though it [*that*] stands at the same river's mouth, and is the second Mart Town; to which is appropriated our English cloth.

Concerning the people. They are neither much devout, nor much wicked; given all to drink, and, eminently, to no other vice; hard in bargaining, but

just; surly, and respectless, as in all democracies; thirsty [?*thrifty*], industrious, and cleanly; disheartened upon the least ill-success, and insolent upon good; inventive in manufactures; cunning in traffic. And generally, for matter of action, that natural slowness of theirs suits better (by reason of the advisedness and perseverance it brings with it) than the rashness and changeableness of the French and Florentine wits. And the equality of spirits which is among them and the Swiss, renders them so fit for a Democracy; which kind of Government, nations, of more unstable wits, being once come to a Consistent Greatness, have seldom long endured.



Observations upon the State of the Archduke's Country, 1609.
By Sir Thomas Overbury.



As soon as I entered into the Archduke's country, which begins after Lillow; presently, I beheld [the] works of a Province, and those of a Province distressed with war. The people heartless; and rather repining against their Governors than revengeful against their enemies. The bravery of that gentry which was left, and the industry of the merchant, quite decayed. The husbandman labouring only to live, without desire to be rich to another's use. The towns (whatsoever concerned not the strength of them) ruinous. And, to conclude, the people here growing poor with less taxes, than they flourish with on the States' side.

This war hath kept the King of Spain busy ever since it began, which [is] some thirty-eight years ago: and, spending all the money that the Indies, and all the men that Spain and Italy could afford, hath withdrawn him from persevering in any other enterprise. Neither could he give over this, without foregoing the means to undertake anything hereafter upon France or England; and, consequently, the Hope of the Western Monarchy. For without that handle [*i.e.*, *that hope*] the mines of Peru had done little hurt in these parts, in comparison of what they have. The cause of the expensefulness of it, is the remoteness of those Provinces from Spain; by reason of which every soldier of Spain or Italy, before he can arrive there, costs the King a 100 crowns [= *£30 then = £135 now*], and not above one in ten that arrive, proves good. Besides, by reason of the

distance, a great part of the money is drunk up betwixt the Officers that convey it, and pay it.

The cause of the continuance of it, is not only the strength of the enemy; but partly, by reason that the Commanders themselves are content [that] the war should last, so to maintain and render themselves necessary; and partly, because the people of those Countries are not so eager to have the other reduced, as willing to be in the like state themselves.

The usual revenue of those Provinces which the Archduke hath, amounts to 1,200,000 crowns [= *at 6s. the Crown, £360,000 then = about £1,600,000 now*] a year. Besides which, there come from Spain every month, to maintain the war, 150,000 crowns [= *£45,000 a month, or £540,000 a year, then*; = *£2,430,000 annually now*]. It was, at the first, 300,000 crowns a month [*or, in present annual value, about £5,000,000*]; but it fell by fifties [*i.e., 50,000*] to this, at the time when the Treaty began. Flanders pays more towards the war, than all the rest; as Holland doth, with the States. There is no Spaniard of [*belonging to*] the Council of State, nor Governor of any Province: but of the Council of War, which is only active; there [*in which*] they only are, and have in their hands all the strong towns and castles of those Provinces, of which the Governors have but only the title.

The nations of which their army consists are chiefly Spaniards and Italians, emulous one of another there; as on the other side, [are] the French and English: and of the country, chiefly Burgundians and Walloons. The Pope's Letters, and SPINOLA's inclination keep the Italians there; almost in equality of command with the Spaniard himself.

The Governors for the King of Spain there,

successively, have been the Duke of ALVA, Don LOUIS DE REQUIESCENS, Don JOHN of Austria, the Prince of PARMA, the Archduke EARNEST, the Cardinal ANDREW of Austria, and the Cardinal ALBERT till he married the Infanta.

Where the dominion of the Archduke and the States part, there also changeth the nature of the country; that is, about Antwerp. For all below, being flat, and betwixt meadow and marsh; thence, it begins to rise and become champion [*open country*]: and consequently, the people are more quick and spiritful, as the Brabanter, Fleming, and Walloon.

The most remarkable place on that side is Antwerp, which rose upon the fall of Bruges; equally strong and beautiful; remaining yet so upon the strength of its former greatness: twice spoiled by the Spaniards, and the like attempted by the French. The Citadel was built there by the Duke of ALVA, but renewed by the Prince of PARMA, after his eighteen months' besieging it; the town accepting a castle, rather than a garrison to mingle among them. There are yet in the town, of citizens 30,000 fighting men, 600 of which keep watch nightly; but they [are] allowed neither cannon upon the rampier [*ramparts*], nor magazines of powder. In the Castle are 200 pieces of ordnance, and commonly 700 or 800 soldiers.

Flanders is the best of the Seventeen Provinces, but the havens thereof are naught [*worthless*].





Observations on the State of France, 1609, under Henry IV.
By Sir Thomas Overbury.



HAVING seen the form of a Commonwealth, and a Province, with the different effects of wars in them; I entered France, flourishing with peace; and of Monarchies, the most absolute. Because the King there, not only makes peace and war, calls and dissolves Parliaments, pardoneth, naturaliseth, ennobleth, names the value of money, [im]presseth to the war; but even makes laws, and imposes taxes at his pleasure. And all this he doth alone. For, as for that form that his Edicts must be authorised by the next Court of Parliament, that is, the next Court of Sovereign Justice: first, the Presidents thereof are to be chosen by him, and to be put out by him; and secondly, when they concur not with the King, he passeth anything without them, as he did the last Edict [? *of Nantes*] for the Protestants. And for the Assembly of the Three Estates, it is grown now almost as extraordinary as a General Council [of the Church]; with the loss of which, their liberty fell: and when occasion urgeth, it is possible for the King to procure that all those that shall be sent thither, shall be his instruments. For the Duke of GUISE effected as much, at the Assembly of Blois.

The occasion that first procured the King that supremacy, that his Edicts should be Laws, was the

last invasion of the English. For, at that time, they possessing two parts of France, the Three Estates could not assemble: whereupon they did then grant that power unto CHARLES VII. during the war. And that which made it easy, for LOUIS XI. and his successors to continue the same, the occasion ceasing; was that the Clergy and the Gentry did not run the same fortune with the People there, as in England. For most of the taxes falling only upon the people; the Clergy and Gentry, being foreborne [*exempt*], were easily induced to leave them to the King's mercy. But the King having got strength upon [*subverted*] the peasants, hath been since the bolder to invade part of both their [*the Clergy's and Gentry's*] liberties.

For the succession of this monarchy. It hath subsisted, without intermission, these 1,200 years, under three Races of Kings. No nation hath, heretofore, done greater things abroad, in Palestine and Egypt, besides all parts of Europe; but, for these last four hundred years, they have only made sallies into Italy, and [have] often suffered at home. Three hundred years the English afflicted them, making two firm invasions upon them, and taking their King prisoner: the second greatness of Christendom (next [to] the Emperor) being then in competition betwixt us and them. And to secure themselves against us, rather than the House of Austria, as it then stood; they chose to marry the heir of Brittany before that of Burgundy. And for this last hundred years, the Spaniard undertaking [*attacking*] them, hath eaten them out of all but France, and endangered that too!

But for this present, France had never, as France, a more entire greatness; though it hath often been richer. For since the war; the King has only [*simply*]

got aforehand, the country is but yet in recovering; the war having lasted, by spaces, thirty two years; and so generally, that [as there was] no man but had an enemy within three miles, so the country became frontier all over. Now that which hath made them, at this time, so largely great at home, is their adopting into themselves the lesser adjoining nations, without destruction or leaving any mark of strangeness upon them: as the Bretons, Gascons, Provençals, and others which are not French. Towards which unions, their nature, which is easy and harborous [*receptive*] to strangers; hath done more than any laws could have effected but with long time.

The King, as I said, enjoying what LOUIS XI. did gain, hath the entire Sovereignty in himself; because he can make the Parliament do what he pleases, or else do what he pleases without them.

For the other Three Estates. The Church is there very rich, being estimated to enjoy the third part of the revenue of France, but otherwise is nothing so potent as elsewhere; partly because the Inquisition is not admitted in France: but principally because the Pope's ordinary power is much restrained there, by the liberties which the French Church claimeth; which liberties do not so much enfranchise the Church itself, as confer the authority the Pope loseth upon the King, as Firstfruits and the Disposing of all spiritual preferments. And by reason of this neutrality of authority, the church men [*clergy*] suffer more there, than either in England, where they wholly depend upon the King; or in Spain and Italy, where they wholly subsist by the Pope: because the

Pope is not able totally to support them, and the King takes occasion ever to suppress them, as being not entirely his subjects; and to him, they pay, yearly, both the tenth of all their tithe, and of all their temporal land.

The Gentry are the only entire Body, there, which participate with the prerogatives of the Crown. For from it, they receive privileges above all other men and a kind of limited regality upon their tenants; besides [a] real supply to their estates by governments and pensions, and freedom from tallies [*taxations*] upon their own lands, that is, upon their domains and whatsoever they manure by their servants: but so much as they let to tenants is, presently, tallieable [*taxable*] which causeth [a] proportionate abatement in the rent. And in recompense of this, they owe to the King the Ban and the Arrière Ban; that is, to serve him and his Lieutenant, three months within the land, at their own charges. And as in war, they undergo the greatest part of the danger, so then is their power most peremptory above the rest: whereas in the time of peace, the King is ready to support inferior persons against them, and is glad to see them to waste one another by contention at law for fear they grow rich; because he forsees that, as the Nobility, only, can do him service, so they only, misapplied, can do him harm.

The ancient Gentry of France was most of it consumed in the wars of GODFREY DE BOULOGNE, and some in those of St. LOUIS; because on their setting out they pawned all their fiefs to the Church, and few of them were after[wards] redeemed: by reason, whereof the Church possesseth at this day the third part of the best fiefs in France. And that

Gentry was afterwards made up by advocates, financiers, and merchants ennobled, which are now reputed ancient; and are daily eaten out again, and repaired by the same kind of men.

For the people. All those that have any kind of profession or trade, live well; but for the mere peasants that labour the ground, they are only sponges to the King, to the Church, and to the Nobility! having nothing to their own, but to the use of them: and are scarce allowed, as beasts, enough to keep them able to do service; for besides their rent, they pay usually two-thirds to the King.

The manner of Government in France is mixt between Peace and War; being composed as well of military discipline as [of] civil justice: because having open frontiers and strong neighbours, and therefore obnoxious [*liable*] to sudden invasions; they cannot, as in England, join ever peace and security together.

For the Military Part, there is ever a Constable and a Marshal in being, troops of horse and regiments of foot in pay, and in all Provinces and places of strength, Governors and garrisons distributed: all which are means for the preferment of the Gentry. But those, as they give security against the enemy, so when there is none, they disturb the enjoying of peace, by making the countries taste somewhat of a Province. For the Gentry find a difference betwixt the Governor's favour and disfavour; and the soldiers often commit insolences upon the people.

The Governments there, are so well disposed by the King, as no Governor hath means to give over a

Province into the enemy's hands; the commands thereof are so scattered. For the Governor commands the country, and, for the most part, the chief town: then there is a Lieutenant to the King, not to him! of the same; and betwixt these two there is ever jealousy nourished. Then hath every town and fortress particular Governors, which are not subaltern [*subordinate*] to that of the Province; but hold immediately from the Prince: and many times the Town hath one Governor, and the Castle another.

The advantages of the Governors, besides their pay from the King, are presents from the country, dead payes [*? pay drawn for dead men*], making their magazines of corn and powder more than they need, at the King's price; and, where they stand upon the sea, overseeing of unlawful goods: thus much in peace. In war, they are worth as much as they will exact. Languedoc is the best, then Brittany: Provence is worth, by all these means, to the Duke of GUISE, 20,000 crowns [= *£6,000 or about £25,000 in present value*] a year; but Provence only, he holds without a Lieutenant.

Concerning the Civil Justice there: it is nowhere more corrupt or expenseful. The corruptness of it proceeds, First, by reason that the King sells the places of justice at as high a rate as can honestly be made of them: so that all thriving is left to corruption; and the gain the King hath that way, tempts him to make a multitude of officers, which are another burden to the subject. Secondly, the Presidents are not bound to judge according to the written Law, but according to the equity drawn out of it; which liberty doth not so much admit Conscience, as leave Wit without limits. The expensefulness of it ariseth from the multitude of

laws, and multiplicity of forms of processes; the which too doth beget doubt, and make them long in resolving. And all this *chicanery*, as they call it, was brought into France from Rome, upon the Popes coming to reside at Avignon.

For the strength of France. It is at this day, the greatest united force of Christendom. The particulars in which it consists, are these. The shape of the country; which being round, no one part is far from succouring another. The multitude of good towns and places of strength therein are able to stay an army, if not to waste it; as Metz did the Emperor's. The mass of treasure which the King hath in the Bastille. The number of arsenals distributed upon the frontiers, besides that of Paris: all which are full of good arms and artillery. And for ready men, the five Regiments bestowed up and down in garrisons, together with the 2,000 of the Guard [and] the troops of Ordinary and Light Horse: all ever in pay. Besides their Gentry, all bred soldiers; of which they think there are, at this present, 50,000 fit to bear arms. And to command all these, they have, at this day, the best Generals of Christendom; which were the only commodity the Civil Wars did leave them.

The weaknesses of it are, First, the want of a sufficient Infantry, which proceeds from the ill distribution of their wealth: for the peasant having no share allowed him, is heartless and feeble; and consequently unserviceable for all military uses. By reason of which, they are, first, forced to borrow aid of the Switzers at a great charge; and secondly, to compose their armies, for the most part, of

Gentlemen: which makes the loss of a battle there almost irrecoverable. The Second, is the unproportionable part of the land which the Church holds, all which is likewise dead to military uses: for as they say there, "The Church will lose nothing, nor defend nothing." The Third, is the want of a competent number of ships and galleys: by reason of which defect, first, the Spaniard overmasters them upon the Mediterranean, and the English and Hollander upon the Ocean; and secondly, it renders them poor in foreign trade; so that, all the great actions of Christendom for these fifty years having been bent upon the [*West*] Indies, they, only, have sat idle. The Fourth, is the weakness of their frontiers: which is so much the more dangerous because they are possessed, all but the Ocean, by the Spaniard; for Savoy hath been always as his own, for all uses against France. The Last, is the difference of religion among themselves; which will ever yield matter of civil dissension, and consequently cause the weaker to stand in need of foreign succours.

The ordinary revenue of the King is, as they say now, some 14,000,000 of crowns [= *£4,200,000 sterling, or in present value, about £18,000,000*]; which arise principally from the domains of the Crown, the *gabel* of salt, tallies [*taxes*] upon the country, customs upon the merchandise, sale of offices, the yearly tithe of all that belongs to the Church, the rising and falling of money, fines and confiscations cast upon him by the law: but as for Wardships, they are only known in Normandy.

His expense is, chiefly, Ambassadors, munition, building, fortifying, and maintaining of galleys, (as for ships when he needs them, he makes an embarque [*embargo*]); in pay for soldiers, wages for

officers, pensions at home and abroad; upon the entertaining his House, his State, and his private pleasures. And all the first, but the domains, were granted in the beginning upon some urgent occasion; and afterwards by Kings made perpetual, the occasion ceasing: and the domains themselves granted because the King should live upon his own without oppressing his subjects. But at this day, though the revenue be thus great, and the taxes unsupportable; yet do they little more than serve for necessary public uses. For the King of Spain's greatness and neighbourhood forceth the King there to live continually upon his guard: and the treasure which the Spaniard receives from his Indies, constrains him to raise his revenue thus by taxes, so to be able, in some proportion, to bear up against him; for fear, else, he should be bought out of all his confederates and servants.

For the relation of this State to others. It is first to be considered that this part of Christendom is balanced betwixt the three Kings of Spain, France, and England; as the other part [is] betwixt the Russian, the Kings of Poland, Sweden, and Denmark. For as for Germany, which if it were entirely subject to one Monarchy, would be terrible to all the rest: so being divided betwixt so many Princes and those of so equal power, it serves only to balance itself, and entertain easy war with the Turk; while the Persian withholds him in a greater. And every one of those first three hath his particular strength, and his particular weakness. Spain hath the advantage of both the rest in treasure, but is defective in men: his dominions are scattered and the conveyance of his

treasure from the Indies lies obnoxious to [*at the mercy of*] the power of any nation that is stronger by sea. France abounds with men, lies close together, and hath money sufficiently. England, being an island, is hard to be invaded, abounds with men, but wants money to employ them. For their particular [*several*] weakness, Spain is to be kept busy in the Low Countries, France to be afflicted with the Protestants, and England, in Ireland. England is not able to subsist against any [*either*] of the other [two] hand in hand; but joined with the Low Countries it can give law to both by sea: joined with either of them two, it is able to oppress the third, as HENRY VIII. did.

Now the only entire body in Christendom that makes head against the Spanish Monarchy is France: and therefore they say in France, that, "The day of the ruin of France is the eve of the ruin of England." And thereupon England hath ever, since the Spanish greatness, inclined rather to maintain France, rather than to ruin it: as when King FRANCIS [I.] was taken prisoner, the King of England lent money towards the payment of his ransom; and the late Queen [*Elizabeth*], when the Leaguers, after the Duke of GUISE's death, had a design to Cantonize France, though offered a part of that country, would not consent. So then, this reason of State, of mutual preservation, conjoining them; England may be accounted a sure confederate of France; and Holland, by reason it partly subsists by it; the Protestant Princes of Germany, because they have countenance from it, against the house of Austria; the Protestant Switzers, for religion and money; and the Venetians, for protection against the Spaniard in Italy. So that all their [*the French's*] friends are either Protestants or inclining thereto; and whosoever is extremely

Catholic is their enemy, and factor for the Spanish Monarchy: as the Pope and Cardinals, for the most part; and totally, the Jesuits, the Catholic Princes of Germany, and the Catholics of England and Ireland. For the Jesuits, which are the Ecclesiastical Strength of Christendom, France—notwithstanding the many late obligations—hath cause to despair of them. For they intending as "one Pope, so one King" to suppress the Protestants; and for the better support of Christendom against the Turks: and seeing Spain the likelier to bring this to pass, they follow the nearer probability of effecting their end.

No addition could make France so dangerous to us, as that of our Low Countries; for so it were worse, than if the Spaniard himself had them entirely. As for their hopes of regaining Italy; it concerns the Spaniard immediately, rather than us.

Concerning the state of the Protestants in France. During peace, they are protected by their Edict [*of Nantes*]. For their two Agents at Court defend the general from wrong; and their *chambres impartis* every particular person. And if troubles should arise, some scattered particulars might be in danger; but the main body is safe. Safe to defend themselves, though all France join against them! and if it break out into factions, the safest; because they are both ready and united.

The particulars of their strength are, First, their Towns of Surety, two of which command the river of the Loire. Secondly, their situation. The greatest part of them lying near together, as Poitou, Saintonge, High [*Upper*] Gascony, Languedoc, and Dauphiny: near the sea, so consequently fit to receive succours from abroad; and remote from Paris, so that the quality of an army is much wasted, before it can

approach them. The Third, is the sufficiency of their present Governors, BOULOGNE and DESDEGUIERS, and other second Commanders. And for the Princes of the Blood, whom the rest may, in shew, without emulation, obey; when they come once to open action, those which want a party, will quickly seek them. The Last, is the aid they are sure of from foreign Princes; for whosoever are friends to France in general, are more particularly their friends: and besides, the Protestant party being grown stronger of late, as the Low Countries; and more united, as England and Scotland, part of that strength reflects upon them. And even the King of Spain himself, who is [the] enemy of France in general, would rather give them succour than see them utterly extirpated. For as soon as they get an Edict with better conditions, they turn head against him that now succoured them; as they did against us, at Newhaven [*Hâvre in 1562*].

Concerning the proportion of their number, they are not above the Seventeenth or Eighteenth part of the People: but of the Gentlemen, there are 6,000 of the [Protestant] Religion. But since the peace [*? in 1602*] they have increased in People, as principally in Paris, Normandy, and Dauphiny, but lost in the Gentry: which loss cometh to pass by reason that the King when he finds any Gentleman that will but hearken, he tempts him with preferment; and those that he finds utterly obstinate, he suppresseth. And by such means, he hath done them more harm in peace; than both his predecessors in war. For in all their Assemblies, he corrupts some of their Ministers to betray the counsel in hand. Of the 106,000 crowns [= *£31,800, or in present value £140,000*] a year which he pays the Protestants to entertain their Ministers and pay their garrisons, he hath gotten the

bestowing of 16,000 of them, upon what gentleman of the [Protestant] Religion he pleaseth; whom by that means he moderates, if not gains. And besides, they were wont to impose upon him their two Deputies, which are to stay at Court: but now he makes them propose six, out of which he chooseth the two, and by that, obligeth those; and yet notwithstanding all this, in some occasions he makes good use of them too. For as towards England, he placeth none in any place of strength but firm Catholics; so towards Spain and Savoy, he often gives charge to Protestants, as to LA FORCE in Bearn, DESDEGUIERS and BOISSE in Bresse.

Concerning the King himself. He is a person wonderful, both in war and peace. For his acts in War, he hath manumized [*manumitted*] France from the Spaniard: and subdued the League, being the most dangerous plot that hath been laid; weakening it by Arms, but utterly dissolving it by Wit. That is, by letting the Duke of GUISE out of prison, and capitulating with the heads of it, every one apart; by which means, he hath yet left a continual hatred among them. Because every one sought by preventing [*anticipating*] other, to make his conditions the better. So that now there remains little connection of it, amongst the Gentry: only there continue some dregs still among the Priests, and consequently the People; especially when they are angered with the increase and prosperity of the Protestants.

For his acts of Peace. He hath enriched France with a greater proportion of wool and silk, erected goodly

buildings, cut passages [*canals*] betwixt river and river, and is about to do the same betwixt sea and sea, redeemed much of the mortgaged domains of the Crown, better husbanded the money (which was wont to be drunk up, two parts of it, in the officers' hands), got aforehand in treasure, arms, and munition, increased the infantry and suppressed the unproportionable cavalry, and left nothing undone but the building of a navy.

And all this may be attributed to himself, only: because in a Monarchy, officers are active or careless, as the Prince is able to judge and distinguish of their labours; and withal to participate of them somewhat, himself.

Sure it is, that the peace of France, and somewhat that of Christendom itself, is secured by this Prince's life. For all titles and discontents, all factions of religion there suppress themselves till his death: but what will ensue afterwards? What the rest of the House of BOURBON will enterprise upon the King's children? What the House of GUISE, upon that of BOURBON? What the League? What the Protestants? What the Kings of Spain and England, if they see a breach made by civil dissension? I choose rather to expect, than conjecture! Because GOD hath so many ways to turn aside from human foresight; as He gave us a testimony upon the death of our late Queen [*Elizabeth*].

This country of France, considering the quantity, is the fairest and richest of all Christendom; and contains in it, most of the countries adjoining. For Picardy, Normandy, and Brittany resemble England;

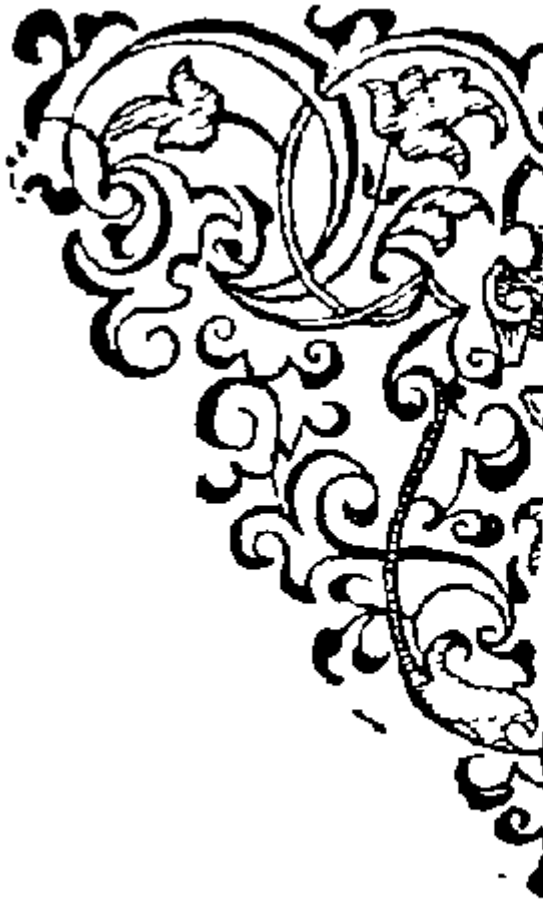
Languedoc, Spain; Provence, Italy; and the rest is France.

Besides, all the rivers that pass through it, end in it. It abounds with corn, wine, and salt, and hath a competency of silk; but is defective in wool, leather, metals, and horses: and hath but few very good havens, especially on the north side.

Concerning the people. Their children, at first sight, seem men, and their men, children; but whoso, in negotiating, presumes upon appearances shall be deceived! compassionate towards their own nation and country; loving to the Prince, and so they may have liberty in ceremony and free access to him, they will be better content that he shall be absolute in matter of substance: impatient of peace any longer than while they are in recovering the ruins of war: the presentness [*presence*] of danger inflames their courage, but any expectation makes it languish. For the most part, they are all Imagination and no Judgement; but those that prove solid, excel!

Their Gentlemen are all good outward men, good Courtiers, good soldiers, and knowing enough in men and business; but merely [*simply*] ignorant in matters of Letters, because at fifteen they quit books and begin to live in the world: when indeed a mediocrity [*medium*] betwixt their form of education and ours, would do better than either. No men stand more punctually [*punctiliously*] upon their honour in matter of valour; and, which is strange, in nothing else: for otherwise, in their conversation, the custom, and shifting, and over-speaking, hath quite overcome the shame of it.

FINIS.



Abraham Cowley.
The Chronicle.
A Ballad.

[*Miscellanies. Works.* 1668.]

I.



MARGARITA first possest,
If I remember well, my breast;
MARGARITA, first of all!
But when a while the wanton maid,
With my restless heart had played,
MARTHA took the flying ball.

II.

MARTHA soon did it resign
To the beauteous CATHARINE:
Beauteous CATHARINE gave place
(Though loath and angry she, to part
With the possession of my heart)
To ELIZA's conquering face.

III.

ELIZA, till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose!

Till up in arms my Passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

IV.

MARY then, and gentle ANNE
Both to reign at once began:
Alternately they swayed,
And sometimes MARY was the Fair,
And sometimes ANNE the Crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obeyed.

V.

Another MARY then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose.
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that iron sceptred Queen;
Had not REBECCA set me free!

VI.

When fair REBECCA set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me!
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious Princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride:
And JUDITH reigned in her stead!

VII.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
JUDITH held the sovereign power.
Wondrous beautiful her face;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit:

And so SUSANNA took her place!

VIII.

But when ISABELLA came,
Armed with a resistless flame
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out SUSAN by the bye.

IX.

But in her place, I then obeyed
Black-eyed BESS, her Viceroy-maid:
To whom ensued a Vacancy.
Thousand worst passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast.
Bless me, from such an anarchy!

X.

Gentle HENRIETTE then,
And a third MARY next began;
Then JOAN, and JANE, and ANDRIA;
And then a pretty THOMASINE,
And then another KATHERINE,
And then a long *Et cetera*!

XI.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their State!
The powder, patches, and the pins!
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings!
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines!

XII.

If I should tell their politic arts
To take, and keep men's hearts!
The letters! embassies! and spies!
The frowns! and smiles! and flatteries!
The quarrels! tears! and perjuries!
Numberless, nameless mysteries!

XIII.

And all the little lime twigs laid
By MACHIAVEL, the waiting maid!
I, more voluminous should grow,
(Chiefly if I, like them, should tell,
All change of weathers that befell,)
Than HOLINGSHED, or STOW!

XIV.

But I will briefer with them be;
Since few of them were long with me!
A higher and a nobler strain,
My present Empress does claim;
HELEONORA, First o' the name,
Whom, GOD grant long to reign!



England's
WAY TO WIN
Wealth, and to employ Ships and Mariners;
OR,

A plain description what great profit it will bring into the Common Wealth of England, by the erecting, building, and adventuring of Busses to sea, a fishing. With a true Relation of the inestimable wealth, that is yearly taken out of His Majesty's seas by the Hollanders, by their great number of Busses, Pinks, and Line-boats. And Also, A Discourse of the sea coast towns of England, and the most fit and commodious places and harbours that we have for Busses; and of the small number of our fishermen; and also of the true valuation

and whole charge of building and furnishing to sea, Busses and Pinks, after the Holland manner.

By TOBIAS GENTLEMAN, Fisherman and Mariner.

LONDON:

Printed by *Nathaniel Butter*. 1614.

[This is the tract referred to at *Vol. III. p. 623*. It appears from *p.* 623 of that Volume, that T. GENTLEMAN was a Yarmouth man.]



TO THE RIGHT NOBLE

LEARNED AND TRULY HONOURABLE HENRY HOWARD, Earl of NORTHAMPTON, Baron of MARNHILL, Constable of the Castle of Dover, Lord Warden, Chancellor and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, Lord Privy Seal, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and one of His Majesty's most honourable Privy Council.

Right Honourable,



Seeing that, by Nature, our country challengeth a greater interest in us, than our parents, friends, or children can; and that we ought for preservation thereof, oppose [expose] *our lives unto the greatest dangers: it is the part of every native to endeavour something to the advancement and profit thereof: and not to affect it, for that we possess in it; but to love it for itself, as being the common Mother and Nourisher of us all. For mine own part, albeit my short fathom can compass no such great design as I desire: yet from a willing mind (as he that offered his hands full of water to great Artaxerxes), I am bold to present this Project of my honest and homely labours; beseeching your Lordship, whose virtues have truly ennobled you, to take the same into your protection! and prefer it to the view of our most royal Sovereign, recommending the good effecting thereof to*

his gracious favour and furtherance! *Doubtless your actions and endeavours, having all been full of virtue and goodness, are not the least prevailing motives whereby His Majesty hath so endeared you unto him. In this, then, you shall not think yourself disparaged! the matter being both honest and commendable; and in true value, of as great substance, as the offer of Sebastian Cabota to King Henry the Seventh for the discovery of the West Indies.*

Humbly at your Lordship's commandment,

Tobias Gentleman.





England's Way to win Wealth, and to employ Ships and Mariners.



NOBLE Britons! Forasmuch as it hath pleased the Almighty GOD to make us a happy Nation, by blessing and enriching this noble Kingdom with the sweet dew of His heavenly Word truly and plentifully preached amongst us; and also in situating our country in a most wholesome climate, and stored with many rich and pleasant treasures for our benefit, which also yieldeth in abundance all things necessary, so that we do not only excel other nations in strength and courage, but also all other kingdoms far remote are by our English Commodities relieved and cherished: it seemeth also that the wisdom of our gracious GOD hath reserved us, as some precious gem, unto Himself; in environing our country with the plenteous ocean sea, and dividing of us from the whole Continent of the rest of the inferior world by our rich and commodious element of water, which in

due seasons, yieldeth to us in abundance. For although our champion [*champagne*] soil, by the diligence of the husbandman, be plentiful unto us; yet doth these watery regions and dominions yield yearly great variety of all kind of most wholesome and dainty fishes: so that it may seem strange and disputable, and hard to determine, which of His Majesty's Dominions, of the Land or Seas, be richer? Myself being the most unworthiest of all, in that I am no scholar, but born a fisherman's son by the seaside, and spending my youthful time at sea about fisher [*fishing*] affairs, whereby now I am more skilful in nets, lines, and hooks, than in rhetoric, logic, or learned books: yet in those few which I have read, besides the instinct of Nature, which maketh me to know that every one should endeavour himself (the best he is able) to be beneficial and profitable to the kingdom and common wealth wherein he is born; which was a forcible motive to incite me to think of this present Discourse, the penning whereof was thus occasioned.

It was my fortune, some two years past [*i.e., in 1611*], to be sent for into the company of one Master JOHN KEYMAR, who is a man very well deserving of his country; and he, knowing me to have experience in fisher [*fishing*] affairs, demanded of me the Charge both of Busses and Line-boats, after the Hollanders' fashion: and showed unto me some few notes that he had gathered and gotten from other men of my trade, which he seemed greatly to esteem of, for that himself was altogether unexperimented in such business. And further I delivered to him certain principal notes which he seemed greatly to esteem; for that, he said, that "He did mind to show them unto the right honourable Council."

Whereupon I entered into the cogitation of writing this True Relation out of my own experience and knowledge, touching the inestimable sums of money taken yearly for fish and herrings out of His Majesty's seas by strangers. Whereby they have not only maintained their wars against the Spaniard, both by land and sea, he being one of the great Monarchs of the world; and at length they have not only wearied him in the wars and brought him to good terms and reasonable Composition: but also, it is most apparent, notwithstanding the huge charge of their wars, so long continued, which would have made any other nation poor and beggarly; they, to the contrary, are grown exceeding rich and strong in fortified towns and beautiful buildings, in plenty of money and gold, in trade and traffic with all other nations, and have so increased and multiplied their shipping and mariners, that all other nations and countries in the world do admire [*wonder at*] them.

Moreover, whereas one haven in one of their towns did, in former times, contain their ships and shipping; with infinite cost, now they have cut out two havens more to a town: and at this present, are all three havens scarce sufficient with room enough to contain their ships and shipping. And by reason of their industrious fisher-trade, not one of their people is idle, nor none seen to beg amongst them, except they be some of our own English nation.

And what their chiefest trade is, or the principal Gold Mine, is well known to all merchants that have used those parts, and to myself and all fishermen: namely, that His Majesty's Seas are their chiefest, principal, and only rich Treasury; whereby they have so long time maintained their wars, and have so greatly prospered and enriched themselves.

If that their little country of the United Provinces can do this (as is most manifest before our eyes they do), then what may we His Majesty's subjects do, if this trade of fishing were once erected among us? We having in our own countries [*counties*], sufficient store of all necessaries to accomplish the like business.

For the Hollanders have nothing growing in their own land for that business; but they are compelled to fetch all their wood, timber, and plank, wherewith they build and make all their ships of, out of divers countries: their iron out of other places; their hemp and cordage out of the Eastern [*Baltic*] Countries; the hoops and barrel-boards out of Norway and Sprucia [*Prussia*]; their bread-corn out of Poland and the East Parts; their malt, barley, and best Double Drink from England; and also all their fish and chiefest wealth out of His Majesty's seas.

The which they do transport unto the foresaid countries; and return for the procedue [*proceeds*] of fish and herrings, the forenamed commodities: whereby their ships and mariners are set on work, and continually multiplied; and into their countries is plentiful store of money and gold daily brought, only [*solely*] for the sales of fish and herrings.

And their country being, as it were, a small plot of ground in comparison of Great Britain; for two of His Majesty's counties, Suffolk and Norfolk, do equal, if not exceed, in spaciousness, all their Provinces: and yet it is manifest, that for shipping and seafaring men, all England, Scotland, France, and Spain, for quantity of shipping and fishermen, cannot make so great a number.

Howsoever this may seem strange unto many that do not know it; yet do I assure myself, that a great

number besides myself, know I affirm nothing herein but the truth. Wherefore seeing the great benefit that this business by the Busses, bonadventures, or fisherships; by erecting of this profitable and new trade, which will bring plenty unto His Majesty's Kingdoms and be for the general good of the Common wealth; in setting of many thousands of poor people on work, which now know not how to live; and also for the increasing of ships and fishermen, which shall be employed about the taking of fish and herrings out of His Majesty's own streams; and also for the employing of ships, and increasing of mariners for the strengthening of the Kingdom against all foreign invasions; and for the enriching of Merchants with transportation of fish and herrings into other countries; and also for the bringing in of gold and money: which now is grown but scarce, by reason that the Dutch and Hollanders have so long time been suffered to carry away our money and best gold for fish and herrings taken out of His Majesty's own streams; which His Majesty's own subjects do want and still are like[ly] to do, if that they be not forbidden for bringing us fish and herrings; and this worthy common wealth's business of Busses fostered and furthered by His Majesty's honourable Council, and the worshipful and wealthy subjects; by putting to their helping Adventures now at the first, for that those that be now the fishermen, of themselves be not able to begin.

Those poor boats and sorry nets that our fishermen of England now have, are all their chiefest wealth; but were their ability better, they would soon be employing themselves: for that it is certain that all the fishermen of England do rejoice now at the very name and news of building of Busses, with a most joyful applaud, praying to GOD to further it! for

what great profit and pleasure it will bring they do well understand, and I will hereafter declare.

First, I shall not need to prove that it is lawful for us that be His Majesty's own subjects, to take with all diligence the blessings that Almighty GOD doth yearly send unto us, at their due times and seasons; and which do offer themselves freely and abundantly to us, in our own seas and nigh our own shores.

Secondly, to prove that it is feasible for us; for what can be more plain than that we see daily done before our eyes by the Hollanders! that have nothing that they use, growing in their own land, but are constrained to fetch all out of other countries: whereas we have all things that shall be used about that business growing at home in our own land; pitch and tar only excepted.

Thirdly, to prove it will be profitable, no man need to doubt; for that we see the Hollanders have long maintained their wars: and are nevertheless grown exceeding rich: which are things to be admired, insomuch that themselves do call it their *chiefest trade, and principal Gold Mine; whereby many thousands of their people of trades and occupations be set on work, well maintained, and do prosper*. These be the Hollanders' own words in a Dutch Proclamation, and translated into English; and the copy of that Proclamation is here annexed unto the end of my book [*see p.* 350].

And shall we neglect so great blessings! O slothful England, and careless countrymen! look but on these fellows, that we call the plump Hollanders! Behold their diligence in fishing! and our own careless negligence!

In the midst of the month of May, do the industrious

Hollanders begin to make ready their Busses and fisher-fleets; and by the first of their June [*i.e., N.S.*] are they yearly ready, and seen to sail out of the Maas, the Texel, and the Vlie, a thousand Sail together; for to catch herrings in the North seas.

Six hundred of these fisherships and more, be great Busses some six score tons, most of them be a hundred tons, and the rest three score tons, and fifty tons: the biggest of them having four and twenty men; some twenty men, and some eighteen, and sixteen men a piece. So that there cannot be in this Fleet of People, no less than twenty thousand sailors.

These having with them bread, butter, and Holland cheese for their provision, do daily get their other diet out of His Majesty's seas; besides the lading of this Fleet three times a piece commonly before Saint Andrew['s day, *October 24*] with herrings, which being sold by them but at the rate of Ten Pounds the Last, amounteth unto much more than the sum of one million of pounds [= £4,500,000 *in present value*] sterling; only [*solely*] by this fleet of Busses yearly. No King upon the earth did ever see such a fleet of his own subjects at any time; and yet this Fleet is, there and then, yearly to be seen. A most worthy sight it were, if they were my own countrymen; yet have I taken pleasure in being amongst them, to behold the neatness of their ships and fishermen, how every man knoweth his own place, and all labouring merrily together: whereby the poorest sort of themselves, their wives and children, be well maintained; and no want seen amongst them.

Shetland is the greatest Isle of all

the Oreades, and lieth in the height of 60° N. Lat.

And thus North-West-and-by-North hence along they steer, then being the very heart of summer and the very yolk of all the year, sailing until they do come unto the Isle of Shetland, which is His Majesty's dominions. And with this gallant fleet of Busses, there have been seen twenty, thirty, and forty ships of war to waft [*convoy*] and guard them from being pillaged and taken by their enemies and Dunkirkers: but now the wars be ended, they do save that great charge, for they have not now about four or six to look unto them, for [*from*] being spoiled by rovers and pirates.

Now if that it happen that they have so good a wind as to be at Shetland before the 14th day of their June [*i.e., N.S.*] as most commonly they have, then do they all put into Shetland, nigh Swinborough [*Sumburgh*] Head; into a sound called Bracies [*Bressa*] Sound, and there they frolic it on land, until that they have sucked out all the marrow of the malt and good Scotch ale, which is the best liquor that the island doth afford: but the 14th day of June being once come, then away all of them go, for that is the first day, by their own law, before which time they must not lay a net; for until then the herrings be not in season, nor fit to be taken to be salted.

From this place, being nigh two hundred leagues from Yarmouth, do they now first begin to fish, and they do never leave the shoals of herrings, but come along amongst them, following the herrings as they do come, five hundred miles in length [*along*], and

lading their ships twice or thrice before they come to Yarmouth, with the principal and best herrings, and sending them away by the merchant ships that cometh unto them, that bringeth them victuals, barrels, and more salt, and nets if that they do need any, the which ships that buyeth their herrings they do call Herring Yagers [*now spelt* Jagers]: and these Yagers carry them, and sell them in the East [*Baltic*] Countries, some to Revel and to Riga, and some so far as Narva and Russia, Stockholm in Sweden, Quinsborough [? *Konigsberg*], Dantsic, and Elving [*Elbing*], and all Poland, Sprucia, and Pomerland, Letto [*Lithuania*], Burnt-Hollume, Stettin, Lubeck, and Jutland and Denmark. Returning hemp, flax, cordage, cables, and iron; corn, soap ashes, wax, wainscot, clapholt [? *clap-boards*], pitch, tar, masts, and spruce deals, hoops and barrel-boards [*staves*]; and plenty of silver and gold: only [*solely*] for their procedue [*proceeds*] of herrings.

Now besides this great Fleet of the Busses, the Hollanders have a huge number more of smaller burden, only for to take herrings also; and these be of the burden from fifty tons unto thirty tons, and twenty tons. The greatest of them have twelve men a piece, and the smallest eight and nine men a piece; and these are vessels of divers fashions and not like unto the Busses, yet go they only for herrings in the season, and they be called, some of them, Sword-Pinks, Flat-Bottoms, Holland-Toads, Crab-Skuits, and Yevers: and all these, or the most part do go to Shetland; but these have no Yagers to come unto them; but they go themselves home when they be laden, or else unto the best market. There have been seen and numbered of Busses and these, in braces [*rigged*], sound, and going out to sea; and at sea in sight at one time, two thousand Sail, besides them

that were at sea without [*out of*] sight, which could not be numbered.

It is Bartholomewtide [*August 24*] yearly, before that they be come from Shetland with the herrings so high as [*down to*] Yarmouth: and all those herrings that they do catch in the Yarmouth seas from Bartholomewtide until Saint Andrew['s day, *October 24*], the worst that be, the roope-sick herrings that will not serve to make barrelled herrings by their own law, they must not bring home into Holland; wherefore they do sell them for ready money or gold unto the Yarmouth men, that be no fishermen, but merchants and engrossers of great quantities of herrings, if that, by any means, they can get them. So that the Hollanders be very welcome guests unto the Yarmouthian [!] herring-buyers, and the Hollanders do call them their "hosts," and they do yearly carry away from Yarmouth many a thousand pounds, as it is well known.

But these Hollanders, with the ladings of the best, which they make their best brand herrings to serve for Lenten store, they send some for Bordeaux, some for Rochelle, Nantes, Morlaix; and Saint Malo and Caen in Normandy; Rouen, Paris, Amiens, and all Picardy and Calais: and they do return from these places wines, salt, feathers, rosin, woad, Normandy canvas, and Dowlais cloth, and money and French crowns. But out of all the Archduke's countries they return nothing from thence but ready money, in my own knowledge; and their ready payment was all double Jacobuses, English twenty-[five] shilling pieces. I have seen more there, in one day, than ever I did in London at any time.

I have seen a small haddock sold there for two shillings [and] sixpence: and a turbot for a Jacobus.

For at Ostend, Newport, and Dunkirk, where and when the Holland Pinks cometh in, there daily the Merchants, that be but women (but not such women as the fishwives of Billingsgate; for these Netherland women do lade away many waggons with fresh fish daily, some for Bruges, and some for Brussels, Yperen, Dixmuiden, and Rissels [*Lille*], and at Sas by Ghent), I have seen these Women-Merchants have their aprons full of nothing but English Jacobuses, to make all their payment of; and such heaps and budgetfuls in the counting-houses of the Fish Brokers, which made me much to wonder how they should come by them. And also I know that capons are not so dearly sold by the poulterers in Gratious [*Gracechurch*] Street in London, as fresh fish is sold by the Hollanders in all those Roman Catholic and Papistical countries.

And whereas I have made but a true relation of their Fleets of Busses, and only the herring fishermen that be on His Majesty's seas from June until November: I will here set down the fishermen that, all the year

long, in the seasons, do fish for Cod and Ling continually, going and returning laden with barrelled fish.

And these be Pinks and Well-boats of the burden of forty tons, and the smallest thirty tons. These have some twelve men a piece, one with another. There is of this sort of fisherboats, beginning at Flushing, Camefere, Surwick Sea, the Maas, the Texel, and the Vlie, and the other sandy islands, about five hundred or six hundred Sail which, all the year long, are fishing for Cod; whereof they do make their barrelled fish, which they do transport in the summer into the East parts, but in winter all France is served by them and all the Archduke's countries before spoken of: both of barrelled fish and fresh fish, which they of purpose do keep alive in their boats in wells. And to us here in England, for love of our strong beer, they bring us barrelled fish in winter; and carry away our money and gold every day in great quantities.

Besides all these Pinks and Well-boats, the Hollanders have continually, in the season, another fleet of fishermen, at the north-east head of Shetland, which be of another quality: and there are more than two hundred of these, and these be called Fly-boats. These do ride at anchor all the season at Shetland, in the fishing grounds, and they have small boats within them, which be like unto Cobles, the which they do put out to lay and haul their lines, whereby they do take great store of Ling: the which they do not barrel, but split them and salt them in the ship's bulk [*hold*]; and these they sell commonly for four and five pounds the hundred. These go by the name of Holland Lings: but they are taken out of His Majesty's seas, and were Shetland Lings before they took them there; and for these Lings they do carry

away abundance of England's best money daily.



NOW having declared according unto truth, the numbers of their fishermen in Holland for herrings upon His Majesty's seas; and also of their Pinks and Well-boats; and their courses for taking, venting, and selling of their barrelled fish and fresh fish; and also of their Fly-boats at the north-east head of Shetland, for Shetland Lings: I think it now best, truly to show the true number of our English fishermen, and how they do employ themselves all the year long; first beginning at Colchester, nigh the mouth of the Thames, and so proceeding northward.

I can scarce afford these men of that Water the name of fishermen; for that their chiefest trade is dredging for oysters: yet have they, in the summer, some eight or ten boats in the North seas for Cod; which if that they happen to spend all their salt, and to speed well, they may get some twenty pounds in a summer clear.

But here, by the way, I will make known a great abuse that is offered to the common wealth, and especially to all the herring fishermen of England, only by those men of Colchester Water. For these men, from Saint Andrew [*October 24*] until Candlemas [*February 2*], and sometimes longer, do set forth Stale-boats, amongst the sands in the Thames' mouth, for to take sprats, with great stale-

nets, with a great poke [*bag*]; and they standing in the Swinne or the King's Channel on the back of the Gunfleet, they do there take instead of sprats, infinite thousands of young herrings, smaller than sprats and not good to be eaten, for one sprat is better worth than twenty of those Bleaks or young herrings. But because they do fill the bushel at Billingsgate, where they do sell them for sprats; the which, if that they were let [a]live, would all be, at Midsummer, a fat Summer full Herring. And a peck is sometimes there sold for twopence; which number of herrings at Midsummer would make a barrel of summer herrings, worth twenty or thirty shillings.

If that they could take sprats it were good, for they be good victuals for the City; but for every cartload or bushel of sprats, they take a hundred cartloads or bushels of these young herrings; which be the very spawn of the shoals of the herrings that cometh from Shetland every summer: and whereas they come into Yarmouth seas yearly about Saint Luke's [day, *September 21*] and (sometimes before, if that it do blow a hard easterly wind) do always at that season become roope-sick and do spawn and become shotten [*empty*] betwixt Wintertonness and Orfordness. And those fry of that spawn, those young little creatures, by the wisdom of the great Creator, seeketh into the shore and shallow places, there to be nourished, and also into the Thames' mouth into the sweetest waters; for that the water nigh the shore and in the Thames' mouth is not so briny salt as it is farther off in the deep water. Where these Bleaks yearly seeking to be nourished, they be always at that season taken and destroyed. But if that these men will needs use their Stale-boats and nets, let them go where the good sprats be. They must then stand at Orfordness and in Dunwich bay, where there

be excellent sprats: and for the good of all the herring fishermen of England, I wish that they might be prohibited to sell that which is not wholesome to be eaten; which is as much as to sell hemlock for parsnips.

The next to Colchester, is Harwich Water. A royal harbour and a proper town, fit for the use of Busses (no place in all Holland comparable to it, for there is both land and strand and dry beach enough for four hundred Sail); but the chiefest trade of the inhabitants of this place is with Caravels for Newcastle coals: but they have three or four ships yearly that they do send to Iceland for Cod and Ling from March until September; and some years they get, and some years they lose. But if that they had but once the trade of Busses, this would soon be a fine place: but those Caravels and Ships which they now have, be all their chiefest wealth.

Six miles up Harwich water stands Ipswich; which is a gallant town and rich. This Town is such a place for the Busses, as in all England and Holland I know no place so convenient. First, it is the best place in all England for the building of Busses; both for the plenty of timber and plank, and excellent workmen for making of ships. There are more there, than there are in six of the best towns in all England. Secondly, it is a principal place for good housewives for spinning of yarn, for the making of pouldavice [*canvas*]; for there is the best that is made. Which town with the use of the making of twine, will soon be the best place of all England for to provide nets for the Busses. It is also a most convenient place for the wintering of the Busses, for that all the shores of that river are altogether ooze and soft ground, fit for them to lie on in winter.



This Town is most fit and convenient place to make a Staple Town for corn for all England, for the return and sale of the Busses' herrings from Dantsic and Poland.

Also the Ipswich men be the chiefest Merchant Adventurers of all England, for all the East Lands [*Baltic Countries*], for the Suffolk cloths: and they have their factors lying, all the year long, in all those places where the Hollanders do vent their herrings, and where the best price and sale is continually. And although that yet there be no fishermen, yet have they store of seafaring men, and for Masters for the Busses, they may have enough from Yarmouth and So[uth]w[o]ld and the sea-coast towns [*villages*] down their river. From Nacton and Chimton, Holbroke, Shotley, and Cowlness they may get men that will soon be good fishermen with but little use. For understand thus much! that there is a kind of emulation in Holland between the fishermen that go to sea in Pinks and Line-boats, winter and summer; and those fishermen that go in the Busses. For they in the Pinks make a scorn of them in the Busses, and do call them *koe-milkens* or "cow-milkers": for indeed the most part of them be men of occupations

[*handicraftsmen*] in winter, or else countrymen; and do milk the cows themselves and make all the Holland cheese, when they be at home.

This place is also most convenient for the erecting of salt-pans, for the making of "Salt upon Salt." For that the harbour is so good that, at all times, ships may come unto them with salt from Mayo, or Spanish salt, to make brine or pickle; and also the Caravels from Newcastle with coals for the boiling of it at the cheapest rates, at any time may come thither.

To the north-east of this place, three or four leagues, is Orford Haven; and in the towns of Orford and Aldborough especially be many good fishermen. And there are belonging to those towns some forty or fifty North Sea boats, that yearly go to sea, having seven men a piece; and ten or twelve Iceland barks, which sometimes get something, and sometimes little or nothing. If that these men's wealth were in Busses and nets, and had but once the trade, they would put down the Hollander! for they be great plyers of any voyage that they do undertake.

Dunwich in ancient times hath been the seat of the Kings of the East Angles, but [is] now all ruined.

About three leagues to the northward is So[uth]w[o]ld Haven, and in the towns of So[uth]w[o]ld, Dunwich, and Walderswick be a very good breed of fishermen; and there are belonging

unto those three towns, of North Sea boats some twenty sail; and of Iceland barks some fifty sail, which yearly they send for Cod and Ling to Iceland.

My father lived in this town until he was 98 years of age, and gave these Composition Ling seventy years unto four Princes, viz. King EDWARD, Queen MARY, Queen ELIZABETH, and until the sixth year [1609] of the reign of our most gracious Sovereign. Which cometh to much more than one thousand pounds, for one man of that town.

This town of So[uth]w[o]ld, of a sea town, is the most beneficial unto His Majesty, of all the towns in

England; by reason all their trade is unto Iceland for Ling, and His Majesty's Serjeant Caterer hath yearly gratis out of every ship and bark, one hundred of the choicest and fairest Lings, which be worth more than ten pound the hundred; and they call them "Composition Fish." But these men of this place are greatly hindered, and in a manner undone, by reason their haven is so bad, and in a manner often stopped up with beach and shingle stone that the wind and tide and the sea do beat thither, so that many time, in the season, when they be ready to go to sea; they cannot get out when time is to go to sea; neither can they get in when they return from sea, but oftentimes do cast away their goods and themselves. This haven if that it had but a south pier built of timber, would be a far better haven than Yarmouth haven, with one quarter of the cost that hath been bestowed on Yarmouth haven. They be now suitors unto His Majesty: GOD grant that they may speed! For it is pitiful, the trouble and damage that all the men of these three towns do daily sustain by their naughty [*inadequate*] harbour.

To the northward of So[uth]w[o]ld Haven three leagues, are Kirkley and Layestof [*Lowestoft*], decayed towns. They have six or seven North Sea boats: but they of Lowestoft make benefit yearly of buying of herrings of the Hollanders; for likewise these Hollanders be "hosted" with the Lowestoft men, as they be with the Yarmouthians.

In all His Majesty's kingdoms, not any town, comparable unto it for

brave buildings.

To the northward, two leagues, is the town of Great Yarmouth, very beautifully built upon a very pleasant and sandy plain of three miles in length. This town is a place of great resort of all the herring fishermen of England. For thither do resort all the fishermen of the Cinque Ports and the rest of the West Country men of England, as far as Burport [*Bridport*], and Lyme [Regis] in Dorsetshire: and those herrings that they do take they do not barrel, because their boats be but small things, but they sell all unto the Yarmouth herring-buyers for ready money. And also the fishermen of the north countries, beyond Scarborough and Robin Hood's Bay, and some as far as the Bishopric of Durham do thither resort yearly, in poor little boats called "Five-Men Cobbles"; and all the herrings that they do take they do sell fresh unto the Yarmouth men, to make red herrings.

Also to Yarmouth, do daily come into the haven up to the quay, all or the most part of the great Fleet of Hollanders, which before I made relation of, that go in the Sword-Pinks, Holland-Toads, Crab-Skuits, Walnut-Shells, and great and small Yevers; one hundred and two hundred sail at one time together, and all their herrings that they do bring in, they do sell them all, for ready money, to the Yarmouth men.

And also the Frenchmen of Picardy and Normandy, some hundred sail of them at a time, do come thither; and all the herrings they catch, they sell fresh unto these Herring-mongers of Yarmouth, for ready money. So that it amounteth unto a great sum of money, that the Hollanders and Frenchmen do

carry away from Yarmouth yearly into Holland and France: which money doth never come again into England.

This town is very well governed by wise and civil [*prudent*] Magistrates, and good orders carefully observed for the maintenance of their Haven and Corporation. And this town, by reason of the situation, and the fresh rivers that belong to it, one [*the Wensum*] up to the city of Norwich; and another [*the Wavency*] that runneth far up into Suffolk, a butter and cheese country, about Bunga [*Bungay*] and Betkels [*Beccles*]; and a third [*the Bure*] that runneth far up into Flegg [*by Aylesham*] a corn country; by reason whereof this town of Yarmouth is always well served with all kind of provision at good and cheap rates: whereby they of the town do relieve the strangers, and also do benefit themselves.

To this town belongeth some twenty Iceland barks, which yearly they do send for Cod and Ling, and some hundred and fifty sail of North Sea boats. They make a shift to live; but if that they had the use of Busses and also barrelled fish, they would excel all England and Holland. For they be the only fishermen for North seas, and also the best for the handling of their fish that be in all this land.

The herring buyers of Yarmouth doth profit more than doth the fishermen of Yarmouth, by reason of the resort of the Hollanders; for that they are suffered to sell all their roope-sick herrings at Yarmouth to the Merchants there. And also the barrelled fish that the Flemings do bring in winter to London, Ipswich, Lynn, and Hull do also gale [*gaul*] them: but for that [*seeing that*] our fishermen may, if they please, make barrelled fish themselves; and therefore I will not moan [*bemoan*] them!



Yarmouth haven is the only refuge, in distress of weather, for all the fishermen of the Cinque Ports and all others that do fish in those seas: and it is built all of timber, against the violence of the main sea. It is now in great danger to come to ruin; if they have not help in time.

The merchant herring buyer of Yarmouth that hath a stock of his own, so long as he can make his gains so certain with buying of roope-sick herrings of the Hollanders, will never lay out his money to build or set forth Busses; and the fishermen be now so poor, by reason that they only do bear the whole charge of that costly haven, the merchant herring buyers being not at any charge thereof: but all that great cost cometh out of the fishermen's labours for the maintenance of that wooden haven [*pier*], which amounteth to some five hundred pounds a year, and

some years more. So that though they be willing, yet their ability will not suffer them to do it; neither can they forbear [*invest*] their money to adventure their herrings into the East [*Baltic*] Countries, where the best sales always be.

To the northward of Yarmouth eight leagues, are the towns of Blackney and Wells, good harbours and fit for Busses: and they have good store of fishermen. And these towns have some twenty Sail of barks that they do yearly send unto Iceland. But these towns be greatly decayed, to that they have been in times past: the which places, if that they had but twenty Busses belonging to them, would soon grow rich towns in short time.

Then is there [King's] Lynn, a proper gallant town for seafaring men, and for men for Iceland. This is a rich town, and they have some twenty Sail of Iceland ships, that they yearly send for Cod and Ling: and I am in hope to see them fall to the use of Busses as soon as any men.

To the northward is Boston, a proper town; and like unto Holland's soil, for low ground and sands coming in: but yet there are but few fishermen; but it is a most fit place for Busses. If that they had but once the taste of them, they would soon find good liking.

Next to Boston, some twenty leagues to the northward, is the great river of Humber, wherein there is Hull, a very proper town of sailors and shipping: but there be but few fishermen. But it is a most convenient place for to adventure Busses.

There are also Grimsby, Paul, and Patrington. In all these places now there is great store of poor and idle people, that know not how to live; and the most of all these places be decayed, and the best of them all

grow worse and worse: which with the use of Busses would soon grow rich merchant towns, as is in Holland. For to these places would be transported of the East lands all manner of commodities for the use of Busses; and houses and work-yards erected for coopers, and ropemakers, and great numbers of net-makers. And with the recourse of the ships that shall bring salt and other commodities, and ships that shall lade away their herrings and fish, these places shall soon become populous; and money stirring plentifully in these places returned for the procedue [*proceeds*] of fish and herrings: which places now be exceeding poor and beggarly.

In all these fisher towns, that I have before named, as Colchester, Harwich, Orford, Aldborough, Dunwich, Walderswick, So[uth]w[o]ld, Yarmouth, Blackney, Wells, Lynn, Boston, and Hull—these be all the chiefest towns; and all that useth the North seas in summer: and all these towns, it is well known, be ruinated.

I crave pardon, for that I omit the particular numbers and total sum; which I could here set down if I were commanded. [7]

In all these towns I know to be —— Iceland barks, and —— North Sea boats; and all these fishermen

having —— men a piece amounteth to the sum of ——. But admit that there are in all the West Country of England of fisherboats, tag and rag, that bringeth home all fresh fish, which seldom or never useth any salt; say, that they have other —— men a piece which makes the sum of —— in all England.

But in all these I have not reckoned the fishermen, mackerel-catchers, nor the Cobble-men of the north country, which having —— men a piece, cometh to —— men in all England.

But so many in all England, and I have truly showed before, that the Hollander hath in one fleet of Busses, twenty thousand fishermen; besides all them that goeth in the Sword-Pinks, Flat-Bottoms, Crab-Skuits, Walnut-Shells, and Great Yevers, wherein there are not less than twelve thousand more: and all these are only for to catch herrings in the North seas. Besides all they that go in the Fly-boats for Shetland Ling, and the Pinks for barrelled fish, and Trammel-boats: which cometh unto five thousand more.

So that it is most true, that as they have the sum of —— fishermen more than there is in all this land: and by reason of their Busses and Pinks and fishermen that set their Merchant-ships on work [*a work*]; so have they —— ships and ---- mariners more than we.



NOW in our sum of —— fishermen; let us see what vent [*sale*] have we for our fish into other countries? and what commodities and coin is brought into this kingdom? and what ships are set on work by them, whereby mariners are bred or employed? Not one! It is pitiful!

For when our fishermen cometh home the first voyage [*i.e., in the summer*] from the North Seas, they go either to London, Ipswich, Yarmouth, Lynn, Hull, or Scarborough; and there they do sell, at good rates, the first voyage. But the second voyage (because that they which be now the fishermen, have not yet the right use of making of barrelled fish, wherewith they might serve France, as do the Hollanders) they be now constrained to sell in England. For that it is staple [*standard*] fish; and not being barrelled, the French will not buy it.

But if that our fishermen had but once the use of Pinks and Line-boats and barrelled fish; then they might serve France as well as the Hollanders: which by this new trade of Busses being once erected, and Pinks, and Line-boats after the Holland manner; there will be fishermen enough to manage the Pinks for barrelled fish, from November unto the beginning of May, only the most part of those men that shall be maintained by the Busses. For that, when the Busses do leave work, in the winter, their men shall have employment by the Pinks for barrelled fish; which men now do little or nothing. For this last winter at

Yarmouth, there were three hundred idle men that could get nothing to do, living very poor for lack of employment; which most gladly would have gone to sea in Pinks, if there had been any for them to go in.

No more English but two ships this year laded there.

Note here how the Hollanders employ themselves and their Ships! First, in taking of the herrings quick [*alive*]; and yet are not content! but catch them again, after they be dead! and do set both their ships and mariners on work: and English ships lie up a rotting!

And whereas I said before, that there was not one ship set on work by our fishermen: there may be

objected against me this. That there doth every year commonly lade at Yarmouth four or five London ships for the Straits [*of Gibraltar*], which is sometimes true. And the Yarmouth men themselves do yearly send two or three ships to Bordeaux, and two or three boats laden with herrings, to Rouen, or to Nantes, or Saint Malo: whereby there are returned salt, wines, and Normandy canvas; whereby the King hath some custom. But there is no *money* returned into England for these herrings, which cost the Yarmouthians *ready gold*, before that they had them of the Hollanders and Frenchmen to lade these ships: and therefore I may boldly say, Not one!

And this last year now the Hollanders themselves have also gotten that trade, for there did lade twelve sail of Holland ships with red herrings at Yarmouth for Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, Genoa, and Marseilles and Toulon. Most of them being ladened by the English merchants. So that if this be suffered, the English owners of ships shall have but small employment for theirs.



NOW to show truly, what the whole charge of a Buss will be, with all her furniture, as masts, sails, anchors, cables, and with all her fisher's implements and appurtenances, at the first provided all new. It is a great charge, she being between thirty and forty

Last [= *60 to 80 Tons*] and will cost some five hundred pounds [= *about £2,250 in present value*].

By the grace of GOD, the Ship or Buss will continue twenty years, with small cost and reparations: but the yearly slite [*fraying*] and wear of her tackle and war-ropes and nets will cost some eighty pounds.

And the whole charge for the keeping of her at sea for the whole summer, or three voyages; for the fitting of a hundred Last of caske or barrels.

£7 200 One last will contains all herrings, particulars of Weys of Salt, or Last, of Barrels of Beer, or Hundreds of Biscuits, I will willingly resolve him; but here is the whole charge, and with the most [*at the outside.*]

8 8 or Last, four months

4 2 Barrels, four months

2	Hor Bread, four months	
1	Bacon and Butter	
3	For Pease, four months	
£1	Herrings	
	Billet, four months	
8	The whole wages, four months	
£3	Gotten	

[See full particulars in the later work *Britain's Buss* in Vol. III. p. 621.]

Here plainly appeareth that there is gotten £665 in one summer, whereout if that you do deduct £100 for the wear of the ship and the reparations of her nets against the next summer; yet still there £565 remaining for clear gains, by one Buss in one year.

And I have rated the

Herrings, but at £10 the Last; which is with the least. For they be commonly sold by the Hollanders at Dantsic for £15 and £20 the Last.

The Hollanders do make [*consider*] the profit of their Busses so certain, that they do lay out their own children's money, given them by their deceased friends, in adventuring in the Busses; and also there is in Holland a Treasury for Orphans opened and laid out in adventuring in the Busses.

Ready money; or tallies, which are as Bills of Exchange, to be paid at first sight.

The Hollanders do make both a profitable and a pleasant trade of this summer fishing. For there was one of them that having a gallant great new Buss of his own, and he having a daughter married unto one that was his Mate in the Buss: the Owner that was Master of this Buss did take his wife with him aboard, and his Mate his wife; and so they did set sail for the North seas, with the two women with

them, the mother and the daughter. Where, having a fair wind, and being fishing in the North seas, they had soon filled their Buss with herrings; and a Herring-Yager cometh unto them, and brings them gold and fresh supplies, and copeth [*bargaineth*] with them, and taketh in their herrings for ready money, and delivereth them more barrels and salt; and away goeth the Yager for the first market into Sprucia [*Prussia*]. And still is the Buss fishing at sea, and soon after again was full laden and boone [*bound*] home: but then another Yager cometh unto him as did the former, and delivering them more provision of barrels, salt, and ready money, and bids them farewell. And still the Buss lieth at sea, with the mother and daughter, so long, and not very long before they had again all their barrels full; and then they sailed home into Holland, with the two women, and the buss laden with herrings, and a thousand pounds of ready money.

If that any man should make question of the truth of this, it will be very credibly approved by divers of good credit that be now in the city of London.

Now to show the charge of a Pink of eighteen or twenty Last [= *36 to 40 tons*]. The Pink being built new, and all things new into her, will not cost £260, with all her lines, hooks, and all her fisher appurtenances.

And

15 Last of barrels will cost	£10
5 Weys of "Salt upon Salt"	15
For Beer and Cask	7
For Bread	3
For Butter	1
For the Petty Tally	1

For men's wages for two months, Master and all together 20

£57

Fifteen Last of barrelled fish at £14 8s. the Last, which is but twenty-four shillings the barrel, amounteth to £216; whereout if that you do deduct £57 for the charge of setting her to sea, there is still resting £159 clear gain by one Pink, with fifteen Last of fish, for two months.

Wherefore, seeing the profit so plain; and, by the grace of GOD, so certain; both by the Busses and Line-boats, whereby the Hollanders have so long gained by: let all noble, worshipful, and wealthy subjects put to their adventuring and helping hands, for the speedy launching and floating forward of this great good common wealth business, for the strengthening of His Majesty's dominions with two principal pillars, which are, with plenty of coin brought in for Fish and herrings from other nations, and also for the increasing of mariners against all common invasions. And also for the bettering of trades and occupations, and setting of thousands of poor and idle people on work, which now know not how to live; which by this Trade of Busses shall be employed: as daily we see is done, before our eyes, by the Hollanders. And, as always it hath been seen, that those that be now the fishermen of England have been always found to be sufficient to serve His Majesty's ships in former time, when there has been employment: which fellows, by this new trade of building and setting forth of Busses will be greatly multiplied and increased in this land. Which fellows, as we see the Hollanders, being well fed in fishing affairs, and strong[er] and lustier than the sailors that use the long southern voyages that sometimes are greatly surfeited and hunger-pined: but these

courageous, young, lusty, fed-strong younkers, that shall be bred in the Busses, when His Majesty shall have occasion for their service in war against the enemy, will be fellows for the nonce! and will put more strength to an iron crow at a piece of great ordnance in traversing of a cannon or culvering, with the direction of the experimented [*experienced*] Master Gunner, than two or three of the forenamed surfeited sailors. And in distress of wind-grown sea, and foul winter's weather, for flying forward to their labour, for pulling in a topsail or a spritsail, or shaking off a bonnet in a dark night! for wet and cold cannot make them shrink, nor stain that the North seas and the Busses and Pinks have dyed in the grain, for such purposes.

And whosoever shall go to sea for Captain to command in martial affairs, or to take charge for Master in trade of merchandise (as in times past I have done both) will make choice of these fellows: for I have seen their resolution in the face of their enemy, when they have been *legeramenta* [Italian for *light-hearted*] and frolicsome, and as forward as about their ordinary labours or business.

It is not unknown, that last year [1613] there was a general press along the coast of England, from Hull in Yorkshire unto St.

Michael's Mount in Cornwall, only for sailors to furnish but seven ships, for the wafting over [*conveying*] of the Count Palantine and his noble Princess but twenty-eight leagues.

And when His Majesty shall have occasion and employment for the furnishing of his Navy, there will be no want of Masters, Pilots, Commanders, and sufficient directors of a course and keeping of computation; but now there is a pitiful want of sufficient good men to do the offices and labours before spoken of. All which, these men of the Busses and Pinks will worthily supply.

And to the art of sailing they may happily attain. For hitherto it hath been commonly seen, that those men that have been brought up in their youth in fishery, have deserved as well as any in the land for artificial [*scientific*] sailing: for at this time is practised all the projections of circular and mathematical scales and arithmetical sailing by divers of the young men of the sea-coast towns, even as commonly amongst them, as amongst the Thamesers.

Some of these be 60 and 80 tons, the burden.

Besides all the Hollanders before spoken of, the Frenchmen of Picardy have also a hundred sail of fishermen, only [*solely*] for herrings on His Majesty's seas every year in the summer season; and they be almost like unto the Busses: but they have not any Yagers that cometh unto them, but they do lade themselves, and return home twice every year; and find great profit by their making but two voyages every summer season.

The Hollanders do yearly take so many, as they do make more than two millions of pounds sterling. And we, his Majesty's subjects, do take no more than do bait our hooks!

And it is much to be lamented that we, having such a plentiful country, and such store of able and idle people, that not one of His Majesty's subjects is there to be seen all the whole summer to fish or to take one herring; but only the North Sea boats of the sea-

coast towns that go to take Cod, they do take so many as they do need to bait their hooks and no more.

We are daily scorned by these Hollanders for being so negligent of our profit, and careless of our fishing; and they do daily flout us that be the poor fishermen of England, to our faces at sea, calling to us and saying, *Ya English! ya zall, or oud scove dragien*, which in English is this, "You English! we will make you glad for to wear our old shoes."

And likewise the Frenchmen, they say, "We are apish," for that we do still imitate them in all needless and fantastical jags [*tatters*] and fashions. As it is most true indeed. For that they have no fashion amongst them in apparel nor lace, points, gloves, hilts, nor garters; even from the spangled shoe-latchet unto the spangled hat and hatband (be it never so idle and costly): but after that we do once get it, it is far bettered by our nation.

The sailor's proverb, The sea and the gallows refuse none!

Wherefore, seeing that we can excel all other nations, wastefully to spend money; let us in one thing learn of other nations! to get thousands out of His Majesty's sea! and to make a general profit of the benefits that Almighty GOD doth yearly send unto us, in far more greater abundance than the fruit of our trees! which although they [*the fishes*] be more changeable in the gathering together, yet is the profit far more greater unto this kingdom and common

wealth of all His Majesty's subjects, increasing the wealth of the Adventurers; as also for the enriching of Merchants, and maintaining of trades, occupations, and employing of ships, and increasing of mariners which now do but little or nothing; as also for the setting of poor and idle people on work, which now know not how to live. And to teach many a tall fellow to know the proper names of the ropes in a ship, and to haul the bowline; that now for lack of employment many such, by the inconvenience of idle living, are compelled to end their days with a rope by an untimely death; which by the employment of the Busses might be well avoided, and they in time become right honest, serviceable, and trusty subjects.



HERE since my book came to the press, I have been credibly certified by men[8] of good worth (being Fishmongers) that since Christmas last, unto this day; there hath been paid to the Hollanders, here in London, only for barrels of fish and Holland Ling, the sum of Twelve thousand pounds [= *about £50,000 in the present day*].

And last of all, if that there be any of worshipful

Adventurers that would have any directions for the building of these Busses or fisherships, because I know that the ship carpenters of England be not yet skilful in this matter; wherefore if that any shall be pleased to repair to me, I will be willing to give them directions and plain projections and geometrical demonstrations for the right building of them, both for length, breadth, and depth, and also for their mould under water, and also for the contriving of their rooms and the laying of their gear,[9] according to the Hollanders' fashion. Any man shall hear of me at Master NATHANIEL BUTTER's, a Stationer's shop at Saint Austen's Gate in Paul's Churchyard. Farewell this 18th of February [1614].

FINIS.



The States Proclamation.

Translated out of Dutch.



The States General of the United Provinces of the Low Countries, unto all those that shall see or hear these presents greeting. We let you to wit, that whereas it is well known, that the great fishing and catching of herrings is the chiefest trade and principal Gold Mine of these United Countries, whereby many thousands of households, families, handicrafts, trades, and occupations are set on work, well maintained, and prosper; especially the sailing and navigation, as well within as without these Countries, is kept in great estimation: moreover, many returns of money, with the increase of the means, convoys, customs, and revenues of these countries are augmented thereby and prosper. And forasmuch as there are made, from time to time, many good Orders concerning the catching, salting, and beneficial uttering [disposal] *of the said herrings, to the end to preserve and maintain the said Chief Trade in the*

United Provinces; which trade, by divers encounters of some that seek their own gain, is envied in respect of the great good it bringeth to the United Countries; and We are informed that a device is put in practice to the prejudice of the trade, to transport out of the United Countries into other countries staves for herring-barrels made here, and half herring-barrels put into other barrels, and nets; to cross the good orders and policy here intended to them of these countries for the catching, salting, and selling the herrings dressed in other countries after the order of these countries, whereby this chief trade should be decayed here, and the inhabitants of these countries damnified [damaged] *if we make not provision in time against such practices*.

Therefore We, after mature judgement and deliberation, have forbidden and interdicted, and by these presents do forbid and interdict all and every one, as well home-born inhabitants as strangers frequenting these parts, to take up any herring-barrels or half ones prepared, or any kind of nets, in any ship, town, or haven of the United Provinces, to be sent into other countries or places; upon pain of confiscation of the same, and the ship also wherein they shall be found, besides a penalty of one hundred of Netherland Silver Royals, for the first time: and for the second time, above confiscation of ship and goods, and four hundred of the said Royals of Silver: and for the third time, above confiscation of ship and goods and six hundred of the said Royals of Silver, corporal punishment.

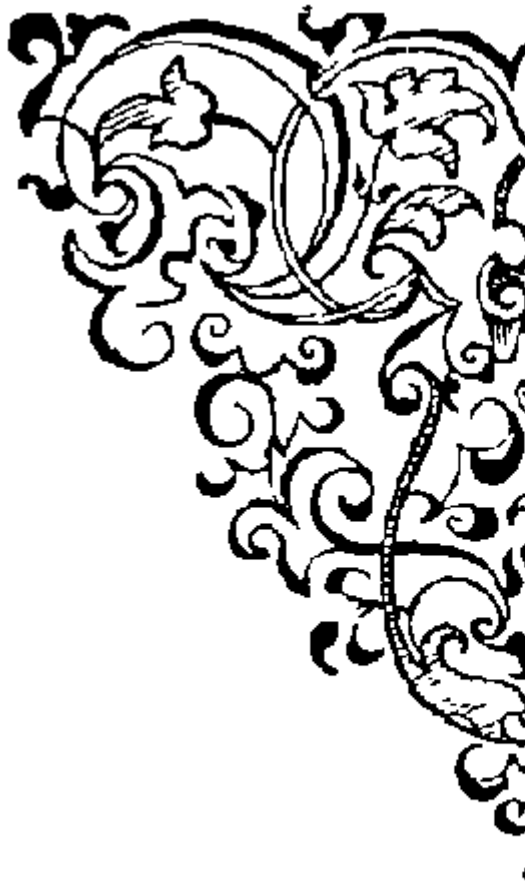
All which confiscations and penalties shall be distributed one third part to the profit of the plaintiff [informer—? including the corporal punishment]; *one third part to the poor; and one third part to the Officers, where the said confiscation shall be demanded*.

And not only they shall incur this penalty, which after

shall be taken with the deed, but they also that within one year after the deed shall be convicted; and that none may pretend ignorance, and that this order may be in all places duly observed, and the offenders punished according to justice, We will and require, our dear and well beloved Estates, Governors, Deputies of the Council, and the Estates of the respective Provinces of Guelderland, and the county of Satfill in Holland, West Friesland, Zealand, Utrecht, Friesland, Merizel, the town of Groningen, and the circumjacent places: and to all Justices and Officers, that they cause to be published in all places and proclaimed where the usual proclamation and publication is made: We do charge also the Chancellors and Provincial Council, and the Council of Admiralty, the Advocatistical, and the Procurer General, and all other Officers, Judges, and Justices of these United Provinces, and to all general colonies, Admirals and Vice-Admirals, Captains, Officers, and Commanders, to perform and cause to be performed this order and commandment, and to proceed and cause to be proceeded against the offenders without grace, favour, dissimulation, or composition: because we have found it necessary for the good and benefit of the said United Provinces.

Dated in Hague, this 19th of July.

FINIS.



FOOTNOTES:

[7] Our Author has however already specified the number to be, at least, Iceland barks 126, and North Sea boats 237.

[8] Master WILLIAM SNELLING, Master STEPHEN TOPLEY, and divers others of the Company of Fishmongers.

[9] And for providing of their Cordage and Nets, after the most neatest and cheapest rates.

Fair VIRTUE,
THE
MISTRESS
OF
PHIL'ARETE.
Written by
Geo. Wither.

CATUL. Carmen. XV.

nihil veremur
Istos, quid in platea, modo huc, modo illuc
In re pretereunt sua occupati.

LONDON.

Printed for John Grismand.

M.DC.XXII.

[It is singular that this truly astonishing Poem, a poetical *tour de force* as it is, should not hitherto have

obtained a universal acceptance and recognition. In it we see WITHER at his prime; and cannot but admire as much the sterling integrity of his Character, as the wonderful fertility of his poetical Invention.

His mastery herein over rhythm and rhyme, also amply vindicates the opinion of Dryden: who, considering himself unmatched by any in facility of versification, openly excepted WITHER, and F. QUARLES.

Well has our Poet said—

When other noble Dames,
By greater men attended,
Shall, with their lives and names,
Have all their glories ended:
With fairest Queens, shall She
Sit, sharing equal glory;
And Times to come shall be
Delighted with our Story.

First stanza on *p.* 386.]

THE STATIONER TO THE READER.



THIS being one of the Author's first poems, was composed many years agone; and (unknown to him) gotten out of his custody by an acquaintance of his. And coming lately to my hands, without a name: it was thought to have so much resemblance of the Maker, that many, upon the first sight, undertook to guess who was the author of it; and [were] persuaded that it was likely also, to become profitable both to them and me.

Whereupon, I got it authorised, according to Order [*It was entered at Stationers' Hall, on 31st January, 1622*]; intending to publish it without further inquiry.

But attaining by chance, a more perfect knowledge, to whom it most properly belonged; I thought it fitting to acquaint him therewithal. And did so, desiring also both his good will to publish the same, and leave to pass it under his name. Both [of] which, I found him very unwilling to permit; least the seeming lightness of such a subject might somewhat disparage the more serious studies, which he hath since undertaken.

Yet doubting (this being got out of his custody) some more imperfect copies might be scattered abroad, in writing; or be (unknown to him) imprinted: he was pleased, upon my importunities, to condescend

[*agree*] that it might be published without his name.

And his words were these:

"When," said he, "I first composed it, I well liked thereof; and it well enough became my years; but, now, I neither like nor dislike it. That, therefore, it should be divulged, I desire not! and whether it be; or whether, if it so happen, it be approved or not, I care not! For this I am sure of, howsoever it is valued, it is worth as much as I prize it at. Likely it is also, to be as beneficial to the world, as the world hath been to me; and will be more than those who like it not, ever deserved at my hands."

These were his speeches. And if you looked for a Prologue, thus much he wished me to tell you, instead thereof, "because," as he said, "he himself had somewhat else to do."

Yet, to acknowledge the truth, I was so earnest with him, that, busy as he would seem to be, I got him to write this *Epistle* for me. And have thereunto set *my* name: which he wished me to confess, partly, to avoid the occasion of belying my invention; and partly, because he thought some of you would suppose so much.

I entreated him to explain his meaning in certain obscure passages. But he told me how "that were to take away the employment of his interpreters [*critics*]: whereas he would, purposely, leave something remaining doubtful, to see what Sir POLITIC WOULD-BE and his companions would pick out of it."

I desired him also to set down, to what good purposes, this Poem would serve. But his reply was how "that would be well enough found out in the perusing, by all such as had honest understandings;

and they who are not so provided, he hopes will not read it."

More, I could not get from him.

Whether, therefore, the *Mistress of Phil'arete* be really a Woman, shadowed under the name of *Virtue*; or Virtue only, whose loveliness is represented by the beauty of an excellent Woman: or whether it mean both together, I cannot tell you!

But thus much dare I promise for your money, that, here, you shall find, familiarly expressed, both such beauties as young men are most entangled withal; and the excellency also of such as are most worthy their affection. That seeing both impartially set forth by him, that was capable of both; they might the better settle their love on the best.

Hereby, also, those women, who desire to be truly beloved, may know what makes them so to be: and seek to acquire those accomplishments of the Mind which may endear them, when the sweetest features of a beautiful Face shall be converted into deformities.

And here is described that Loveliness of theirs, which is the principal object of wanton affection, to no worse end, but that those (who would never have looked on this Poem, if Virtue and Goodness had been therein no otherwise represented, than as they are Objects of the Soul) might (where they expected the satisfaction of their sensuality only) meet with that also, which would insinuate into them an Apprehension of more reasonable, and most excellent perfections. Yea, whereas the common opinion of

Youth hath been, that only old men, and such as are unable, or past delighting in a bodily loveliness, are those who are best capable of the Mind's perfections; and that they do, therefore, so much prefer them before the other, because their age or stupidity hath deprived them of being sensible what pleasures they yield: though this be the vulgar error; yet, here, it shall appear, that he who is able to conceive the most excellent Pleasingness which could be apprehended in a corpor[e]al Beauty, found it (even when he was most enamoured with it) far short of that inexpressible Sweetness, which he discovered in a virtuous and well tempered Disposition.

And if this be not worth your money; keep it!

JOHN MARRIOT.





Phil'arete. *To his Mistress.*



Hail! thou Fairest of all Creatures,
Upon whom the sun doth shine!
Model of all rarest features,
And perfections most divine!
Thrice, All Hail! And blessed be,
Those that love and honour thee!

Of thy worth, this rural Story,
Thy unworthy Swain hath penned;
And to thy ne'er-ending glory,
These plain Numbers doth commend:
Which ensuing Times shall warble,
When 'tis lost, that's writ in marble.

Though thy praise, and high deservings,
Cannot all, be here expressed;
Yet my love and true observings
Some way, ought to be professed!
And where greatest love we see,
Highest things attemptèd be.

By thy Beauty, I have gainèd
To behold the best perfections;
By thy Love, I have obtainèd
To enjoy the best affections.
And my tongue to sing thy praise!
Love and Beauty thus doth raise.

What although in rustic shadows,
I, a Shepherd's breeding had!
And confinèd to these meadows,
So in home-spun russet clad!
Such as I, have, now and then,
Dared as much as greater men.

Though a stranger to the Muses,
Young, obscurèd, and despised;
Yet such Art, thy love infuses!
That I, thus, have poetised.
Read! and be content to see
Thy admirèd power in me!

And O grant, thou Sweetest Beauty!
(Wherewith ever Earth was graced),
That this Trophy of my duty
May, with favour be embraced!
And disdain not, in these rhymes,
To be sung to after Times!

Let those doters on Apollo,
That adore the Muses so,

(And, like geese, each other follow)
See what Love alone can do!
For in love lays, Grove and Field;
Nor to Schools, nor Courts will yield!

On this Glass of thy Perfection,
If that any women pry;
Let them, thereby, take direction
To adorn themselves thereby!
And if aught amiss they view;
Let them dress themselves anew!

Young men shall, by this, acquainted
With the truest Beauties, grow;
So the counterfeit, or painted,
They may shun, when them they know.
But the Way, all will not find;
For some eyes have, yet are blind.

Thee! entirely! I have loved:
So thy Sweetness on me wrought.
Yet thy Beauty never moved
Ill temptations in my thought.
But, still, did Beauty's ray
Sun-like, drive those fogs away.

Those, that Mistresses are named;
And for that, suspected be:
Shall not need to be ashamed,
If they pattern take, by Thee!
Neither shall their Servants fear,
Favours, openly to wear.

Thou, to no man favour deignest!
But what's fitting to bestow.
Neither Servants entertainest!
That can ever wanton grow.

For, the more they look on Thee,
Their Desires still better be!

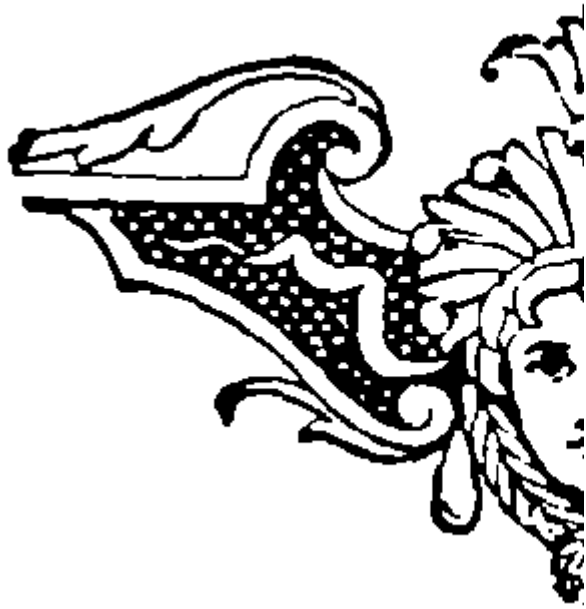
This, thy Picture, therefore, show I
Naked unto every eye:
Yet no fear of rival know I,
Neither touch of jealousy.
For the more make love to Thee!
I, the more shall pleased be.

I am no Italian lover
That will mew thee in a gaol;
But thy Beauty I discover,
English-like, without a veil.
If thou mayest be won away:
Win and wear thee, he that may!

Yet in this, Thou may'st believe me!
(So indifferent, though I seem):
Death with tortures would not grieve me
More, than loss of thy esteem!
For if VIRTUE me forsake!
All a scorn of me will make.

Then, as I, on Thee relying,
Do no changing fear in Thee!
So, by my defects supplying;
From all changing, keep thou me!
That unmatched we may prove:
Thou, for Beauty! I, for Love!

Then, while their loves are forgotten,
Who to Pride and Lust were slaves;
And their Mistresses, quite rotten,
Lie, unthought on, in their graves:
King and Queens, in their despite,
Shall, to mind us, take delight.





Fair VIRTUE,
OR
The Mistress of Phil'arete.



Two pretty rills do meet; and meeting, make
Within one valley, a large silver lake:
About whose banks, the fertile mountains stood
In ages passèd, bravely crowned with wood;
Which lending cold-sweet shadows, gave it grace
To be accounted Cynthia's bathing-place.
And from her father Neptune's brackish Court,
Fair Thetis thither, often, would resort;
Attended by the fishes of the sea,
Which, in these sweeter waters came to play.
There, would the Daughter of the Sea God dive:
And thither came the Land Nymphs, every eve,
To wait upon her; bringing for her brows,
Rich garlands of sweet flowers, and beechy boughs.
For pleasant was that Pool;[10] *and near it, then,*
Was neither rotten marsh, nor boggy fen.
It was not overgrown with boisterous sedge,
Nor grew there rudely, then, along the edge
A bending willow, nor a prickly bush,
Nor broad-leafed flag, nor reed, nor knotty rush:
But here, well ordered, was a grove with bowers;

There, grassy plots set round about with flowers.
Here, you might, through the water, see the land
Appear, strewed o'er with white or yellow sand.
Yon, deeper was it; and the wind, by whiffs,
Would make it rise, and wash the little cliffs;
On which, oft pluming, sate, unfrighted then,
The gagling wild goose, and the snow-white swan,
With all those flocks of fowls, which, to this day,
Upon those quiet waters breed and play.
For, though those excellences wanting be
Which once it had, it is the same that we,
By transposition, name the Ford of Arle:[11]
And out of which, along a chalky marl,
That river trills, whose waters wash the fort
In which brave Arthur kept his royal Court.[12]

North-east, not far from this great Pool, there lies
A tract of beechy mountains, that arise,
With leisurely ascending, to such height
As from their tops, the warlike Isle of Wight
You, in the Ocean's bosom, may espy:
Though near two hundred furlongs thence it lie.
The pleasant way, as up those hills you climb,
Is strewed o'er with marjoram and thyme,
Which grow unset. The hedgerows do not want
The cowslip, violet, primrose; nor a plant

That freshly scents: as birch, both green and tall;
Low sallows, on whose bloomings, bees do fall;
Fair woodbines which, about the hedges twine;
Smooth privet, and the sharp-sweet eglantine;
With many more, whose leaves and blossoms fair,
The Earth adorn, and oft perfume the Air.
When you, unto the highest do attain;
An intermixture both of wood and plain,
You shall behold! which, though aloft it lie,
Hath downs for sheep, and fields for husbandry:
So much, at least, as little, needeth more;
If not enough to merchandise their store.
In every row, hath Nature planted there;
Some banquet for the hungry passenger.
For here, the hasle-nut and filbird grows;
There, bulloes; and little further, sloes.
On this hand, standeth a fair wielding-tree;
On that, large thickets of black cherries be.
The shrubby fields are raspice orchards, there;
The new felled woods, like strawberry gardens are.
And had the King of Rivers blest those hills,
With some small number of such pretty rills
As flow elsewhere, Arcadia had not seen
A sweeter plot of earth than this had been.
For what offence, this place was scanted so
Of springing waters, no record doth show;
Nor have they old tradition left, that tells;
But till this day, at fifty-fathom wells,
The Shepherds drink. And strange it was, to

hear
Of any Swain that ever livèd there,
Who, either in a Pastoral Ode had skill,
Or knew to set his fingers to a quill:
For rude they were, who there inhabited,
And to a dull contentment being bred,
They no such Art esteemed; nor took much heed
Of anything the world without them, did.
Ev'n there, and in the least frequented place
Of all these mountains, is a little space
Of pleasant ground hemmed in with dropping trees,
And those so thick, that Phœbus scarcely sees
The earth they grow on, once in all the year;
Nor what is done among the shadows there:
Along those lovely paths, (where never came
Report of Pan's, or of Apollo's name;
Nor rumour of the Muses, till of late)
Some Nymphs were wandering, and, by chance or fate,
Upon a laund[13] arrived, where they met
The little flock of Pastor Philaret.
They were a troop of Beauties known well nigh
Through all the plains of happy Brittany.
A Shepherd's Lad was He, obscure and young,
Who, being first that ever there had sung,
In homely verse, expressèd country loves,
And only told them to the beechy groves;
As if to sound his name, he never meant,
Beyond the compass that his sheepwalk went.
They saw him not, nor them perceivèd he;

For in the branches of a maple tree,
He shrouded sate: and taught the hollow hill
To echo forth the music of his quill;
Whose tattling voice redoubled so the sound,
That where he was concealed, they quickly
found.
And there, they heard him sing a Madrigal
That soon betrayed his cunning to them all.
Full rude it was, no doubt, but such a
Song,
Those rustic and obscurèd shades among,
Was never heard, they say, by any ear,
Until his Muses had inspired him there.
Though mean and plain, his country habit
seemed,
Yet by his Song, the Ladies rightly deemed
That either he had travellèd abroad,
Where Swains of better knowledge make
abode;
Or else, that some brave Nymph who used
that grove,
Had deignèd to enrich him with her love.
Approaching nearer, therefore, to this
Swain,
Them, him saluted; and he, them again,
In such good fashion, as well seemed to be
According to their state, and his degree.
Which greetings being passed, and much chat
Concerning him, the place, with this and that;
He, to an arbour doth those Beauties bring,
Where he, them prays to sit; they, him to
sing,
And to express that untaught Country Art,
In setting forth the Mistress of his heart;
Which they o'erheard him practice, when
unseen,

He thought no ear had witness of it been.
At first, as much unable, he refused,
And seemèd willing to have been excused
From such a task, "For trust me, Nymphs!"
quoth he,
"I would not purposely uncivil be,
Nor churlish in denying what you crave!
But, as I hope great Pan my flock will save!
I rather wish that I might, heard of none,
Enjoy my music by myself alone;
Or that the murmurs of some little flood,
Joined with the friendly echoes of the wood,
Might be the impartial umpires of my wit;
Than vent it where the world might hear of it.
And doubtless, I had sung less loud while-ere,
Had I but thought of any such so near.
Not that I either wish obscurified
Her matchless Beauty, or desire to hide
Her sweet Perfections. For, by Love I swear!
The utmost happiness I aim at here
Is but to compass Worth enough to raise
A high built Trophy equal to her praise.
Which, fairest Ladies! I shall hope in vain,
For I was meanly bred on yonder plain!
And though I can well prove my blood to be
Derived from no ignoble Stems, to me:
Yet Fate and Time them so obscured and
crosst
That with their fortunes, their esteem is lost;
And whatsoe'er repute I strive to win,
Now from myself alone, it must begin.
For I have no estate, nor friends, nor fame,
To purchase either credit to my name,
Or gain a good opinion; though I do
Ascend the height I shall aspire unto.
If any of those virtues yet I have

Which honour to my predecessors gave;
There's all, that's left me! And though some
contemn
Such needy jewels: yet it was for them,
My Fair One did my humble suit affect;
And deignèd my adventurous love, respect:
And by their help, I passage hope to make,
Through such poor things as I dare
undertake.
But, you may say, 'What goodly thing,
alas,
Can my despisèd meanness bring to pass?
Or what great Monument of Honour raise
To Virtue, in these vice abounding days?
In which, a thousand times, more honour
finds,
Ignoble gotten Means, than noble Minds.'
Indeed, the world affordeth small reward
For honest minds, and therefore her regard
I seek not after; neither do I care,
If I have bliss, how others think I fare!
For, so my thoughts have rest; it irks not me,
Though none, but I, do know how blest they
be.
Here, therefore, in these groves and hidden
plains,
I pleasèd, sit alone, and many strains
I carol to myself, these hills among,
Where no man comes to interrupt my song.
Whereas, if my rude Lays, make known I
should,
Beyond their home; perhaps, some carpers
would
(Because they have not heard from whence
we be)
Traduce, abuse, and scoff both them and me.

For if our great and learned Shepherds (who
Are graced with Wit, and Fame, and Favours
too)
With much ado, escape uncensured may;
What hopes have I to pass unscorched, I
pray!
Who yet unto the Muses am unknown,
And live unhonoured, here, among mine
own?
A gadding humour seldom taketh me,
To range out further than yon mountains be;
Nor hath applausive Rumour borne my name
Upon the spreading wings of sounding Fame:
Nor can I think, fair Nymphs! that you resort
For other purpose, than to make a sport
At that simplicity, which shall appear
Among the rude untutored Shepherds here.
I know, that you, my noble Mistress ween,
At best, a homely milkmaid on the green,
Or some such country lass as taskèd stays
At servile labour until holidays.
For poor men's virtues so neglected grow,
And are now prizèd at a rate so low;
As, 'tis impossible, you should be brought
To let it with belief possess your thought,
That any Nymph, whose love might worthy
be,
Would deign to cast respective eyes on me.
You see I live, possessing none of those
Gay things, with which the world enamoured
grows.
To woo a Courtly Beauty, I have neither
Rings, bracelets, jewels; nor a scarf, nor
feather.
I use no double-dyèd cloth to wear;
No scrip embroidered richly, do I bear:

No silken belt, nor sheephook laid with
pearls,
To win me favour from the shepherds' girls.
No Place of Office or Command I keep,
But this my little flock of homely sheep.
And, in a word; the sum of all my pelf
Is this, I am the Master of myself!
No doubt, in Courts of Princes you have
been!
And all the pleasures of the Palace seen!
There, you beheld brave Courtly passages
Between Heroes and their Mistresses.
You, there, perhaps, in presence of the King,
Have heard his learned Bards and Poets sing!
And what contentment, then, can wood or
field,
To please your curious understandings yield?
I know you walkèd hither, but to prove
What silly Shepherds do conceive of love?
Or to make trial how our simpleness,
Can Passions' force, or Beauty's power
express?
And when you are departed, you will joy
To laugh, or descant on the Shepherd's Boy!
But yet, I vow! if all the Art I had
Could any more esteem or glory add
To her unmatchèd worth; I would not weigh
What you intended," "Prithee, Lad!" quoth
they,
"Distrustful of our courtesy do not seem!
Her nobleness can never want esteem,
Nor thy concealèd Measures be disgraced;
Though in a meaner person they were placed.
If thy too modestly reservèd quill
But reach that height, which we suppose it
will;

Thy meanness or obscureness cannot wrong
The Nymph thou shalt eternize in thy Song.
For, as it higher rears thy glory, that
A noble Mistress thou hast aimèd at;
So, more unto her honour it will prove
That (whilst deceiving shadows others move)
Her constant eyes could pass unmovèd by
The subtle Time's bewitching bravery;
And those obscurèd virtues love in thee,
That with despisèd meanness clouded be.
Now then, for Her sweet sake! whose beauteous eye
Hath filled thy Soul with heavenly Poesy;
Sing in her praise some new inspirèd Strain!
And if, within our power, there shall remain
A favour to be done to pleasure thee;
Ask and obtain it, whatsoe'er it be!"
"Fair Ladies!" quoth the Lad, "such words as those,
Compel me can": and therewithal he rose,
Returned them thanks, obeisance made; and then
Down sate again, and thus to sing began.

[*The Prologue.*]



You that, at a blush, can tell
Where the best perfections dwell!
And the substance can conjecture,
By a shadow or a picture!

Come and try, if you, by this,
Know my Mistress, who she is?
For, though I am far unable
Here to match APELLES' table;
Or draw ZEUXES' cunning lines
(Who so painted BACCHUS' vines
That the hungry birds did muster
Round the counterfeited cluster);
Though I vaunt not to inherit
PETRARCH's yet unequalled spirit;
Nor to quaff the sacred well
Half so deep as *Astrophel*;
Though the much-commended *Celia*,
Lovely *Laura*, *Stella*, *Delia*,
(Who, in former times, excelled)
Live in lines unparalleled,
Making us believe, 'twere much
Earth should yield another such:
  Yet, assisted but by Nature,
I assay to paint a Creature,
Whose rare worth, in future years,
Shall be praised as much as theirs.

  Nor let any think amiss
That I have presumèd this;
For a gentle Nymph is She,
And hath often honoured me.
She's a noble spark of light
In each part so exquisite;
Had she, in times passèd been,
They had made her, Beauty's Queen.
  Then, shall coward Despair
Let the most unblemished Fair,
(For default of some poor Art,
Which her favour may impart)
And the sweetest Beauty fade

That was ever born or made?
Shall, of all the fair ones, She,
Only so unhappy be,
As to live in such a Time,
In so rude, so dull a clime;
Where no spirit can ascend
High enough, to apprehend
Her unprizèd excellence,
Which lies hid from common sense?
  Never shall a stain so vile
Blemish this, our Poets' Isle!
I myself will rather run
And seek out for Helicon!
I will wash, and make me clean
In the waves of Hippocrene!
And, in spite of Fortune's bars,
Climb the Hill that braves the stars!
Where, if I can get no Muse,
That will any skill infuse,
Or my just attempt prefer;
I will make a Muse of Her!
Whose kind heat shall soon distil
Art into my ruder quill.
By her favour, I will gain
Help to reach so rare a Strain;
That the Learned Hills shall wonder
How the Untaught Valleys under,
Met with raptures so divine;
Without the knowledge of the Nine.
  I, that am a Shepherd's Swain
Piping on the lowly plain,
And no other music can
Than what learned I have of PAN;
I, who never sang the Lays,
That deserve APOLLO's bays;
Hope, not only here to frame

Measures which shall keep Her name
From the spite of wasting Times:
But (enshrined in sacred rhymes)
Place her, where her form divine
Shall, to after ages, shine;
And, without respect of odds,
Vie renown with Demi-Gods.

Then, whilst of her praise I sing;
Harken Valley! Grove! and Spring!
Listen to me, sacred Fountains!
Solitary Rocks! and Mountains!
Satyrs! and you wanton Elves
That do nightly sport yourselves!
Shepherds! you that, on the reed,
Whistle, while your lambs do feed!
Agèd Woods and Floods! that know
What hath been, long times, ago!
Your more serious notes among,
Hear, how I can, in my Song,
Set a Nymph's perfection forth!
And, when you have heard her worth,
Say, if such another Lass
Ever known to mortal was!
Listen Lordlings! you that most
Of your outward honours boast!
And you Gallants! (that think scorn,
We, to lowly fortunes born,
Should attain to any graces,
Where you look for sweet embraces)
See! if all those vanities
Whereon your affection lies;
Or the titles, or the powers,
(By your fathers' virtues, yours)
Can your Mistresses enshrine
In such State, as I will mine!

Who am forced to importune
Favours, in despite of Fortune.
  Beauties, listen! chiefly you
That yet know not Virtue's due!
You, that think there are no sports,
Nor no honours, but in Courts!
(Though of thousands, there live not
Two, but die and are forgot).
See, if any Palace yields
Ought more glorious than the Fields!
And consider well, if we
May not, as high-flying be
In our thoughts, as you that sing
In the chambers of a King!
See! if our contented minds,
Whom Ambition never blinds,
(We, that, clad in homespun gray,
On our own sweet meadows play)
Cannot honour, if we please,
Where we list, as well as these!
Or, as well, of worth approve!
Or, with equal Passions, love!
See, if beauties may not touch
Our soon-loving hearts as much!
Or our services effect
Favours, with as true respect,
In your good conceits to rise,
As our painted butterflies!
  And you, Fairest! give her room,
When your Sex's Pride doth come!

For that subject of my Song,
I invoke these groves among
To be witness of the Lays
Which I carol in her praise.
And because she soon will see

If my Measures faulty be,
Whilst I chant them, let each rhyme
Keep a well-proportioned time;
And with Strains, that are divine,
Meet her thoughts in every line!
Let each accent there, present
To her soul, a new content!
And, with ravishings, so seize her,
She may feel the height of pleasure!
  You enchanting Spells, that lie
Lurking in sweet Poesy!
(And to none else will appear,
But to those, that worthy are)
Make Her know! there is a power
Ruling in these charms of yours;
That transcends, a thousand heights,
Ordinary men's delights;
And can leave within her breast
Pleasures not to be exprest!
Let her linger on each Strain
As if She would hear't again!
And were loath to part from thence
Till She had the quintessence
Out of each conceit, she meets!
And had stored her, with those sweets!
  Make Her, by your Art to see!
I, that am her Swain, was he
Unto whom all beauties here,
Were alike and equal dear:
That I could of freedom boast,
And of favours with the most;
Yet, now, nothing more affecting,
Sing of Her! the rest neglecting.
  Make her heart, with full compassion,
Judge the merit of True Passion!
And, as much my love prefer,

As I strive to honour Her!
  Lastly, you that will, I know,
Hear me, whe'er you should or no!
You, that seek to turn all flowers,
By your breath's infectious powers,
Into such rank loathsome weeds,
As your dunghill nature breeds!
Let your hearts be chaste! or here
Come not, till you purge them clear!
Mark! and mark then, what is worst!
For whate'er it seem at first,
If you bring a modest mind,
You shall nought immodest find!
  But if any, too severe,
Hap to lend a partial ear,
Or, out of his blindness, yawn
Such a word as, *O profane*!
Let him know thus much from me,
If here's ought profane, 'tis he
Who applies these excellences
Only to the touch of Senses;
And, dim sighted, cannot see
Where the Soul of this may be!
  Yet, that no offence may grow;
'Tis their choice, to stay or go!
  Or if any for despite
Rather comes, than for delight;
For his presence, I'll not pray,
Nor his absence. Come he may!
Critics shall admitted be,
Though I know they'll carp at me:
For I neither fear nor care
What in this, their censures are.
  If the Verse here used, be
Their dislike. It liketh me!
If my Method they deride,

Let them know *Love is not tied,*
In his free discourse, to choose
Such strict Rules as Arts-men use.
These may prate of LOVE, but they
Know him not! For he will play
From the matter, now and then!
Off and on! and off again!
  If this Prologue, tedious seem,
Or the rest too long they deem;
Let them know my love they win,
Though they go, ere they begin:
Just as if they should attend me
Till the last; and, there, commend me.
For I will, for no man's pleasure,
Change a Syllable or Measure;
Neither for their praises add
Ought to mend what they think bad.
Since it never was my fashion
To make Work of Recreation.
  Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique Poets' veins;
As if we, in latter days,
Knew to love, but not to praise.
Being born as free as these,
I will Sing, as I shall please!
Who, as well new paths may run,
As the best before have done.
I disdain to make my Song,
For their pleasures, short or long;
If I please, I'll end it here!
If I list, I'll sing this year!
And, though none regard of it,
By myself, I pleased can sit;
And, with that contentment, cheer me,
As if half the world did hear me.
  But because I am assured

All are either so conjured,
As they will my Song attend,
With the patience of a friend;
Or, at least, take note that I
Care not much. Now willingly,
I, these goodly colours lay,
Wind, nor rain shall wear away;
But retain their purest glass,
When the statues made of brass,
For some Prince's more renown,
Shall be wholly overthrown;
Or consumed with cankered rust,
Lie neglected in the dust.

And my Reason gives direction
When I sing of such Perfection,
First, *those beauties* to declare,
Which (though hers) *without her are*.
To advance her fame, I find,
Those are of a triple kind.
Privileges she hath store
At her birth, *since*, and *before*.
From before her birth, the fame,
She of high descents may claim,
Whose well-gotten honours may
Her deserving more display,
For, from heavenly race she springs,
And from high and mighty Kings.
At her birth, She was, by Fate,
In those Parents fortunate,
Whose estate and virtues stood
Answerable to their blood.
Then the Nation, Time, and Place
To the rest, may add some grace.
For the People, with the Clime,
And the fashions of the Time;

(In all which, she hath been blest,
By enjoying them at best)
Do not only mend the features,
But, oft times, make better natures:
Whereas, those who hap not so,
Both deformed, and ruder grow.
  In these climes, and latter days,
To deserve sweet Beauty's praise,
(Where so many females dwell,
That each seemeth to excel)
In more glory twenty-fold
Than it was in days of old:
When our ordinary fair ones
Might have been esteemèd rare ones;
And have made a subject fit,
For their bravest Poet's wit.
Little rushlights, or a spark
Sheweth fairly in the dark;
And to him occasion gives,
That from sight of greater, lives,
To adore it. Yet the ray
Of one torch will take away
All the light of twenty more
That shined very well before.
So, those petty Beauties which
Made the Times before us, rich;
Though but sparkles, seemed a flame
Which hath been increased by Fame,
And their true affections, who,
Better, never lived to know:
Whereas, Her, if they had seen
She had, sure, adorèd been!
And taught Ages past, to sing
Sweeter in the Sonneting.
  Such a Ray, so clear! so bright!
Hath outshinèd all the light

Of a thousand, such as theirs
Who were then esteemèd Stars;
And would have enlightened near
Half the world's wide hemisphere.

She is fairest, that may pass
For a fair one, where the Lass
Trips it on the country green;
That may equal Sparta's Queen.
Where, in every street, you see
Throngs of Nymphs and Ladies be,
That are fair enough to move
Angels, and enamour JOVE.
She must matchless features bring
That now moves a Muse to sing:
When as one small Province may
Shew more beauties in one day,
Than the half of Europe could
Breed them, in an age of old.
Such is She! and such a lot
Hath her rare perfection got!

Since her birth (to make the colour
Of so true a Beauty fuller;
And to give a better grace
To that sweetness in the face)
She hath all the furtherance had,
Noble educations add.
And not only knoweth all,
Which our Ladies, Courtship call;
With those knowledges that do
Grace her sex, and suit thereto:
But She hath attained to find
(What is rare with Womankind)
Excellences, whereby She
May in Soul delighted be;
And reap more contentment than

One of twenty thousand can.
  By this means, hath bettered been
All without her, and within;
For it hath, by adding Arts,
To adorn her native parts,
Raised to a noble flame,
(Which shall lighten forth her fame)
Those dear sparks of sacred fire,
Which the Muses did inspire
At her birth: that She, complete,
Might, with them befit a seat.
  But, perhaps, I do amiss,
To insist so long on this.
These are superficial things;
And but slender shadowings
To the work I have in hand.
Neither can you understand
What Her excellence may be,
Till Herself described you see!
  Nor can mine or any pen
Paint her half so lovely, than
As She is indeed. For, here,
Might those deities appear,
Which young PARIS viewed at will,
Naked, upon Ida hill!
That I, from those Three might take
All their beauties, One to make;
(Those, no question! well compact,
Would have made up one exact)
Something, yet, we miss, of might
To express her Sweetness right.
JUNO's majesty would fit;
VENUS' beauty, PALLAS' wit
Might have brought to pattern hers
In some shewed particulars;
But they never can express

Her whole frame or worthiness
With those excellences, which
Make both Soul and Body rich.
  PALLAS, sometimes, was untoward,
VENUS wanton, JUNO froward:
Yea all three, infected were
With such faults as women are;
And, though falsely deified,
Frailties had, which She'll deride.
  By Her Self, must therefore She;
Or by nothing patterned be!
And I hope to paint her so,
By Her Self, that you shall know
I have served no common Dame,
Of mean worth, or vulgar fame!
But a Nymph, that's fairer than
Pen or pencil, portrait can!

And to-morrow, if you stray
Back again this uncouth way,
I, my simple Art will show:
But the time prevents me now.
For, except at yonder glade,
All the laund is under shade;
That, before these ewes be told;
Those my wethers, in the fold;
Ten young weanlings driven down
To the well beneath the town;
And my lambkins changèd from
Brome leaze, to the mead at home;
'Twill be far in night: and so,
I shall make my father woe
For my stay; and be in fear
Somewhat is mischancèd here.

On your way, I'll, therefore, bring you!
And a Song or two I'll sing you!

Such as I, half in despair,
Made when first I wooed my Fair:
Whereunto, my boy shall play;
That my voice assist, it may!

I.



Come, my Muse! If thou disdain!
All my comforts are bereft me!
No delight doth now remain;
I, nor friend, nor flock have left me.
They are scattered on the plain.

Men, alas, are too severe,
And make scoffs at lovers' fortunes.
Women, hearted like the bear;
That regards not who importunes,
But doth all in pieces tear.

If I should my sorrows shew
Unto rivers, springs, or fountains;
They are senseless to my woe:
So are groves, and rocks, and mountains.
Then, O, whither shall I go?

Means of harbour, me to shield
From despair; ah, know you any?
For no city, grange, nor field,

Though they lend content to many,
Unto me, can comfort yield.

I have kept, and sighèd too,
For Compassion to make trial;
Yea, done all that words can do,
Yet have nothing but denial.
What way is there, then, to woo?

Shall I swear, protest, and vow?
So have I done, most extremely!
Should I die? I know not how!
For from all attempts unseemly,
Love and Virtue keep me now.

I have heard that Time prevails;
But I fear me, 'tis a fable.
Time, and all Endeavour fails!
To bear more, my heart's unable;
Yet none careth what it ails!

Lines to some, have op'ed the door
And got entrance for Affection.
Words well spoken, much implore,
By the Gestures' good direction:
But a Look doth ten times more!

'Tis the Eye that only reads
To the heart, Love's deepest Lectures!
By a moving Look, it pleads
More than common Sense conjectures,
And a way to Pity leads.

This I knowing, did observe;
Both by Words and Looks complaining:
Yet, for Pity I may starve!
There's no hope of my obtaining,

Till I better can deserve.

Yea, and he that thinks to win
By Desert, may be deceivèd!
For they who have worthiest bin,
Of their right, have been bereavèd;
And a groom admitted in.

Wherefore, Muse! to thee I call!
Thou, since nothing else avails me,
Must redeem me from my thrall!
If thy sweet enchantment fails me;
Then, adieu Love, Life, and all!

II.

Tell me, my heart! What thoughts, these pantings move?
My thoughts of Love!
What flames are these, that set thee so on fire?
Flames of Desire!
What means hast thou, contentment's flower to crop?

No
means
but
Hope!
Yet let us feed on Hope, and hope the best!
For they, amid their griefs, are something
blest,
Whose thoughts, and flames, and means have
such free scope,
They may, at once, both Love, Desire, and
Hope.

But say! What fruit will love at last obtain?
Fruitless
Disdain!
What will those hopes prove, which yet seem
so fair?
Hopeless
Despair!
What end shall run those Passions, out of
breath?
An
endless
Death!
O can there be such cruelty in love?
And doth my fortune so ungentle prove,
She will no fruit, nor hope, nor end bequeath,
But cruelest Disdain, Despair, and Death?

Then what new study shall I now apply?
Study
to
Die!
How might I end my care, and die content?
Care
to
Repent!

And what good thoughts may make my end
more holy?
Think on
thy
Folly!
Yes, so I will! and since my fate can give
No hope, but ever without hope to live,
My studies, cares, and thoughts, I'll all apply
To weigh my Folly well! Repent! and Die!

III.



Sad Eyes! What do you ail,
To be thus ill disposed?
Why doth your sleeping fail,
Now all men's else are closed?
Was't I, that ne'er did bow
In any servile duty!
And will you make me, now,
A slave to Love and Beauty?

What though my Mistress smile,
And in her love affects thee!
Let not her eye beguile;
I fear she disrespects thee!
Do not, poor Heart! depend
On those vain thoughts that fill thee!

They'll fail thee, in the end!
So must thy Passions kill thee!

What hopes have I, that She
Will hold her favours ever;
When so few women be
That constant can persèver?
Whate'er She do protest!
When fortunes do deceive me,
Then She, with all the rest,
I fear, alas, will leave me!

Whil'st Youth, and Strength remains,
With Art that may commend her;
Perhaps, She nought disdains
Her Servant should attend her.
But it is one to ten,
If crosses overtake me,
She will not know me, then;
But scorn, and so forsake me!

Shall then, in earnest truth,
My careful eyes observe her?
Shall I consume my youth;
And short' my time to serve her?
Shall I, beyond my strength,
Let Passions' torments prove me?
To hear her say, at length,
Away! I cannot love thee!

O, rather let me die
Whil'st I, thus gentle find her!
'Twere worse than death, if I
Should find She proves unkinder!
One frown, though but in jest,
Or one unkindness feignèd,
Would rob me of more rest

Than e'er could be regainèd.

But in her eyes, I find
Such signs of pity moving;
She cannot be unkind,
Nor err, nor fail in loving:
And on her forehead, this
Seems written to relieve me,
My heart, no joy shall miss
That Love, or She can give me!

Which if I find, I vow
My service shall persèver!
The same that I am now;
I will continue ever!
No others' high degree,
No beauteous look shall change me!
My love shall constant be,
And no estate estrange me!

When other noble Dames,
By greater men attended,
Shall, with their lives and names,
Have all their glories ended:
With fairest Queens, shall She
Sit, sharing equal glory;
And Times to come shall be
Delighted with our Story.

In spite of others' hates,
More honour I will do her!
Than those that with estates
And help of fortune woo her:
Yea, that True Worth I spy;
Though monarchs strove to grace it,
They should not reach more high
Than I dare hope to place it!

And though I never vaunt
What favours are possessed;
Much less content I want
Than if they were expressed:
Let others make their mirth,
To blab each kiss or toying!
I know no bliss on earth
Like secret love enjoying.

And this shall be the worst
Of all that can betide me.
If I (like some accurst)
Should find my hopes deride me;
My cares will not be long;
I know which way to mend them!
I'll think, "Who did the wrong!"
Sigh! break my heart! and end them!

[*The Picture of Fair Virtue.*]



Hail, fair Beauties! and again,
Hail to all your goodly train!

What I promised yesterday,
If it please you, hear ye may!
For now, once begun have I,
Sing I will, though none were by;
And though freely on I run
Yet confused paths to shun.

First, that part shall be disclosed,
That's of Elements composed.

There the two unequal pair,
Water, Fire; Earth and Air
(Each one suiting a complexion)
Have so cunning a commixtion,
As they, in proportion sweet,
With the rarest temper meet!
Either, in as much as needeth;
So as neither, ought exceedeth.
This pure substance is the same
Which the Body we do name.
Were that of immortal stuff,
'Tis refined and pure enough
To be called a Soul! for, sure,
Many souls are not so pure.
I, that with a serious look
Note of this rare Model took,
Find that Nature in their places
So well couchèd all the Graces,
As the curious'st eyes that be
Cannot blot, nor blemish see.

Like a pine it groweth straight,
Reaching an approvèd height,
And hath all the choice perfections
That inflame her best affections.
In the motions of each part,
Nature seems to strive with Art;
Which her gestures most shall bless,
With the gifts of Pleasingness.

When She sits, methinks I see
How all virtues fixèd be
In a frame, whose constant mould
Will the same unchangèd hold.

If you note her, when She moves:
CYTHEREA, drawn with doves,
May come learn such winning notions
As will gain to love's devotions,
More than all her painted wiles;
Such as tears, or sighs, or smiles.

Some, whose bodies want true graces,
Have sweet features in their faces:
Others (that do miss them there),
Lovely are, some other where,
And to our desires, do fit
In behaviour, or in wit;
Or some inward worth appearing
To the soul, the soul endearing.
But in Her, your eye may find
All that's good in Womankind.
What in others, we prefer,
Are but sundry parts of Her;
Who, most perfect, doth present
What might One and All content.
Yea, he that, in love still ranges,
And, each day, or hourly changes;
(Had he judgement but to know
What perfections in her grow)
There, would find the spring of store,
Swear a faith, and change no more.
Neither, in the total Frame,
Is She only void of blame;
But each part, surveyed asunder
Might beget both love and wonder.
If you dare to look so high
Or behold such majesty;
Lift your wondering eyes, and see
Whether ought can bettered be!
There's her Hair, with which LOVE

angles,
And beholders' eyes entangles!
For in those fair curlèd snares,
They are hampered unawares;
And compelled to swear a duty
To her sweet enthralling beauty.
In my mind, 'tis the most fair
That was ever callèd hair:
Somewhat brighter than a brown;
And her tresses waving down
At full length, and, so dispread,
Mantles her, from foot to head.
If you saw her archèd Brow;
Tell me, pray! how Art knows how
To have made it in a line
More exact, or more divine!
Beauty, there, may be descried
In the height of all her pride.
'Tis a meanly rising plain,
Whose pure white hath many a vein
Interlacing, like the springs
In the earth's enamellings.
If the tale be not a toy,
Of the little wingèd Boy:
When he means to strike a heart,
Thence! he throws the fatal dart,
Which, of wounds still makes a pair;
One of Love, one of Despair.
Round, her Visage; or so near
To a roundness, doth appear,
That no more of length it takes,
Than what best proportion makes.
Short her Chin is; and yet so
As it is just long enow.
Loveliness doth seem to glory
In that circling promontory,

Pretty moving features skip
'Twixt that hillock and the lip,
If you note her, but the while
She is pleased to speak, or smile.
  And her Lips, that shew no dulness,
Full are, in the meanest fulness.
Those, the leaves be, whose unfolding
Brings sweet pleasures to beholding:
For such pearls they do disclose;
Both the Indies match not those!
Yet are so in order placed,
As their whiteness is more graced.
Each part is so well disposed
And her dainty mouth composed,
So as, there, is no distortion
Misbeseems that sweet proportion.
  When her ivory Teeth she buries
'Twixt her two enticing cherries,
There appears such pleasures hidden,
As might tempt what were forbidden.
If you look again the whiles,
She doth part those lips in smiles;
'Tis as when a flash of light
Breaks from heaven to glad the night.
  Other parts, my pencil crave;
But those lips I cannot leave!
For, methinks, [if] I should go
And forsake those cherries so;
There's a kind of excellence
Holds me from departing hence.
I would tell you, what it were;
But my cunning fails me there.
They are like, in their discloses,
To the morning's dewy roses;
That, besides the name of "fair,"
Cast perfumes that sweet the air.

Melting soft her kisses be!
And had I, now, two or three,
More inspirèd by their touch,
I had praised them twice as much!
  But, sweet Muses! mark ye how
Her fair Eyes do check me now!
That I seemed to pass them so,
And their praises overgo:
And yet, blame me not that I
Would so fain have passed them by!
For I fearèd to have seen them,
Least there were some danger in them!
Yet such gentle looks they lend,
As might make her foe, a friend;
And by their allurings move
All beholders unto love.
Such a power is also there,
As will keep those thoughts in fear;
And Command enough I saw,
To hold impudence in awe.
There, may he that knows to love,
Read contents which are above
Their ignoble aims, who know
Nothing that so high doth grow.
Whilst She, me beholding is,
My heart dares not think amiss!
For her sight, most piercing clear,
Seems to see what's written there.
  Those bright Eyes (that, with their light,
Oftentimes have blest my sight;
And in turning thence their shining,
Left me, in sad darkness, pining)
Are the rarest, lovliest gray;
And do cast forth such a ray
As the man that black prefers,
More would like, this gray of hers.

When their matchless beams she
shrouds;
'Tis like CYNTHIA hid in clouds!
If again she shew them light,
'Tis like morning after night!
And 'tis worthy well beholding
With how many a pretty folding,
Her sweet Eyelids grace that Fair,
Meanly fringed with beaming hair,
Whereby, neatly overspread,
Those bright lamps are shadowèd.
'Twixt the eyes, no hollow place,
Wrinkle, nor undecent space
Disproportions Her in ought;
Though by Envy, faults were sought!
On those Eyebrows never yet,
Did disdainful scowling sit.
Love and Goodness gotten thither,
Sit, on equal thrones together;
And do throw just scorn on them,
That their Government contemn.
Then, almost obscured, appears
Those her jewel-gracing Ears!
Whose own beauties more adorn,
Than the richest pearl that's worn
By the proudest Persian dames,
Or the best that Nature frames.
There, the voice, in love's meanders,
Through their pretty circlings, wanders!
Whose rare turnings will admit
No rude speech to enter it.
Stretching from Mount Forehead lies
Beauty's Cape, betwixt her eyes:
Which two crystal-passing lakes,
Love's delightful Isthmus makes!
Neither more nor less extending

Than most meriteth commending.
Those in whom that part hath been
Best deserving praises seen;
Or, surveyed without affection,
Came the nearest to perfection;
Would scarce handsome ones appear
If with Her, compared they were:
For it is so much excelling,
That it passeth means of telling!
  On the either side of this,
Love's most lovely Prospect is!
Those, her smiling Cheeks, whose colour
Comprehends True Beauty fuller
Than the curious'st mixtures can,
That are made by Art of man.
It is Beauty's Garden-knot,
Where, as in a true-love-knot,
So, the snowy Lily grows,
Mixèd with the crimson Rose.
That as friends they joinèd be.
Yet they seem to disagree,
Whether of the two shall reign?
And the lilies oft obtain
Greatest sway, unless a blush
Help the roses at a push.
  Hollow fallings none there are!
There's no wrinkle! there's no scar!
Only there's a little Mole,
Which from VENUS' cheek was stole.
  If it were a thing in Nature
Possible, that any creature
Might decaying life repair,
Only by the help of air;
There were no such salve for death,
As the balm of her sweet Breath!
Or, if any human power

Might detain the soul an hour
From the flesh, to dust bequeathing,
It would linger on her breathing!
And be half in mind, that there
More than mortal pleasures were.
And whose fortune were so fair
As to draw so sweet an air,
Would, no doubt, let slighted be
The perfumes of Araby.
For the English Eglantine
Doth, through envy of Her, pine.
Violets and Roses too
Fear that She will them undo:
And it seems that in her Breast
Is composed the Phœnix's nest.
  But, descend a while, mine eye!
See, if polished ivory,
Or the finest fleecèd flocks,
Or the whitest Albion rocks,
For comparisons may stand,
To express that snowy Hand!
When She draws it from her glove
It hath virtue to remove,
Or disperse, if there be ought
Cloudeth the beholder's thought.
If that palm but toucheth yours,
You shall feel a secret power
Cheer your heart, and glad it more!
Though it drooped with grief before.
  Through the Veins disposèd true
Crimson, yields a sapphire hue,
Which adds grace and more delight
By embracing with the white.
Smooth, and moist, and soft, and tender
Are her Palms! the Fingers, slender,
Tipt with mollifièd pearl!

And if that transformèd girl,
Whose much cunning made her dare
With JOVE's daughter to compare,
Had that hand worn, maugre spite,
She had shamed the goddess quite!
For, there is, in every part,
Nature perfecter than Art.
  These were joinèd to those Arms,
That were never made for harms!
But possess the sweetest graces
That may apt them for embraces.
Like the silver streams they be,
Which, from some high hill, we see
Clipping-in a goodly vale,
That grows proud of such a thrall.
  Neither alabaster rocks,
Pearl-strewed shores, nor Cotswold flocks,
Nor the mountains tipt with snow,
Nor the milk-white swans of Po,
Can appear so fair to me,
As her spotless Shoulders be!
They are like some work of state,
Covered with the richest plate,
And a presence have that strike
With devotions, goddess-like.
  'Twixt those shoulders, meanly spread
To support that globe-like head,
Riseth up her Neck! wherein
Beauty seemeth to begin
To disclose itself in more
Tempting manner than before.
How therein she doth excel,
Though I would, I cannot tell!
For I nought on earth espy
That I may express it by.
  There, should lovers (as in duty)

Hang rich Trophies up to Beauty!
'Tis proportioned to a height
That is even with Delight.
Yet is a great deal higher
Than to answer base Desire.
  Where the neck hath end, begins
That smooth path, where LOVE's close gins
Are thick placèd, to enthrall
Such as, that way straggle shall.
There, a pleasing passage lies
Far beyond the sight of eyes;
And much more delight contains
Than the old Elizian fields.
  Whatsoever others say
There's alone the Milky Way!
That to Beauty's Walks doth go;
Which, if others came to know,
In possessing their delight,
They should never reach the height
Of the pleasures, which I share:
Whilst that those debarrèd are.
  Yet unspoken of, there rests
Her two twin-like lovely Breasts!
Whose round-rising, pretty panting
I would tell, but Art is wanting!
Words can never well declare
Her fair sweet perfections there;
For, would Measures give me leave
To express what I conceive,
I do know I should go near
Half to ravish all that hear.
And but that I learn to season
What I apprehend with Reason,
It had made my Passions' weight
Sink me, through my own conceit.
There, I find so large a measure

Of an unexpressèd pleasure,
That my heart, through strong surmise,
In a pleasing fainting lies.
He that there may rest to prove
Softer finds those beds of love,
That the cotton ripest grown;
Or fine pillows of such down
As, in time of moulting, fans
From the breasts of silver swans.
  Those two sisters are a pair,
Smooth alike, like soft, like fair,
If together they be viewed:
Yet if they apart be shewed;
That you touch or see, seems smoother,
Softer, fairer than the other.
  That the colour may delight;
So much red as makes the white
Purer seem, is shed among:
And then, here and there, along
Runs a sapphire-mine, whose blue
Shadowed, makes so brave a show
On those lily mounts, as though
Beauty's simples there did grow.
  In the vale, 'twixt either hill,
Lies Desire in ambush still,
And surpriseth every eye
Which doth that way dare to pry.
  There is, sure, the twi-top hill,
Where the Poets learn their skill!
That's Parnassus, where the Muses
Chaste, and wise MINERVA uses!
  Her two Cherrilets are those
Whence the pleasant'st nectar flows;
And no fruits e'er equalled these,
Fetched from the Hesperides.
  Once, as CYNTHIA's games she chased,

And, for air, left half unlaced
Her light summer robe of green
(Beauty's safe, but slender screen!)
Unawares, I partly spied,
That fair lily-field unhid
Which you may her Belly name!
Yet, nor She, nor I to blame.
For it was, but what mine eye
Might behold with modesty.
'Tis a fair and matchless plain
Where unknown delights remain!
'Tis the store-house wherein Pleasure
Hides the richest of her treasure!
Which, True Modesty, in ward,
Keeps, with a continual guard
Of such Virtues, as she's sure,
No corruption can allure.
There, they say, (for, mind it well!
I do this, by hearsay tell)
Grows her Navel, which doth seem
Like some jewel of esteem:
With so wondrous cunning wrought
That an injury, 'tis thought,
Such a beauty, with the rest,
Should (unknown) be unexprest.
Somewhat else there is, that's hidden
Which to name I am forbidden;
Neither have I ever pried
After that should be unspied.
Never shall my maiden Muse
So herself, and me abuse
As to sing what I may fear
Will offend the choicest ear!
Though I know, if none be by,
But true friends to modesty;
I might name each part at will,

And yet no man's thought be ill.
  Yet, for fear loose hearers may
Judge amiss, if more I say;
I descend, to shun all blame,
To the Pillars of the Frame.
Where though I ne'er aimed so high
As her dainty youthful Thigh;
Whose rare softness, smoothness, fulness
Being known, would teach my dulness
Such a Strain as might befit
Some brave Tuscan Poet's wit.
  Once a saucy bush, I spied
Pluck her silken skirts aside,
So discovered unto me
All those beauties to the Knee:
And before the thorns' entanglings
Had let go the silver spanglings,
I perceive the curious knitting
Of those joints was well befiting
Such a noble piece of work:
'Mongst whose turnings seem to lurk
Much to entertain the sight
With new objects of delight.
  Then the Leg, for shape as rare,
Will admit of no compare!
Straight it is; the Ankle lean!
Full the Calf, but in the mean!
And the slender Foot doth fit
So, each way, to suit with it;
As She nothing less excels
Therein, than in all things else.
  Yea, from head to foot, her feature
Shews her an Unblemished Creature,
In whom, Love with Reason might
Find so matchless a Delight,
That more cannot be acquired;

Nor a greater bliss desired.

Yet, if you will rest an hour
Under yonder shady bower!
I, anon, my Muse will raise
To a higher pitch of praise!
But a while with raspice-berries,
Strawberries, ripe pears, and cherries,
(Such as these our groves do bear)
We will cool our palates there.
And, those homely cates among
Now and then, a Pastoral Song,
Shall my lad, here, sing and play!
Such as you had yesterday.

I.



A lad, whose faith will constant prove,
And never know an end;
Late, by an oversight in love,
Displeased his dearest Friend:
For which incensed, she did retake
The favours which he wore;
And said, "He never, for her sake,
Should wear, or see them more!"

The grief whereof, how near it went,
And how unkindly took,
Was figured by the discontent
Appearing in his look.
At first, he could not silence break,
So heavy sorrow lay;
But when his sighs gave way to speak,
Thus, sadly, did he say.

"My only Dear!" and with that speech,
Not able to sustain
The floods of grief at sorrow's breach,
He paused awhile again.
At length, nigh fainting, did express
These words, with much ado,
"O Dear! Let not my love's excess,
Me, and my love undo!"

She, little movèd with his pain,
His much distraction eyed;

And changing love into disdain,
Thus, still unkind, replied.
"Forbear to urge one kindness more!
Unless you long to see
The good respect you had before,
At once, all lost in me!"

With that dismayed, his suit he ceased,
And down his head he hung;
And as his Reason's strength decreased,
His Passion grew more strong.
But seeing she did slight his moan;
With willow garlands wreathed,
He sate him down, and all alone,
This sad complaint he breathed.

"O Heavens!" quoth he, "Why do we spend
Endeavours thus in vain?
Since what the Fates do fore-intend
They never change again.
Nor Faith, nor Love, nor true Desert,
Nor all that man can do,
Can win him place within her heart,
That is not born thereto!"

"*Why do I fondly waste my youth*
In secret sighs and tears?
Why to preserve a spotless truth,
Taste I, so many cares?
For women that no worth respect,
Do so ungentle prove;
That some shall win by their neglect,
What others lose with love."

"*Those that have set the best at naught,*
And no man could enjoy;
At last, by some base gull are caught,

And gotten with a toy.
Yea, they that spend an Age's light,
Their favours to obtain;
For one unwilling oversight,
May lose them all again!"

"*How glad, and fain, alas, would I,*
For her, have underwent
The greatest care, ere she should try
The smallest discontent?
Yet She, that may my life command,
And doth those Passions know!
Denieth me a poor demand,
In height of all my woe."

"*O, if the Noblest of her time,*
And best beloved of me:
Could for so poor, so slight a crime
So void of pity be!
Sure, had it been some common one,
Whose patience I had tried;
No wonder I had been undone,
Or unforgiven, died!"

"*A thousand lives I would have laid!*
(So well I once believed)
She would have deigned to lend me aid
If she had seen me grieved.
But now, I live to see the day,
When I presumèd so,
I neither dare for pity pray,
Nor tell her of my woe!"

"*Yet, let not, poor despised heart!*
Her worth ought questioned be!
Hadst thou not failèd in desert
She had not failèd thee!

But lest, perhaps, they flout thy moan,
That should esteem thee dear;
Go, make it by thyself alone,
Where none may come to hear!

"Still keep thy forehead crowned with smiles!
What Passion e'er thou try;
That none may laugh at thee, the whiles
Thou discontented lie!
And let no wrong, by change distain
A love so truly fair;
But rather, never hope again!
And thou shall ne'er despair!"

II.

O'ertired by cruel Passions that oppress me,
With heart nigh broken, Time, no hope would give me;
Upon my bed: I laid me down to rest me:
And gentle Sleep, I wooèd to relieve me.
But O, alas! I found that, on the morrow,
My sleeping Joys brought forth my waking Sorrow.

For, lo, a dream I had, so full of pleasure,
That to possess, what to embrace I seemed,

Could not effect my joy in higher measure,
Than now it grieves me, that I have but dreamed.
O let my dreams be Sighs and Tears hereafter!
So I (that sleeping, weep) may wake in laughter.

Fain would I tell how much that Shadow pleased me,
But tongue and pen want words, and art in telling;
Yet this I'll say, to shew what horror seized me
(When I was robbed of bliss, so much excelling),
Might all my dreams be such; O, let me never
Awake again! but sleep, and dream for ever!

For when I waking, saw myself deceivèd,
And what an inward hell it had procurèd:
To find myself of all my hopes bereavèd
It brought on Passions not to be endurèd.
And, knew I, next night had such dreams in keeping;
I'd make my eyes foreswear, for ever, sleeping!

III.



You woody Hills! you Dales! you Groves!
You Floods! and every Spring!
You creatures come, whom nothing moves,
And hear a Shepherd sing!
For to Heroès, Nymphs, and Swains,
I, long, have made my moan;
Yet what my mournful Verse contains
Is understood of none.

In song, Apollo gave me skill;
Their love, his Sisters deign:
With those that haunt Parnassus' hill,
I friendship entertain.
Yet this is all in vain to me,
So haplessly I fare!
As those things which my glory be,
My cause of ruin are.

For Love hath kindled in my breast,
His never quenchèd fire:
And I! who often have exprest
What other men desire,
(Because I could so dive into
The depth of others' moan);
Now, I, my own afflictions shew,
I heeded am of none!

Oft have the Nymphs of greatest worth,
Made suit, my Songs to hear;
As oft (when I have sighèd forth,

Such notes as saddest were):
"Alas," said they, "poor gentle heart!
Whoe'er that Shepherd be!"
But none of them suspects my smart,
Nor thinks, it meaneth Me!

When I have reached so high a Strain
Of Passion in my Song,
That they have seen the tears to rain
And trill, my cheek along;
Instead of sigh, or weeping eye
To sympathise with Me!
"O were he once in love!" they cry,
"How moving would he be?"

O pity me, you Powers above!
And take my skill away!
Or let my hearers think I love
And feign not what I say!
For if I could disclose the snare
Which I, unknown, do bear;
Each line would make them sighs impart,
And every word, a tear.

Had I a Mistress, some do think
She should revealèd be;
And I would favours wear, or drink
Her health, upon my knee.
Alas, poor fools! they aim awry!
Their fancy flags too low!
Could they, my love's rare course espy,
They would amazèd grow.

But let nor Nymph, nor Swain conceive
My tongue shall ever tell
Who, of this rest doth me bereave;
Or where I am not well.

But if you, sighing me espy
Where rarest features be;
Mark where I fix a weeping eye,
And swear you! "There is She!"

Yet, ere, my eyes betray me shall,
I'll swell, and burst with pain!
And for each drop they would let fall,
My heart shall bleed me twain!
For since my soul more sorrow bears
Than common lovers know;
I scorn my Passions should, like theirs,
A common humour shew.

Ear never heard of, heretofore,
Of any love like mine;
Nor shall there be, for evermore,
Affection so divine!
And that to fain it, none may try,
When I dissolved must be;
The first I am, it livèd by!
And die it shall, with me!

[*Fair Virtue's sweet Graces.*]



Boy! ha' done! For now my brain
Is inspirèd fresh again;
And new raptures pressing are,
To be sung in praise of Her,

Whose fair Picture lieth nigh,
Quite unveiled to every eye.
  No small favour hath it been,
That such Beauty might be seen;
Therefore, ever may they rue it,
Who, with evil eyes shall view it!
Yea, what ancient stories tell
Once to rude ACTEON fell
(When, with evil thoughts, he stood
Eying CYNTHIA in the flood);
May that fatal hornèd curse
Light upon them, or a worse!
  But, whatever others be,
Lest some fault be found in me,
If imperfect this remain;
I will over-trim't again!
Therefore, turn where we begun!

And, now all is overrun.
Mark, if everything exprest
Suit not so unto the rest,
As if Nature would prefer
All perfections unto her!
  Wherefore seems it strange to any
That they daily see so many,
Who were, else, most perfect creatures,
In some one part, want true features;
Since from all the fair'st that live,
Nature took the best, to give
Her, perfection in each part?
I, alone except her heart;
For, among all Womankind,
Such as hers is hard to find!
  If you truly note her Face,
You shall find it hath a grace,
Neither wanton, nor o'er serious,

Nor too yielding, nor imperious;
But, with such a feature blest,
It is that which pleaseth best,
And delights each several eye
That affects with modesty.
Lowliness hath, in her look,
Equal place with Greatness took:
And if Beauty, anywhere,
Claims prerogatives, 'tis there!
For, at once, thus much 'twill do;
Threat! command! persuade! and woo!
In her Speech, there is not found
Any harsh, unpleasing sound;
But a well beseeming power,
Neither higher, neither lower,
Than will suit with her perfection.
'Tis the Loadstone of Affection!
And that man, whose judging eyes,
Could well sound such mysteries,
Would in love, make her his choice,
Though he did but hear her voice!
For such accents breathe not, whence
Beauty keeps non-residence.
Never word of hers I hear,
But 'tis music to mine ear,
And much more contentment brings
Than the sweetly-touchèd strings
Of the pleasing Lute, whose strains
Ravish hearers, when it 'plains.
Raised by her Discourse, I fly
In contented thoughts so high
That I pass the common measures
Of the dullèd senses' pleasures;
And leave far below my sight
Vulgar pitches of delight.
If She smile, and merry be;

All about her are as She!
For each looker on takes part
Of the joy that's in her heart.
  If She grieve, or you but spy
Sadness peeping through her eye;
Such a grace it seems to borrow
That you'll fall in love with Sorrow;
And abhor the name of Mirth,
As the hateful'st thing on earth.
  Should I see her shed a tear,
My poor eyes would melt, I fear:
For much more in Hers appears,
Than in other women's tears;
And her look did never feign
Sorrow, where there was no pain.
  Seldom hath She been espied,
So impatient as to chide!
For if any see her so,
They'll in love with Anger grow.
  Sigh, or speak, or smile, or talk,
Sing, or weep, or sit, or walk;
Every thing that She doth do,
Decent is, and lovely too.
Each part that you shall behold
Hath within itself enrolled
What you could desire to see,
Or your heart conceive to be:
Yet, if from that part, your eye
Moving, shall another spy,
There, you see as much or more
Than you thought to praise before.
  While the eye surveys it! you
Will imagine that her Brow
Hath all beauty: when her Cheek
You behold! it is as like
To be deemèd fairest too;

So much there, can Beauty do.
Look but thence, upon her Eye!
And you wonder, by-and-by,
How there may be anywhere,
So much worthy praise as there.
Yet, if you survey her Breast,
Then, as freely, you'll protest
That in them, perfection is!
Though, I know, that one poor kiss
From her tempting Lips, would then
Make all that, foresworn again!
For the selfsame moving grace
Is, at once, in every place.
She, her beauty never foils
With your ointments, waters, oils!
Nor no loathsome *fucus* settles,
Mixed with Jewish fasting spetles!
Fair by Nature being born,
She doth, borrowed beauty scorn!
Whoso kisses her, needs fear
No unwholesome varnish there.
For from thence, he only sips
The pure nectar of her lips,
And, at once, with these he closes,
Melting rubies, cherries, roses.
Then, in her Behaviour, She
Striveth but Herself to be:
Keeping such a decent state,
As, indeed, she seems to hate
Precious leisure should be spent
In abusèd compliment.
Though she knows what others do,
(And can all their Courtship too)
She is not in so ill case,
As to need their borrowed grace.
Her Discourses sweetened are,

With a kind of artless care
That expresseth greater Art,
Than affected words impart.
So, her Gestures (being none
But that freeness, which alone
Suits the braveness of her mind)
Make her, of herself, to find
Postures more becoming far
Than the mere acquired are.
  If you mark, when, for her pleasure,
She vouchsafes to foot a measure.
Though, with others' skill, She pace;
There's a sweet delightful grace
In herself, which doth prefer
Art beyond that Art, in her.
  Neither needs She beat her wit
To devise what dressings fit!
Her complexion, and her feature
So beholding are to Nature,
If She, in the fashions go,
All the reason She doth so,
Is, because She would not err
In appearing singular;
Doubtless, not for any thought,
That 'twill perfect her in ought.
  Many a dainty-seeming Dame
Is, in native beauties lame.
Some are gracèd by their tires,
As their quoifs, their hats, their wires.
One, a ruff doth best become;
Falling-bands much altereth some.
And their favours, oft, we see
Changèd as their dressings be.
Which her beauty never fears,
For it graceth all She wears.
If ye note her tire to-day;

"That doth suit her best!" you'll say.
Mark, what She, next morn, doth wear!
"That becomes her best!" you'll swear.
Yea, as oft as Her you see,
Such new graces still there be.
As She ever seemeth graced
Most by that she weareth last;
Though it be the same She wore
But the very day before.
When she takes her tires about her,
(Never half so rich without her!)
At the putting on of them,
You may liken every gem
To those lamps, which, at a Play,
Are set up to light the day:
For their lustre adds no more
To what TITAN gave before;
Neither doth their pretty gleamings
Hinder ought, his greater beamings.
And yet (which is strange to me)
When those costly deckings be
Laid away; there seems descried
Beauties, which those veils did hide;
And She looks, as doth the Moon,
Past some cloud, through which she
shone:
Or some jewel Watch, whose case,
Set with diamonds, seems to grace
What it doth contain within,
Till the curious work be seen;
Then, 'tis found, that costly Shrining
Did but hinder t'others' shining.
If you chance to be in place
Where her Mantle, She doth grace;
You would presently protest
"Irish dressings were the best!"

If again, She lay it down,
While you view her in a Gown,
And how those her dainty limbs
That close-bodied garment trims:
You would swear, and swear again,
"She appeared loveliest then!"
  But if She, so truly fair,
Should untie her shining hair
And, at length, that treasure shed;
JOVE's endurèd GANYMEDE,
Neither CYTHEREA's joy,
Nor the sweet self-loving Boy
Who in beauty did surpass,
Nor the fair'st that ever was,
Could, to take your prisoner, bring
Looks so sweetly conquering.
  She excels her, whom APOLLO
Once, with weeping eyes, did follow;
Or that Nymph, who, shut in towers,
Was beguiled with golden showers;
Yea, and she, whose Love was wont
To swim o'er the Hellespont
For her sake (though in attire
Fittest to enflame desire)
Seemed not half so fair to be
Nor so lovely as is She.
For the man, whose happy eye
Views her in full majesty,
Knows She hath a power that moves
More than doth the Queen of Loves,
When she useth all her power
To inflame her paramour.

  And, sometimes, I do admire
All men burn not with Desire!
Nay, I muse her Servants are not

Pleading love: but O, they dare not!
And I, therefore, wonder why
They do not grow sick, and die.
  Sure, they would do so, but that,
By the Ordinance of Fate,
There is some concealèd thing
So each gazer limiting,
He can see no more of merit
Than beseems his worth and spirit.
For, in her, a Grace there shines
That o'erdaring thoughts confines,
Making worthless men despair
To be loved of one so fair.
  Yea, the Destinies agree
Some good judgements blind should be;
And not gain the power of knowing
Those rare beauties, in her growing.
Reason doth as much imply,
For, if every judging eye
Which beholdeth her, should there
Find what excellences are;
All, o'ercome by those perfections,
Would be captive to affections.
So (in happiness, unblest)
She, for lovers, should not rest.
  This, well heeding, think upon!
And, if there be any one
Who alloweth not the worth
Which my Muse hath painted forth;
Hold it no defect in Her!
But that he's ordained to err.
Or if any female wight
Should detract from this I write;
She, I yield, may shew her wit,
But disparage Her no whit:
For, on earth few women be,

That from envy's touch are free;
And whoever, Envy, knew,
Yield those honours that were due?

Though, sometimes, my Song I raise
To unusèd heights of praise,
And break forth, as I shall please,
Into strange hyperboles,
'Tis to shew, Conceit hath found
Worth beyond Expression's bound.
Though her Breath I do compare
To the sweet'st perfumes that are;
Or her Eyes, that are so bright,
To the morning's cheerful light:
Yet I do it not so much
To infer that she is such,
As to shew that, being blest
With what merits name of Best,
She appears more fair to me,
Than all creatures else that be.
Her true beauty leaves behind
Apprehensions in my mind,
Of more sweetness than all Art
Or Inventions can impart:
Thoughts too deep to be expressed,
And too strong to be suppressed.
Which, oft, raiseth my conceits
To so unbelievèd heights
That, I fear, some shallow brain
Thinks my Muses do but feign.
Sure, he wrongs them, if he do!
For, could I have reachèd to
So like Strains, as these you see;
Had there been no such as She?
Is it possible that I
Who scarce heard of Poesy

Should a mere *Idea* raise
To as true a pitch of praise,
As the learned Poets could,
(Now, or in the times of old)
All those real Beauties bring,
Honoured by the Sonneting?
Having Arts, and favours too,
More t' encourage what they do?
No! If I had never seen
Such a Beauty, I had been
Piping in the country shades
To the homely dairy maids,
For a country fidler's fees,
"Clouted cream, and bread and cheese."
I, no skill in Numbers had,
More than every Shepherd's Lad,
Till She taught me Strains that were
Pleasing to her gentle ear.
Her fair splendour and her worth;
From obscureness, drew me forth;
And because I had no Muse,
She herself deigned to infuse
All the skill by which I climb
To these praises in my rhyme.
Which if she had pleased to add
To that, Art, sweet DRAYTON had;
Or that happy Swain, that shall
Sing *Britannia's Pastoral*;
Or to theirs, whose verse set forth
ROSALYND's and STELLA's worth;
They had doubled all their skill
Gainèd on APOLLO's hill:
And as much more set Her forth,
As I'm short of them in worth:
They had, unto heights aspired,
Might have justly been admired,

And, in such brave Strains had moved,
As, of all, had been approved.
  I must praise Her, as I may!
Which I do, mine own rude way,
Sometimes setting forth her glories
By unheard-of allegories.

  Think not, though, my Muse now sings
Mere absurd or feignèd things!
If to gold, I like her hair;
Or to stars, her eyes so fair:
Though I praise her skin by snow;
Or, by pearls, her double-row;
'Tis that you might gather thence
Her unmatchèd excellence.
  Eyes as fair (for eyes) hath She
As stars fair, for Stars may be.
And each part as fair doth show
In its kind, as white in Snow.
'Tis no grace to her, at all;
If her hair, I, Sunbeams call.
For, were there power in Art,
So to portrait every part,
All men might those beauties see
As they do appear to me:
I would scorn to make compare
With the glorious'st things that are,
  Nought I e'er saw, fair enow
But the Hair, the hair to show:
Yet some think him over bold
That compares it but to gold.
He, from Reason seems to err,
Who, commending of his Dear,
Gives her lips, the rubies' hue;
Or by pearls, her teeth doth shew:
But what pearls, what rubies can

Seem so lovely fair to man,
As her lips, whom he doth love,
When in sweet discourse they move?
Or her lovelier teeth, the while
She doth bless him with a smile?
  Stars, indeed, fair creatures be!
Yet, amongst us, where is he
Joys not more, the while he lies
Sunning in his mistress' eyes,
Than in all the glimmering light
Of a starry winter's night?
  Him, to flatter, most suppose,
That prefers before the rose,
Or the lilies while they grow,
Or the flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Her complexion, whom he loveth:
And yet this, my Muse approveth.
For in such a beauty, meets
Unexpressèd moving sweets,
That, the like unto them, no man
Ever saw but in a Woman.
  Look on moon! on stars! or sun!
All GOD's creatures overrun!
See, if all of them presents
To your mind, such sweet contents;
Or if you, from them can take,
Ought that may a beauty make,
Shall, one half, so pleasing prove
As is hers, whom you do love!
  For, indeed, if there had been
Other mortal beauties seen,
Objects for the love of man;
Vain was their Creation then!
Yea, if this could well be granted,
ADAM might, his EVE have wanted!
But a Woman is the creature,

Whose proportion with our nature
Best agrees; and whose perfections
Sympathise with our affections:
And, not only find our Senses
Pleasure in their excellences;
But our Reason also knows
Sweetness in them, that outgoes
Human wit to comprehend!
Much more, truly to commend!
  Note the beauty of any Eye!
And, if ought you praise it by,
Leave such Passion in your mind:
Let my Reason's Eye be blind!
  Mark if ever red or white,
Anywhere, gave such delight,
As when they have taken place
In a worthy woman's face!
He that so much hath not noted,
Will not! or is grown besotted.
  Such as lovers are, conceive
What impressions beauty leaves!
And those hearts that fire have took
By a love-inflaming look:
Those believe, what here I say!
And suppose not that I stray
In a word, by setting forth
Any praise beyond true worth!
  And yet, wherefore should I care
What another's censures are?
Since I know Her to be such
As no praise can be too much.
All that see Her, will agree
In the self-same mind with me;
If their Wit be worth the having
Or their Judgement merit craving.
And the man that kens Her not,

Speaks, at best, he knows not what;
So his envy, or goodwill,
Neither doth her good, nor ill.
  Then, fools' cavils I disdain!
And call back my Muse again,
To decipher out the rest,
For I have too long digressed.

  This is She, in whom there meets
All variety of sweets!
An Epitome of all
That on earth, we, Fair may call.
Nay, yet more, I dare aver.
He that is possessed of Her,
Shall, at once, all pleasure find,
That is reaped from Womankind.
  O, what man would further range,
That in one, might find such change?
What dull eye, such worth can see,
And not sworn a lover be?
Or, from whence was he, could prove
Such a monster in his love,
As, in thought, to use amiss
Such unequalled worth as this?
  Pity 'twere, that such a creature
Phœnix-like, for matchless feature,
Should so suffer, or be blamed
With what, now, the Times are shamed.
Beauty (unto me, Divine!)
Makes my honest thoughts incline
Unto better things than that
Which the vulgar aimeth at.
And, I vow! I grieve to see
Any fair, and false to be;
Or when I, sweet pleasures find
Matched with a defilèd mind.

But, above all others, Her
So much doth my soul prefer,
That to him, whose ill desire
Should so nurse a lawless fire,
As to 'tempt to that which might
Dim her sacred virtue's light;
I could wish that he might die
Ere he did it! though 'twere I!
For, if She should hap to stray,
All this beauty would away!
And not her alone undo,
But kill him that praised her too!
But I know her Maker will
Keep her undistainèd still;
That ensuing Ages may
Pattern out, by Her, the way
To all goodness. And if Fate,
That appoints all things a date,
Hear me would; I'd wish that She
Might, for aye, preservèd be!
And that neither wasting cares,
Neither all-consuming years,
Might, from what She is, estrange her!
Or in mind or body change her!
For, O, why should envious Time
Perpetrate so vile a crime
As to waste, or wrong, or stain
What shall ne'er be matched again?
Much I hope it shall not be
For, if love deceive me not,
To that height of Fair she grows,
Age, or Sickness (Beauty's foes!)
Cannot so much wrong it there,
But enough there will appear
Ever worthy to be loved:
And that heart shall more be moved

(Where there is a judging eye)
With those prints it doth espy
Of her Beauty wronged by Time,
Than by others, in their prime.
  One advantage she hath more
That adds grace to all before.
It is this. Her Beauty's fame
Hath not done her Honour shame,
For where Beauty we do find,
Envy still is so unkind,
That although their virtues are
Such as pass their beauties far,
Yet, on Slander's rocks they be
Shipwrecked, oftentimes, we see;
And are subject to the wrongs
Of a thousand spiteful tongues:
When the greatest fault they had
Was, that some would make them bad!
And not finding them for action,
Sought for vengeance by detraction.
  But her Beauty, sure, no tongue
Is so villainous to wrong!
Never did the jealous'st ear
Any muttering rumour hear
That might cause the least suspects
Of indifferent defects.
And, which somewhat stranger is,
They, whose slanders few can miss
(Though set on by Evil Will
And Habituated Ill)
Nothing can of Her invent
Whence to frame disparagement.
  Which, if we respect the crimes
Of these loose injurious Times,
Doth not only truly prove
Great discretion in her love;

And that she hath lived upright,
In each jealous tongue's despite:
But it must be understood
That her private thoughts are good.
Yea! 'tis an apparent sign
That her Beauty is Divine!
And that angels have a care
Men's polluting tongues should spare
To defile, what GOD hath given
To be dear to Earth and Heaven!

Tell me, you that hear me now!
Is there any one of you
Wanteth feeling of affection?
Or that loves not such perfection?
Can there be so dull an ear
As of so much worth to hear,
And not seriously incline
To this saint-like friend of mine?
If there be, the fault doth lie
In my artless Poesy.
For if I could reach the Strain
Which, methinks, I might obtain;
Or but make my Measures fly
Equal with my Fantasy:
I would not permit an ear
To attend unravished here;
If but so much sense it knew,
As the blocks that ORPHEUS drew.
Think on this description well!
And your noblest Ladies tell
"Which of you (that worth can see),
This my Mistress would not be?"
You brave English! who have run
From the rising of the sun,
Till, in travelling, you found

Where he doth conclude his round!
You! that have the beauties seen
Which, in farthest lands have been;
And surveyed the fair resorts
Of the French and Spanish Courts,
With the rest that Fame renowns
In the rich Trans-Alpine towns;
Do not (with our brainless fry,
That admire each novelty)
Wrong your country's fame in ought!
But, here, freely speak your thought!
And I durst presume you'll swear
She's not matched anywhere.
  Gallants! you that would so fain
Nymphs' and Ladies' loves obtain!
You that strive to serve and please
Fairest Queens and Empresses!
Tell me this, and tell me right!
If you would not, so you might,
Leave them all, despised, to prove
What contents are in her love?
  Could your fathers ever tell
Of a Nymph, did more excel?
Or hath any Story told
Of the like, in times of old?
  DIDO was not such a one!
Nor the Trojans' paragon!
Though they, so much favour found,
As to have their honours crowned
By the best of Poets' pens,
Ever known before or since.
  For had DIDO been so fair;
Old ANCHISES's noble heir,
JOVE's command had disobeyed!
And with her, in Carthage stayed:
Where he would have quite foreswore

Seeing the Lavinian shore.
Or had LEDA's daughter been,
When she was the Spartan Queen,
Equal with this Lovely One!
MENELAUS had never gone
From her sight so far away,
As to leave her for a prey;
And his room to be possesst
By her wanton Phrygian guest.

But lest yet, among you some,
Think She may behind these come;
Stay a little more, and hear me!
In another Strain I'll rear me!
I'll unmask a Beauty, now,
Which to kiss, the gods may bow!
And so feelingly will move,
That your souls shall fall in love!
I have, yet, the best behind;
Her most fair, unequalled Mind!
This that I have, here, exprest
Is but that which veils the rest!
An incomparable Shrine
Of a Beauty more Divine!

Whereof, ere I farther speak;
Off again, my Song I'll break.
And if you, among the roses,
Which yon quickset hedge incloses,
Will, with plucking flowers, beguile
Tedious-seeming Time awhile;
Till I step to yonder green,
Whence the sheep so plain are seen,
I will be returnèd ere
You, an hour have stayèd there!
And, excuse me now, I pray!
Though I rudely go away!

For affairs I have to do,
Which unless I look into;
I may sing out Summer here!
Like the idle grasshopper:
And at Winter, hide my head!
Or else fast, till I am dead!
  Yet if rustic Pastoral Measures
Can ought add unto your pleasures;
I will leave you some of those,
Which it pleased me to compose
When despairing fits were over,
And I, made a happy lover,
Exercised my Loving Passion
In another kind of fashion;
Than to utter, I devised,
When I feared to be despised.
  Those shall lie in gage for me,
Till I back returnèd be.
And in writing, here, you have them!
Either sing! or read! or leave them!

SONNET I.



Admire not, Shepherd's Boy!
Why I my pipe forbear?
My Sorrows and my Joy
Beyond expression are!
  Though others may
  In Songs display

Their Passions, when they woo;
Yet, mine do fly
A pitch too high
For Words to reach unto.

If such weak thoughts as those
Which others' Fancies moves;
Or if my heart did 'close
But common Strains of Love:
Or Passions' store
Learned me no more
To feel, than others do:
I'd paint my cares
As black as theirs,
And teach my lines to woo!

But, O, thrice happy! ye
Whose mean conceit is dull!
You, from those thoughts are free!
That stuff my breast so full.
My love's excess
Lets to express
What Songs are usèd to:
And my delights
Take such high flights,
My joys will me undo.

I have a Love that's fair,
Rich, wise, and nobly born;
She's True Perfection's Heir,
Holds nought but vice in scorn.
A heart to find,
More chaste, more kind,
Our plains afford no mo.
Of her degree,
No blab I'll be;
For doubt some Prince should woo.

And yet, I do not fear,
(Though She, my meanness knows)
The willow branch to wear;
No, nor the yellow hose!
For if great Jove
Should sue for love,
She would not me forego.
Resort I may,
By night or day,
Which braver dare not do!

You Gallants, born to pelf!
To lands', to titles' store!
(I'm born but to Myself,
Nor do I care for more)
Add to your earth!
Wealth! honours! birth!
And all you can, thereto!
You cannot prove
That height of love
Which I, in meanness, do!

Great men have helps, to gain
Those favours they implore:
Which, though I win with pain,
I find my joys the more.
Each clown may rise
And climb the skies
When he hath found a stair;
But joy to him
That dares to climb,
And hath no help, but air!

Some say that "Love repents
Where fortunes disagree."
I know the high'st contents
From low beginnings be.

My love's unfeigned
To Her that deigned
From greatness, stoop thereto.
She loves, 'cause I
So mean, dared try
Her better worth to woo.

And yet although much joy,
My fortune seems to bless;
'Tis mixt with more annoy
That I shall e'er express.
For, with much pain
Did I obtain
The Gem I'll ne'er forego!
Which yet I dare
Nor shew, nor wear!
And that breeds all my woe.

But fie! my foolish tongue!
How losely now it goes!
First, let my knell be rung
Ere I do more disclose!
Mount thoughts on high!
Cease words! For why?
My meaning to divine;
To those I leave,
That can conceive
So brave a Love as mine.

And, now, no more I'll sing
Among my fellow swains;
Nor groves, nor hills shall ring
With echoes of my plains.
My Measures be
Confused, you see!
And will not suit thereto:
'Cause I have more

Brave thoughts in store
Than words can reach unto.

SONNET II.

Hence, away! you Syrens! Leave me!
And unclasp your wanton arms!
Sugared words shall ne'er deceive me,
Though thou prove a thousand charms.
Fie! fie! forbear!
No common snare
Could ever my affection chain.
Your painted baits
And poor deceits
Are all bestowed on me in vain!

I'm no slave to such as you be!
Neither shall a snowy breast,
Wanton eye, or lip of ruby
Ever rob me of my rest!
Go! go! Display
Your beauty's ray
To some o'ersoon enamoured Swain!
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestowed on me in vain!

I have elsewhere, vowed a duty;
Turn away thy tempting eyes!
Show me not a naked beauty!
Those impostures I despise!
My spirit loaths
Where gaudy clothes
And feigned oaths may love obtain!
I love Her so,
Whose look swears "No!"

That all your labours will be vain!

Can he prize the tainted posies
Which on every breast are worn;
That may pluck the spotless roses
From their never-touchèd thorn?
I can go rest
On her sweet breast,
That is the pride of Cynthia's train.
Then hold your tongues!
Your Mermaid songs
Are all bestowed on me in vain!

He's a fool, that basely dallies,
Where each peasant mates with him!
Shall I haunt the throngèd valleys,
Whilst there's noble hills to climb?
No, no! Though clowns
Are scared with frowns;
I know the best can but disdain:
And those I'll prove!
So shall your love
Be all bestowed on me in vain!

Yet I would not deign embraces
With the greatest fairest She;
If another shared those graces
Which had been bestowed on me!
I gave that One
My love, where none
Shall come to rob me of my gain.
Your fickle hearts
Make tears and Arts!
And all bestowed on me in vain.

I do scorn, to vow a duty,
Where each lustful lad may woo:

Give me Her, whose sun-like beauty,
Buzzards dare not soar unto!
She! She it is
Affords that bliss!
For which, I would refuse no pain.
But such as you!
Fond fools! adieu!
You seek to capture me in vain!

Proud she seemed, in the beginning,
And disdained my looking on;
But that "Coy One in the winning,
Proves a True One, being won!"
Whate'er betide
She'll ne'er divide
The favour She to me shall deign;
But your fond love
Will fickle prove!
And all that trust in you, are vain!

Therefore know! When I enjoy One,
And for love employ my breath;
She I court, shall be a Coy One,
Though I win her with my death!
A favour there,
Few aim at, dare.
And if, perhaps, some lover plain;
She is not won
Nor I undone
By placing of my love in vain.

Leave me! then, you Syrens! leave me!
Seek no more to work my harms!
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me;
Who am proof against your charms!
You labour may
To lead astray

The heart, that constant shall remain:
And I, the while,
Will sit and smile,
To see you spend your time in vain.

SONNET III.



When Philomela, with her strains,
The Spring had welcomed in;
And Flora to bestrew the plains,
With daisies did begin:
My Love and I (on whom suspicious eyes
Had set a thousand spies)
To cozen Argos strove;
And seen of none,
We got alone
Into a shady grove.

On every bush, the eglantine,
With leaves perfumèd hung:
The primrose made the hedgerows fine;
The woods, of music rung:
The earth, the air, and all things did conspire
To raise contentment higher;
That, had I come to woo,
Nor means of grace,
Nor time, nor place
Were wanting thereunto.

With hand in hand, alone we walked,

And oft each other eyed;
Of Love and Passions past we talked,
Which our poor hearts had tried:
Our souls infused into each other were.
And what may be her care
Did my more sorrow breed.
One mind we bore,
One faith we swore,
And both in one agreed.

Her dainty palm, I gently prest,
And with her lips I played;
My cheek, upon her panting breast,
And on her neck, I laid;
And yet we had no sense of wanton lust;
Nor did we then mistrust
The Poison in the Sweet.
Our bodies wrought
So close, we thought,
Because our souls should meet.

With pleasant toil, we breathless grew,
And kist in warmer blood:
Upon her lips, the honey dew,
Like drops on roses stood.
And on those flowers, played I the busy bee,
Whose sweets, were such to me,
Them could I not forego.
No, not to feast
On Venus' breast,
Whence streams of sweetness flow.

But kissing and embracing, we
So long together lay;
Her touches all inflamèd me,
And I began to stray.
My hands presumed so far, they were too

bold!
My tongue unwisely told
How much my heart was changed.
And Virtue quite
Was put to flight;
Or, for the time, estranged.

O, what are we, if in our strength
We over boldly trust?
The strongest forts will yield at length,
And so our virtues must.
In Me, no force of Reason had prevailed,
If She had also failed.
But ere I further strayed,
She, sighing, kist
My naked wrist:
And thus, in tears, she said.

"Sweet Heart!" quoth she, "if in thy breast
Those virtues real be,
Which, hitherto, thou hast profest,
And I believed in thee;
Thyself and Me, O seek not to abuse!
Whilst thee I thus refuse,
In hotter flames I fry!
Yet let us not,
Our true love, spot!
O, rather, let me die!"

"For if thy heart should fall from good,
What would become of mine?
As strong a Passion stirs my blood,
As can distemper thine!
Yet in my breast, this rage I smother would,
Though it consume me, should;
And my desires contain.
For where we see

Such breaches be,
They seldom stop again."

"Are we the two that have so long
Each other's loves embraced;
And never did Affection wrong
Nor think a thought unchaste?
And shall, O shall we, now, our matchless
Joy
For one poor touch destroy?
And all Content forego?
O no, my Dear!
Sweet Heart, forbear!
I will not lose thee so!"

"For should we do a deed so base
As it can never be,
I could no more have seen thy face!
Nor wouldst thou look on me!
I should, of all our Passions grow ashamed;
And blush, when thou art named.
Yea, though thou constant wert,
I being nought,
A jealous thought
Would still torment my heart.

"What goodly thing, do we obtain
If I consent to thee?
Rare joys we lose, and what we gain
But common pleasures be.
Yea, 'those,' some say, 'who are to lust
inclined,
Drive Love out of the mind!
And so much Reason miss
That they admire
What kind of fire
A chaste affection is.'"

"No vulgar bliss I aimèd at,
When first I heard thee woo;
I'll never prize a Man for that
Which every groom can do.
If that be love, the basest men that be
Do love as well as we!
Who, if we bear us well,
Do pass them then,
As Angels, men
In glory do excel."

Whilst thus she spake, a cruel Band
Of Passions seized my soul;
And what one seemèd to command,
Another did control.
'Twixt Good and Ill, I did, divided lie.
But as I raised mine eye,
In her, methought, I saw
Those Virtues shine,
Whose rays divine
First gave Desire, a Law.

With that, I felt the blush of shame
Into my cheek return.
And Love did, with a chaster flame,
Within my bosom burn.
My Soul, her light of Reason had renewed;
And by those beams, I viewed
How slily Lust ensnares!
And all the fires
Of ill Desires,
I quenchèd with my tears.

Go, wantons, now, and flout at this!
My coldness, if you list!
Vain fools! You never knew the bliss
That doth in Love consist!

You sigh, and weep, and labour to enjoy
A Shade, a Dream, a Toy!
Poor Folly, you pursue!
And are unblest;
Since every beast,
In pleasure, equals you!

You never took so rich content
In all your wanton play;
As this to me, hath pleasure lent,
That chaste, She went away.
For as some sins, which we committed have,
Sharp stings behind them leave;
Whereby we vexèd are:
So, Ill suppress,
Begetteth rest,
And peace without compare.

But lest this conquest slight you make,
Which on Myself I won;
Twelve labours I will undertake
With Jove's victorious son,
Ere I will such another brunt endure!
For had Diana pure,
Thus tempted been to sin;
That Queen of Night
(With her chaste light)
Had scarce a maiden been!

[*Fair Virtue's Mind.*]



O, how honoured are my Songs,
Graced by your melodious tongues!
And how pleasing do they seem,
Now your voices carol them!
Were not, yet, that task to do,
Which my word enjoins me to;
I would beg of you, to hear
What your own inventions are?
But, before I aught will crave,
What I promised, you shall have!

And as I, on mortal creatures
Called, to view her body's features!
Shewing how to make the Senses
Apprehend her excellences:
Now, I speak of no worse subject
Than a Soul's, and Reason's object;
And relate a Beauty's glories
Fitting heavenly auditories.
Therefore, whilst I sit and sing,
Hem me, Angels! in a ring!
Come, ye Spirits! which have eyes
That can gaze on Deity's!
And unclogged with brutish senses
Comprehend such excellences!
Or if any mortal ear
Would be granted leave to hear,
And find profit with delight,
In what now I shall indite;
Let him, first, be sure to season

A preparèd heart with Reason!
And, with judgement, drawing nigh,
Lay all fond affections by!
So, through all her veilings, he
Shall the Soul of Beauty see!

But, avoid! you earth-bred wights
Cloyed with sensual appetites!
On base objects, glut your eyes!
Till your starveling pleasure dies.
Feed your ears with such delights
As may match your gross conceits
For, within your muddy brain,
These, you never can contain!
Think not, you, who by the Sense,
Only judge of excellence!
Or do all contentment place
In the beauty of a face!
That these higher thoughts of ours
Soar so base a pitch as yours!
I can give, as well as you,
Outward beauties all their due!
I can, most contentments see,
That, in love, or women be!
Though I dote not on the features
Of our dantiest female creatures,
(Nor was e'er so void of shames,
As to play their lawless games!)
I more prize a snowy hand,
Than the gold on Tagus strand!
And a dainty lip before
All the greatest Monarch's store!
Yea, from these, I reap as true,
And as large contents as you!
Yet, to them I am not tied!
I have rarer sweets espied;

Wider prospects of true Pleasure,
Than your curbèd thoughts can measure!
In her Soul, my soul descries
Objects that may feed her eyes;
And the beauty of her Mind
Shews my Reason where to find
All my former pleasure doubled;
Neither with such Passion troubled
As wherewith it oft was crost,
Nor so easy to be lost.
I that ravished lay, well nigh,
By the lustre of her eye;
(And had almost sworn affection
To the fore-expressed perfection;
As if nothing had been higher,
Whereunto I might aspire);
Now, have found, by seeking nearer,
Inward Worth, that shining clearer,
(By a sweet and secret moving)
Draws me to a dearer loving.
And whilst I, that love conceive;
Such impressions it doth leave
In the intellective part,
As defaceth from my heart
Every thought of those delights
Which allure base appetites:
And my mind so much employs
In contemplating those joys,
Which a purer sight doth find
In the beauty of her Mind;
That I, so thereon am set
As, methinks, I could forget
All her sweetest outward graces,
Though I lay in her embraces.
But some thinking, with a smile,
What they would have done the while;

Now suppose my words are such
As exceed my power too much.
For all those—our wantons hold
Void of vigour, dull and cold;
Or, at best, but fools—whose flame
Makes not way unto their shame.
Though, at length, with grief they see,
They, the fools do prove to be!
  These, the body so much minded,
That their Reason, over blinded
By the pleasures of the Sense,
Hides from them, that Excellence,
And that Sweetness, whose true worth
I am here, to blazon forth!
  'Tis not, 'tis not those rare graces
That do lurk in women's faces;
'Tis not a displayed perfection,
Youthful eyes, nor clear complexion;
Nor a skin, smooth, satin-like;
Nor a dainty rosy cheek;
That to wantonness can move
Such as virtuously do love.
Beauty, rather, gently draws
Wild Desires to Reason's Laws!
And oft frights men from that sin,
They had else, transgressèd in;
Through a sweet amazement, stroke
From an overruling look.
Beauty never tempteth men
To lasciviousness; but when
Careless Idleness hath brought
Wicked longings into thought.
Nor doth Youth, or heat of blood
Make men prove what is not good.
Nor the strength, of which they vaunt,
'Tis the strength and power they *want*!

And the baseness of the mind
Makes their brute desires inclined
To pursue those vain delights
Which affect their appetites;
And so blinded! do they grow,
(Who are overtaken so)
As their dulness cannot see,
Nor believe that better be!
  Some have blood as hot as theirs
Whose affections loosest are;
Bodies that require no Art
To supply weak Nature's part;
Youth, they have; and, sure, might, too,
Boast of what some, shameless, do:
Yet their minds, that aim more high
Than those baser pleasures lie,
Taught by Virtue, can suppress
All attempts of wantonness;
And such powerful motives frame
To extinguish Passions' flame,
That, by Reason's good direction,
Qualifying loose affection
They'll, in midst of beauty's fires,
Walk unscorched with ill Desires.
Yet no such, as stupid Shame
Keeps from actions worthy blame.
But, in all, so truly Man!
That their apprehensions can
Prize the body's utmost worth;
And find many pleasures forth
In those beauties, more than you,
That abuse them, ever knew!

  But, perhaps, her outward grace,
Here described, hath ta'en such place
In some o'er-enamoured breast;

And so much his heart possest,
As he thinks, it passeth telling,
How she may be more excelling!
Or what worth I can prefer
To be more admired in her.
  Therefore, now, I will be brief
To prevent that misbelief;
And if there be present here,
Any one whose nicer ear
Tasks my Measures, as offending
In too seriously commending
What affects the Sense, or may
Injure Virtue any way:
Let them know, 'tis understood,
That if they were truly good,
It could never breed offence,
That I shewed the excellence;
With the power of GOD and Nature,
In the beauty of His creature.
They, from thence, would rather raise
Cause to meditate His praise:
And thus think, "How fair must He,
That hath made this Fair One, be!"
  That was my proposèd end:
And to make them more attend
Unto this! so much excelling
As it passeth means of telling.
  But, at worst, if any Strain
Makes your memories retain
Sparks of such a baneful fire
As may kindle ill Desire:
This, that follows after, shall,
Not alone extinguish all;
But e'en make you blush with shame,
That your thoughts were so to blame.
  Yet I know, when I have done,

In respect of that bright Sun,
Whose inestimable light
I would blazon to your sight!
These ensuing flashes are
As to CYNTHIA's beams, a star;
Or a petty comet's ray,
To the glorious Eye of Day.
For what power of Words, or Art,
Can her Worth at full, impart?
Or what is there, may be found,
Placed within the Sense's bound,
That can paint those sweets to me,
Which the Eyes of Love do see?
Or the beauties of her Mind
Which her body hath enshrined?
  Can I think, the Guide of Heaven
Hath so bountifully given
Outward features, 'cause He meant
To have made less excellent
Her divine part? or suppose
Beauty, Goodness doth oppose!
Like those fools who do despair
To find any Good and Fair?
Rather, there, I seek a Mind
Most excelling; where I find
GOD hath to the Body lent
Most beseeming ornament.
But though He that did inspire
First, the true Promethean fire,
In each several soul did place
Equal excellence and grace;
As some think: yet, have not they
Equal beauties, every way!
For they, more or less appear
As the outward organs are;
Following much the temp'rature

Of the body, gross or pure.
And I do believe it true
That as we the Body view,
Nearer to perfection grow:
So the Soul herself doth shew
Others, more and more excelling,
In her Power, as in her Dwelling.
For that pureness giveth way
Better to disclose each ray
To the dull conceit of man;
Than a grosser substance can.
Thus, through spotless crystal, we
May the day's full glory see,
When, if clearest sunbeams pass
Through a foul polluted glass;
So discoloured they'll appear,
As those stains they shone through, were.
  Let no critics cavil then,
If I dare affirm again,
That her Mind's perfections are
Fairer than her Body's, far!
And I need not prove it by
Axioms of Philosophy;
Since no proof can better be
Than their rare effect in me!
For, while other men complaining,
Tell their Mistress's disdaining:
Free from care, I write a Story
Only of her Worth, and Glory!
  While most lovers pining, sit,
Robbed of liberty and wit,
Vassaling themselves with shame
To some proud imperious Dame;
Or, in Songs, their fate bewailing,
Shew the world, their faithless failing;
I, enwreathed with boughs of myrtle,

Fare like the beloved Turtle.
  Yea, while most are most untoward!
Peevish! vain! inconstant! froward!
While their best contentments bring
Nought but after sorrowing:
She (those childish humours slighting)
Hath conditions so delighting,
And doth so my bliss endeavour,
As my joy increaseth ever.

  By her actions, I can see
That her Passions so agree
Unto Reason, as they err,
Seldom, to distemper her.
  Love She can, and doth; but so
As She will not overthrow
Love's content, by any folly,
Or by deeds that are unholy.
Dotingly, She ne'er affects;
Neither willingly neglects
Honest love: but means doth find,
With discretion to be kind.
'Tis not thundering phrase, nor oaths,
Honours, wealth, nor painted clothes,
That can her goodliking gain;
If no other Worth remain.
  Never took her heart delight
In your Court Hermaphrodite,
Or such frothy gallants as
For the Times, heroès pass:
Such who, still in love, do all,
"Fair!" and "Sweet!" and "Lady!" call;
And where'er they hap to stray,
Either prate the rest away,
Or, of all discourse to seek,
Shuffle in at *Cent* or *Gleek*.

Goodness more delights her, than
All their Mask of Folly can.
Fond, She hateth to appear;
Though She hold her Friend as dear
As her part of life unspent,
Or the best of her content.
If the heat of youthful fires
Warm her blood with those desires,
Which are, by the course of Nature,
Stirred in every perfect creature;
As those Passions kindle, so
Doth Heaven's grace, and Reason grow
Abler to suppress in her
Those rebellions; and they stir
Never more affection, than
One good thought allays again.
I could say, so chaste is She
As the new blown roses be;
Or the drifts of snow that none
Ever touched, or looked upon:
But that were not worth a fly,
Seeing so much chastity
Old PIGMALION's picture had!
Yea, those eunuchs born, or made
Ne'er to know Desire, might say
"She deserved no more than they!"
Whereas, while their worth proceeds
From such wants, as they must needs
Be unmoved ('cause Nature framed
No affections to be tamed)
Through her dainty limbs are spread
Vigour, heat; and freely shed
Life blood into every vein
Till they fill, and swell again:
And no doubt they strive to force
Way in some forbidden course;

Which by Grace, She still resists,
And so curbs within their lists
Those Desires, that She is chaster
Than if she had none to master.
  Malice, never lets She in;
Neither hates She ought, but sin.
Envy, if She could admit,
There's no means to nourish it:
For her gentle heart is pleased
When She knows another's eased;
And there's none whoever got
That perfection, she hath not.
So that no cause is there, why
She should any one envy.
  Mildly Angry She'll appear;
That the baser rout may fear,
Through presumption, to misdo.
Yet, She often feigns that too:
But let wrong be whatsoever,
She gives way to Choler, never!
  If She e'er, of Vengeance thought,
'Twas nor life, nor blood was sought;
But, at most, some prayer to move
Justice for abusèd love;
Or that Fate would pay again
Love's neglectors with disdain.
  If she ever craved of Fate
To obtain a higher state;
Or, ambitiously were given:
Sure, 'twas but to climb to heaven!
Pride is from her heart, as far
As the poles in distance are.
For her Worth, nor all this Praise
Can her humble spirit raise;
Less to prize me than before,
Or herself to value more.

Were She Vain, She might allege
'Twere her sex's privilege;
But She's such, as, doubtless, no man
Knows less folly in a woman.
To prevent a being Idle,
Sometimes with her curious needle,
Though it be her meanest glory,
She so limns an antique Story,
As MINERVA (would she take it!)
Might her richest Sample[r] make it.
Otherwhile, again, she rather
Labours with delight, to gather
Knowledge from such learned writs
As are left by famous wits:
Where, She chiefly seeks to know
GOD! Herself! and what we owe
To our neighbour! since, with these,
Come all needful knowledges.
She, with ADAM, never will
Long to learn both Good and Ill;
But her state well understood,
Rests herself content with Good.
Avarice, abhorreth She,
As the loathsom'st things that be;
Since she knows it is an Ill
That doth ripest virtue kill.
And where'er it comes to rest,
Though in some strict matron's breast;
But she ne'er so seeming just,
I'll no shews of goodness trust!
For if you, but gold can bring;
Such are hired to anything!
If you think She Jealous be,
You are wide! For, credit me!
Her strong'st jealousies nought are
Other than an honest care

Of her friends. And most can tell,
Whoso wants that, loves not well!
  Though some little Fear she shows;
'Tis no more than Love allows,
So the Passion do not move her
Till she grieve or wrong her lover!
She may think he may do ill,
Though She'll not believe he will!
Nor can such a harmless thought
Blemish true affection ought;
Rather, when as else it would,
Through security, grow cold;
This, her Passion, keeping measure,
Strengthens Love, and sweetens Pleasure!
  Cruelty, her soul detests!
For, within her bosom rests
Noblest Pity; ushered by
An unequalled Courtesy:
And is grieved at good men's moan,
As the grief were all her own.
  Just, She is. So just, that I
Know she would not wrong a fly;
Or oppress the meanest thing,
To be Mistress to a King.
  If our painters would include
Temperance and Fortitude
In one picture; She would fit,
For the nonce, to pattern it!
  Patient as the lamb is She!
Harmless, as the turtles be!
Yea, so largely stored with all
Which we mortals, Goodness call;
That if ever Virtue were,
Or may be incarnate here
This is She! whose praises I
Offer to Eternity.

She's no Image trimmed about,
Fair within, and foul without!
But a Gem that doth appear,
Like a diamond, everywhere
Sparkling rays of beauty forth!
All of such unblemished worth,
That wer 't possible, your eye
Might her inmost thoughts espy,
And behold the dimmest part
Of the lustre in her heart:
It would find that Centre 'pass
What the Superficies was;
And that every angle there,
Like a diamond's inside were.
For although that excellence
Pass the piercing'st eye of Sense;
By their operations, we
Guess at things, that hidden be.
So, beyond our common reach,
Wise men can, by reason teach,
What the influences been
Of a Planet, when unseen;
Or the beauty of a star
That doth shine above us far.
So by that wide beaming light,
Wherewith TITAN courts our sight;
By his clothing of the earth;
By the wondrous, various birth
Of new creatures, yearly bred
Through his heat, and nourished:
And by many virtues mo[r]e
Which our Senses reach unto,
We conclude, they are not all,
Which make fair that goodly Ball.

Though she prize her Honour more

Than the far-fetched precious store
Of the rich Moluccas, or
All the wealth was trafficed for,
Since our vessels passage knew
Unto Mexico, Peru,
Or those spacious kingdoms which
Made the proud Iberians rich.
'Tis not that uncertain blast
Keeps my Mistress Good, or Chaste!

She, that but for Honour's sake,
Doth of Ill a conscience make
(More in fear what rumour says,
Than in love to virtuous ways);
Though she seemed more civil than
You have seen a courtezan,
For an honour; and cries "O, fie!"
At each shew of vanity;
Though she censure all that be
Not so foolish coy as she;
Though she, with the Roman Dame
Kill herself, to purchase fame:
She would prostitute become,
To the meanest, basest groom;
If so closely they may do it,
As the world should never know it.
So, at best, those women prove
That for Honour, Virtue love.

Give me her that goodness chooseth
For its own sake! and refuseth
To have greatest honours gained
With her secret conscience stained.
Give me her! that would be poor;
Die disgraced; nay, thought a whore;
And each Time's reproach become
Till the general Day of Doom:

Rather than consent to act
Pleasing sin: though by the fact,
With esteem of "virtuous," she
Might the German Empress be!
  Such my Mistress is! and nought
Shall have power to change her thought.
Pleasures cannot tempt her eye,
On their baits to glance awry.
For their good, she still esteems
As it is; not, as it seems:
And she takes no comfort in
Sweetest Pleasure soured with Sin.
  By herself, she hath such care
That her actions decent are.
For were she in secret hid,
None might see what she did;
She would do as if for spies
Every wall was stuck with eyes:
And be chary of her honour
'Cause the heavens do look upon her!
And O, what had power to move,
Flames of lust or wanton love
So far, to disparage us;
If we all, were minded thus?
These are beauties that shall last
When the crimson blood shall waste!
And the shining hair wax gray
Or, with age, be worn away!
These yield pleasures such as might
Be remembered with delight,
When we gasp our latest breath
On the loathèd bed of death.
Though discreetly speak She can;
She'll be silent, rather than
Talk while others may be heard:
As if She did hate, or feared

The condition, who will force
All to wait on their discourse.
Reason hath on her bestowed,
More of knowledge, than she owed
To that sex; and Grace, with it,
Doth aright, her practice fit.
Yet hath Fate so framèd her
As She may, at some time, err;
But if e'er her judgement stray,
'Tis that other women may,
Those much pleasing beauties see,
Which in yielding natures be.
For since no perfection can
Here on earth be found in man;
There's more good in free submissions,
Than there's ill in our transgressions.
Should you hear her, once, contend
In discoursing, to defend,
As She can, a doubtful cause;
She, such strong positions draws
From known truths, and doth apply
Reasons with such majesty,
As if She did undertake,
From some Oracle to speak;
And you could not think what might
Breed more love, or more delight.
  Yet, if you should mark again
Her discreet behaviour, when
She finds reason to repent
Some wrong-pleaded argument;
She so temperately lets all
Her mis-held opinions fall,
And can, with such mildness bow,
As 'twill more enamour you,
Than her knowledge. For there are
Pleasing sweets without compare

In such yieldings! which do prove
Wit, Humility, and Love.
Yea, by those mistakings, you
Her condition so shall know,
And the nature of her mind
So undoubtedly shall find,
As will make her more endeared
Than if she had never erred.
  Farther (that she nought may miss
Which worth praise in woman is),
This, unto the rest I add.
If I, wound or sickness had;
None should for my curing run!
No, not to APOLLO's son!
She, so well the virtue knows
Of each needful herb that grows;
And so fitly, can apply
Salves to every malady:
That if She, no succour gave me,
'Twere no means of Art could save me!
  Should my Soul oppressèd lie,
Sunk with grief and sorrow nigh;
She hath balm for minds distressed,
And could ease my pained breast.
She, so well knows, how to season
Passionate discourse with Reason;
And knows how to sweeten it,
Both with so much Love and Wit,
That it shall prepare the Sense
To give way with less offence.
For grievèd minds can ill abide
Counsel churlishly applied;
Which instead of comfortings,
Desperation often brings.

  But, hark, Nymphs! Methinks, I hear

Music sounding in mine ear!
'Tis a Lute! and he's the best
For a voice, in all the West,
That doth touch it! And the Swain
I would have you hear, so fain;
That to my Song, forbear will I,
To attend his melody.
  Hither comes he, day by day,
In these groves to sing and play:
And in yon close arbour, he
Sitteth now, expecting me.
He so bashful is, that mute
Will his tongue be, and his lute;
Should he happen to espy
This unlooked for company.
If you, therefore, list to hear him;
Let's with silence walk more near him!
'Twill be worth your pains, believe me!
(If a voice, content may give ye!)
And, await you shall not long!
For he now begins a Song.

SONNET I.



What is the cause, when elsewhere I resort,
I have my gestures, and discourse more free:
And if I please, can any Beauty court!
Yet stand so dull, and so demure by Thee?
  Why are my speeches broken, whilst I

talk?
Why do I fear almost thy hand to touch?
Why dare I not embrace thee, as we walk?
Since, with the greatest Nymphs, I've dared as much!
Ah, know that none of those I e'er affected!
And therefore used a careless courtship there;
Because I, neither their disdain respected;
Nor reckoned them nor their embraces dear!
But loving Thee! my love hath found content;
And rich delights, in things indifferent.

SONNET II.



Why covet I, thy blessed eyes to see!
Whose sweet aspect may cheer the saddest mind?
Why, when our bodies must divided be,
Can I no hour of rest or pleasure find?
Why do I sleeping, start; and waking, moan,
To find that of my dreamèd hopes I miss?
Why do I often contemplate alone,
Of such a thing as thy Perfection is?
And wherefore, when we meet, doth Passion stop
My speechless tongue, and leave me in a

panting?
Why doth my heart, o'ercharged with fear
and hope,
In spite of reason, almost droop to fainting?
Because, in me, thy excellences moving,
Have drawn to me, an excellence in loving!

SONNET III.



Fair! Since thy virtues, my affections move;
And I have vowed my purpose is to join
In an eternal band of chastest love,
Our Souls, to make a marriage most divine.
"Why," thou may'st think, "then, seemeth
he to prize
An outward beauty's fading hue so much?
Why doth he Read such Lectures in mine
eyes?
And often strive my tender palm to touch?"
O, pardon my presuming! For I swear
My love is soiled with no lustful spot!
Thy Soul's perfections, through those veils
appear!
And I half faint, that I embrace them not!
No foul Desires doth make thy touches
sweet;
By my Soul striveth, with thy Soul to meet!

SONNET IV.



Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's Fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be She fairer than the Day,
Or the flowery meads in May!
If She be not so to me,
What care I, how Fair She be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined,
'Cause I see a woman Kind?
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be She meeker, kinder than
Turtle dove, or pelican!
If She be not so to me,
What care I, how Kind She be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well deserving known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be She with that Goodness blest
Which may gain her, name of Best!
If She be not such to me,
What care I, how Good She be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool, and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,

Where they want of riches find,
Think "What with them they would do!"
That, without them, dare to woo!
And unless that mind I see,
What care I, though Great She be?

Great, or Good, or Kind, or Fair,
I will ne'er the more despair!
If She love me (this believe!)
I will die, ere She shall grieve!
If She slight me, when I woo;
I can scorn, and let her go!
For if She be not for me!
What care I, for whom She be?

SONNET V.



I wandered out, awhile agone,
And went, I know not whither;
But there, do Beauties, many a one,
Resort, and meet together:
And Cupid's power will there be shewn,
If ever you come thither!

For like two suns, two Beauties bright,
I, shining saw together:
And, tempted by their double light,
My eyes I fixt on Either;
Till Both, at once, so thralled my sight,
I loved, and knew not, Whether?

Such equal sweet, Venus gave,
That I preferred not Either;
And when for love, I thought to crave,
I knew not well of Whether?
For one while, This I wished to have;
And then, I, That had liefer!

A lover of the curious'st eye,
Might have been pleased in Either;
And so, I must confess, might I,
Had they not been together.
Now Both must love, or Both deny:
In one, enjoy I Neither.

But yet, at last, I scaped the smart
I feared, at coming hither.
For seeing my divided heart,
I, choosing, knew not Whether;
Love, angry grew, and did depart.
And, now, I care for Neither!



[*Fair Virtue's moral qualities.*]



See! these trees so ill did hide us,
That the Shepherd hath espied us!
And, as jealous of his cunning,
All in haste, away is running!
To entreat him back again,
Would be labour spent in vain:

You may, therefore, now betake ye,
To the Music, I can make thee!
Who do purpose my Invention
Shall pursue my first Intention.
  For in Her, whose worth I tell,
Many excellences dwell
Yet unmentioned; whose perfections
Worthy are of best affections.

  That, which is so rare to find
Both in Man, and Womankind;
That, whose absence, love defaceth,
And both sexes more disgraceth,
That the spite of furrowed Age,
Sicknesses, or Sorrow's rage;
That's the jewel so divine
Which doth on her forehead shine;
And therewith endowed is She
In an excellent degree:
Constancy, I mean! the purest
Of all beauties, and the surest.
For whoe'er doth that possess,
Hath an endless loveliness!
  All afflictions, labours, crosses;
All our dangers, wounds, and losses;
Games of Pleasure, we can make,
For that matchless woman's sake!
In whose breast that virtue bideth:
And we joy, whate'er betideth!
  Most dejected hearts it gladeth.
Twenty thousand glories addeth
Unto Beauty's brightest Ray,
And preserves it from decay!
'Tis the salt, that's made to season
Beauty, for the use of Reason!
'Tis the varnish, and the oiling,

Keeps her colours fresh from spoiling!
'Tis an excellence, whereby
Age, though joined with poverty,
Hath more dear affection won,
That fresh Youth and Wealth have done!
'Tis a loveliness endearing
Beauties, scarce worth note appearing!
Whilst a fairer, fickle Dame
Nothing gains, but scorn and shame.
Further, 'tis a beauty such
As I cannot praise too much,
Nor frame Measures to express!
No, nor any man! unless
He who (more than all men crost)
Finds it, in that woman lost;
On whose faith, he would have pawned
Life, and all he could command!
Such a man, may, by that miss,
Make us know, how dear it is!
When, o'ercharged with grief, he shall
Sigh, and break his heart withal.

This is that Perfection which
In her favour, makes me rich!
All whose beauties named before,
Else, would but torment me more:
And in having this, I find,
Whate'er haps, a quiet mind!
Yea, 'tis that, which I do prize
Far above her lips, her eyes;
Or that general beauty, whence
Shines each several excellence.

For, alas! what gained hath he,
Who may clip the fairest She,
That the name of Woman bears;
If, unhappily, he fears

Any other's worth may win
What he thought his own had been?
Him, base minded deem I should,
Who (although he were in hold,
Wrapt in chains) would not disdain
Love with her, to entertain!
That, both daughter to a Peer,
And most rich and lovely were;
When a brainless Gull should dare
In her favours with him share;
Or the action of a Player
Rob him of a hope so fair.

This, I dread not! For I know
Strainèd gestures, painted show,
Shameless boastings, borrowed jests,
Female looks, gay-plumed crests,
Vows, nor protestations vain
(Wherewith fools are made so vain)
Move Her can! save to contemn,
Or, perhaps, to laugh at them.
Neither can I doubt or fear,
Time shall either change or wear
This her virtue, or impair
That which makes her soul so fair!
In which trust great comforts are,
Which the fear of loss would mar.
Nor hath this my rare hope stood
So much in her being good,
With her love to Blessèd Things;
As in her acknowledgings
From a Higher Power, to have them!
And her love to Him that gave them!
For, although to have a mind
Naturally to Good inclined,
And to love it, would assure

Reason that it might endure:
Yet, since man was first unjust,
There's no warrant for such trust!
Virtues that, most wonder win,
Would converted be to Sin;
If their flourishings began
From no better root than Man!
Our best virtues (when they are
Of themselves) we may compare
To the beauty of a Flower,
That is blasted in an hour;
And which growing to be fuller,
Turns into some loathèd colour:
But those (being freely given,
And confirmed in us from Heaven)
Have a promise on them past
And for evermore shall last!
Diamond like, their lustre clearing,
More and more, by use and wearing!

But if this rare Worth I praise,
Should, by Fate's permission, raise
Passions in some gentle breast
That distemper may his rest:
And be author of such treason
As might nigh endanger Reason;
Or enforce his tongue to crave
What another man must have.
Mark, in such a strait as this,
How discreet her dealing is!
She is nothing of their humours
Who, their honour build on rumours;
And had rather private sporting,
Than allow of open courting:
Nor of theirs, that would seem holy
By divulging other's folly.

Farther is She from their guise
That delight to tyrannise;
Or make boastings, in espying
Others, for their favours dying.
  She, a spirit doth possess
So replete with Nobleness,
That if She be there beloved;
Where she ought not to be moved
Equally to love again:
She doth so well entertain
That affection, as there's none
Can suppose it ill bestown.
  From Deluding, She is free!
From Disdain, as far is She!
And so feelingly bears part
Of what pains another's heart;
That no curse of scornèd duty,
Shall draw vengeance on her beauty:
Rather, with so tender fear
Of her honour, and their care,
She is touched; that neither shall
Wrong unto herself befall
By the favour She doth show;
Nor will She neglect them so
As may just occasion give
Any way to make them grieve.
  Hope, She will not let them see!
Lest they should presuming be;
And aspire to that, which none
Ever must enjoy but One.
From Despair, She keeps them too!
Fearing they might hap to do,
Either through Love's indiscretions,
Or much over stirrèd passions,
What might, with their hurt and shame,
Into question, call her name;

And a scandal on her bring
Who is just in everything.
  She hath marked how others run,
And by them hath learnt to shun
Both their fault, who, over wise,
Err by being too precise;
And their folly, that o'er kind,
Are to all complaints inclined.
For her Wit hath found the way
How, a while, to hold them play;
And that inconvenience shun
Whereinto both seem to run,
By allowing them a scope
Just betwixt Despair and Hope:
Where confined, and reaching neither,
They do take a part in either;
Till, long living in suspense,
Tired by her Indifference,
Time, at last, their Passion wears.
Passions wearing, Reason clears!
Reason gives their Judgement light!
Judgement bringeth all to right!
  So, their Hope appearing vain;
They become themselves again!
And with high applauses (fit
For such Virtue with such Wit)
They, that service only proffer,
She may take, and they may offer!
  Yet, this course she never proves
Save with those, whose virtuous loves
Use the noblest means of gaining
Favours, worthy the obtaining.
And if such should chance to err
Either 'gainst themselves, or Her,
In some oversights, when they
Are, through Passion, led astray;

She, so well man's frailty knows!
With the darts, that Beauty throws!
As she will not, adding terror,
Break the heart, for one poor error!
Rather, if still good they be,
Twenty remedies hath She
Gently to apply, where Sense
Hath invaded Reason's fence:
And, without a wound, or scar,
Turns to peace, a lawless war.
  But to those, whose baser fires
Breathe out smoke of such desires
As may dim, with impure steams,
Any part of Beauty's beams:
She will deign no milder way,
Those foul burnings to allay;
Save with such extreme neglect
As shall work her wished effect.
  And to use so sharp a cure,
She's not oft constrainèd, sure,
'Cause, on her forehead, still,
Goodness sits; so feared of Ill!
That the scorn and high disdains
Wherewithal she entertains
Those loathed glances, giveth ending
To such flamings the tynding
That their coolèd hopes needs must
Freeze Desires in heat of Lust.

  'Tis a power that never lies
In the fair'st immodest eyes!
Wantons! 'tis not your sweet eyings,
Forcèd passions, feignèd dyings,
Gestures' temptings, tears' beguilings,
Dancings, singings, kissings, smilings!
Nor those painted sweets, with which,

You, unwary men bewitch!
All united, nor asunder
That can compass such a Wonder!
Or, to win you love prevails,
Where her moving virtues fails.
  Beauties! 'tis not all those features,
Placèd in the fairest creatures;
Though their best they should discover,
That can tempt from Her, a lover!
'Tis not those soft snowy breasts
Where Love, rocked in Pleasure, rests;
And by their continual motions
Draweth hearts to vain devotions!
Nor the nectar that we sip
From the honey-dropping lip!
Nor those eyes, whence Beauty's lances
Wound the heart with wanton glances!
Nor those sought delights that lie
In LOVE's hidden treasury!
That can liking gain, where She
Will the best belovèd be!
  For should those who think they may
Draw my love from her away,
Bring forth all their female graces!
Wrap me in their close embraces!
Practise all the Art they may!
Weep! or sing! or kiss! or pray!
And, with sighs and looks, come woo me!
When they soonest may undo me,
One poor thought of Her would arm me
So, as CIRCE could not harm me!
Since besides those excellences
Wherewith others please the Senses,
She, whom I have prizèd so,
Yields delights for Reason too!

Who could dote on thing so common
As mere outward-handsome woman?
Those Half-Beauties only win
Fools, to let affection in!
Vulgar wits, from Reason shaken,
Are with such impostures taken!
And, with all their art in love,
Wantons can but wantons move!
But when, unto those are joined,
Those things which adorn the Mind;
None their excellences see,
But they straight enthrallèd be!
Fools and wise men, worst and best,
Subjects are to LOVE's *Arrest*;
For when VIRTUE wooes a lover
She's an unresisted mover,
That will have no kind of "Nay!"
And in love, brooks no delay.
  She can make the sensual wights
To restrain their appetites;
And her beauty, when they see,
Spite of Vice, in love to be:
Yea, (although themselves be bad)
Praise the good they never had!
She hath to her service brought
Those that Her have set at nought,
And can fair enough appear
To inflame the most severe.
  She hath, oft, allurèd out
The religiously devout
From their cloisters, and their vows,
To embrace what She allows!
And to such contentments come
As blind Zeal had barred them from;
While (her laws misunderstood)
They did Ill, for love of Good.

Where I find True Worth to be
Sweetest are their lips to me!
And embraces tempt me so,
More than outward beauties do,
That my firm belief is this;
If I ever do amiss,
Seeming-Good, the bait will lay,
That to Ill, shall me betray.
Since where Shews of Goodness are,
I am oft emboldened there,
Freedoms so permit and use,
Which I elsewhere do refuse;
For because I think they mean,
To allow no deed unclean.
Yet where two, love VIRTUE shall,
Both, at once, they seldom fall!
For when one hath thoughts of Ill,
T'other helps exile them still.

My Fair VIRTUE's power is this,
And that power the beauty is
Which doth make Her, here exprest,
Equally both Fair and Blest:
This! was that contenting grace
Which affection made me place
With so dear respect, that never
Can it fail, but last for ever.
This! a Servant made me sworn,
Who, before time, held in scorn
To yield vassalage or duty;
Though unto the Queen of Beauty!
Yet that I, her Servant am,
It shall more be to my fame,
Than to own these woods and downs,
Or be Lord of fifty towns:
And, my Mistress, to be deemed,

Should more honour be esteemed
Than those titles to acquire
Which most women most desire.
Yea, when you a woman shall,
Countess, or a Duchess call:
That respect it shall not move,
Neither gain her half such love
As to say, "Lo! this is She
That supposèd is to be
Mistress to PHIL'ARETE!
And that lovely Nymph, which he
In a Pastoral Poem famed,
And *Fair Virtue*, there hath named!"
Yea, some ladies (ten to one!)
If not many, now unknown,
Will be very well apaid
When, by chance, she hears it said
She that "Fair One" is, whom I
Have, here, praised concealedly.
And though, now, this Age's Pride
May so brave a Hope deride;
Yet, when all their glories pass,
As the thing that never was,
And on monuments appear
That they e'er had breathing here,
Who envy it; She shall thrive
In her fame, and honoured live;
While Great Britain's Shepherds sing
English in their Sonneting!
And whoe'er, in future days,
Shall bestow the utmost praise
On his love, that any man
Attribute to creature can;
'Twill be this! that he hath dared,
His and Mine to have compared.
O, what stars did shine on me,

When her eyes I first did see!
And how good was their aspect,
When we first did both affect!
For I never since to changing
Was inclined, or thought of ranging!

Me, so oft my Fancy drew
Here and there, that I ne'er knew
Where to place Desire, before,
So that range it might no more.
But as he that passeth by
Where, in all her jollity,
FLORA's riches, in a row,
Doth in seemly order grow;
And a thousand flowers stand,
Bending as to kiss his hand:
Out of which delightful store,
One, he may take, and no more!
Long he pausing, doubteth whether
Of those fair ones he should gather.
First, the Primrose courts his eyes!
Then, the Cowslip he espies!
Next, the Pansy seems to woo him!
Then, Carnations bow unto him!
Which, whilst that enamoured Swain
From the stalk, intends to strain;
(As half fearing to be seen)
Prettily, her leaves between,
Peeps the Violet! pale to see
That her virtues slightèd be:
Which so much his liking wins
That, to seize her, he begins;
Yet before he stooped so low
He, his wanton eye did throw
On a stem that grew more high,
And the Rose did there espy.

Who, besides her precious scent,
To procure his eyes' content,
Did display her goodly breast;
Where he found, at full exprest,
All the Good that Nature showers
On a thousand other flowers.
Wherewith he, affected, takes it!
His Beloved Flower, he makes it!
And, without desire of more,
Walks through all he saw before.
  So I, wandering but erewhile,
Through the Garden of this Isle,
Saw rich Beauties, I confess,
And in number, numberless;
And so differing lovely too,
That I had a world to do,
Ere I could set up my rest
Where to choose, and choose the best.
  One I saw, whose Hair excellèd!
On another's Brow there dwellèd
Such a Majesty, it seemed
She was best to be esteemed!
  This had, with her Speeches won me!
That, with Silence had undone me!
On her Lips, the Graces hung!
T'other charmed me with her tongue!
In her Eyes, a third did bear
That which did anew ensnare!
Then a fourth did fairer show,
Yet wherein I did not know!
Only this perceivèd I,
Somewhat pleased my Fantasy.
  Now the Wealth, I most esteemed!
Honour then, I better deemed!
Next, the love of Beauty seized me!
And then Virtue better pleased me!

JUNO's love I nought esteemed!
Whilst a VENUS fairer seemed!
Nay, both could not me suffice,
Whilst a PALLAS was more wise!
Though I found enough in One
To content, if still alone.
AMARILLIS, I did woo!
And I courted PHILLIS too!
DAPHNE, for her love I chose!
CLORIS, for that damask rose
In her cheek, I held as dear!
Yea, a thousand liked, well near!
And in love with All together,
Feared the enjoying Either!
'Cause to be, of one possest,
Barred the hope of all the rest.

Thus I fondly fared, till Fate,
(Which I must confess, in that,
Did a greater favour to me,
Than the world can malice do me)
Shewed to me that matchless flower
Subject for this Song of our.
Whose perfection having eyed
Reason instantly espied,
That Desire, which ranged abroad,
There, would find a period.
And, no marvel! if it might:
For it, there, hath all Delight;
And in Her, hath Nature placed
What each several Fair once graced.
Nor am I, alone delighted,
With those graces, all united,
Which the Sense's eye doth find
Scattered throughout Womankind.
But my Reason finds perfections

To inflame my Soul's affections:
Yea, such virtues She possesseth,
As, with firmest pleasures blesseth;
And keeps sound that Beauty's state,
Which would else grow ruinate.
  In this Flower are sweets, such store:
I shall never wish for more!
Nor be tempted out to stray
For the fairest buds in May!

  Let, who list! for me, advance
The admired flowers of France!
Let, who will! praise and behold
The reservèd Marigold!
Let the sweet-breathed Violet, now,
Unto whom she pleaseth, bow!
And the fairest Lily spread,
Where she will, her golden head!
I have such a flower to wear;
That for those, I do not care!
  Never shall my Fancy range!
Nor once think again of change!
Never will I, never more!
Grieve or sigh, as heretofore!
Nor within the lodgings lie
Of Despair, or Jealousy!
  Let the young and happy Swains,
Playing on the Britain plains,
Court, unblamed, their shepherdesses!
And with their gold-curlèd tresses
Toy uncensured! until I
Grudge at their prosperity!
  Let all Times, both Present, Past;
And the Age that shall be last;
Vaunt the beauties they bring forth!
I have found in One, such worth!

That, content, I neither care
What the best before me were;
Nor desire to live and see
Who shall fair hereafter be.
For I know the hand of Nature
Will not make a fairer creature!
  Which, because succeeding days
Shall confess, and add their praise
In approving what my tongue
(Ere they had their being) sung:
Once again, come, lend an ear!
And a Rapture you shall hear
(Though I taste no Thespian spring)
Will amaze you; whilst I sing!
  I do feel new Strains inspiring,
And to such brave heights aspiring;
That my Muse will touch a key,
Higher than you've heard to-day!
  I have Beauties to unfold
That deserve a Pen of Gold!
Sweets that never dreamed of were!
Things unknown; and such as Ear
Never heard a Measure sound
Since the sun first ran his round!

  When APELLES limbed to life,
Loathèd VULCAN's lovely wife;
With such beauties he did turn
Each sweet feature, and each limb,
And so curiously did place
Every well becoming grace;
That 'twas said, ere he could draw
Such a Piece, he naked saw
Many women in their prime
And the fairest of that Time;
From all which, he, parts did take,

Which, aright disposed, make
Perfect Beauty. So when you
Know what I have yet to show,
It will seem to pass so far
Those things which expressèd are;
That you will suppose I've been
Privileged, where I have seen
All the Good that's spread in parts
Through a thousand women's hearts!
With their fair'st conditions lie
Bare, without hypocrisy!
And that I have took from thence,
Each dispersèd excellence
To express Her, who hath gained
More than ever One obtained.
  And yet, soft! I fear, in vain
I have boasted such a Strain!
Apprehensions ever are
Greater than Expression, far!
And my striving to disclose
What I know, hath made me lose
My Invention's better part:
And my Hopes exceed my Art!
  Speak, I can; yet Think I more!
Words, compared with Thoughts, are
      poor!
And I find, had I begun
Such a Strain, it would be done
When we number all the sands
Washed o'er perjured GODWIN's lands.
For of things I should indite,
Which, I know are infinite.

  I do yield! My Thoughts did climb
Far above the power of Rhyme!
And no wonder it is so,

Since there is no Art can show
Red in roses, white in snow;
Nor express how they do grow.
Yea, since bird, beast, stone, and tree,
That inferior creatures be,
Beauties have, which we confess
Lines unable to express;
They more hardly can enrol
Those that do adorn a Soul.
  But suppose my Measures could
Reach the height, I thought they would:
Now, relate, I would not though,
What did swell within me so.
For if I should all descry,
You would know as much as I!
And those clowns the Muses hate,
Would of things above them, prate!
Or, with their profaning eyes,
Come to view those mysteries
Whereof, since they disesteemed them,
Heaven hath unworthy deemed them!
  And besides, it seems to me,
That your ears nigh tirèd be!
I perceive the fire that charmeth
And inspireth me, scarce warmeth
Your chill hearts! Nay, sure, were I
Melted into Poesy,
I should not a Measure hit,
(Though APOLLO prompted it)
Which should able be to leave
That in you, which I conceive!
  You are cold! and here I may
Waste my vital heat away
Ere you will be moved so much
As to feel one perfect touch
Of those Sweets; which, yet concealed,

Swell my breast, to be revealed.

Now, my Words, I therefore cease!
That my mounting Thoughts, in peace,
May, alone, those pleasures share,
Whereof Lines unworthy are!
And so you, an end do see,
Of my Song; though long it be!



No sooner had the Shepherd PHIL'ARET,
To this Description, his last period set;
But instantly, descending from a wood,
Which on a rising ground, adjoining stood,

A troop of Satyrs, to the view of all,
Came dancing, of a new devisèd brall.
The measures they did pace, by Him were taught them,
Who, to so rare a gentleness had brought them,
That he had learned their rudeness an observing
Of such respect unto the well deserving;
As they became to no man else, a terror,
But such as did persist in wilful error:
And they, the Ladies, made no white affeared
Though since that time, they some Great Men have scared.
Their dance, the *Whipping of Abuse* they named;
And though the Shepherd, since that, hath been blamed:
Yet, now, 'tis daily seen in every town!
And there's no Country Dance that's better known!
Nor that hath gained a greater commendation
'Mongst those that love an honest recreation!
This Scene presented; from a grove was heard
A Set of Viols; and there, was prepared
A Country Banquet, which this Shepherd made
To entertain the Ladies, in the shade.
And 'tis supposed, his Song prolongèd was
Of purpose, that it might be brought to pass.
So well it was performed that each one

deemed,
The banquet might the City have
beseemed;
Yet, better was their Welcome, than their
Fare,
Which they perceived, and the merrier
were.

One Beauty though, there sat among the
rest,
That looked as sad as if her heart
oppressed
With love had been. Whom PHIL'ARET
beholding
Sit so demurely, and her arms enfolding:
"Lady!" quoth he, "am I, or this poor
cheer,
The cause that you so melancholy are?
For if the object of your thoughts be
higher,
It fits nor me to know them, nor inquire:
But if from me it cometh, that offends;
I seek the cause, that I may make
amends!"

"Kind Swain!" said she, "it is nor so! nor
so!
No fault in you! nor in your cheer I know!
Nor do I think there is a thought in me,
That can too worthy of your knowledge
be!
Nor have I, many a day, more pleasure
had
Than here I find, though I have seemèd
sad.
My heart is sometimes heavy when I
smile;

And when I grieve, I often sing the while.
Nor is it sadness that doth me possess,
But rather, musing, with much seriousness,
Upon that multitude of sighs and tears,
With those innumerable doubts and fears
Through which you passed, ere you could acquire
A settled Hope of gaining your Desire.
For you dared love a Nymph, so great and fair,
As might have brought a Prince unto despair;
And, sure, the excellency of your Passions
Did then produce as excellent impressions.
If, therefore, me the suit may well become!
And if to you, it be not wearisome!
In name of all the Ladies, I entreat
That one of those sad Strains you would repeat,
Which you composed, when greatest Discontent
Unsought-for help, to your Invention lent!"

"Fair Nymphs!" said PHIL'ARET, "I will so do!
For though your Shepherd doth no Courtship know,
He hath Humanity! and what's in me,
To do you service, may commanded be!"

So, taking down a lute, that near him hung;
He gave't his boy, who played: whilst this, he sung.

[*SONNET I.*]

"Ah, me!"
Am I the Swain
That late, from sorrow free,
Did all the cares on earth
disdain?
And still untouched, as at some
safer games,
Played with the burning coals of Love, and
Beauty's flames?
Was't I, could dive, and sound each Passion's
secret depth at will;
And from those huge overwhelmings, rise, by
help of Reason, still?
And am I, now, O heavens! (for
trying this in vain)
So sunk, that I shall never rise
again?
Then let Despair set Sorrow's
string
For Strains, that doleful'st
be!
And I will sing
"Ah, me."

But why,
O fatal Time!
Dost Thou constrain, that
I
Should perish in my Youth's
sweet prime?
I, but a while ago, You cruel Powers!
In spite of Fortune, cropped Contentment's
sweetest flowers.
And yet, unscorned, serve a gentle Nymph,

the fairest She,
That ever was beloved of Man, or eyes did
ever see.
Yea, one, whose tender heart would rue
for my distress;
Yet I, poor I! must perish nay-the-less:
And, which much more augments
my care,
Unmoaned, I must die!
And no man e'er
Know why!

Thy leave,
My dying Song!
Yet take! ere Grief
bereave
The breath which I enjoy too
long.
Tell thou that Fair One this! "My Soul
prefers
Her love above my life, and that I died
hers!
And let Him be, for evermore, to her
remembrance dear,
Who loved the very thought of Her, whilst he
remained here!"
And now, farewell, thou place of my
unhappy birth!
Where once I breathed the sweetest
air on earth:
Since me, my wonted joys
forsake,
And all my trust
deceive;
Of all, I take
My leave!

Farewell,
Sweet Groves, to you!
You Hills, that highest dwell;
And all you humble Vales, adieu!
You wanton Brooks! and solitary
Rocks!
My dear Companions all! and you, my
tender Flocks!
Farewell, my Pipe! and all those pleasing
Songs, whose moving Strains
Delighted once the fairest Nymphs that dance
upon the plains!
You Discontentments (whose deep and
over-deadly smart
Have, without pity, broke the
truest heart)!
Sighs! Tears! and every sad
Annoy
That erst did with me
dwell!
And all others'
Joy!
Farewell!

Adieu
Fair Shepherdesses!
Let garlands of sad yew
Adorn your dainty golden
tresses!
I that loved you, and often, with
my quill
Made music that delighted fountain,
grove, and hill!
I, whom you loved so; and with a sweet and
chaste embrace;
Yea, with a thousand rarer favours, would

vouchsafe to grace!
I, now, must leave you all alone! of
Love to 'plain,
And never Pipe, nor never Sing
again
I must, for evermore, be
gone!
And, therefore, bid I you,
And every one,
Adieu!

I die!
For O, I feel
Death's horrors drawing
nigh!
And all this frame of Nature
reels!
My hopeless heart, despairing of
relief,
Sinks underneath the heavy weight of
saddest grief!
Which hath so ruthless torn, so racked, so
tortured every vein,
All comfort comes too late, to have it ever
cured again.
My swimming head begins to dance
Death's giddy round!
A shuddering chillness doth each
sense confound!
Benumbed is my cold-sweating
brow!
A dimness shuts my eye!
And now, O now,
I die!



So movingly these lines he did express,
And to a tune so full of heaviness;
As if, indeed, his purpose had been past
To live no longer than the Song did last.
Which in the Nymphs, such tender passion bred,
That some of them, did tears of pity shed.

This she perceiving, who first craved the Song,
"Shepherd!" she said, "although it be no wrong
Nor grief to you, those Passions to recall
Which, heretofore, you have been pained withal!
But comforts rather, since they, now, are over;
And you, it seemeth, an enjoying lover:
Yet some Nymphs among us, I do see;
Who, so much movèd with your Passions be,
That, if my aim I have taken aright,
Their thoughts will hardly let them sleep to-night.
I dare not, therefore, beg of you again
To sing another of the selfsame Strain;
For fear it breed within them, more unrest
Than women's weaknesses can well digest.
Yet, in your Measures, such content you have!

That one Song more, I will presume to
crave.
And if your memory preserves of those
Which you, of your affections did compose
Before you saw this Mistress; let us hear
What kind of Passions, then, within you
were!"
To which request, he instantly obeyed;
And this ensuing Song, both sung and
played.

SONNET II.



*You gentle Nymphs! that on these meadows
play,
And oft relate the loves of Shepherds young;
Come, sit you down! For if you please to
stay,
Now may you hear an uncouth Passion sung!
A Lad there is, and I am that poor
Groom*;
That's fall'n in love, and cannot tell
with whom!

*O do not smile at sorrow, as a jest!
With others' cares, good natures movèd be;
And I should weep, if you had my unrest!
Then, at my grief, how can you merry be?
Ah, where is tender pity now become?*

I am in love, and cannot tell with
whom!

I, that have oft, the rarest features viewed,
And Beauty in her best perfection seen;
I, that have laughed at them that love
pursued,
And ever free from such affections been:
Lo, now at last, so cruel is my doom!
I am in love, and cannot tell with
whom!

My heart is full nigh bursting with Desire;
Yet cannot find from whence these longings
flow:
My breast doth burn, but She that lights the
fire,
I never saw, nor can I come to know.
So great a bliss, my fortune keeps me
from;
That though I dearly love, I know not
whom!

Ere I had twice four Springs renewed seen,
The force of Beauty I began to prove;
And ere I nine years old had fully been,
It taught me how to frame a Song of Love,
And little thought I, this day should have
come,
Before that I, to love had found out
whom!

For on my chin, the mossy down you see!
And in my veins, well heated blood doth
glow!
Of Summers I have seen twice three times
three;

And fast, my youthful time away doth go!
That much I fear, I agèd shall become,
And still complain, I love, I know not whom!

O, why had I a heart bestowed on me,
To cherish dear affections, so inclined?
Since I am so unhappy born to be
No Object, for so true a Love to find.
When I am dead, it will be missed of some;
Yet, now I live, I love, I know not whom!

I to a thousand beauteous Nymphs am known!
A hundred Ladies' favours do I wear!
I, with as many, half in love am grown;
Yet none of them, I find, can be my Dear!
Methinks, I have a Mistress yet to come!
Which makes me sing, I love, I know not whom!

There lives no Swain doth stronger Passion prove
For her, whom most he covets to possess;
Than doth my heart, that being full of love
Knows not to whom it may the same profess!
For he that is despised, hath sorrow some;
But he hath more, that loves, and knows not whom!

Knew I my Love, as many others do,
To some one object might my thoughts be bent!
So they divided, should not wandering go

Until the Soul's united force be spent.
As his, that seeks and never finds a home,
Such is my rest, that love, and know not whom!

Those, whom the frowns of jealous friends divide,
May live to meet, and descant on their woe;
And he hath gained a Lady for his bride,
That durst not woo her Maid, a while ago.
But O, what end unto my hopes can come?
That am in love, and cannot tell with whom!

Poor Collin grieves that he was late disdained;
And Cloris doth, for Willy's absence pine;
Sad Thirsis weeps, for his sick Phœbe pained:
But all their sorrows cannot equal mine!
A greater care, alas, on me is come.
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom!

Narcissus like, did I affect my shade;
Some shadow yet I had to dote upon!
Or did I love some Image of the dead,
Whose Substance had not breathed long agone?
I might despair! and so an end would come;
But O, I love! and cannot tell you whom!

Once, in a dream, methought, my Love I viewed,

But never, waking, could her face behold;
And, doubtless, that resemblance was but
shewed
That more my tirèd heart, torment it should.
For, since that time, more grieved I am
become;
And more in love, I cannot tell with
whom!

When on my bed, at night, to rest I lie,
My watchful eyes, with tears bedew my
cheek;
And then, "O would it once were day!" I cry,
Yet when it comes, I am as far to seek.
For who can tell, though all the earth he
roam;
Or when, or where to find, he knows
not whom?

O, if she may be among the beauteous trains
Of all you Nymphs, that haunt the silver rills!
Or if you know her, Ladies of the plains!
Or you, that have your bowers on the hills!
Tell, if you can, who will my Love
become?
Or I shall die, and never know for
whom!



The Ladies smiled oft, when this they
heard,
Because the Passion strange to them
appeared,
And stranger was it, since by his
expression,
As well as by his own unfeigned
confession,
It seemèd true! But having sung it out;
And seeing, scarcely manners, they it
thought,
To urge him further: thus to them, he
spake.
"Fair Ladies! forasmuch as doubt you
make
To re-command me; of mine own accord,
Another Strain I freely will afford.
It shall not be of Love, nor any Song
Which to the praise of Beauty doth
belong;
But that, hereafter, when you hence are
gone,
Your Shepherd may be sometime thought
upon!
To shew you also, what Content the Field
And lonely Grove to honest minds may
yield!
That you, my humble fate may not
despise,
When you are returned unto your
braveries;
And not suppose that, in these homely
bowers,
I hug my fortune, 'cause I know not yours.
Such Lines I'll sing, as were composed by
me,

When some proud Courtiers, where I
happed to be,
Did (like themselves) of their own glories
prate,
As in contempt of my more happy state.
And these they be—"

SONNET [*III.*]



Lordly Gallants! tell me this!
(Though my safe Content you weigh not!)
In your greatness, what one bliss
Have you gained, that I enjoy not?
You have Honours, you have Wealth!
I have Peace, and I have Health!
All the day I merry make;
And, at night, no care I take!

Bound to none, my fortunes be;
This, or that man's fall, I fear not!
Him I love, that loveth me;
For the rest, a pin I care not!
You are sad, when others chafe;
And grow merry as they laugh!
I, that hate it, and am free,
Laugh and weep, as pleaseth me!

You may boast of favours shown,
Where your service is applied!

But my pleasures are mine own,
And to no man's humours tied.
You oft flatter, sooth, and feign!
I, such baseness do disdain!
And to none, be slave I would,
Though my fetters might be gold!

By greatest titles, some believe,
Highest honours are attained;
And yet Kings have power to give
To their Fools, what these have gained.
Where they favour, there they may
All their Names of Honour lay!
But I look not, raised to be,
Till mine own wing carry me!

Seek to raise your titles higher!
They are toys not worth my sorrow.
Those that we, to-day, admire,
Prove the Age's scorn to-morrow!
Take your Honours! Let me find
Virtue in a free born mind!
This, the greatest Kings that be,
Cannot give, nor take from me!

Though I vainly do not vaunt
Large demesnes to feed my pleasure:
I have favours, where you want,
That would buy Respect with treasure!
You have lands lie here, and there;
But my wealth is everywhere!
And this addeth to my store,
Fortune cannot make me poor!

Say, you purchase, with your pelf,
Some respect, where you importune!
Those may love me, for myself;

That regard you for your fortune!
Rich, or born of high degree,
Fools, as well as you, may be!
But that Peace in which I live,
No Descent, nor Wealth can give!

If you boast that you may gain
The respect of high-born Beauties;
Know I never wooed in vain,
Nor preferrèd scornèd duties!
She I love, hath all delight,
Rosy red with lily white;
And, whoe'er your Mistress be,
Flesh and blood as good as She!

Note of me, was never took
For my womanlike perfections;
But so like a Man I look,
It hath gained me best affections!
For my love, as many showers
Have been wept, as have for yours!
And yet none doth me condemn
For abuse, or scorning them!

Though of dainties, you have store
To delight a choicer palate!
Yet your taste is pleased no more
Than is mine, in one poor sallat!
You to please your senses feed!
But I eat, good blood to breed!
And am most delighted then
When I spend it like a man!

Though you Lord it over me;
You, in vain, thereof have bravèd!
For those Lusts, my servants be;
Whereunto your minds are slavèd!

To yourselves you wise appear,
But, alas, deceived you are!
You do, foolish me esteem;
And are that, which I do seem!

When your faults I open lay;
You are moved, and mad with vexing!
But you ne'er could do, or say
Ought to drive me to perplexing!
Therefore, my despisèd power
Greater is, by far, than your!
And whate'er you think of me,
In your minds, you poorer be!

You are pleasèd, more or less,
As men, well or ill report you!
And shew discontentedness
When the Times forbear to court you!
That in which my pleasures be,
No man can divide from me!
And my care it adds not to,
Whatso others say or do.

Be not proud, because you view
You, by thousands are attended!
For, alas, it is not You,
But Your Fortune! that's befriended.
Where I shew of love have got,
Such a danger, fear I not!
Since they nought can seek of me;
But for love, beloved to be.

When your hearts have everything;
You are pleasantly disposed!
But I can both laugh and sing,
Though my foes have me enclosed.
Yea, when dangers me do hem,

I delight in scorning them!
More than you, in your renown;
Or a King can, in his crown.

You do bravely domineer
Whilst the sun upon you shineth!
Yet if any storm appear,
Basely, then, your mind declineth!
But, or shine, or rain, or blow,
I, my resolutions know!
Living, dying, thrall, or free;
At one height, my Mind shall be!

When in thraldom, I have lain;
Me, not worth your thought you prizèd!
But your malice was in vain,
For your favours I despisèd.
And howe'er you value me,
I, with praise, shall thought on be!
When the world esteems you not,
And your Names shall be forgot.

In these thoughts my riches are,
Now, though poor and mean you deem me!
I am pleased, and do not care
How the Times, or you esteem me!
For those toys that make you gay.
Are but Play Games for a Day!
And when Nature craves her due,
I, as brave shall be, as you!



Here PHIL'ARET did give his Song an
ending.
To which the Nymphs so seriously
attending
About him sate, as if they had supposed
He still had somewhat more to be
disclosed.
And, well they know not, whether did
belong
Most praise unto the Shepherd, or his
Song.
For though, they must confess, they often
hear
Those Lays, which much more deeply
learned are;
Yet, when they well considered of the
place,
With how unlikely (in their thought) it
was
To give them hope of hearing of such a
Strain;
Or that so young, and so obscure a Swain
Should such a matchless Beauty's favour
get;
And know her worth so well, to sing of it:
They wondered at it. And some thus
surmised
That He a greater man was, so disguised;
Or else that She, whom he so much had
praised,

Some goddess was, that those his
Measures raised,
Of purpose, to that rare attainèd height
In Envy's, and presuming Art's despite.
But whilst they, musing with
themselves, bethought
Which way, out of this Shepherd to have
wrought
What Nymph this Fair One was? and
where she lived?
Lo, at that very instant, there arrived
Three men that, by their habits, Courtiers
seemed:
For, though obscure, by some, he is
esteemed,
Among the Greatest: who do not contemn,
In his retirèd walks, to visit him;
And there, they taste those pleasures of
the mind,
Which they can, nor in Court, nor City
find.
Some news or message, these new
guests had brought him;
And to make haste away, it seems,
besought him:
For instantly he rose! And that his nurture
Might not be taxed by a rude departure,
Himself excusing; he, those Nymphs did
pray
His noble friends might bring him on their
way.
"Who, as it seems," said he, "were
therefore come,
That they might wait upon him to their
home."
So, with their favour, he departed

thence;
And, as they thought, to meet her
Excellence,
Of whom he sung. Yet many deem that
this
But an *Idea* of a Mistress is:
Because to none, he yet had deigned the
telling
Her proper name; nor shown her place of
dwelling!



When he was gone, a Lady, from among
Those Nymphs, took up his lute, and sang
this Song.

THE NYMPH'S SONG.



Gentle Swain! Good speed befall thee!
And in love still prosper thou!
Future Times shall happy, call thee!
Though thou lie neglected now.
Virtue's lovers shall command thee!
And perpetual fame attend thee!

Happy are these woody mountains,
In whose shadows, thou dost hide!
And as happy, are those fountains
By whose murmurs, thou dost 'bide!
For Contents are here excelling,
More than in a Prince's dwelling.

These, thy flocks do clothing bring thee!
And thy food, out of the fields:
Pretty songs, the birds do sing thee!
Sweet perfumes the meadow yields:
And what more is worth the seeing?
Heaven and Earth, thy prospect being!

None comes hither, who denies thee
Thy contentments, for despite;
Neither any that envies thee,
That wherein thou dost delight.
But all happy things are meant thee!
And whatever may content thee!

Thy Affection, Reason measures,
And distempers none it feeds:

Still so harmless are thy pleasures,
That no other's grief it breeds.
And if night beget thee sorrow;
Seldom stays it till the morrow.

Why do foolish men so vainly
Seek contentment in their store?
Since they may perceive so plainly
Thou art rich, in being poor!
And that they are vexed about it;
Whilst thou merry are without it!

Why are idle brains devising
How high titles may be gained!
Since, by those poor toys despising,
Thou hast higher things obtained!
For the man who scorns to crave them,
Greater is than they that have them.

If all men could taste that sweetness
Thou dost, in thy meanness, know!
Kings would be to seek, where greatness
And their honours to bestow.
For it such content would breed them,
As they would not think they need them.

And if those, who so aspiring
To the Court preferments be,
Knew how worthy the desiring
Those things are, enjoyed by thee!
Wealth and titles would, hereafter,
Subjects be for scorn and laughter.

He that Courtly styles affected,
Should a May-Lord's honour have;
He that heaps of Wealth collected,
Should be counted as a slave:

And the man, with few'st things
cumbered,
With the noblest should be numbered.

Thou, their folly hast discerned;
That neglect thy mind and thee!
And to slight them, thou hast learned,
Of what title e'er they be!
That, no more with thee obtaineth;
Than with them, thy meanness gaineth.

All their riches, honours, pleasures,
Poor unworthy trifles seem;
If comparèd with thy treasures!
And do merit no esteem:
For they, true contents provide thee,
And from them, can none divide thee.

Whether thrallèd, or exilèd;
Whether poor, or rich thou be!
Whether praisèd, or revilèd;
Not a rush it is to thee!
This, nor that, thy rest doth win thee;
But the Mind, which is within thee!

Then, O, why so madly dote we
On those things that us o'erload?
Why no more their vainness note we,
But still make of them a god?
For, alas, they still deceive us;
And, in greatest need, they leave us!

Therefore have the Fates provided
Well, thou happy Swain! for thee!
That may'st here, so far divided
From the world's distractions be!
Thee, distemper let them never;

But in peace continue ever!

In these lonely groves, enjoy thou
That contentment here begun!
And thy hours, so pleased, employ thou
Till the latest glass be run!
From a fortune so assured,
By no temptings, be allured!

Much good do 't them, with their glories,
Who, in Courts of Princes dwell!
We have read in antique stories
How some rose, and how they fell.
And 'tis worthy well the heeding,
"There's like end, where's like
proceeding."

Be thou still, in thy affection,
To thy noble Mistress, true!
Let her never-matched perfection
Be the same unto thy view!
And let never other Beauty
Make thee fail in love or duty!

For if thou shalt not estrangèd,
From thy course professed, be;
But remain, for aye, unchangèd,
Nothing shall have power on thee!
Those that slight thee now, shall love
thee;
And, in spite of spite, approve thee!

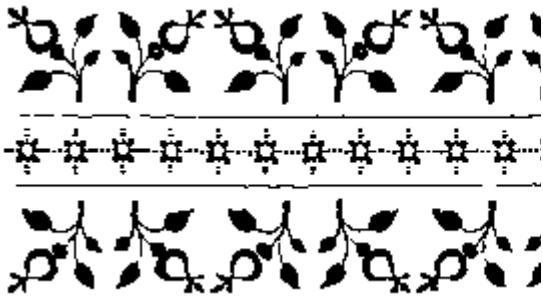
So those virtues now neglected;
To be more esteemed, will come:
Yea, those toys so much affected,
Many shall be wooèd from.
And the Golden Age, deplored,

Shall, by some, be thought restored.





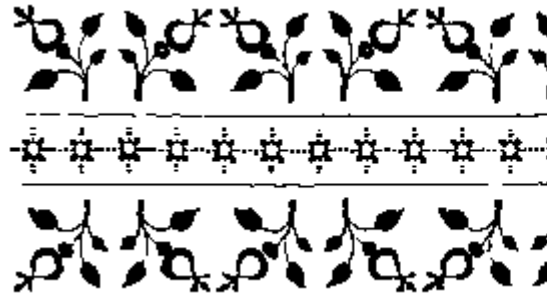
Thus sang the Nymph! so rarely-well
inspired,
That all the hearers, her brave Strains
admired;
And (as I heard by some that there
attended)
When this her Song was finished, all was
ended.



A Postscript.



If any carp, for that my younger Times
Brought forth such idle fruit, as these
slight rhymes,
It is no matter, so they do not swear
That they so ill employed, never were.
Whilst their Desires, perhaps, they
looselier spent;
I gave my heats of youth this better vent:
And, oft, by writing thus, the blood have
tamed,
Which some, with reading wanton Lays
enflamed.
Nor care I, though their censure some
have past,
Because my Songs exceed the Fidler's Last:
For do they think that I will make my
Measures
The longer, or the shorter, for their
pleasures?
Or maim, or curtalise my free Invention,
Because Fools weary are, of their
attention!
No! Let them know, who do their length
condemn;
I Make to please myself, and not for them!





FOOTNOTES:

[10] Alresford Pool.

[11] Alresford, 7 miles N. of Winchester.

[12] Winchester.

[13] lawn.

A MISCELLANY

OF
Epigrams, Sonnets, Epitaphs, and such other Verses, as were found written with the Poem aforegoing.

Of the Invention of the Nine Muses.



The acts of Ages past doth CLIO write.
The Tragedies', MELPOMENE's delight.
THALIA is with Comedies contented.
EUTERPE, first, the Shepherd's Pipe invented.
TERPSICHORE doth Song and Lute apply.
Dancing ERATO found Geometry.
CALLIOPE on loving Verses dwells.
The secrets of the stars, URANIA tells.
POLYHYMNIA, with choice words, the speech doth trim
And great APOLLO shares with all of them.
Those thrice three Feminines, we Muses call;
But that one Masculine is worth them all!

Of the Labours of Hercules.



First, he the strong Nemæan lion slew;
The many-headed Hydra, next, o'erthrew.
The Erymanthian Boar he, thirdly, foils,
Then of his golden horns, the Stag he spoils.
The foul Stymphalian birds he, fifthly, frayed:
Next, he, the Queen of Amazons o'erswayed.
Then cleansed AUGIAS' stalls, with filth so full;
And, eighthly, tamed the untamed Bull.
He slew proud DIOMEDES with his horses.
From triple GERION, his rich beard he forces.
He slew the Dragon for the fruit of gold:
And made black CERBERUS the day behold.

Being left by a Gentleman in his dining-room, where was nothing but a Map of England to entertain him; he thus turned it into Verse.



Fair England, in the bosom of the seas,
Amid her two and fifty Provinces,
Sits like a glorious Empress, whose rich
throne
Great Nymphs of Honour come to wait
upon.
First, in the height of bravery, appears
Kent, East and South and Middle Saxon
Shires;
Next Surrey, Berkshire and Southampton
get,
With Dorset, Wilton, and rich Somerset.
Then Devon, with the Cornish
promontory,
Glou'ster and Worc'ster, fair Sabrina's
glory!
Then Salop, Suffolk, Norfolk large and
fair:
Oxford and Cambridge, that thrice learned
pair!
Then Lincoln, Derby, Yorkshire,
Nottingham,
Northampton, Warwick, Stafford,
Buckingham,
Chester and Lancaster with herds well
stored,
Huntington, Hertford, Rutland, Hereford.
Then Princely Durham, Bedford, Leic'ster
and
Northumber-, Cumber-, and cold

Westmoreland.
Brave English Shires! With whom, loved equally,
Welsh Monmouth, Radnor, and Montgomery
Add all the glory, to her train, they can:
So doth Glamorgan, Brecknock, Cardigan,
Carnarvon, Denbigh, Merionethshire,
With Anglesea, which o'er the sea doth rear
Her lofty head. And the first, though last,
Flint, Pembroke, and Caermarthen might be placed.
For all of these, unto their power, maintain
Their mistress, England, with a royal train.
Yea, for Supporters, at each hand hath she,
The Wight and Man, that two brave islands be.

From these, I, to the Scottish Nymphs had journeyed;
But that my friend was back again returned:
Who having kindly brought me to his home,
Alone did leave me in his dining-room;
Where I was fain (and glad I had the hap!)
To beg an entertainment of his Map.

An Epitaph upon the right virtuous Lady, the Lady Scott.



Let none suppose this relic of the Just
Was here wrapped up, to perish in the dust!
No, like best fruits, her time she fully stood,
Then, being grown in Faith, and ripe in Good
(With stedfast hope that She, another day,
Should rise with CHRIST), with Death, here down she lay.
And, that each part which Her in life had graced,
Preserved might be, and meet again at last;
The Poor, the World, the Heavens, and the Grave,
Her Alms, her Praise, her Soul, her Body have.

An Epitaph upon a Woman and her Child buried together in the same Grave.



Beneath this marble stone doth lie
The subject of Death's tyranny;
A Mother, who, in this close tomb,
Sleeps with the issue of her womb.
Though cruelly inclined was He.
And, with the Fruit, shook down the Tree;
Yet was his cruelty in vain!
For Tree and Fruit shall spring again.

A Christmas Carol.



So, now, is come our joyful'st feast;
Let every man be jolly!
Each room with ivy leaves is drest;
And every post, with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine;
Round your foreheads, garlands twine!
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine;
And let us all be merry!

Now, all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks be burning;
Their ovens, they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door, let sorrow lie!
And if, for cold, it hap to die;
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry!

Now, every lad is wondrous trim,

And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them,
A bagpipe and a tabor.
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you, anon, shall by the noise,
Perceive that they are merry.

Ranking misers, now, do sparing shun;
Their Hall, of music soundeth!
And dogs thence, with whole shoulders run;
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folk themselves advance;
For Crowdy-Mutton*'s come out of France!*
And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Swash hath fetched his Bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a Ruff of Lawn
With droppings of the barrel:
And those that hardly, all the year,
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare;
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men, to the Justices,
With capons make their arrants:
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants.
But, now, they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want, they take in beer;

For Christmas comes but once a year!
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country, nurse
The poor that else were undone;
Some landlords spend their money worse
On lust and pride in London.
There, the roist'rers they play:
Drab and Dice their lands away;
Which may be ours, another day,
And therefore let's be merry!

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased.
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And, for the time, is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat;
Why should we pine, or grieve thereat?
Hang Sorrow! Care will kill a cat!
And therefore let's be merry!

Hark, how the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling!
Anon, you'll see them in the Hall,
For nuts and apples sc[r]ambling.
Hark, how the roofs with laughter
sound!
Anon, they'll think the house goes round;
For they, the cellar's depth have found,
And, there, they will be merry.

The wenches, with their wassail bowls,
About the streets are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls;
The Wild Mare in is bringing:
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box;
And to the dealing of an ox,

Our honest neighbours come by flocks;
And, here, they will be merry.

Now Kings *and* Queens, *poor sheepcots have,*
And mate with everybody;
The honest, now, may play the Knave
And wise men play at Noddy.
Some youths will now a Mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-hoe,
And twenty other gameboys moe
Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore, in these merry days
Should we, I pray! be duller?
No! let us sing some Roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller!
And whil'st, thus inspired, we sing;
Let all the streets with echoes ring!
Woods and Hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry!

An Epitaph upon the Porter of a Prison.



Here lie the bones of him, that was, of late,
A churlish Porter of a Prison gate!
Death, many an evening, at his lodging knocked;
But could not take him, for the door was

locked!
Yet, at a tavern, late one night, he found
him;
And getting him into the cellar, drowned
him.
On which the world (that still the worst is
thinking)
Reports abroad that "He was killed with
drinking!"
Yet let no Prisoner, whether thief or
debtor,
Rejoice, as if his fortune were the better!
Their sorrow's likely to be ne'er the
shorter!
The Warden lives! though Death hath took
the Porter.

A Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss.



Now gentle sleep hath closèd up those
eyes,
Which waking, kept my boldest thoughts
in awe;
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long, the rosy breath to
draw.
Methinks, no wrong it were, if I should
steal
From those two melting rubies, one poor

kiss!
None sees the theft, that would the theft
reveal!
Nor rob I her, of ought which she can
miss!
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I had done so!
Why then should I, this robbery delay?
O, she may wake! and therewith angry
grow!
Well, if she do: I'll back restore that
one;
And twenty hundred thousand more
for loan!

An Epitaph upon Abraham Goodfellow, a common Alehouse hunter.



Beware, thou look not who hereunder lies!
Unless thou long to weep away thine eyes.
This man, as sorrowful report doth tell us,
Was, when he lived, the Prince of all Good
Fellows.
That day he died, it cannot be believed
How, out of reason, all the Alewives
grieved.
And what abominable lamentation
They made at *Black Boy*, and at *Salutation*.
They howled and cried, and, ever more,

among,
This was the burden of their woful Song.
Well, go thy ways! thy like hath never been!
Nor shall thy match again be ever seen!
For, out of doubt, now thou art dead and gone,
There's many a Taphouse will be quite undone!
And Death, by taking thee, did them more scath
Than yet, the Alehouse Project done them hath.
Lo, such a one but yesterday, was he;
But now, he much is altered, you do see!
Since he came hither, he hath left his riot;
Yea, changed both his company and his diet;
And, now, so civil lies, that, to your thinking,
He neither for an Alehouse cares, nor drinking.

An Epitaph upon a Gentlewoman who had foretold the time of her death.



Her, who, beneath this stone, consuming lies,
For many virtues, we might memorise;
But, most of all, the praise deserveth she

In making of her words and deeds agree.
For she so truly kept the word she spake;
As that with Death, she promise would not
break.
"I shall," quoth she, "be dead, before the
mid
Of such a month!" And, as she said, she
did.

An Epitaph on a Child, son to Sir W. H. Knight.



Here lies, within a cabinet of stone,
The dear remainder of a Pretty One.
Who did in wit, his years so far out-pass;
His parents' wonder, and their joy he was:
And by his face, you might have deemèd
him
To be on earth, some heavenly Cherubim.
Six years with life he laboured; then
deceast
To keep the Sabbath of eternal rest:
So that, which many thousand able men
Are labouring for till threescore years and
ten;
This blessed child attainèd to, ere seven:
And, now, enjoys it with the saints of
heaven.

A Song.



Now, Young Man! Thy days and thy glories
appear
Like sunshine and blossoms in Spring of the
year;
Thy vigour of body, thy spirits, thy wit,
Are perfect, and sound, and untroubled yet.
Now then, O now then, if safety thou
love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker
above!

Mispend not a morning, so excellent clear!
Never, for ever, was happiness here!
Thy noontide of life hath but little delight;
And sorrows on sorrows will follow at night!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou
love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker
above!

That Strength, and those beauties that grace
thee to-day;
To-morrow may perish, and vanish away!
Thy Wealth, or thy Pleasures, or Friends that
now be,
May waste, or deceive, or be traitors to thee!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou
love;

Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above!

Thy joints are yet nimble, thy sinews unslack!
And marrow, unwasted, doth strengthen thy back!
Thy Youth from diseases, preserveth the brain;
And blood, with free passage, plumps every vein!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above!

But, trust me! it will not for ever be so!
Those Arms, that are mighty, shall feebler grow!
And those Legs, so proudly supporting thee now,
With age, or diseases will stagger and bow!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above!

Then all those rare Features, now graceful in thee,
Shall, ploughed with Time's furrows, quite ruinèd be!
And they who admired and loved thee so much,
Shall loathe, or forget thou hadst ever been such!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker

above!

Those tresses of Hair, which thy youth do adorn,
Will look like the meads in a winterly morn;
And where red and white intermixed did grow,
Dull paleness, a deadly Complexion will show!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above!

That Forehead imperious, whereon we now view
A smoothness and whiteness, enamelled with blue,
Will lose that perfection, which youth now maintains;
And change it for hollowness, wrinkles, and stains!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above!

Those Ears, thou with music didst oft entertain,
And charm with so many a delicate strain;
May miss of those pleasures wherewith they are fed,
And never hear Song more, when youth is once fled!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker

above!

Those Eyes, which so many, so much did admire,
And with strange affections set thousands on fire;
Shut up in that darkness which Age will constrain,
Shall never see mortal, no, never again!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above!

Those Lips, whereon Beauty so fully discloses
The colour and sweetness of rubies and roses;
Instead of that hue, will ghastliness wear:
And none shall believe what perfection was there!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above!

Thy Teeth, that stood firmly, like pearls in a row,
Shall rotten, and scattered, disorderly grow!
Thy Mouth, whose proportion, earth's wonder was thought;
Shall robbed of that sweetness, be prizèd at nought.
Now then, O now then, if safety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above!

That Gait and those Gestures, that win thee

such grace,
Will turn to a feeble and staggering pace;
And thou, that o'er mountains ran'st nimbly
to-day;
Shall stumble at every rub in the way!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou
love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker
above!

By these imperfections, Old Age will prevail.
Thy marrow, thy sinews, and spirits will fail!
And nothing is left thee, when those are once
spent,
To give, or thyself, or another content!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou
love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker
above!

Those Fancies that lull thee with Dreams of
Delight,
Will trouble thy quiet, the comfortless night!
And thou that now sleepest thy troubles
away;
Shalt hear how each cockerel gives warning
of day!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou
love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker
above!

Then Thou, that art yet to thousands so dear,
Of all, shalt despised or neglected appear!
Which, when thou perceiv'st, though now
pleasant it be,
Thy life will be grievous and loathsome to

thee!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above!

That Lust, which thy youth can so hardly forego,
Will leave thee! and leave thee Repentance and Woe!
And then, in thy folly no joy thou canst have;
Nor hope other rest than a comfortless grave!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above!

For next, shall thy Breath be quite taken away;
Thy Flesh turned to dust, and that dust turned to clay!
And those, thou hast lovèd, and shared of thy store;
Shall leave thee, forget thee, and mind thee no more!
Now then, O now then, if safety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above!

And yet, if in time thou remember not this,
The slenderest part of thy sorrow it is!
Thy Soul, to a torture more fearful, shall wend,
Hath ever, and ever, and never an end.
Now then, O now then, if safety thou love;

Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker
above!

A Dream.



When bright Phœbus at his rest,
Was reposèd in the West;
And the cheerful daylight gone,
Drew unwelcome darkness on:
Night, her blackness wrapt about me;
And within, 'twas as without me!

Therefore on my tumbled bed,
Down I laid my troubled head;
Where, mine eyes inured to care,
Seldom used to slumbering were:
Yet o'ertired of late, with weeping;
Then, by chance, they fell asleeping.

But such visions, me diseased,
As in vain that sleep I seized;
For I sleeping Fancies had,
Which, yet waking, make me sad.
Some can sleep away their sorrow!
But mine doubles every morrow.

Walking to a pleasant grove,
Where I used to think of love,
I, methought, a place did view

Wherein Flora's riches grew;
Primrose, hyacinth, and lilies,
Cowslips, vi'lets, daffodillies.

There, a fountain close beside,
I, a matchless Beauty spied.
So she lay as if she slept,
But much grief, her waking kept.
And she had no softer pillow
Than the hard root of a willow.

Down her cheeks, the tears did flow,
Which a grievèd heart did shew;
Her fair eyes, the earth beholding,
And her arms, themselves enfolding;
She (her Passion to betoken),
Sighed as if her heart were broken.

So much grief, methought, she shewed,
That my sorrow, it renewed:
But when, nearer her I went,
It increased my discontent;
For a gentle Nymph she proved,
Who, me (long unknown) had loved.

Straight on me she fixed her look;
Which, a deep impression took,
And "Of all that live," quoth she,
"Thou art welcomest to me!"
Then (misdoubting to be blamèd),
Thus she spake, as half ashamèd.

"Thee! unknown, I long affected
And, as long, in vain expected,
For I had a hopeful thought
Thou would'st crave, what others sought!
And I, for thy sake! have stayed

Many wanton Springs, a Maid."

"Still, when any wooèd me,
They renewed the thought of thee!
And, in hope thou would'st have tried!
Their affections, I denied.
But a lover forced upon me
By my friends, hath now undone me."

"What I waking, dared not shew;
In a dream, thou, now, dost know!
But to better my estate,
Now, alas, it is too late!
And I, both awake and sleeping,
Now consume my youth with weeping."

Somewhat, then, I would have said;
But replyings were denied.
For, methought, when speak I would,
Not a word bring forth I could:
And as I, a kiss was taking;
That I lost too, by awaking.

PHIL'ARETE.



THE KING's MAJESTY's *Declaration to his* Subjects, CONCERNING lawful Sports to be used.



LONDON:

Printed by BONHAM NORTON and JOHN BILL,
Deputy Printers for the King's most
Excellent Majesty.

M.DC.XVIII.

[The text of this Monument of State Folly (the real drift of which was simply to affront the Puritans) is taken from a copy of the original edition in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

We have also given at *pp.* 517-518, the title and

additional matter of its reprint by CHARLES I. in 1633.]



By the King.

WHEREAS upon Our return, the last year out of Scotland, We did publish Our Pleasure touching the recreations of Our people in those parts, under Our hand: for some causes Us thereunto moving, We have thought good to command these Our Directions, then given in Lancashire, with a few words thereunto added and most appliable to these parts of Our Realms, to be published to all Our subjects.

Whereas We did justly, in Our progress through Lancashire, rebuke some Puritans and precise people, and took order that the like unlawful carriage should

not be used by any of them hereafter, in the prohibiting and unlawful punishing of Our good people for using their lawful recreations and honest exercises upon Sundays and other Holy Days, after the afternoon Sermon or Service; We now find, that two sorts of people wherewith that country [*county*] is much infested (We mean Papists and Puritans) have maliciously traduced and caluminated those Our just and honourable proceedings. And therefore lest Our reputation might, upon the one side, though innocently, have some aspersion laid upon it; and that, upon the other part, Our good people in that country be misled by the mistaking and misinterpretation of Our meaning: We have therefore thought good hereby to clear and make Our Pleasure to be manifested to all Our good people in those parts.

It is true, that at Our first entry to this Crown and Kingdom, We were informed, and that too truly, that Our County of Lancashire abounded more in Popish Recusants than any county in England; and thus hath still continued since, to our great regret, with little amendment, save that now, of late, in our last riding through Our said County, We find, both by the report of the Judges, and of the Bishops of that diocese, that there is some amendment now daily beginning, which is no small contentment to Us.

The report of this growing amendment amongst them, made Us the more sorry, when, with Our own ears, We heard the general complaint of Our people, that they were barred from all lawful recreation and exercise upon the Sunday's afternoon, after the ending of all Divine Service. Which cannot but produce two evils. The one, the hindering of the conversion of many whom their priests will take

occasion hereby to vex; persuading them that "no honest mirth or recreation is lawful or tolerable in Our Religion!" which cannot but breed a great discontentment in Our people's hearts; especially of such as are, peradventure, upon the point of turning. The other inconvenience is, that this prohibition barreth the common and meaner sort of people from using such exercises as may make their bodies more able for war, when We, or Our Successors shall have occasion to use them: and in place thereof sets up filthy tiplings and drunkenness, and breeds a number of idle and discontented speeches in their alehouses. For when shall the common people have leave to exercise, if not upon the Sundays and Holy Days? seeing they must apply their labour, and win their living in all working days!

Our express pleasure therefore is, *That the Laws of Our Kingdom, and Canons of Our Church be as well observed in that County, as in all other places of this Our Kingdom. And, on the other part, that no lawful recreation shall be barred to our good people, which shall not tend to the breach of Our aforesaid Laws, and Canons of Our Church.*

Which to express more particularly,

Our Pleasure is, *That the Bishop and all other inferior Churchmen* [Clergy], *and Churchwardens shall, for their parts, be careful and diligent, both to instruct the ignorant, and convince and reform them that are misled in religion, presenting* [*i.e.*, reporting for punishment] *them that will not conform themselves, but obstinately stand out to Our Judges and Justices: whom, We likewise command to put the law in due execution against them.*

Our Pleasure likewise is, *That the Bishop of that diocese take the like strait order with all the Puritans*

and Precisians within the same: either constraining them to conform themselves, or to leave the country, according to the Laws of Our Kingdom and Canons of Our Church. And so to strike equally on both hands against the Contemners of Our Authority, and Adversaries of Our Church.

And as for Our good people's lawful recreation; Our Pleasure likewise is, *That after the end of Divine Service, Our good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation, such as Dancing (either men or women), Archery for men, Leaping, Vaulting, or any other such harmless recreations; nor from having of May Games, Whitsun Ales, and Morris Dances; and the setting up of May Poles, and other sports therewith used: so as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of Divine Service*. And, *That women shall have leave to carry rushes to the church for the decoring* [decorating] *of it, according to their old custom*.

But withal, *We do here account still as prohibited, all unlawful games, to be used upon Sundays only; as Bear and Bull baitings, Interludes: and, at all times, in the meaner sort of people by Law prohibited, Bowling*.

And, likewise, *We bar from this benefit and liberty, all such known Recusants, either men or women, as will abstain from coming to Church or Divine Service*: being, therefore, unworthy of any lawful recreation after the said Service, that will not first come to the Church, and serve GOD.

Prohibiting, in like sort, the said recreation to any that, though conforme [conformable] *in Religion, are not present in the Church, at the Service of GOD, before their going to the said recreations*.

Our Pleasure likewise is, *That they to whom it*

belongeth in Office, shall present, and sharply punish all such, as in abuse of this Our liberty, will use these exercises before the ends of all Divine Services for that day.

And We, likewise, straitly command, *That every person shall resort to his own Parish Church to hear Divine Service; and each Parish, by itself, to use the said recreation after Divine Service*. Prohibiting likewise, *Any offensive weapons to be carried or used in the said times of recreation*.

And Our Pleasure is, *That this Our Declaration shall be published by order from the Bishop of the diocese, through all the Parish Churches; and that both Our Judges of Our Circuit, and Our Justices of Our Peace be informed thereof*.

Given at Our Manor of Greenwich, the four and twentieth day of May [1618] in the sixteenth year of Our reign of England, France, and Ireland; and of Scotland, the one and fiftieth.

GOD save the King!



THE KING's MAJESTY's
Declaration to His Subjects,
CONCERNING
lawful Sports to be used.



Imprinted at LONDON by
ROBERT BARKER, Printer to the King's most excellent
Majesty: and by the Assigns of JOHN BILL.
M.DC.XXXIII.

[CHARLES I.'s Preface and Conclusion.]



Our dear Father, of blessed memory, in his return from Scotland, coming through Lancashire found that his subjects were debarred from lawful recreations upon Sundays, after Evening Prayers ended, and upon Holy Days: and he prudently considered, that if these times were taken from them, the meaner sort, who labour hard

all the week, should have no recreations at all to refresh their spirits.

And, after his return, he further saw that his loyal subjects in all other parts of his kingdom did suffer in the same kind, though perhaps not in the same degree. And did therefore, in his Princely wisdom, publish a Declaration to all his loving Subjects concerning the lawful Sports to be used *at such times; which was printed and published, by his royal commandment, in the year 1618, in the tenour which hereafter followeth.*



Now, out of a like pious care for the service of GOD, and for suppressing of any humours that oppose Truth, and for the ease, comfort, and recreation of our well deserving people: We do ratify and publish this Our blessed father's Declaration. *The rather because, of late, in some counties of Our kingdom, We find that, under pretence of taking away abuses, there hath been a general Forbidding, not only of ordinary meetings, but of the Feasts of the Dedication of the Churches, commonly called Wakes.*

Now, Our express Will and Pleasure is, that these Feasts, with others, shall be observed; and that Our Justices of the Peace, in their several divisions, shall look to it, both, that all disorders there, may be prevented or punished; and that all neighbourhood and freedom, with manlike and lawful exercises be used.

And We further Command Our Justices of Assize, in their several circuits, to see that no man do trouble or molest any of Our loyal or dutiful people in or for their lawful recreations; having first done their duty to GOD, and continuing in obedience to Us and Our Laws. And of this, We command all Our Judges, Justices of the Peace, as well within Liberties as without, Mayors, Bailiffs, Constables, and other Officers to take notice of; and to see observed, as they tender Our displeasure. And We further will, that publication of this Our Command be made, by order from the Bishops, through all the Parish Churches of their several diocese respectively.

Given at Our Palace of Westminster, the 18th day of October [1633], in the ninth year of Our reign. GOD save the King!

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c. John Dowland, Bachelor of Music, &c., and Lutenist to Christian IV., King of Denmark. The Second Book of Songs Or Airs. 1600.

To the Right Honourable, the Lady LUCY, Countess of BEDFORD.



Excellent Lady! I send unto your Ladyship from the Court of a foreign Prince, this Volume of my Second Labours, as to the worthiest Patroness of Music; which is the noblest of all sciences. For the whole frame of Nature is nothing but Harmony, as well in souls, as [in] bodies. And because I am now removed from your sight, I will speak boldly; that your Ladyship shall be unthankful to Nature herself, if you do not love and defend that Art, by which she hath given you so well tuned a mind!

Your Ladyship hath in yourself, an excellent agreement of many virtues; of which, though I admire all, yet I am bound by my profession, to give especial honour to your knowledge of Music: which, in the judgement of ancient times, was so proper an excellency in women, that the Muses took their name from it; and yet so rare, that the world durst imagine but Nine of them.

I most humbly beseech your Ladyship to receive this work into your favour; and the rather, because it cometh far, to beg it of you.

From Elsinore in Denmark, the first of June, 1600.

Your Ladyship's, in all humble devotion,

John Dowland.

To the Right Noble and Virtuous Lady Lucy, Countess of Bedford, G[eorge]. Eastland.

To J. Dowland's Lute.

***L** ute! Arise, and charm the air,*
***U** ntil a thousand forms she bear!*
***C** onjure them all, that they repair*
***I** nto the circles of her car;*
***E** ver to dwell in concord there!*

***B** y this, thy tunes may have access*
***E** ven to her spirit, whose flowing treasure*
***D** oth sweetest harmony express;*
***F** illing all ears and hearts with pleasure:*
***O** n earth, observing heavenly measure.*
***R** ight well can she judge and defend them!*
***D** oubt not of that, for she can mend them!*

To the Courteous Reader.

GENTLEMEN,



IF the consideration of mine own estate, or the true worth of money had prevailed with me above the desire of pleasuring you and shewing my love to my friend, these Second Labours of Master DOWLAND—whose very name is a large Preface of commendations to the book—had for ever lain hid in darkness, or at the least frozen in a cold and foreign

country.

I assure you that both my charge and pains in publishing it, hath exceeded ordinary [ones]: yet thus much I have to assure me of requital, that neither the work is ordinary; nor are your judgements ordinary, to whom I present it! so that I have no reason but to hope for good increase in my labours, especially of your good favours towards me; which of all things I most esteem. Which if I find in this, I mean shortly, GOD willing, to set at liberty for your service, a prisoner taken at Cadiz: who, if he discovers not something, in [the] matter of music, worthy [of] your knowledge; let the reputation of my judgement in music answer [for] it!

In the meantime, I commend my absent friend to your remembrance! and myself, to your favourable conceits!

GEORGE EASTLAND.

From my house near *The Green Dragon and Sword*, in Fleet Street.



Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.
John Dowland.
The Second Book of Songs or Airs.

To the most famous Anthony Holborne.



I saw my Lady weep!
And Sorrow proud! to be advancèd so
In those fair eyes, where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe!
But such a woe (believe me!) as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do, with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair!
And Passion, wise! Tears, a delightful thing!
Silence, beyond all speech, a wisdom rare!
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move;
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O Fairer than ought else
The world can shew! leave off, in time, to grieve!
Enough, enough! Your joyful look excels!
Tears kill the heart, believe!
O strive not to be excellent in woe,

Which only breeds your beauty's
overthrow!

Lacrimæ.



Flow, my tears! fall from your
springs!
Exiled for ever, let me
mourn
Where night's black bird, her sad
infamy sings!
There, let me live forlorn!
Never may my woes be relieved, since pity
is fled;
And tears, and sighs, and groans, my
weary days, of all joys, have
deprivèd.

Down vain lights! Shine you no
more!
No nights are dark enough
for those,
That in despair, their last
fortunes deplore.
Light doth but shame
disclose!
From the highest spire of contentment, my
fortune is thrown;
And fear, and grief, and pain, for my

deserts, are my hopes; since hope is gone.

Hark, you shadows! that in
darkness dwell,
Learn to contemn light!
Happy! happy they, that, in
hell,
Feel not the world's despite!



Sorrow! Sorrow, stay! Lend true repentant
tears
To a woful wretched wight!
Hence! hence, Despair! with thy
tormenting fears.
O do not, my poor heart
affright!
Pity! Pity, help now, or never! Mark me
not to endless pain!
Alas, I am condemnèd ever, no hope there
doth remain,
But down, down, down, down I
fall;
And arise, I never shall.



"Die not before thy day! poor man
condemned!
But lift thy low looks from th' humble
earth!
Kiss not Despair, and see sweet Hope
contemned!
The hag hath no delight, but moan for
mirth!
O fie, poor fondling! fie, be willing
To preserve thyself from killing!
Hope, thy keeper, glad to free thee,
Bids thee go! and will not see thee.
Hie thee, quickly, from thy wrong!"
So She ends her willing song.



Mourn! Day is with darkness fled!
What heaven then governs earth?
O none, but hell, in heaven's stead,
Chokes with his mists, our mirth.

Mourn! Look, now, for no more day!

Nor night, but that from hell!
Then all must, as they may,
In darkness learn to dwell!

But yet this change must change our
delight,
That thus the Sun should harbour with the
Night.



Time's eldest son, Old Age (the Heir of
Ease,
Strength's Foe, Love's Woe, and Foster to
Devotion)
Bids gallant Youth in martial prowess
please!
As for himself, he hath no earthly motion;
But thinks Sighs, Tears, Vows, Prayers,
and Sacrifices,
As good as Shows, Masks, Jousts, or Tilt
devices.

Then sit thee down! and say thy *Nunc
dimitis*!
With *De profundis*, *Credo*, and *Te DEUM*!
Chant *Miserere*, for what now so fit is
As that, or this, *Paratum est cor meum*!
O that thy Saint would take in worth thy
heart!

Thou canst not please her with a better
part.
When others sing *Venite exultemus*!
Stand by, and turn to *Noli emulari*!
For *Quare fremuerunt*, use *Oremus*!
Vivat Eliza! for an *Ave Mari*!
And teach those Swains that live about thy
cell;
To sing *Amen*, when thou dost pray so
well!



Praise blindness, Eyes! for seeing is deceit.
Be dumb, vain Tongue! words are but
flattering winds.
Break Heart, and bleed! for there is no
receipt
To purge inconstancy from most men's
minds.
And so I waked amazed, and could
not move;
I know my dream was true, and yet I
love!

And if thine Ears, false heralds to thy
heart,
Convey into thy head, hopes to obtain;
Then tell thy hearing, thou art deaf by

Art!
Now, Love is Art; that wonted to be plain.
And so I waked amazed, and could
not move;
I know my dream was true, and yet I
love!

Now none is bald, except they see his
brains!
Affection is not known, till one be dead!
Reward for love, are labours for his pains!
Love's quiver made of gold, his shafts of
lead.
And so I waked amazed, and could
not move;
I know my dream was true, and yet I
love!

To Master Hugh Holland.



From Fame's desire, from Love's delight
retired;
In these sad groves, an hermit's life I lead:
And those false pleasures, which I once
admired,
With sad remembrance of my fall, I dread.
To birds, to trees, to earth, impart I this;
For she less secret, and as senseless is!
O sweet woods! the delight of
solitariness!

O how much do I love your
solitariness!

Experience which repentance only brings,
Doth bid me, now, my heart from Love
estrange!
Love is disdained, when it doth look at
kings;
And Love low placed, base and apt to
change.
There, Power doth take from him his
liberty!
Her Want of Worth makes him in cradle
die!
O sweet woods! the delight of
solitariness!
O how much do I love your
solitariness!

You men that give false worship unto
Love,
And seek that which you never shall
obtain;
The endless work of SISYPHUS you
procure!
Whose end is this, to know you strive in
vain.
Hope and Desire, which now your idols
be!
You needs must lose, and feel Despair
with me!
O sweet woods! the delight of
solitariness!
O how much do I love your
solitariness!

You woods! in you, the fairest Nymphs

have walked!
Nymphs, at whose sights all hearts did
yield to love.
You woods! in whom dear lovers oft have
talked,
How do you now a place of mourning
prove?
WANSTED, my Mistress, saith, "This is the
doom!
Thou art Love's childbed! nursery! and
tomb!"
O sweet woods! the delight of
solitariness!
O how much do I love your
solitariness!



Fine knacks for ladies! cheap! choice!
brave! and new!
Good pennyworths! but money cannot
move!
I keep a fair, but for the Fair to view!
A beggar may be liberal of love.
Though all my wares be trash, the heart is
true,
The heart is
true,
The heart is

true.

Great gifts are guiles, and look for gifts again,
My trifles come, as treasures from my mind!
It is a precious jewel to be plain!
Sometimes in shell, th' orientest pearls we find.
Of others, take a sheaf! of me, a grain!
Of me, a grain!
Of me, a grain!

Within this pack, pins! paints! laces! and gloves!
And divers toys fitting a country fair!
But my heart, where duty serves and loves,
Turtles and twins! Court's brood! a heavenly pair!
Happy the heart that thinks of no removes!
Of no removes!
Of no removes!



Now cease my wand'ring eyes,
Strange beauties to

admire!
In change least comfort
lies.
Long joys yield long
desire.
One faith, one love,
Make our frail pleasures eternal, and in
sweetness prove!
New hopes, new joys
Are still, with sorrow, declining unto deep
annoys.

One man hath but one
soul
Which Art cannot
divide;
If all one soul must love,
Two loves must be
denied!
One soul, one love,
By faith and merit united, cannot remove!
Distracted spirits
Are ever changing, and hapless in their
delights.

Nature, two eyes hath given,
All beauty to impart,
As well in earth as heaven:
But She hath given one heart!
That though we see,
Ten thousand beauties, yet in us One
should be!
One stedfast love!
Because our hearts stand fixed, although
our eyes do move.



Come, ye heavy States of Night!
Do my father's spirit right;
Soundings baleful, let me borrow,
Burthening my song with sorrow.
Come Sorrow, come! Her eyes that sings,
By thee, are turnèd into springs.

Come, You Virgins of the Night,
That, in dirges' sad delight!
Quire my anthems! I do borrow
Gold nor pearl, but sounds of sorrow!
Come Sorrow, come! Her eyes that sings,
By thee, are turnèd into springs.



White as lilies was her face!
When She smiled,
She beguiled!
Quitting faith, with foul disgrace.
Virtue, Service, thus neglected,

Heart with sorrows hath infected.

When I swore my heart her own,
She disdained!
I complained,
Yet She left me overthrown!
Careless of my bitter groaning,
Ruthless, bent to no relieving.

Vows, and oaths, and faith assured,
Constant ever,
Changing never;
Yet She could not be procurèd,
To believe my pains exceeding!
From her scant neglect proceeding.

O that Love should have the art,
By surmises,
And disguises,
To destroy a faithful heart!
Or that wanton looking women,
Should reward their friends, as foemen!

All in vain, is Ladies' love;
Quickly choosèd,
Shortly losèd.
For their pride is to remove!
Out, alas! Their looks first won us,
And their pride hath straight undone us!

To thyself, the sweetest Fair!
Thou hast wounded,
And confounded
Changeless Faith, with foul Despair!
And my service hath envièd;
And my succours hath denièd!

By thine error, thou hast lost
Heart unfeignèd,
Truth unstainèd;
And the Swain, that lovèd most:
More assured in love than many,
More despised in love than any.

For my heart, though set at nought;
Since you will it,
Spoil and kill it!
I will never change my thoughts!
But grieve that Beauty e'er was born.
[? But grieve that Beauty e'er was born.]



Woful Heart, with grief oppressèd!
Since my fortunes most distressèd,
From my joys hath me removed.
Follow those sweet eyes adorèd!
Those sweet eyes, wherein are storèd,
All my pleasures best beloved.

Fly, my Breast! Leave me forsaken!
Wherein Grief his seat hath taken;
All his arrows through me darting.
Thou mayest live by her sunshining!
I shall suffer no more pining
By thy loss, than by her parting.



A shepherd in a shade, his plaining made
Of love, and lover's wrong,
Unto the fairest Lass, that trode on grass,
And thus began his song:
"Since Love and Fortune will, I honour still
Your fair and lovely eye!
What conquest will it be, sweet Nymph!
for thee!
If I, for sorrow die?
Restore! restore, my heart again!
Which love, by thy sweet looks
hath slain!
Lest that, enforced by your
disdain,
I sing 'Fie on love! it is a foolish
thing!'

"My heart where have you laid, O cruel
Maid!
To kill, when you might save!
Why have ye cast it forth, as nothing
worth,
Without a tomb, or grave?
O let it be entombed, and lie
In your sweet mind and memory!
Lest I resound on every warbling string,
'Fie! fie on love! that is a foolish
thing!'

Restore! restore, my heart again!
Which love, by thy sweet looks
hath slain!
Lest that, enforced by your
disdain,
I sing 'Fie on love! it is a foolish
thing!'"



Shall I sue? shall I seek for grace?
Shall I pray? shall I prove?
Shall I strive to a heavenly joy,
With an earthly love?
Shall I think that a bleeding heart,
Or a wounded eye,
Or a sigh, can ascend the clouds,
To attain so high?

Silly wretch! Forsake these dreams
Of a vain Desire!
O bethink what high regard,
Holy hopes do require!
Favour is as fair as things are!
Treasure is not bought!
Favour is not won with words,
Nor the wish of a thought.

Pity is but a poor defence
For a dying heart:
Ladies' eyes respect no moan
In a mean desert.
She is too worthy far,
For a worth so base!
Cruel, and but just is She,
In my just disgrace.

Justice gives each man his own.
Though my love be just,

Yet will not She pity my grief!
Therefore die I must!
Silly heart! then yield to die!
Perish in despair!
Witness yet, how fain I die,
When I die for the Fair!



Toss not my soul, O LOVE! 'twixt hope and fear!
Show me some ground where I may firmly stand,
Or surely fall! I care not which appear!
So one will close me in a certain band.
When once of ill, the uttermost is known;
The strength of sorrow quite is overthrown!

Take me, ASSURANCE! to thy blissful hold!
Or thou, DESPAIR! unto thy darkest cell!
Each hath full rest! The one, in joys enroll'd:
Th' other, in that he fears no more, is well.
When once the uttermost of ill is known,
The strength of sorrow quite is overthrown!



Clear or cloudy, sweet as April show'ring,
Smooth or frowning, so is her Face to me.
Pleased or smiling, like mild May all
flow'ring:
When skies, blue silk, and meadows,
carpets be.
Her Speeches, notes of that night bird that
singeth,
Who, thought all sweet, yet jarring notes
outringeth.

Her Grace, like June, when earth and trees
be trimmed
In best attire, of complete beauty's height.
Her Love again, like Summer's days be
dimmed,
With little clouds of doubtful constant
faith.
Her Trust, her Doubt, like rain and heat in
skies;
Gently thund'ring, She light'ning to mine
eyes.

Sweet Summer! Spring! that breatheth life
and growing
In weeds, as into herbs and flowers;
And sees of service, divers sorts in sowing,
Some haply seeming, and some being

yours:
Rain on your herbs and flowers that truly
seem!
And let your weeds lack dew, and duly
starve!

A Dialogue.



Humour, say! What mak'st thou here
In presence of a Queen?
Thou art a heavy leaden mood!

Chorus. But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth
you!

Princes hold conceit most dear,
All conceit in Humour seen;
Humour is Invention's food.

Chorus. But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth
you!

O, I am as heavy as earth,
Say, then, who is Humour now?
Why, then, 'tis I am drowned in woe?

Chorus. But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth

you!

I am now inclined to mirth,
Humour I, as well as thou!
No, no Wit is cherished so.

Chorus. But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth
you!

Mirth, then, is drowned in Sorrow's brim.
No, no, fool! The light things swim;
Heavy things sink to the deep!

Chorus. But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth
you!

O, in sorrow, all things sleep!
In her presence, all things smile;
Humour, frolic then awhile!

Chorus. But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth
you!

[Then follows a piece of instrumental music, entitled *Lowland's Adieu for Master Oliver Cromwell.*]

The Sequestration of Archbishop Abbot

from all his Ecclesiastical Offices, in 1627.
John Rushworth, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn.

[It will be necessary, ere long, to establish a *Society for the Preservation of the Memory of the Stuart Kings of England, from Universal Execration*; so much is it now seen, that, stripped of the mantle of their Kingship, they were unworthy of the name of English Gentlemen. Scotland could have sent us many a better bred family!

What a picture has the good Archbishop given us of the English King and Court in the first days of the reign of the so called Royal Martyr. CHARLES, first claiming for himself an unbounded power over his subjects, and then lavishly bestowing it on his favourite BUCKINGHAM, is the modern counterpart of NEBUCHADNEZZAR setting up his golden image "in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon."

Note that this Narrative was written without the faintest conception or realisation of such a possibility as a national rising under the guidance of the Long Parliament. The two characters, of LAUD at *p.* 548, and of BUCKINGHAM at *p.* 574, are Eye-Witness portraits, and should be included, unabridged, in every future History of England. Imagine an Archbishop scornfully speaking (*p.* 548) of

Bishop LAUD as "what a sweet man he was likely to be!"

It should be also remembered that LAUD records in his *Diary*, that on the 2nd October, 1626 (*i.e.*, nine months before the Archbishop's present Narrative was written), CHARLES I. promised him the reversion of the Archbishopric, when Doctor ABBOT should die.]

[*Historical Collections*, i. 435. Ed. 1659.]



ARCHBISHOP ABBOT, having been long slighted at Court, now fell under the King's high displeasure; for refusing to license Doctor SIBTHORP's sermon, entitled *Apostolical Obedience*, as he was commanded; and, not long after, he was sequestered from his Office, and a Commission was granted to the Bishops of LONDON, DURHAM, ROCHESTER, OXFORD, and Doctor, LAUD, Bishop of BATH AND WELLS, to exercise archiepiscopal jurisdiction.

The Commission is followeth—

Charles, by the grace of GOD, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland; Defender of the Faith, &c. To the Right Reverend Father in GOD, George [Montaigne], Bishop of London; and to the Right Reverend Father in GOD, our trusty and well beloved Councillor, Richard [Neyle], Lord Bishop of Durham; and to the

Right Reverend Father in GOD, John [Buckeridge], Lord Bishop of Rochester; and to the Right Reverend Father in GOD, John [Howson], Lord Bishop of Oxford; and to the Right Reverend Father in GOD, our Right Trusty and Well Beloved Councillor, William [Laud], Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.



Whereas George, now Archbishop of Canterbury, in the right of the Archbishopric, hath several and distinct Archiepiscopal, Episcopal, and other Spiritual and Ecclesiastical Powers and Jurisdictions, to be exercised in the Government and Discipline of the Church within the Province of Canterbury, and in the Administration of Justice in Causes Ecclesiastical within that Province, which are partly executed by himself in his own person, and partly and more generally by several persons nominated and authorised by him, being learned in the Ecclesiastical Laws of this Realm, in those several places whereunto they are deputed and appointed by the said Archbishop: which several places, as We are informed, they severally hold by several Grants for their several lives, as namely,

Sir Henry Martin Knight hath and holdeth by the grants of the said Archbishop, the Offices and Places of the Dean of the Arches, and Judge or Master of the Prerogative Court, for

the natural life of the said Sir Henry Martin.

Sir Charles Cæsar Knight hath and holdeth by grants of the said Archbishop, the Places or Offices of the Judge of the Audience, and Master of the Faculties, for the term of the natural life of the said Sir Charles Cæsar.

Sir Thomas Ridley Knight hath and holdeth by the grant of the said Archbishop, the Place or Office of Vicar General to the said Archbishop.

And Nathaniel Brent, Doctor of the Laws, hath and holdeth by grant of the said Archbishop, the Office or Place of Commissary to the said Archbishop, as of his proper and peculiar diocese of Canterbury.

And likewise the several Registrars of the Arches, Prerogative, Audience, Faculties, and of the Vicar General and Commissary of Canterbury, hold their places by grants by the said Archbishop respectively.

Whereas the said Archbishop, in some or all of these several Places and Jurisdictions, doth and may sometimes assume unto his personal and proper Judicature, Order, or Direction, some particular Causes, Actions, or Cases, at his pleasure. And forasmuch as the said Archbishop cannot, at this present, in his own person, attend these services which are otherwise proper for his Cognisance and Jurisdiction; and which as Archbishop of Canterbury, he might and ought in his own person to have performed and executed in Causes and Matters Ecclesiastical, in the proper function of Archbishop of the Province.

We, therefore, of Our regal power, and of Our princely

care and providence, that nothing shall be defective in the Order Discipline, Government, or Right of the Church, have thought fit by the service of some other learned and reverend Bishops, to be named by Us, to supply those which the said Archbishop ought or might, in the cases aforesaid, to have done; but, for this present, cannot perform the same.

Know ye, therefore, That We, reposing special trust and confidence in your approved wisdoms, learning, and integrity, have nominated, authorised, and appointed, and do, by these presents, nominate, authorise, and appoint You, the said George, Lord Bishop of London; Richard, Lord Bishop of Durham; John, Lord Bishop of Rochester; John, Lord Bishop of Oxford; and William, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, or any four, three, or two of you, to do, execute, and perform all and every those acts, matters, and things any way touching or concerning the Power, Jurisdiction, or Authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury in Causes or Matters Ecclesiastical, as amply, fully, and effectually, to all intents and purposes, as the said Archbishop himself might have done.

And We do hereby Command you, and every of you, to attend, perform, and execute this Our Royal Pleasure in and touching the premises, until We shall declare Our Will and Pleasure to the contrary.

And We do further hereby Will and Command the said Archbishop of Canterbury, quietly and without interruption, to permit and suffer you the said George, Bishop of London; Richard, Bishop of Durham; John, Bishop of Rochester; John, Bishop of Oxford; and William, Bishop of Bath and Wells; any four, three, or two of you, to execute and perform this Our Commission, according to Our Royal Pleasure thereby signified.

And We do further Will and Command all and every other person and persons, whom it may any way concern in their several Places or Offices, to be attendant, observant, and obedient to you and every of you, in the execution and performance of this Our Royal Will and Command; as they and every of them will answer the contrary at their utmost perils.

Nevertheless, We do hereby declare Our Royal Pleasure to be That they the said Sir Henry Martin, Sir Charles Cæsar, Sir Thomas Ridley, and Nathaniel Brent, in their several Offices and Places; and all other Registrars, Officers, and Ministers in the several Courts, Offices, and Jurisdictions appertaining to the said Archbishop, shall, quietly and without interruption, hold, use, occupy, and enjoy their several Offices and Places, which they now hold by the grant of the said Archbishop, or of any other former Archbishop of Canterbury, in such manner and form, and with those benefits, privileges, powers, and authorities which they now have, hold, and enjoy therein or there-out, severally and respectively: they, and every of them, in their several Places, being attendant and obedient unto you, the said George, Bishop of London; Richard, Bishop of Durham; John, Bishop of Rochester; John, Bishop of Oxford; and William, Bishop of Bath and Wells; or to any four, three, or two of you, in all things according to the tenour of this Our Commission; as they should or ought to have been to the said Archbishop himself, if this Commission had not been had or made.

In witness whereof, We have caused these our Letters to be made Patents. Witness Our Self, at Westminster, the ninth day of October [1627] in the third year of our reign.

Per ipsum Regem.

Edmonds.

Archbishop Abbot's own Narrative.

[RUSHWORTH. *Historical Collections, idem.*]

Pars Prima.



IT is an example, so without example, that in the sunshine of the Gospel; in the midst of profession of the true religion; under a gracious King, whom all the world must acknowledge to be blemished with no vice; a man of my place and years, who has done some service in the Church and Commonwealth, so deeply laden with some furious infirmities of body, should be removed from his ordinary habitation, and, by a kind of deportation, should be thrust into one end of the Island (although I must confess into his own diocese), that I hold it fit that the reason of it should be truly understood, lest it may someways turn to the scandal of my person and calling. Which Declaration, notwithstanding, I intend not to communicate to any, but to let it lie by me privately; that it being set down impartially, whilst all things are fresh in memory, I may have recourse to it hereafter, if questions shall be made of anything contained in this Relation.

And this I hold necessary to be done, by reason of the strangeness of that, which, by way of Censure, was inflicted upon me; being then of the age of sixty-five years, encumbered with the gout, and afflicted

with the stone: having lived so many years in a Place of great service, and, for ought I know, untainted in any of my actions; although my Master, King JAMES (who resteth with GOD) had both a searching wit of his own to discover his servants, whom he put in trust, whether they took any sinister courses or not; and wanted not some suggesters about him, to make the worst of all men's actions whom they could misreport.

Yet this innocency and good fame to be overthrown in a month! and a Christian Bishop suddenly to be made *fabula vulgi*, to be tossed upon the tongues of friends and foes, of Protestants and Papists, of Court and Country, of English and Foreigners, must needs, in common opinion, presuppose some crime, open or secret; which, being discovered by the King, albeit not fully appearing to the world, must draw on indignation in so high a measure.

I cannot deny that the indisposition of my body kept me from Court, and thereby gave occasion to maligners to traduce me, as, "withdrawing myself from public services, and therefore misliking some courses that were taken": which abstaining, perhaps, neither pleased the King, nor the Great Man that set them on foot.

It is true, that in the turbulency of some things, I had not great invitements to draw me abroad; but to possess my soul in patience till GOD sent fairer weather. But the true ground for my abstaining from solemn and public places, was the weakness of my feet, proceeding from the gout: which disease being hereditary unto me, and having possessed me now nine years, had debilitated me more and more; so that I could not stand at all, neither could I go up or down a pair of stairs but, besides my staff, I must

have the service of one at least, of my men, who were not fit to be admitted in every place where I was to come.

And although I was oft remembered by the wisest of my friends, that "I might be carried, as the old Lord Treasurer BURLEIGH was!" yet I did not think my service so necessary for the commonwealth, as his Lordship's, by long experience, was found to be. I did not value myself at so high a rate; but remembered that it was not the least cause of overthrow to ROBERT [DEVEREUX], Earl of ESSEX, that he prized himself so, as if Queen ELIZABETH and the Kingdom could not well have stood, if he had not supported both the one and the other.

Now for me, thus enfeebled, not with gout only, but with the stone and gravel, to wait on the King or the Council Table, was, by me, held a matter most inconvenient. In the Courts of Princes, there is little feeling of [*for*] the infirmities belonging to old age. They like them that be young and gallant in their actions, and in their clothes. They love not that men should stick too long in any room of greatness. Change and alteration bringeth somewhat with it; what have they to do with kerchiefs and staves, with lame or sickly men? It is certainly true, there is little compassion upon the bodily defects of any. The Scripture speaketh of "men standing before Kings." It were an uncouth sight to see the subject sit the day before the Coronation: when, on the morrow, I had work enough for the strongest man in England, being weak in my feet, and coming to Whitehall to see things in readiness against the next day. Yet, notwithstanding the stone and gout, I was not altogether an inutile servant in the King's affairs; but did all things in my house that were to be done: as in

keeping the High Commission Court, doing all inferior actions conducing thereto; and despatching references from His Majesty that came thick upon me.

These Relations which are made concerning me, be of certain truth; but reach not to the reason I was discarded.

To understand therefore the verity, so it is, that the Duke of BUCKINGHAM (being still great in the favour of the King; could endure no man that would not depend upon him) among other men, had me in his eye, for not stooping unto him, so as to become his vassal.

I (that had learned a lesson, which I constantly hold, *To be no man's servant, but the King's*: for mine old royal Master which is with GOD, and mine own reason did teach me so) went on mine own ways; although I could not but observe, that as many as walked in that path did suffer for it upon all occasions, and so did I: nothing wherein I moved my Master taking place; which, finding so clearly (as if the Duke had set some ill character upon me), I had no way but to rest in patience; leaving all to GOD, and looking to myself as warily as I might. But this did not serve the turn; his undertakings were so extraordinary, that every one that was not with him, was presently [*instantly*] against him: and if a hard opinion were once entertained, there was no place left for satisfaction or reconciliation. What befell the Earl of ARUNDEL, Sir RANDAL CAREW, and divers others, I need not to report; and no man can make doubt but he blew the coals.

For myself, there is a gentleman called Sir H. S., who gave the first light what should befall me.

This Knight, being of more livelihood than wisdom, had married the Lady D., sister of the now Earl of E.; and had so treated her, both for safeguard of her honour, blemished by him scandalously; and for her alimony or maintenance, being glad to get from him; she was forced to endure a suit in the High Commission Court.

So to strengthen his party, he was made known to the Duke; and, by means of a dependent on his Grace, he got a letter from the King, that "The Commissioners should proceed no further in hearing of that cause; by reason that it being a difference between a Gentleman and his Wife, the King's Majesty would hear it himself." The solicitor for the lady, finding that the course of Justice was stopped, did so earnestly, by petition, move the King, that, by another letter, there was a relaxation of the former restraint, and the Commissioners Ecclesiastical went on.

But now, in the new proceeding, finding himself by justice like[ly] enough to be pinched; he did publicly in the Court, refuse to speak by any Counsel, but would plead his cause himself: wherein he did bear the whole business so disorderly and tumultuously, and unrespectively [*disrespectfully*], that, after divers reproofs, I was enforced, for the honour of the Court and the reputation of the High Commission, to tell him openly that "If he did not carry himself in a better fashion, I would commit him to prison!"

This so troubled the young gallant, that, within few days after, being at dinner or supper (where some wished me well), he bolted it out that "As for the Archbishop, the Duke had a purpose to turn him out of his Place, and that he did but wait the occasion to effect it." Which being brought unto me, constantly,

by more ways than one; I was now in expectation, what must be the issue of this Great Man's indignation; which fell out to be, as followeth.

There was one SIBTHORP, who, not being so much as a Bachelor of Arts (as it hath been credibly reported unto me), by means of Doctor PEIRCE, Dean of Peterborough (being Vice Chancellor of Oxford), did get to be confirmed upon him, the title of a Doctor.

This man is Vicar of Brackley, in Northamptonshire; and hath another benefice not far from it, in Buckinghamshire: but the lustre of his honour did arise from being the son-in-law of Sir JOHN LAMB, Chancellor of Peterborough, whose daughter he married; and was put into the Commission of Peace.

When the Lent Assizes were, in February last [1627], at Northampton, the man that preached [*on the 22nd of the month*] before the Judges there, was this worthy Doctor: where, magnifying the authority of Kings (which is so strong in the Scripture, that it needs no flattery any ways to extol it), he let fall divers speeches which were distasteful to the auditors, and namely, "That Kings had power to put poll money upon their subjects' heads": when, against those challenges, men did frequently mourn.

He, being a man of low fortune, conceived that the putting his sermon [*entitled "Apostolical Obedience"*] in print, might gain favour at Court and raise his fortune higher, on he goeth with the transcribing of his sermon; and got a bishop or two to prefer this great service to the Duke. It being brought unto the Duke, it cometh in his head, or was suggested to him by some malicious body, that, thereby, the

Archbishop might be put to some remarkable strait. For if the King should send the sermon unto him, and command him to allow it to the press, one of these two things would follow: that, either he should authorise it, and so, all men that were indifferent should discover him for a base and unworthy beast; or he should refuse it, and so should fall into the King's indignation, who might pursue it at his pleasure as against a man that was contrary to his service.

Out of this fountain flowed all the water that afterwards so wet. In rehearsing whereof, I must set down divers particulars; which some man may wonder how they should be discovered unto me: but let it suffice, once for all, that in the word of an honest man and a Bishop, I recount nothing but whereof I have good warrant; GOD Himself working means.

The matters were revealed unto me, although it be not convenient that, in this Paper, I name the manner how they came unto me; lest such as did, by well doing, farther me, should receive blame for their labour.

Well, resolved it is, that "I be put to it! and that, with speed!" and therefore Master WILLIAM MURRAY (nephew as, I think, unto Master THOMAS MURRAY, sometimes Tutor to Prince CHARLES), now of the King's Bedchamber, is sent to me with the written Sermon: of whom, I must say, that albeit he did the King his Master's service; yet he did use himself temperately and civilly unto me.

For avoiding of *inquit* and *inquam*, as TULLY saith, *I*

said this and *he said that*, I will make it by way of dialogue: not setting down every day's conference exactly by itself, but mentioning all things in the whole; yet distinguishing of times where, for the truth of the Relation, it cannot be avoided.

> MURRAY. My Lord! I am sent unto you by the King, to let you know that his pleasure is, That whereas there is brought unto him, a Sermon to be printed: you should allow this Sermon to the press.
>
> *Archbishop.* I was never he that authorised books to be printed: for it is the work of my Chaplains to read over other men's writings, and what is fit, to let it go; what is unfit, to expunge it.
>
> MURRAY. But the King will have you yourself to do this, because he is minded that no books shall be allowed, but by you and the Bishop of LONDON [*then George Montaigne*]: and my Lord of LONDON authorised one the other day, COSENS's book; and he will have you do this.
>
> *Archbishop.* This is an occupation that my old Master, King JAMES, did never put me to; and yet I was then young, and had more abilities of body than I now have: so that I see I must now learn a new lesson. But leave it with me! and when I have read it, I shall know what to say unto it. A day or two hence, you shall understand my mind.

When I had once or twice perused it; I found some words which seemed to me to cross that which the King intended, and, in a sort, to destroy it; and

therefore upon his return a day or two after, I expressed myself thus:

> Master MURRAY! I conceive that the King intended that this Sermon shall promote the service now in hand about the Loan of Money: but in my opinion he much crosseth it. For he layeth it down for a rule (and because it should not be forgotten, he repeateth it again) that *Christians are bound in duty one to another, especially all subjects to their Princes, according to the Laws and Customs of the Kingdom wherein they live*. Out of this, will men except this Loan; because there is neither Law nor Custom for it, in the Kingdom of England.
>
> Secondly. In my judgement, there followeth a dangerous speech, *Habemus necessitatem vindicanda libertatis*. (For this was all that was then quoted out of CALVIN, no mention being made of any of the other words which are, now, in the printed copy.) For when, by the former rule he hath set men at liberty whether they will pay or not; he imposeth upon them a necessity to vindicate this liberty; and *vindicare* may be extended to challenge with violence, *cum vi*. But, for my part, I would be most unwilling to give occasion to Sedition and Mutiny in the kingdom!
>
> Again, here is mention made of Poll Money; which, as I have heard, hath already caused much distaste where the Sermon was preached.

> Moreover, what a speech is this? *That he observes the forwardness of the Papists to offer double according to an Act of Parliament so providing; yea, to profess that they would part with the half of their goods*: where he quoteth in the margent, *Anno I. Caroli, the Act for the Subsidy of the Laity, whereby Popish Recusants were to pay double*; when indeed there is *no such Act*!
>
> And in the fifth place, it is said in this Sermon, that *the Princes of Bohemia have power to depose their Kings, as not being hereditary*. Which is a great question: such a one as hath cost much blood; and must not in a word be absolutely defined here, as if it were without controversy.
>
> I pray you, make His Majesty acquainted with these things! and take the book with you!

Where it is to be noted, that, all this time, we had but one single copy [*manuscript*]; which was sometimes at the Court, and sometimes left with me.

MURRAY. I will faithfully deliver these things to the King, and then you shall hear further from me!

Some two or three days after, he returneth again unto me, and telleth me, That he had particularly acquainted the King with my objections; and His Majesty made this answer.

> First. For the Laws and Customs of the Kingdom, he did not stand upon that. He had a precedent for that which he did, and

thereon he would insist.

Archbishop. I think that to be a mistaking; for I fear there will be found no such precedent. King HENRY VIII., as the Chronicle sheweth, desired but a Sixth Part of men's estates, Ten Groats in the Pound: our King desireth the whole six parts, full out; so much as men are set at in the *Subsidy Book*. And in the time of King HENRY, although he were a powerful King; yet, for that taxation, there began against him little less than a rebellion; so that he held it wisdom to desist; and, laying the blame upon Cardinal WOLSEY, professed that "he knew nothing of the matter."

> MURRAY. Secondly. The King saith for the words, *Habemus necessitatem vindicanda libertatis*; he taketh them to be for him, and he will stand upon his liberty.
>
> Thirdly. For Poll Money, he thinketh it lawful.
>
> Fourthly. It is true, there was no such Act passed; and therefore it must be amended. (And yet in the printed book, it is suffered still to stand! Such slight, and, I may say, slovenly care was had, by them that published this Sermon.)
>
> And fifthly. For that of Bohemia: he hath crossed it out of the book.

Some other matters there were, against which I took exception; but Master MURRAY being a young gentleman, although witty and full of good behaviour: I doubted that, being not deeply seen in Divinity, he could not so well conceive me or make report of my words to His Majesty: and therefore I, being lame and so disabled to wait on the King, did move him, that "He would, in my name, humbly

beseech His Majesty to send [*William Laud, then*] the Bishop of BATH AND WELLS unto me; and I would, by his means, make known my scruples." And so I dismissed Master MURRAY; observing with myself, that the Answers to my five Objections especially to two or three [of them], were somewhat strange; as if the King were resolved (were it to his good, or to his harm) to have the book go forth.

After one or two days more, the young Gentleman cometh to me again, and telleth me, that "The King did not think it fit to send the Bishop of BATH unto me; but that expecteth I should pass the book."

In the meantime, had gone over one High Commission day; and this Bishop (who used otherwise on very few days, to fail) was not there: which being joined to His Majesty's message, made me, in some measure to smell that this whole business might have that Bishop's hand in it; especially I knowing in general, the disposition of the man.

The minds of those that were Actors for the publishing of the book, were not quiet at the Court, that the thing was not despatched. Therefore, one day, the Duke said to the King, "Do you see how this business is deferred! If more expedition be not used, it will not be printed before the end of the Term: at which time, it is fit that it be sent down into the countreys [*counties*]." So eager was he, that either by my credit, his undertakings might be strengthened;

or at least, I might be contemned and derided, as an unworthy fellow.

This so quickened the King, that the next message which was sent by Master MURRAY, was in some degree minatory, "That if I did not despatch it, the King would take some other course with me!"

When I found how far the Duke had prevailed; I thought it my best way, to set down in writing, many objections, wherefore the book was not fit to be published: which I did modestly, and sent them to the King.

> 1. (Page 2.) These words deserve to be well weighed, *And whereas the Prince pleads not the Power of Prerogative*.
>
> 2. (Page 8.) *The King's duty is first to direct and make Laws.* There is no law made till the King assent unto it; but if it be put simply to *make Laws*, it will make much startling at it.
>
> 3. (Page 10.) If *nothing may excuse from Active Obedience, but what is against the Law of GOD, or of Nature, or impossible*; how doth this agree with the first fundamental position: (Page 5.) *That all subjects are bound to all their Princes, according to the Laws and Customs of the Kingdom wherein they live.*
>
> 4. (Page 11.) This is a fourth Case of Exception. The Poll Money, mentioned by him in *Saint Matthew*, was imposed by the Emperor as a Conqueror over the Jews: and the execution of it in England, although it was by a Law, produced a terrible effect in King RICHARD II.'s time;

when only it was used, for ought that appeareth.

5. (Page 12.) It is, in the bottom, *View of the reign of Henry III.*; and whether it be fit to give such allowance to the book; being surreptitiously put out?

6. (In the same page.) Let the largeness of those words be well considered! *Yea, all Antiquity to be absolutely for Absolute Obedience to Princes, in all Civil and Temporal things.* For such cases as NABOTH's Vineyard, may fall within this.

7. (Page 14.) SIXTUS V. was dead before 1580.

8. (In the same page.) Weigh it well, How this Loan may be called a Tribute! and when it is said, *We are promised, it shall not be immoderately imposed*, how agreeth that, with His Majesty's Commission and *Proclamation*, which are quoted in the margent?

It should seem that this paper did prick to the quick; and no satisfaction being thereby accepted, Bishop LAUD is called, and he must go to answer to it in writing.

This man is the *only* inward [*intimate*] counsellor with BUCKINGHAM: sitting with him, sometimes, privately whole hours; and feeding his humour with malice and spite.

His life in Oxford was to pick quarrels in the Lectures

of the Public Readers, and to advertise [*denounce*] them to the then Bishop of DURHAM [? *T. Matthew, or his successor, W. James*], that he might fill the ears of King JAMES with discontents against the honest men that took pains in their Places, and settled the truth (that he called Puritanism) in their auditors.

He made it his work, to see what books were in the press; and to look over *Epistles Dedicatory*, and *Prefaces to the Reader*, to see what faults might be found.

It was an observation what a sweet man this was like[ly] to be, that the first observable act that he did, was the marrying of the Earl of D[EVONSHIRE] to the Lady R[ICH] [*See Vol. I. p. 483*]: when it was notorious to the world, that she had another husband, and the same a nobleman, who had divers children then living by her.

King JAMES did, for many years, take this so ill, that he would never hear of any great preferment of him: insomuch that Doctor WILLIAMS, the Bishop of LINCOLN (who taketh upon him, to be the first promoter of him) hath many times said "That when he made mention of LAUD to the King, His Majesty was so averse from it, that he was constrained oftentimes to say that 'He would never desire to serve that Master, which could not remit one fault unto his servant.'"

Well, in the end, he did conquer it, to get him [*on the 10th October, 1621*] the Bishopric of ST. DAVIDS: which he had not long enjoyed; but he began to undermine his benefactor, as, at this day, it appeareth.

The Countess of BUCKINGHAM told LINCOLN, that "St. DAVIDS was the man that undermined him with

her son." And, verily, such is his aspiring nature, that he will under-work any man in the world! so that he may gain by it.

This man, who believeth so well of himself, framed an Answer to my Exceptions.

But to give some countenance to it; he must call in three other Bishops, that is to say, DURHAM, ROCHESTER, and OXFORD, tried men for such a purpose! and the style of the Speech runneth, "We, and We." This seemed so strong a Confutation, that, for reward of their service, as well as for hope that they would do more, Doctor NEYLE, Bishop of DURHAM, and the Bishop of BATH, were sworn of the Privy Council.

The very day, being Sunday, Master MURRAY was sent unto me, with a writing: but finding me all in a sweat, by a fit of the stone which was then upon me, he forbore, for that time, to trouble me, and said, "That on the morrow, he would repair to me again."

I got me to bed, and lying all that night in pain; I held it convenient not to rise the next day.

And on the Monday, Master MURRAY came unto me; which was the eighth time that he had been with me, so incessantly was I plied with this noble work.

I had shewed it [the *Apostolical Obedience*] to a friend or two: whereof the one was a learned Doctor of Divinity; and the other had served many times in Parliament with great commendation. We all agreed

that it was an idle work of a man that understood not Logic, that evidently crossed [*contradicted*] himself, that sometimes spake plausibly; and, in the end of his Sermon, [it] fell so poor and flat, that it was not worth the reading.

Master MURRAY coming to my bedside, said, "That he was sent again by the King, and had a paper to be shewed unto me."

Archbishop. You see in what case I am, having slept little all this last night; but nevertheless since you come from the King, I will take my spectacles, and read it.

MURRAY. No, my Lord! You may not read it, nor handle it; for I have charge not to suffer it to go out of my hands.

Archbishop. How then, shall I know what it is?

MURRAY. Yes, I have order to read it unto you! but I may not part with it.

Archbishop. I must conceive, that if I do not assent to it, His Majesty will give me leave to reply upon it; which I cannot do, but in my study, for there are my books.

MURRAY. I must go with you into your study; and sit by you, till you have done.

Archbishop. It is not so hasty a work. It will require time; and I have not been used to study, one sitting by me. But first read it, I pray you!

The young gentleman read it from the one end to the other; being two or three sheets of paper.

Archbishop. This Answer is very bitter; but giveth me no satisfaction. I pray you leave the writing with me; and I shall batter it to pieces.

MURRAY. No, my Lord! I am forbidden to leave it with you, or to suffer you to touch it.

Archbishop. How cometh this about? Are the authors of it afraid of it, or ashamed of it? I pray you tell His Majesty that I am dealt with neither manly, nor scholar like. Not manly, because I must fight with adversaries that I know not: not scholar like, because I must not see what it is that must confute me. It is now eight and forty years ago [*i.e., in 1579*], that I came to the University; and, since that time, I have ever loved a learned man. I have disputed and written divers books, and know very well what appertaineth to the Schools.

This is a new kind of learning unto me. I have formerly found fault, that the author of this Sermon quoteth not the places, whereupon he grounds his doctrine: and when I have oft called for them, it is replied to me that "I must take them upon the credit of the Writer," which I dare not do. For I have searched but one place, which he quoted in general, but sets down neither the words, nor the treatise, nor the chapter; and I find nothing to the purpose for which it is quoted: and therefore I have reason to suspect all the rest.

I pray you, therefore, in the humblest manner, to commend my service to the King my Master, and let him know that, unless I may have all the quotations set down, that I may examine them: and may have that Writing, wherein I am so ill used: I cannot allow the book!

Before I go further, it shall not be amiss to touch some particulars of that which I sent in writing to the King.

> The First was Page 2. These words deserve to be well weighed. *And whereas the Prince pleads not the power of Prerogative.*

To this, Master MURRAY said, "The King doth not plead it."

But my reply was, "But what then, doth he coerce those refractories? for I have not heard of any Law, whereby they are imprisoned; and therefore I must take it to be by the King's Prerogative."

> To the Second (Page 8). *The King's duty is first to direct and make Laws.* There is no Law made till the King assent unto it; but if it be put simply to *make Laws*, it will cause much startling at it.

To this I remember not any material thing was answered; neither to the Third.

> (Page 10.) *If nothing may excuse from Active Obedience, but what is against the Law of GOD, or of Nature, or impossible*; how doth this agree with the first fundamental position: (Page 5.) *That all subjects are bound to all their Princes, according to the Laws and Customs of the kingdom wherein they live.*
>
> This is a fourth case of Exception.

And here, before I go to the rest, the Doctor did truly hit upon a good point, in looking *to the Laws and Customs*, if he could have kept him to it.

For in my memory, and in the remembrance of many

Lords and others that now live, Doctor HARSENET, the then Bishop of CHICHESTER, and now of NORWICH, in Parliament time, preached at Whitehall, a sermon (which was afterwards burned) upon the text, *Give unto Cæsar, the things that be Cæsar's!* wherein he insisted that "Goods and Money were CÆSAR's; and therefore they were not to be denied unto him."

At this time, when the whole Parliament took main offence thereat, King JAMES was constrained to call the Lords and Commons into the Banquetting House at Whitehall: and there His Majesty called all, by saying "The Bishop only failed in this, when he said *The goods were Cæsar's*, he did not add *They were his, according to the Laws and Customs of the Country wherein they did live*."

So moderate was our CÆSAR then, as I myself saw and heard, being then an Eye and Ear Witness: for I was then Bishop of LONDON.

> To the Fourth. The Poll Money, in *Saint Matthew*, was imposed by the Emperor, as a Conqueror over the Jews: and the execution of it in England, although it was by a Law, produced a terrible effect in RICHARD II.'s time; when only it was used, for ought that appeareth.

Here the Bishop, in the Paper, excepted divers things "That sometimes among us, by Act of Parliament, strangers are appointed to pay by the poll:" which agreeth not with the Case: and that "It was not well to bring examples out of weak times; whereas we live in better: but it was a marvellous fault, the blame was not laid upon the rebels of that Age."

Those are such poor things, that they are not worth

the answering.

But my Objection, in truth, prevailed so far, that in the printed book, it was qualified thus: *Poll money, other persons, and upon some occasions*.

Where, *obiter*, I may observe that my refusing to sign the Sermon, is not to be judged by the printed book: for many things are altered in one, which were in the other.

> To the Fifth (Page 12). It is in the bottom, *View of the reign of Henry III.*, whether it be fit to give such allowance to the book; being surreptitiously put out?

To this, it was said, "That being a good passage out of a blameworthy book, there was no harm in it."

But before the question of SIBTHORP's treatise; the Bishop of BATH himself, being with me, found much fault with that Treatise, as being put out for a scandalous Parallel of those times.

> To the Sixth, in the same page. Let the largeness of those words be well considered! *Yea, all Antiquity to be absolutely for Absolute Obedience to Princes, in all Civil and Temporal Things.* For such cases as NABOTH's Vineyard may fall within this.

Here the Bishop was as a man in a rage, and said, "That it was an odious comparison! for it must suppose, that there must be an AHAB, and there must be a JEZEBEL, and I cannot tell what!"

But I am sure my Exception standeth true; and reviling and railing doth not satisfy my argument. *All Antiquity* taketh the Scripture into it: and if I had allowed that proportion for good, I had been justly

beaten with my own rod.

If the King, the next day, had commanded me to send him all the money and goods I had; I must, by mine own rule, have obeyed him! and if he had commanded the like to all the clergymen in England, by Doctor SIBTHORP's proportion and my Lord of CANTERBURY's allowing of the same; they must have sent in all! and left their wives and children in a miserable case.

Yea, the words extend so far, and are so absolutely delivered, that by this Divinity, if the King should send to the city of London, and the inhabitants thereof, commanding them "to give unto him all the wealth which they have," they are bound to do it!

I know our King is so gracious, that he will attempt no such matter: but if he do it not, the defect is not in these flattering Divines! who, if they were called to question for such doctrine, they would scarce be able to abide it.

There is a *Meum* and a *Tuum* in Christian commonwealths, and *according to Laws and Customs*, Princes may dispose of it. That saying being true, *Ad reges, potestas omnium pertinet, ad singulos, proprietas*.

> To the Seventh (p. 14.), PIUS V. was dead before the year 1580; they make no reply, but mend it in the printed book; changing it into GREGORY XIII.
>
> To the last (on the same page). Weigh it well! How this Loan may be called a Tribute; and when it is said, *We are promised it shall not be immoderately imposed*. How that agreeth with His Majesty's Commission and Proclamation, which are quoted in the margent?

They make no answer but in the published Sermon, distinguish a Tribute from a Loan or Aid: whereby they acknowledge it was not well before, and indeed it was improper and absurd: worthy of none but Doctor SIBTHORP.

I have now delivered the grounds, whereupon I refused to authorise this book: being sorry at my heart, that the King, my gracious Master, should rest so great a building upon so weak a foundation; the Treatise being so slender, and without substance, but that it proceeded from a hungry man.

If I had been in Council, when the Project for this Loan was first handled, I would have used my best reasons to have had it well grounded; but I was absent, and knew not whereupon they proceeded: only I saw, it was followed with much vehemency. And since it was put in execution, I did not interpose myself to know the grounds of one, nor of the other.

It seemed therefore strange unto me, that, in the upshot of the business, I was called in, to make that good by Divinity, which others had done; and must have no other inducement to it, but Doctor SIBTHORP's contemptible treatise!

I imagined this, for the manner of the carriage of it, to be somewhat like unto the Earl of SOMERSET's case; who having abused the wife of the Earl of ESSEX, must have her divorced from her husband, and must himself marry her. And this must not be done; but that the Archbishop of CANTERBURY must

ratify all, judicially!

I know the cases are different; but I only compare the manner of the carriage.



When the approbation of the Sermon was by me refused, it was carried to the Bishop of LONDON, who gave a great and stately allowance of it [*It was entered at Stationers' Hall, under his authority, on the 3rd May, 1627*]: the good man being not willing that anything should stick which was sent unto him from the Court; as appeareth by the book which is commonly called *The Seven Sacraments*, which was allowed by his Lordship, with all the errors! which since that time have been expunged and taken out of it.

But before this passed the Bishop's file, there is one accident which fitly cometh in to be recounted in this place.

My Lord of LONDON hath a Chaplain, Doctor WORRAL by name; who is scholar good enough, but a kind of free fellow like man, and of no very tender conscience.

Doctor SIBTHORP's Sermon was brought unto him; and "hand over head" as the proverb is, he approved it, and subscribed his name unto it: but afterwards, being better advised, he sendeth it to a learned

gentleman of the Inner Temple; and writing some few lines unto him, craveth his opinion of that which he had done.

The Gentleman read it; but although he had promised to return his judgement by letter, yet he refused so to do: but desired Doctor WORRAL would come himself. Which being done, he spake to this purpose, "What have you done? You have allowed a strange book yonder! which, if it be true, there is no *Meum* or *Tuum*! no man in England hath anything of his own! If ever the tide turns, and matters be called to a reckoning; you will be hanged for publishing such a book!"

To which, the Doctor answered, "Yea, but my hand is to it! What shall I do?"

For that, the other replied, "You must scrape out your name! and do not suffer so much as the sign of any letter to remain in the paper!"

Which, accordingly he did; and withdrew his finger from the pie.

But what the Chaplain, well advised, would not do; his Lord, without sticking, accomplished: and so, being unsensibly hatched, it came flying into the world!

But in my opinion, the book hath persuaded very few understanding men; and hath not gained the King, sixpence.

Pars Secunda.



HITHERTO, I have declared, at length, all passages concerning the Sermon; and, to my remembrance, I have not quitted anything that was worthy the knowing. I am now, in the second place, to shew what was the issue of this not allowing the worthy and learned Treatise.

In the height of this question, I privately understood from a friend in the Court, that "for a punishment upon me, it was resolved that I should be sent to Canterbury, and confined there." I kept this silently, and expected GOD's pleasure, yet laying it up still in my mind: esteeming the Duke to be of the number of them, touching whom, TACITUS observeth, *that such as are false in their love, are true in their hate*! But whatsoever the event must be, I made use of the report, that *jacula prœvisa minus feriunt.*

The Duke, at the first, was earnest with the King, that I must be presently sent away before his going to sea [*He left Portsmouth, on the Rochelle Expedition, on the 27th June*]. "For," saith he, "if I were gone, he would be every day at Whitehall, and at the Council table! and there, will cross all things that I have intended."

To meet with this objection, I got me away to Croydon, a month sooner than, in ordinary years, I have used to do; but the Term was ended early, and my main [*strong*] fit of the stone did call upon me to get me to the country, that there on horseback, I might ride on the downs: which I afterwards

performed, and, I thank GOD! found great use of it in recovering of my stomach, which was almost utterly gone.

The Duke hastened his preparations for the fleet: but still that cometh in for one memorandum, "That if he were once absent, there should no day pass over but that the Archbishop would be with the King, and infuse things that would be contrary to his proceedings."

What a miserable and restless thing ambition is! When one talented, but as a common person; yet by the favour of his Prince, hath gotten that Interest, that, in a sort, all the Keys of England hang at his girdle (which the wise Queen ELIZABETH would never endure in any subject); yet standeth in his own heart, in such tickle terms, as that he feareth every shadow, and thinketh that the lending of the King's ear unto any grave and well seasoned report, may blow him out of all! which in his estimation, he thinketh is settled on no good foundation, but the affection of the Prince; which may be mutable, as it is in all men, more or less. If a man would wish harm unto his enemy; could he wish him a greater torment, than to be wrested and wringed with ambitious thoughts!

Well, at first, it went current, that "with all haste, I must be doffed!" but, upon later consideration, "it must be stayed till the Duke be at sea, and then put in execution by the King himself; that, as it seemeth, BUCKINGHAM might be free from blame, if any should be laid upon any person."

Hence it was, that, after his going, there was a new prosecution of the Yorkshire men; and the refusing Londoners were pursued more fervently than before: and it is very likely that the arrow came out of the

same quiver, that the Bishop coming to the election at Westminster, was driven back so suddenly to Bugden.

Take heed of these things, noble Duke! You put your King to the worst parts! whereof you may hear, one day! So when your Sovereign, in the Parliament time, had spoken sharply to both Houses, commanding them "To go together again, and to give more money!" and commanding them to "meddle no more with the Duke of BUCKINGHAM!" you came, the next day, and thought to smooth all, taking the glory of qualifying disturbances to yourself! Whereas, if you read books of true State Government (wherewithal you are not acquainted!), sweet things are personally to be acted by Kings and Princes, as giving of honours, and bestowing of noted benefits; and those things that are sour and distasting, are to be performed by their Ministers. You go the contrary way!

But as before the whole house falleth on fire, some sparks do fly out; so, before the message of the King was brought by the Secretary [of State], there were some inklings that such a thing would follow. And upon the naming of me, by occasion [*incidentally*], it was said by a creature of the Duke, that "It would not be long, before the Archbishop should be sequestered!" that was the word. So well acquainted are the Duke's followers, with great actions that are likely to fall out in State.

Accordingly on Tuesday, the 5th of July, 1627, the Lord CONWAY [Secretary of State] came to me to Croydon, before dinner-time; "having travelled," as

he said, "a long journey that morning, even from Oatlands thither."

He would say nothing till he had dined. Then, because he was to return to Oatlands that night, I took him into the gallery: and when we were both sat down, we fell to it, in this manner.

My Lord! I know you, coming from Court, have somewhat to say to me.

Secretary. It is true, My Lord! and I am the most unwilling man in the world, to bring unpleasing news to any Person of Quality, to whom I wish well; and especially to such a one, as of whose meat I have eaten, and been merry at his house: but I come from the King, and must deliver his pleasure (I know who you are! and much more) with very civil language.

Archbishop. I doubt not, my Lord! but you have somewhat to say; and therefore, I pray you, in plain terms, let me have it!

Secretary. It is then His Majesty's pleasure, that you should withdraw yourself unto Canterbury! for which, he will afford you some convenient time.

Archbishop. Is that it! Then I must use the words of the Psalmist, "He shall not be afraid of any evil tidings; for his heart standeth fast, and believeth in the LORD!" But, I pray you, what is my fault that bringeth this upon me?

Secretary. The King saith, you know!

Archbishop. Truly, I know none, unless it be that I am lame; which I cannot help. It is against my will, and I am not proud of it.

Secretary. The King bade me tell you, "That if any expostulation were used"——

Archbishop. No, I will not use any expostulation! If it be his pleasure, I will obey. I know myself to be an honest man, and therefore fear nothing; but, my Lord! do you think it is for the King's service, in this sort, to send me away?

Secretary. No, by GOD! I do not think it: and so, yesterday, I told the King with an oath; but he will have it so.

Archbishop. I must say, as before, "He shall not be afraid of any evil tidings; for his heart standeth fast, and he believeth in the LORD!" But, I pray you, my Lord! is the King precisely set upon my going to Canterbury. There are questions in law between me and that town, about the liberties of my Archbishopric; which I, by my oath, am bound to maintain: and if I should be among them, I have many adversaries of the citizens. I have there some tenants, and the Dean and Chapter are interested in the question. I would be unwilling that my servants and their people should fall together by the ears, while I am in the town.

His Majesty knoweth this difference to be between us, by the token that a suit, which I lately brought against them, by a *Quo Warranto* in the King's Bench, was stopped: justice being denied me, which is not usual to be denied to any subject; and the King well knoweth, by whose means it was stayed.

I have therefore another house called Foord, five miles beyond Canterbury, and more out of the way. His Majesty may be pleased to let me go thither.

Secretary. I can say nothing to that, but I will acquaint the King with it; and I conceive nothing to the contrary, but that His Majesty will yield so much unto you.

I have a second Charge to deliver unto you, and that is that "His Majesty will not have you, from henceforth, to meddle with the High Commission. He will take care that it shall be done otherwise."

Archbishop. I do not doubt but it shall be better managed than it hath been by me: and yet, my Lord! I will tell you, that, for these many years that I have had the direction of that Court, the time is to come, that ever honest man did find fault that he had not there justice done.

Secretary. It is now Vacation time, and so consequently little to do; and by Michaelmas, His Majesty may set all in order.

Archbishop. I am sorry the King proceedeth thus with me, and letteth me not know the cause.

Secretary. Although I have no commission to tell you so. It is for a book which you would not allow, which concerned the King's service.

Archbishop. If that be it; when I am questioned for it, I doubt not but to give an honest answer.

Secretary. You will never be questioned for it!

Archbishop. Then am I the more hardly dealt withal; to be Censured, and not called to my answer.

Secretary. Well, my Lord! I will remember that of Foord: and will your Grace command me any more service?

Archbishop. No, my Lord! but GOD be with you! Only I end where I began, with the words of the Prophet, "He shall not be afraid for any evil tidings; for his heart standeth fast, and believeth in the LORD!"

It comforted me not a little, that the word was now out: "My confining must be, for not allowing of a book!" I had much ado to forbear smiling when I heard it: because now it was clear, it was not for felony or treason that was laid to my charge, nor for intelligence with the Spaniards or French, nor for correspondency [*correspondence*] with Jesuits and Seminary Priests; I thank GOD for that!

I had almost forgotten that, among many other memorable speeches that passed between us, I used this one, that "Peradventure, the King might be offended at me, because I was no more present at the matter of the Loan; but," said I, "my lameness hindered me therein; and I hoped thereby to do my Master better service. Because if ever course were taken to reconcile the King and his people (which if it be not, this Kingdom will rue it in the end!), I would hope, among many others, to be a good instrument therein, since my hand hath not been in those bitternesses, which have, of late, fallen out."

"You say well!" said the Secretary; "would you that I should tell the King so much?"

"Yea," said I, "if you please, I hold it not unfit that His Majesty should know it."

What he reported therein, I know not: but matters proceeded in the former course, as if there were no regard had of any such thing.

The Lord CONWAY being gone from me for two or three days; I expected to hear the resolution [as] to what place in Kent, I should betake myself. And receiving no news, I tossed many things in my mind,

as perhaps that the King desired to hear somewhat from the Duke, how he sped on his journey [*expedition*]; or that peradventure he might alter his purpose, upon report of my ready obeying; or that it might so fall out, that some of the Lords at the Court, understanding, upon the Secretary's return from Croydon, that which was formerly concealed from them, might infuse some other counsels into the King.

These thoughts I revolved. At last, not forgetting the courses of the Court, and imprinting that into my heart, that *there was no good intended towards me, but that any advantage would be taken against me*, I sent a man to Whitehall, whither the King was now come for a night or two, and by him, I wrote to the Lord CONWAY, in these words

My very good Lord,



I do not forget the message, which you brought unto me on Thursday last; and because I have heard nothing from you since that time, I send this messenger on purpose to know what is resolved touching the house or houses where I must remain. There belong to the Archbishopric, three houses in Kent: one at Canterbury; another five miles beyond, called Foord; and a third, on the side of Canterbury, but two miles off, the name whereof is Beeksburn.

I pray your Lordship to let me know His Majesty's pleasure, whether he will leave the choice of any of those houses to reside in, to me?

I have reason to know the resolution thereof: because I must make my provision of wood and coals and hay for some definite place; and when I shall have brewed, it is fit I should know where to put it, or else it will not serve the turn. It is an unseasonable time to brew now, and as untimely to cut wood (it being green in the highest degree), and to make coals; without all which, my House cannot be kept. But when I shall know what must be my habitation, I will send down my servants presently [at once] *to make the best provision they can.*

And so, expecting your Lordship's answer, I leave you to the Almighty, and remain,

Your Lordship's very loving friend,

G. Cant.

Croydon, July 10, 1627.

He made my servant stay: and when he had gone up to know the King's pleasure, he returned me the answer following.

May it please your Grace,



I am ashamed, and do confess my fault, that I wrote not to your Grace before I received your reproof, though a gracious one; but, in truth, I did not neglect, nor forget; but the continual oppression of business would not permit me to advertise to your Grace, the King's Answer.

His Majesty heard seriously your professions and answers, and commanded me to signify unto you that "He knew not the present differences between you and the town [i.e., of Canterbury]; *and if he had, he would not have cast you into that inconvenience." He was well pleased you should go to your house at Foord; and said, "He did not expect when the question was ended between your Grace and the town, that you should go to Canterbury."*

And he further said, "He would not tie you to so short a time, as might be any way inconvenient; but doth expect that your Grace will govern it so, as His Majesty shall not need to warn you a second time."

I will not fail to move His Majesty to give you liberty to choose either of the houses you name, and give you knowledge of his pleasure, and in all things be ready to obey your commandments, or take occasion to serve you in the condition of

Your Grace's
Most humble servant,
Conway.

Whitehall, July 10, 1627.

I could not but observe therein that passage, that the

King *doth expect your Grace will so govern it, as His Majesty shall not need to warn you a second time.*

I needed no interpreter to expound those words, and therefore did take order that one of my officers was presently despatched unto Foord, to see the house ready.

While necessaries were caring for, and I lay for some days at Croydon, and afterwards at Lambeth; the city of London was filled with the report of "my confining" (for so they did term it), and divers men spake diversely of it.

I will not trouble myself to mention some idle things; but some other of them require a little consideration. A main matter, that the Duke was said "to take in ill part," was the resort which was made to my house, at the times of dinner and supper, and that, oftentimes, of such as did not love him.

My answer unto that is, That, by nature, I have been given to keep a house according to my proportion, since I have had any means, and GOD hath blessed me in it. That it is a property, by Saint PAUL required in a Bishop, that "He should be given to hospitality"; that it is another of his rules, "Let your conversation be without covetousness!" and those things, I had in mine eyes. Besides I have no wife, nor child: and as for my kindred, I do that for them which I hold fit; but I will not rob the Church, nor the poor, for them!

Again, it is so rare a fault in these things, that men

not feeding on the King's meat, but of their own charge, should frankly entertain their friends when they come unto them; that I deserve to be pardoned for it!

But this is not all. When King JAMES gave me the Bishopric, he did once between him and me, and another time before the Earl of SALISBURY, charge me that "I should carry my house nobly!" that was His Majesty's word, "and live like an Archbishop!" which I promised him to do. And when men came to my house, who were of all Civil sorts, I gave them friendly entertainment: not sifting what exceptions the Duke made against them; for I knew he might as undeservedly think ill of others, as he did of me. But I meddled with no man's quarrels: and if I should have received none, but such as cordially, and in truth had loved him; I might have gone to dinner many times without company!

There, frequented me Lords Spiritual and Temporal, divers Privy Councillors, as occasion served, and men of the highest rank: where, if the Duke thought that we had busied ourselves about him, he was much deceived. Yet, perhaps the old saying is true, "A man who is guilty of one evil to himself; thinketh that all men that talk together, do say somewhat of him!" I do not envy him that happiness; but let it ever attend him!

As for other men, of good sort, but of lesser quality; I have heard some by name, to whom exception has been taken: and these are three. I know from the Court by a friend, that my house, for a good space of time, hath been watched; and I marvel that they

have not rather named sixty, than three.

The First of these, is Sir DUDLEY DIGGES, a very great mote in the Duke's eye, as I am informed: for it is said that this Knight hath paid him in Parliament, with many sharp speeches. If this be so, yet what is that to me? He is of age to answer for himself!

But in the time of the late Parliament, when the Earl of CARLISLE came unto me, and dealt with me thereabouts; I gave him my word, and I did it truly, that I was not acquainted with these things: only, being sick as I was, I had in general given him advice that he should do nothing that might give just offence to the King. And I have credibly heard that when Sir DUDLEY was last in the Fleet, committed from the Council table; he was much dealt with, to know whether he was not instigated by me to accuse the Duke in Parliament: the Knight, with all the protestations and assurances that could come from a Gentleman, acquitted me of the part and whole: wherein he did me but right.

And I do remember, when that man, now so hated! was a great servant of the Duke. So that if he have now left him, it cannot but be presumed that it is for some unworthy carriage, which the Gentleman conceiveth hath, by that Lord, been offered unto him.

Moreover, how can I but imagine the words and actions of Sir DUDLEY DIGGES have been ill interpreted and reported; when I myself saw the Duke stand up nine times in a morning, in a Parliament House, to fasten upon him words little less, if at all less than treason; when by the particular votes of all the Lords and Commons in both Houses, he was quit [*acquitted*] of those things, which the other would have enforced upon him. And a little

while before, he was hastily clapped into the Tower; and within a day or two released again, because nothing was proved against him!

And I assure you, I am so little interested in his actions, that, to this day, I could never learn the reason why he was imprisoned in the Fleet; although he was kept there for seven or eight weeks.

I distinguish the King, from the Duke of BUCKINGHAM. The one is our Sovereign, by the laws of GOD and men! the other, a subject! as we are: and if any subject do impeach another, though of different degrees; let the party grieved, remedy himself by Law, and not by Power!

But, to speak further for this Knight, I may not forget that when he was publicly employed (one time to the Hague, a second time to Muscovia, and thirdly into Ireland about Affairs of the State), such opinions as were then held of his good endeavours.

As for my own part, ever since the days of Queen ELIZABETH, I have been nearly acquainted with him. He was my pupil at Oxford, and a very towardly one; and this knowledge, each of the other, hath continued unto this time. He calleth me, Father; and I term his wife, my daughter. His eldest son is my godson; and their children are in love accounted my grandchildren.

The Second that I have heard named, was Sir FRANCIS HARRINGTON: a Gentleman, whom for divers years, I have not seen; and who, for ought I know, was never in my house but once in his life.

The Third was Sir THOMAS WENTWORTH [*who after*

Felton murdered Buckingham on the 23rd August, 1628, went over to the Court, and ultimately became Earl of Strafford]; who had good occasion to send unto me, and sometimes to see me; because we were joint executors to Sir GEORGE SAVILE, who married his sister, and was my pupil at Oxford. To whose son also, Sir THOMAS WENTWORTH and I were Guardians, as may appear in the Court of Wards; and many things passed between us in that behalf: yet, to my remembrance, I saw not this gentleman but once, in these three-quarters of a year last past [*i.e., since October, 1626*]: at which time, he came to seek his brother-in-law, the Lord CLIFFORD, who was then with me at dinner at Lambeth.

For one of the punishments laid upon me, it was told me by the Lord CONWAY, that "I must meddle no more with the High Commission." Accordingly, within a few days after, a Warrant is sent to the Attorney-General, that the Commission must be renewed, and the Archbishop must be left out. This, under hand, being buzzed about the town, with no small mixture of spite; I conceived it to be agreeable to [*correspond with*] the proceedings with [*against*] the Lords and Gentlemen, who refused to contribute to the Loan: they all being laid aside in the Commissions for Lieutenancy, and of the Peace, in their several counties.

For my part, I had no cause to grieve at this, since it was His Majesty's pleasure! but it was, by the actors therein understood otherwise; they supposing that this power gave me the more authority and splendour in the Church and Commonwealth.

To deliver therefore, truly, the state of this question. It cannot be denied but that it was a great point of policy for the establishing of order in the Ecclesiastical, and consequently Civil Estate also, to erect such a Court: whereby Churchmen [*clergy*] that exorbitated [*exceeded bounds*] in any grievous manner, might be castigated and rectified; and such sort of crimes in the laity might be censured [*judged*] as were of Ecclesiastical Cognisance. And, verily, this is of great use in the kingdom, as well for cherishing the study of the Civil Law, as otherwise; so that it be kept incorruptible, and with that integrity as so grave a Meeting and Assembly requireth. This was principally my care; who took much pains and spent much money that, in fair and commendable sort, justice was indifferently [*impartially*] administered to all the King's people that had to do with us.

But every one might see that this was to my singular trouble! For besides that to keep things in a straight course, sometimes in fits of the gout I was forced to be carried into the Court by my servants; where I could not speak much, but with difficulty: I was, at no time, free from petitions; from examinations; from signing of warrants to call some, to release others; from giving way to speeding, and forwarding Acts of Court. Suitors, as their fashion is, being so importunate as that, in summer and winter, in the day and in the night, in sickness and health, they would not be denied!

These things were daily despatched by me out of Duty; and more, out of Charity; no allowance of pay being from the King, or of fee from the subject to us that were the Judges. Nay, I may say more. The holding of that Court, in such sort as I did, was very expenseful to me, out of my private purse, in giving

weekly entertainment to the Commissioners. The reason whereof was this. King JAMES being desirous, when he made me Archbishop, that all matters should gravely and honourably be carried, directed me that I should always call some of the Bishops that were about London, and some Divines and Civilians [*Doctors of the Civil Law*], that, by a good presence, causes might be handled for the reputation of the action: and willed me withal, to imitate therein the Lord Archbishop WHITGIFT, who invited weekly some of the Judges to dinner, the rather to allure them thither. This advice proceeded from [JOHN BRIDGMAN] the Bishop of Durham that now is; which was not ill, if it came from a good intention.

I obeyed it, singly; and did that which was enjoined. But whereas in those times, the Commissioners were but few: since that time there hath been such an inundation of all sorts of men into that Company [*i.e., the High Commission*], that, without proportion, both Lords Spiritual and Temporal, Commissioners and not Commissioners, resorted thither; and divers of them brought so many of their men, that it was truly a burthen to me. I think it may, by my Officers, be justified upon oath, that since I was Archbishop, the thing alone hath cost me, out of my private estate [*i.e., official income as Archbishop*], one and a half thousand pounds; and if I did say two thousand pounds, it were not much amiss: besides all the trouble of my servants, who, neither directly nor indirectly, gained sixpence thereby in a whole year, but only travail and pains for their Master's honour; and of that, they had enough! my houses being like a great host[el]ry every Thursday in the Term; and for my expenses, no man giving me so much as thanks!

Now this being the true case, if the Church and

Commonwealth be well provided for, in the administration of justice, and regard be had of the public [welfare]; can any discreet man think that the removing of me from this molestation, is any true punishment upon me? I being one that have framed myself to Reality, and not to Opinion: and growing more and more in years, and consequently into weakness; having before surfeited so long of worldly shews, whereof nothing is truly gained temporally but vexation of spirit, I have had enough of these things, and do not dote upon them. The world, I hope, hath found me more stayed and reserved in my courses.

Nevertheless, what was expedient for this, was despatched by me while I lived at Lambeth and Croydon; albeit I went not out of door.

"Yea, but you were otherwise inutile, not coming to the Star Chamber, nor to the Council table?"

My pain or weakness by the gout, must excuse me herein. When I was younger, and had my health, I so diligently attended at the Star Chamber, that, for full seven years, I was not one day wanting.

And for the Council table, the same reason of my indisposition may satisfy. But there are many other things that do speak for me.

The greatest matters there handled, were for money, or more attempts of war.

For the one of these, we of the Clergy had done our parts already: the Clergy having put *themselves* into payments of Subsidy, by an Act of Parliament; not only for these last two years (when the Temporalty

lay in a sort dry), but yet there are three years behind, in which our payments run on, with weight enough unto us. And no man can justly doubt but my hand was in those grants, in a principal fashion.

And concerning the Provisions for War, I must confess my ignorance in the facts thereof. I knew not the grounds whereon the controversies were entered, in general. I thought that before wars were begun, there should be store of treasure; that it was not good to fall out with many great Princes at once; that the turning of our forces another way, must needs be some diminution from the King of Denmark; who was engaged by us into the quarrel for the Palatinate and Germany, and hazarded both his person and dominions in the prosecution of the question. These matters I thought upon, as one that had sometimes been acquainted with Councils; but I kept my thoughts unto myself.

Again, I was never sent for to the Council table but I went; saving one time, when I was so ill that I might not stir abroad.

Moreover, I was sure that there wanted no Councillors at the Board; the number being so much increased as it was.

Besides, I had no great encouragement to thrust my crazy body abroad; since I saw what little esteem was made of me, in those things which belonged to mine own occupation. With Bishoprics and Deaneries, or other Church places I was no more acquainted; than if I had dwelt at Venice, and understood of them but by some *Gazette*.

The Duke of BUCKINGHAM had the managing of these things, as it was generally conceived. For what was he not fit to determine in Church or

Commonwealth, in Court or Council, in peace or war, at land or at sea, at home or in foreign parts?

MONTAGUE had put out [*published*] his Arminian book. I, three times, complained of it: but he was held up against me; and by the Duke magnified, as a well deserving man.

COSENS put out his treatise, which they commonly call *The Seven Sacraments*: which, in the first edition had many strange things in it, as it seemeth. I knew nothing of it, but as it pleased [JOHN BRIDGMAN] my Lord of DURHAM, and [WILLIAM LAUD] the Bishop of BATH, so the world did read.

We were wont, in the High Commission, to repress obstinate and busy Papists.

In the end of King JAMES his time, a Letter was brought me, under the hand and signet of the King, that "We must not meddle with any such matter: nor exact the twelve pence for the Sunday, of those which came not to the Church (with which forfeit, we never meddled)." And this was told us to be, in contemplation of a marriage intended with the Lady MARY, the Daughter of France.

After the death of King JAMES, such another Letter was brought from King CHARLES; and all execution against Papists was suspended.

But when the Term was at Reading, by open divulgation in all Courts under the Great Seal of England, we and all magistrates were set at liberty to do as it was prescribed by law. And our pursuivants must have their warrants again, and take all the priests they can; whereof Master CROSS took fourteen or fifteen in a very short space.

Not long after, all these are set free! and Letters

come from the King, under his royal signet, that "All warrants must be taken from our messengers, because they spoiled the Catholics, and carried themselves unorderly unto them, especially the Bishops' pursuivants:" whereas we had in all, but two; CROSS, my messenger, for whom I did ever offer to be answerable; and THOMLINSON, for whom my Lord of LONDON, I think, would do as much. But the caterpillars, indeed, were the pursuivants used by the sectaries [*Puritans*]: men of no value, and shifters in the world; who had been punished and turned away by us, for great misdemeanours.

But truth of religion and GOD's service was wont to overrule human policies, and not to be overruled; and I am certain that things best prosper, where those courses are held. But be it what it may be, I could not tell what to make of this Variation of the Compass, since it was only commanded unto me, to put such and such things in execution: but I never understood anything of the counsel, whereby I might give my judgement how fit or unfit they were, or might speak to alter the tenour; whereunto, in former times, I had been otherwise used. Variety [*diversity*] of reasons breedeth variety of actions.

For the matter of the Loan, I knew not, a long time, what to make of it. I was not present when the advice was taken, I understood not what was the foundation whereupon the building was raised; neither did ever any of the Council acquaint me therewith.

I saw, on the one side, the King's necessity for money; and especially it being resolved that the war

should be pursued. And, on the other side, I could not forget that in the Parliament, great sums were offered, if the Petitions of the Commons might be hearkened unto.

It still ran in my mind, that the old and usual way was best; that in kingdoms, the harmony was sweetest where the Prince and the people tuned well together; that, whatsoever pretence of greatness [he might have], he was but an unhappy man! that set the King and the Body of the Realm at division; that the people, though not fit to be too much cockered, yet are they that must pray! that must pay! that must fight for their Princes! that it could not be, but [that] a man so universally hated in the kingdom as the Duke was, must (for the preservation of himself) desperately adventure on anything! if he might be hearkened unto.

These meditations I had with myself, and, GOD knoweth! I frequently, in my prayers, did beg that he whom these things did most concern, would seriously think upon them.

It ran in my mind, that this new device for money could not long hold out! that then, we must return into the Highway, whither it were best, to retire ourselves betimes; the shortest errors being the best.

But these thoughts, I suppressed within my soul: neither did I ever discourage any man from lending, nor encourage any man to hold back; which I confidently avouch.

At the opening of the Commission for the Loan, I was sent for, from Croydon. It seemed to me a strange thing: but I was told there that "howsoever it shewed, the King would have it so; there was no speaking against it."

I had not heard [*i.e., at any time before*] that men, throughout the kingdom, should lend money against their will! I knew not what to make of it! But when I saw in the instructions that refusers should be sent away for soldiers to the King of Denmark; I began to remember URIAH, that was sent in the forefront of the battle: and, to speak truth, I durst not be tender in it.

And when, afterwards, I saw that men were to be put to their oath, "With whom they had had conference, and whether any did dissuade them?" and yet further beheld that divers were to be imprisoned; I thought this was somewhat a New World! yet, all this while, I swallowed my own spittle, and spake nothing of it to any man.

Nay, when after some trial in Middlesex; the first sitting was for Surrey, in my House [*the Palace*] at Lambeth; and the Lords were there assembled, with the Justices of the whole county: I gave them entertainment in no mean fashion.

And I sat with them, albeit I said nothing; for the confusion was such, that I knew not what to make of it. Things went on every day, and speech was of much money to be raised out of some counties, yet afterwards it was not so readily paid as preferred [? *deferred*]: and, at length, some refused, even in London itself, and Southwark; besides many gentlemen of special rank, and some Lords, as it was said. And though it was reported that "they were but a contemptible company!" yet the prisons in London demonstrated that they were not a very few, but persons both of note and number.

The Judges, besides, concurring another way, that "They could not allow the legality of the demand, and the enforcement that is used thereupon," did

somewhat puzzle me, for being too busy in promoting of that for which I might, one day, suffer. Yet, hitherto, I remained silent; hoping that time would break that off which was almost come to an absolute period [*full stop*].

But instead of this, by the permission of GOD, I was called up to the King, to look clearly into the question. When the allowance of SIBTHORP's pamphlet was put upon me, I had then some reason, out of the grounds of that sermon to fear (and I pray GOD that my fear was in vain!) that the Duke had a purpose to turn upside down the Laws, and the whole Fundamental Courses, and Liberties of the Subject: and to leave us, not under the Statutes and Customs which our progenitors enjoyed; but to the Pleasure of Princes, of whom, as some are gentle and benign, so some others, to ingreat themselves [*make themselves greater*], might strain more than the string will bear.

Besides, now it came in my heart, that I was present at the King's Coronation: where many things, on the Prince's part, were solemnly promised; which, being observed, would keep all in order, and the King should have a loving and faithful people, and the Commons should have a kind and gracious King.

The contemplations of these things made me stay my judgement, not any unwillingness to do my Prince any dutiful service: whom I must, and do honour above all the creatures in the world, and will adventure as far for his true good, as any one whatsoever.

But I am loath to plunge myself, so over head and

ears, in these difficulties, that I can neither live with quietness of conscience, nor depart out of the world with good fame and estimation. And, perhaps, my Sovereign (if, hereafter, he looked well into this paradox) would, of all the world hate me! because one of my profession, age, and calling, would deceive him; and, with base flattery, swerve from the truth. *The hearts of Kings are in the hands of GOD, and He can turn them as rivers of water.*



I draw to a conclusion. Only repute it not amiss, because so much falleth in here, to observe a few words of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM—not as now he is, but as he was in his rising.

I say nothing of his being in France, because I was not present; and divers others there be, that remember it well: but I take him at his first repair to Court [*in 1614*].

King JAMES, for many insolences, grew weary of SOMERSET: and the Kingdom groaning under the Triumvirate of NORTHAMPTON, SUFFOLK, and SOMERSET (though NORTHAMPTON soon after died [*in June, 1614*]) was glad to be rid of him.

We could have no way so good to effectuate that which was the common desire, as to bring in another in his room. "One nail," as the proverb is, "being to

be driven out by another."

It was now observed that the King began to cast his eye upon GEORGE VILLIERS, who was then Cup-bearer, and seemed a modest and courteous youth. But King JAMES had a fashion, that he would never admit any to nearness about himself, but such a one as the Queen should commend unto him, and make some suit on his behalf: that if the Queen, afterwards, being ill intreated, should complain of this "Dear One!"; he might make his answer, "It is 'long of yourself! for you were the party that commended him unto me!" Our old Master took delight strangely, in things of this nature.

That noble Queen, who now resteth in heaven, knew her husband well; and having been bitten with Favourites, both in England and Scotland, was very shy to adventure upon this request.

King JAMES, in the meantime, more and more loathed SOMERSET; and did not much conceal it, that his affection increased towards the other.

But the Queen would not come to it; albeit divers Lords (whereof some are dead; and some, yet living) did earnestly solicit Her Majesty thereunto.

When it would not do; I was very much moved [*i.e., desired by others*] to put to, my helping hand: they knowing that Queen ANNE was graciously pleased to give me more credit than ordinary; which, all her attendants knew, she continued to the time of her death.

I laboured much, but could not prevail. The Queen oft said to me, "My Lord! you and the rest of your friends know not what you do! I know your Master better than you all! For if this young man be once brought in, the first persons that he will plague, must

be you that labour for him! Yea, I shall have my part also! The King will teach him to despise and hardly intreat us all; that he [*Buckingham*] may seem to beholden to none but himself."

Noble Queen! how like a Prophetess or Oracle did you speak!

Notwithstanding this, we were still instant, telling Her Majesty that "the change would be for the better! for GEORGE was of a good nature, which the other was not; and if he should degenerate, yet it would be a long time before he were able to attain to that height of evil, which the other had."

In the end, upon importunity, Queen ANNE condescended [*agreed to it*]; and so pressed it with the King, that he assented thereunto: which was so stricken, while the iron was hot, that, in the Queen's Bedchamber, the King knighted him with a rapier which the Prince [CHARLES] did wear. And when the King gave order to swear him of the Bedchamber, SOMERSET (who was near) importuned the King with a message that he might be only sworn a Groom. But myself and others, that were at the door, sent to Her Majesty that "She would perfect her work, and cause him to be sworn a Gentleman of her Chamber!"

There is a Lord, or two, living that had a hand in this achievement. I diminish nothing of their praise for so happy a work: but I know my own part best; and, in the word of an honest man, I have reported nothing but truth.

GEORGE went in with the King; but no sooner he got loose, but he came forth unto me, in the Privy Gallery, and there embraced me. He professed that "He was so infinitely bound unto me that, all his life long, he must honour me as his father." And now, he

did beseech me, that I would give him some Lessons how he should carry himself.

When he had earnestly followed this chase, I told him, I would give him three short lessons, if he would learn them.

> The First was, That, daily, upon his knees, he should pray to GOD to bless the King his Master, and to give him (*George*) grace studiously to serve and please him.
>
> The Second was, That he should do all good offices between the King and the Queen; and between the King and the Prince.
>
> The Third was, That he should fill his Master's ears with nothing but truth.

I made him repeat these three things unto me: and then I would have him, to acquaint the King with them! and so tell me, when I met him again, what the King said unto him.

He promised he would. And the morrow after, Master THOMAS MURRAY (the Prince's Tutor) and I standing together, in the gallery at Whitehall, Sir GEORGE VILLIERS coming forth, and drawing to us, he told Master MURRAY how much he was beholden unto me, and that I had given him certain instructions: which I prayed him to rehearse: as, indifferently well he did, before us. Yea, and that he had acquainted the King with them; who said, "They were instructions worthy of an Archbishop, to give to a young man."

His countenance of thankfulness continued for a few days, but not long! either to me or any others, his well wishers. The Roman historian, TACITUS, hath

somewhere a note that "Benefits, while they may be requited, seem courtesies; but when they are so high, that they cannot be repaid, they prove matters of hatred."



THUS, to lie by me, to quicken my remembrance, I have laid down the Cause and the Proceedings of my sending [*being sent*] into Kent; where I remain at the writing of this Treatise. Praying GOD, to bless and guide our King aright! to continue the prosperity and welfare of this Kingdom, which, at this time, is shrewdly shaken! to send good and worthy men to be Governors [*i.e., Bishops*] of our Church! to prosper my mind and body, that I may do nothing that may give a wound to my conscience! and then, to send me patience quietly to endure whatsoever His Divine Majesty shall be pleased to lay upon me! *Da quod jubes, et jube quod vis!* and, in the end, to give me such a happy deliverance, either in life or death, as may be most for His glory; and for the wholesome example of others! who look much on the actions and passions of Men of my Place.



Ben Jonson.
Answer to Master Wither's Song,
Shall I, wasting in despair.

[Which Song originally appeared in the

privately printed edition of FIDELIA, in 1617; and was incorporated, with some variations in the text, in *Fair Virtue* in 1622, as may be seen at *p.* 454. JONSON's Parody was printed in a very rare Collection, entitled *A Description of Love: with certain Epigrams, Elegies, and Sonnets, &c.*, the Second Edition of which was printed in 1620. We have here used a copy of the Sixth Edition of 1629, in the British Museum; press mark, C. 39. a.]

WITHER.



Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's Fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be She fairer than the Day,
Or the flowery meads in May!
If She be not so to me,
What care I, how Fair She be?

JONSON.

Shall I, mine affections slack,
'Cause I see a woman's Black?
Or myself, with care cast down,
'Cause I see a woman brown?
Be She blacker than the night,
Or the blackest jet in sight!

If She be not so to me,
What care I, how Black She be?

WITHER.

Should my foolish heart be pined,
'Cause I see a woman Kind?
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a comely feature?
Be She kind, or meeker than
Turtle dove, or pelican!
If She be not so to me,
What care I, how Fair She be?

JONSON.

Shall my foolish heart be burst,
'Cause I see a woman's curst?
Or a thwarting hoggish nature
Joinèd in as bad a feature?
Be She curst, or fiercer than
Brutish beast, or savage man!
If She be not so to me,
What care I, how Curst She be?

WITHER.

Shall a woman's virtues make
Me to perish for her sake?
Or her merits' value known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be She with that Goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best!
If She seem not so to me,
What care I, how Good She be?

JONSON.

Shall a woman's vices make
Me her vices quite forsake?
Or her faults to me make known,
Make me think that I have none?
Be She of the most accurst,
And deserve the name of worst!
If She be not so to me,
What care I, how Bad She be?

WITHER.

'Cause her fortunes seem too high,
Should I play the fool, and die?
He that bears a noble mind,
If not outward help he find;
Think, what, with them, he would do;
That, without them, dares to woo!
And unless that mind I see,
What care I, how Great She be?

JONSON.

'Cause her fortunes seem too low,
Shall I therefore let her go?
He that bears an humble mind
And with riches can be kind.
Think how kind a heart he'd have,
If he were some servile slave!
And if that same mind I see,
What care I, how Poor She be?

WITHER.

Great, or Good, or Kind, or Fair,
I will ne'er the more despair!
If She love me (then believe!)
I will die, ere She shall grieve!

If She slight me, when I woo;
I can scorn, and let her go!
For if She be not for me!
What care I, for whom She be?

JONSON.

Poor, or Bad, or Curst, or Black,
I will ne'er the more be slack!
If she hate me (then believe!)
She shall die, ere I will grieve!
If She like me, when I woo;
I can like and love her too!
If that She be fit for me!
What care I, what others be?



THE
FAMOUS AND
Wonderful Recovery
of a Ship of Bristol, called the
***Exchange*, from the Turkish**
Pirates of Argier.
WITH THE UNMATCHABLE
attempts and good success of
John Rawlins, Pilot in
her, and other slaves: who, in
the end (with the
slaughter of about forty of the
Turks and Moors),
brought the ship into Plymouth,
the 13th of
February [1622] last, with the
Captain
a *Renegado*, and five Turks more;
besides the redemption of
twenty-four
men and one boy from

Turkish slavery.



LONDON:
Printed for NATHANIEL BUTTER, dwelling at the *Pied Bull*, at Saint Austen's Gate.
1622.

[This Narrative, which is reprinted from a very rare copy of the original edition in the Bodleian Library, was not written by RAWLINS; but the unknown illustrator, or cementer of "the broken pieces of well-tempered mortar," so describing himself at *p.* 607, who put the information supplied by the brave Pilot,

into its present shape.]



**To the Right Honourable
George, Marquis of Buckingham,
Viscount Villiers, Baron of Whaddon, Lord High
Admiral of England; Justice in Eyre of all His
Majesty's Forests, Parks, and Chases beyond Trent;
Master of the Horse to His Majesty, and one of
the Gentlemen of His Majesty's Bed Chamber;
Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and one of His Majesty's
most honourable Privy Council
of England and Scotland.**

Right Honourable,



Seeing it hath pleased GOD by so weak means as my poor self, to have His power and goodness made manifest to the World, as by this following Relation may appear: I thought it my duty to present the same unto you; whom the Majesty of England hath presented unto us, as our Patron, and Chief Commander of our sea affairs. Accept it then, I humbly beseech you! as the unpolished work of a poor sailor; and the rather, for that it exemplifies the glory of GOD. For by such men as myself, your Honour must be served, and England made the happiest of all nations.

For though you have greater persons, and more braving spirits to be over our heads, and hold inferiors in subjection; yet are we the men that must pull the ropes, weigh up the anchors, toil in the night, endure the storms, sweat at the helm, watch the biticle [binnacle], attend the compass, guard the ordnance, keep the night hours, and be ready for all impositions.

If, then, you vouchsafe to entertain it! I have my desire. For, according to the oath of Jurors, it is "the truth, and the very truth." If otherwise, you suppose it trivial! it is only the prostitution of my service; and Wisdom is not bought in the market!

Your Honour's humbly to be commanded,

JOHN RAWLINS.





THE FAMOUS and Wonderful Recovery of the *Exchange* of Bristol from the Turkish pirates of Argier.



THE Psalmist saith, that "He that goeth to sea, shall see the wonders of GOD!" and I may well say, that he that converseth with mariners and sailors shall hear of the wonders of men! as by this following Discourse shall appear.

Not that I am willing to be the author of novelty, or amaze you with incredible reports; but because I would not let slip so remarkable an accident, and so profitable a relation. Remarkable, as extending to manifest the power and glory of GOD, who hath variety of supportation in store to sweeten affliction, and make all endurances subject to fortitude and patience: profitable, as being thus far exemplary, to teach all men of action and employment, not to despair in distress; and to know thus much, that brave attempts are compassed by resolution and industrious employment, and whether they thrive or not, yet shall the enterprise be Charactered with a worthy exploit. And if it end with success; O how shall the Actors be remembered to posterity! and make their fame immortal that, either purchased their liberty, even out of fire; or delivered themselves (though by death itself) from slavish captivity, or the thraldom of barbarous Infidels; who glory in nothing more than the perdition of our souls, and the derision of our CHRIST.

Hearken, then, I pray you! to this following Relation! and learn thereby, as I said, both to give GOD the praise of all deliverances; and to instruct one another

in the absolute duties of Christianity. By the one, the Power and Providence, with all the attributes belonging to so immense a Deity, shall be made manifest; by the other, the weak brother shall be comforted, the strong confirmed, the wavering reduced, the faint-hearted erected, and the presumptuous moderated. By both, Religion shall have a sweet passage in the consciences of men; and men made the happy instruments of GOD's glory, and their own increases of good example and imitation.

And thus much for Preamble or Introduction. Now, to the matter itself!

In the year 1621, the 1st of November, there was one JOHN RAWLINS (born in Rochester, and dwelling three and twenty years in Plymouth) employed to the Straits of Gibraltar, by Master[s] RICHARD, and STEVEN TREVILES, Merchants of Plymouth; and freighted in a bark called the *Nicholas* of Plymouth, of the burden of 40 tons: which had also in her company, another ship of Plymouth, called the *George Bonaventure*, of 70 tons burden or thereabouts; which, by reason of her greatness beyond the other, I will name the Admiral [*flag-ship*], and JOHN RAWLINS's bark shall, if you please, be the Vice-Admiral.

These two, according to the time of the year, had a fair passage; and, by the 18th of the same month, came to a place at the entering of the Straits, named Trafalgar; but the next morning [*19th November, 1621*], being in the sight of Gibraltar, at the very mouth of the Straits, the watch descried five sail of ships. Who, as it seemed, used all the means they

could to come near us; and we, as we had cause, used the same means to go as far from them; yet did their Admiral take in both his topsails, that either we might not suspect them, or that his own company might come up the closer together. At last, perceiving us [to be] Christians, they fell from devices, to apparent discovery of hostility, and making out against us. We again suspecting them [to be] pirates, took our course to escape from them; and made all the sails we possibly could for Terriff or Gibraltar: but all we could do, could not prevent their approach. For, suddenly, one of them came right over against us to windward; and so fell on our quarter. Another came up on our luff, and so threatened us there. And, at last, all five chased us; making great speed to surprise us.

Their Admiral was called *Callfater*; having upon her main-topsail, two top-gallant sails, one above another. But whereas we thought them all five to be Turkish Ships of War; we afterwards understood that two of them were their prizes (the one, a small ship of London, the other of the West Country), that came out of the Quactath, laden with figs and other merchandise, but now [were] subject to the fortune of the sea, and the captivity of pirates. But to our business!

Three of these ships got much upon us; and so much, that, ere half the day was spent, the Admiral, which was the best sailer, fetched up the *George Bonaventure*, and made booty of it.

The Vice-Admiral again, being nearest unto the lesser bark whereof JOHN RAWLINS was Master, shewed him the force of a stronger arm; and by his Turkish name, called VILLA RISE, commanded him, in like sort, to strike his sails, and submit to his mercy:

which, not to be gainsaid, nor prevented, was quickly done. And so RAWLINS, with his bark, was as quickly taken; although the Rear-Admiral, being the worst sailer of the three, called *Riggiprise*, came not in, till all was done.

The same day, before night, the Admiral (either loath to pester himself with too much company, or ignorant of the commodity [which] was to be made by the sale of English prisoners, or daring not to trust them in his company for fear of mutinies, and exciting others to rebellion) set twelve persons who were in the *George Bonaventure*, and divers other English whom he had taken before, on the land, to try their fortunes in an unknown country.

But VILLA RISE, the Vice-Admiral, that had taken JOHN RAWLINS, would not so dispense with his men; but commanded him, and five more of his company to be brought aboard his ship: leaving in his bark, three men and his boy, with thirteen Turks and Moors, who were, questionless, sufficient to overmaster the others, and direct the bark to harbour.

Thus they sailed direct for Argier [*Algiers*]. But, the night following followed them with great tempest and foul weather, which ended not without some effect of a storm: for they lost the sight of RAWLINS's bark, called the *Nicholas*; and, in a manner, lost themselves (though they seemed safe a shipboard) by fearful conjecturing what should become of us?

At last, by the 22nd of the same month, they, or we (choose you whether! for I would not be mistaken in altering the persons, by either naming the first for the third, or the third for the first; but only make the discourse equal, by setting down the business

honestly and truly as it chanced) arrived in Argier; and came in safety within the Mole: but found not our other bark there; nay, though we earnestly inquired after the same.

Yet heard we nothing to our satisfaction; but much matter was ministered to our discomfort and amazement. For although the Captain and our Overseers were loath we should have any conference with our countrymen; yet did we adventure to inform ourselves of the present affairs, both of the town and of the shipping. So that finding many English at work in other ships, they spared not to tell us the danger we were in, and the mischiefs we must needs incur; as being sure, "If we were not used like slaves, to be sold as slaves: for there had been five hundred brought into the market for the same purpose, and above a hundred handsome youths compelled to turn Turks; all English!" Yet, like good Christians, they bade us "Be of good cheer! and comfort ourselves in this! That GOD's trials were gentle purgations; and these crosses were but to cleanse the dross from the gold, and bring us out of the fire again, more clear and lovely."

Yet, I must needs confess, that they afforded us reason for this cruelty; as if they determined to be revenged of our last attempt to fire their ships in the Mole [*by Sir Robert Mansell's fleet in May, 1621. See J. B's.* Algiers Voyage, 1621], and therefore protested "to spare none! whom they could surprise, and take alone; but either to sell them for money or to torment them to serve their own ends."

Now their customs and usages, in both these, were in

this manner.

First, concerning the first. The Bashaw [*Pasha*] had the overseeing of all prisoners who were presented unto him, at their first coming into the harbour; and so chose one out of every eight, for a present or fee to himself. The rest were rated by the Captains, and so sent to the market to be sold: whereat, if either there were repining, or any drawing back; then certain Moors and Officers attended, either to beat you forward, or thrust you in the sides with goads. And this was the manner of the selling of slaves.

Secondly, concerning their enforcing them, either to turn Turk or to attend their impieties: although it would make a Christian's heart bleed to hear of the same; yet must the truth not be hid, nor the terror left untold. They commonly lay them on their naked backs or bellies, beating them so long till they bleed at the nose and mouth: and if yet they continue constant, then they strike the teeth out of their heads, pinch them by their tongues, and use many other sorts of tortures to convert them. Nay, many times, they lay them, their whole length, in the ground, like a grave; and so cover them with boards, threatening to starve them, if they will not turn. And so, many, even for fear of torment and death, make their tongues betray their hearts to a most fearful wickedness: and so are circumcised with new names, and brought to confess a new religion. Others again, I must confess, who never knew any god but their own sensual lusts and pleasures, thought that any religion would serve their turns: and so, for preferment or wealth, very voluntarily renounced their faith, and became Renegadoes; in despite of any counsel which seemed to intercept them.

And this was the first news we encountered with, at

our coming first to Argier.

The 26th of the same month, JOHN RAWLINS' bark, with his other three men and a boy, came safe into the Mole; and so were put all together, to be carried before the Bashaw; but that they took the Owner's Servant [? *Supercargo*] and RAWLINS's boy, and, by force and torment, compelled them to turn Turks.

Then were they in all, seven English, besides JOHN RAWLINS: of whom the Bashaw took one; and sent the rest to their Captains, who set a valuation upon them. So the soldiers hurried us, like dogs, into the market; where, as men sell hackneys in England, we were tossed up and down, to see who would give most for us. And although we had heavy hearts, and looked with sad countenances; yet many came to behold us; sometimes taking us by the hand, sometimes turning us round about, sometimes feeling our brawns and naked arms: and so beholding our prices written in our breasts, they bargained for us accordingly; and, at last, we were all sold, and the soldiers returned with their money to their Captains.

JOHN RAWLINS was the last that was sold, by reason of his lame hand. He was bought by the Captain that took him, even that dog VILLA RISE! who (better informing himself of his skill fit to be a Pilot, and his experience to be an Overseer) bought him and his Carpenter at very easy rates. For, as we afterwards understood by divers English Renegadoes, he paid for RAWLINS but 150 Doublets, which make, of English money, £7 10*s.*

Thus was he and his Carpenter, with divers other

slaves, sent into his ship to work; and employed about such affairs as belonged to the well rigging and preparing the same.

But the villainous Turks perceiving his lame hand, and that he could not perform so much as other slaves, quickly complained to their Patron: who as quickly apprehended the inconvenience: whereupon he sent for him, the next day, and told him, "He was unserviceable for his present purpose! and therefore unless he could procure £15 of the English there, for his ransom: he would send him up into the country, where he should never see Christendom again, and endure the extremity of a miserable banishment."

But see how GOD worketh all for the best for His servants! and confoundeth the presumption of tyrants, frustrating their purposes, to make His wonders known to the sons of men! and relieves His people, when they least think of succour and releasement!

Whilst JOHN RAWLINS was thus terrified with the dogged answer of VILLA RISE, the *Exchange* of Bristol, a ship formerly surprised by the pirates, lay all unrigged in the harbour, till, at last, one JOHN GOODALE, an English Turk, with his confederates (understanding she was a good sailer, and might be made a proper Man of War) bought her from the Turks that took her; and prepare her for their own purposes.

Now the Captain that set them on work, was also an English Renegado, by the name of RAMMETHAM RISE, but by his Christian name HENRY CHANDLER: who resolved to make GOODALE, Master over her.

And because they were both English Turks (having the command, notwithstanding, of many Turks and Moors) they concluded to have all English slaves to go in her; and for their gunners, English and Dutch Renegadoes: and so they agreed with the Patrons of nine English slaves and one French for their ransoms; who were presently employed to rig and furnish the ship for a Man of War.

And while they were thus busied, two of JOHN RAWLINS's, men (who were taken with him), were also taken up to serve in this Man of War: their names, JAMES ROE and JOHN DAVIES, the one dwelling in Plymouth; and the other in Foy, where the Commander of this ship was also born, by which occasion they became acquainted. So that both the Captain and the Master promised them good usage, upon the good service they should perform in the voyage; and withal, demanded of DAVIES if he knew of any Englishman to be bought, that could serve them as a Pilot; both to direct them out of harbour, and conduct them in their voyage. For, in truth, neither was the Captain a mariner, nor any Turk in her of sufficiency to dispose of *navigate* her through the Straits in security; nor oppose any enemy that should hold it out bravely against them.

DAVIES quick replied that, "As far as he understood, VILLA RISE would sell JOHN RAWLINS, his Master, and Commander of the bark which was taken. A man every way sufficient for sea affairs, being of great resolution and good experience; and for all he had a lame hand, yet had he a sound heart and noble courage for any attempt or adventure."

When the Captain understood thus much, he employed DAVIES to search for RAWLINS; who, at last lighting upon him, asked him, "If the Turk would

sell him?"

RAWLINS suddenly answered, that "By reason of his lame hand he was willing to part with him; but because he had disbursed money for him, he would gain something by him; and so priced him at 300 doublets, which amounteth to £15 English; which he must procure, or incur sorer endurances."

When DAVIES had certified thus much, the Turks a shipboard conferred about the matter; and the Master, whose Christian name was JOHN GOODALE, joined with two Turks who were consorted with him, and disbursed 100 doublets a piece, and so bought him of VILLA RISE: sending him into the said ship called the *Exchange* of Bristol; as well to supervise what had been done, as to order what was left undone; but especially to fit the sails, and to accommodate [*fit out*] the ship. All which, RAWLINS was very careful and indulgent in; not yet thinking of any particular plot of deliverance, more than a general desire to be freed from this Turkish slavery, and inhuman abuses.

By the 7th of January [1622], the ship was prepared, with twelve good cast pieces, and all manner of munition and provision which belonged to such a purpose: and, the same day, hauled out of the Mole of Argier, with this company, and in this manner.

There were in her sixty-three Turks and Moors, nine English slaves and one French, four Hollanders that were free men (to whom the Turks promised one prize or other, and so to return to Holland; or if they were disposed to go back again for Argier, they should have great reward, and no enforcement offered, but continue, as they would, both their religion and their customs): and for their gunners, they had two of our soldiers, one English and one

Dutch Renegado. And thus much for the company.

For the manner of setting out, it was as usual, as in other ships; but that the Turks delighted in the ostentatious bravery of their streamers, banners, and topsails: the ship being a handsome ship, and well built for any purpose. The slaves and English were employed under hatches, about the ordnance and other works of order, and accommodating [*berthing*] themselves.

All which, JOHN RAWLINS marked, as supposing it an intolerable slavery to take such pains, and be subject to such dangers; and still to enrich other men, and maintain their voluptuous lives; returning themselves as slaves, and living worse than dogs amongst them. Whereupon, after he had conceited the indignity and reproach of their baseness, and the glory of an exploit that could deliver himself and the rest from this slavish captivity; being very busy among the English in pulling of ropes, and placing of ordnance, he burst into these, or such like abrupt speeches: "O hellish slavery! to be thus subject to dogs! to labour thus to enrich infidels, and maintain their pleasures! to be ourselves slaves, and worse than the outcast of the world! Is there no way of releasement? no device to free us from this bondage? no exploit, no action of worth to be put in execution, to make us renown in the world, and famous to posterity? O GOD! strengthen my heart and hand, and something shall be done to ease us of these mischiefs, and deliver us from these cruel Mahomedan dogs!"

The other slaves pitying his distraction, as they thought, bade him, "Speak softly! least they should all fare the worse for his distemperature!"

"The worse!" quoth RAWLINS, "what can be worse? Death is the determiner of all misery! and torture can last but a while! But to be continually a dying; and suffer all indignity and reproach: and, in the end, to have no welcome but into the House of Slaughter or Bondage, is insufferable! and more than flesh and blood can endure! And therefore, by that salvation which CHRIST hath brought, I wilt either attempt my deliverance at one time or another, or perish in the enterprise! but if you would be contented to hearken after a release, and join with me in the action; I would not doubt of facilitating the same, and shew you away to make your credits thrive by some work of amazement, and augment your glory in purchasing your liberty!"

"Ay, prithee, be quiet!" said they again, "and think not of impossibilities! Yet, if you can but open such a door of reason and probability that we be not condemn for desperate and distracted persons, in pulling the sun (as it were) out of the firmament; we can but sacrifice our lives! and you may be sure of secrecy and taciturnity!"

"Now, blessed be my genius!" said RAWLINS, "that ever this motive was so opportunely preferred! and therefore we will be quiet a while, till the iron be hotter, that we may not strike in vain."

The 15th January, the morning water [*tide*] brought us near Cape de Gatte, hard by the shore; we having in our company, a small Turkish Ship of War that followed us out of Argier, the next day: and now joining us she gave us notice of seven small vessels, six of them being Sattees and one a Polacca; who very quickly appeared in sight, and so we made towards them.

But having more advantage of the Polacca than the

rest, and loath to lose all, we both fetched her up, and brought her past hope of recovery; which when she perceived, rather than she would voluntarily come into the slavery of the Mahomedans, she ran herself ashore; and so all the men forsook her.

We still followed as near as we durst, and for fear of splitting [*i.e., on the rocks*], let fall our anchors; making out [*sending*] both our boats, wherein were many musketeers and some English and Dutch Renegadoes: who came aboard home at their *congé* [*entered the vessel, without opposition*], and found three pieces of ordnance, and four murtherers [*see Vol. I. p. 500*], but straightway threw them all overboard, to lighten the ship. So they got her off, being ladened with hides, and logwood for dyeing: and presently sent her to Argier, taking nine Turks and one English slave out of one ship, and six out of the lesser; which, we thought, sufficient to man her.

But see the chance! or, if you will, how fortune smiled on us. In the rifling of this *Catalcynia* [? Catalonian], the Turks fell at variance, one with another; and in such a manner that we divided ourselves [*parted company*]: the lesser ship returned to Argier and our *Exchange* took the opportunity of the wind, and plied out of the Straits; which rejoiced JOHN RAWLINS very much, as resolving on some stratagem, when opportunity should serve.

In the meanwhile, the Turks began to murmur, and would not willingly go into the *Marr Granada*, as the phrase is amongst them; notwithstanding the Moors, being very superstitious, were contented to be directed by their *Hoshca*, who, with us, signifieth a Witch [*or rather Wizard*]: and is of great account and reputation amongst them, as not going in any great vessel to sea without one; and observing whatsoever

he concludeth, out of his divination.

The ceremonies he useth are many; and when they come into the ocean, every second or third night, he maketh his conjuration. He beginneth, and endeth with prayer, using many characters, and calling upon GOD by divers names.

Yet, at this time, all that he did, consisteth in these particulars. Upon the sight, and, as we were afraid, the chasing of two great ships, being supposed to be Spanish Men of War, a great silence is commanded in the ship; and when all is done, the company giveth as great a screech; the Captain still coming to JOHN RAWLINS and sometimes making him to take in all his sails, and sometimes causing him to hoist them all out, as the Witch findeth by his book and presages.

Then have they two arrows and a curtleaxe lying on a pillow, naked. The arrows are, one for the Turks, and the other for the Christians. Then the Witch readeth, and the Captain or some other, taketh the arrows in their hand by the heads, and if the arrow for the Christians cometh over the head of the arrow for the Turks, then do they advance their sails, and will not endure the fight, whatsoever they see; but if the arrow of the Turks is found, in the opening of the hand, upon the arrow of the Christians, they will then stay and encounter with any ship whatsoever.

The curtleaxe is taken up by some child that is innocent, or rather, ignorant of the ceremony; and so laid down again. Then they do observe whether the same side is uppermost, which lay before: and so proceed accordingly.

They also observe lunatics and changlings, and the Conjurer writeth down their sayings in a book,

grovelling on the ground, as if he whispered to the Devil, to tell him the truth: and so expoundeth the Letter, as it were, by inspiration.

Many other foolish rites they have, whereon they do dote as foolishly; and whereof, I could entreat more at large, but this shall suffice at this time.

Whilst he was thus busied, and made demonstration that all was finished; the people in the ship gave a great shout, and cried out "A sail!" "a sail!": which, at last, was discovered to be another Man of War of Turks. For he made towards us, and sent his boat aboard us; to whom, our Captain complained that being becalmed by the Southern Cape [? *of Portugal, i.e., Cape St. Vincent*]; and having "made" no voyage, the Turks denied to go any further northward; but the Captain resolved not to return to Argier, except he could obtain some prize worthy his endurances; but rather to go to Salle, and sell his Christians to victual his ship. Which the other Captain apprehended for his honour; and so persuaded the Turks to be obedient unto him: whereupon followed a pacification amongst us; and so that Turk took his course for the Straits, and we put up northward, expecting the good hour of some beneficial booty.

All this while our slavery continued; and the Turks, with insulting tyranny, set us still on work in all base and servile actions; adding stripes and inhuman revilings, even in our greatest labour. Whereupon JOHN RAWLINS resolved to obtain his liberty and

surprise the ship, providing ropes with broad specks of iron, and all the iron crows, with which he knew a way, upon the consent of the rest, to ram up or tie fast their scuttles, gratings, and cabins; yea, to shut up the Captain himself with all his consorts: and so to handle the matter, that, upon the watchword given, the English being masters of the Gunner Room, ordnance and powder, they would either blow them into the air; or kill them, as they adventured to come down, one by one, if they should, by any chance, open their cabins.

But because he would proceed the better in his enterprise, as he had somewhat abruptly discovered himself to the nine English slaves, so he kept the same distance with the four Hollanders that were free men: till finding them coming somewhat towards them; he acquainted with them the whole conspiracy; and they affecting the plot, offered the adventure of their lives in the business.

Then, very warily, he undermined the English Renegado which was the Gunner; and three more, his associates: who, at first, seemed to retract.

Last of all, were brought in the Dutch Renegadoes, who were also in the Gunner Room; for always there lay twelve there, five Christians, and seven English and Dutch Turks.

So that, when another motion had settled their resolutions, and JOHN RAWLINS's constancy had put new life, as it were, into the matter: the four Hollanders very honestly, according to their promise, sounded the Dutch Renegadoes; who, with easy persuasion, gave their consent to so brave an enterprise.

Whereupon JOHN RAWLINS, not caring whether the

English Gunners would yield or not, resolved, in the Captain's morning watch, to make the attempt.

But, you must understand that where the English slaves lay [*in the Gun Room*], there hung up always four or five crows of iron; being still under the carriages of the pieces. And, when the time approached, being very dark: because JOHN RAWLINS. would have his crow of iron ready, as other things were, and other men prepared, in their several places; in taking it out of the carriage, by chance, it hit on the side of the piece, making such a noise, that the soldiers hearing it, awaked the Turks, and bade them come down. Whereupon, the Boatswain of the Turks descended, with a candle, and presently searched all the slaves' places, making much ado of the matter: but finding neither hatchet, nor hammer, nor anything else to move suspicion of the enterprise more than the crow of iron, which lay slipped down under the carriages of the pieces; they went quietly up again, and certified the Captain, what had chanced, who satisfied himself that it was a common thing to have a crow of iron slip from his place.

But by this occasion, we made stay of our attempt; yet were resolved to take another or a better opportunity.

Only I must tell you, what JOHN RAWLINS would have done, if this accident had not happened. He was fully minded, with some others, with their naked

knives in their hands, to press upon the Gunner's breast and the other English Renegadoes, and either force them to consent to their designs, or to cut their throats; first telling them plainly that "They had vowed to surprise the ship, and, by GOD's assistance, to obtain their liberty; and therefore Die! or Consent (when you hear the watchword given, *For GOD! and King James!* and *St. George for England!*) [that] you presently keep your places! and advise to execute what you are commanded!"

But as you have heard, GOD was the best physician to our wounded hearts; and used a kind of preventing physic, rather than to cure us so suddenly. So that, out of His Providence, perceiving some danger in this enterprise, He both caused us to desist; and, at last, brought our business to a better period, and fortunate end.

For we sailed still more northward, and RAWLINS had more time to tamper with his Gunners, and the rest of the English Renegadoes: who very willingly, when they considered the matter, and perpended the reasons, gave way unto the project; and with a kind of joy seemed to entertain the motives. Only they made a stop at [*as to*] the first onset, who should begin the enterprise, which was no way fit for them to do; because they were no slaves, but Renegadoes, and so had always beneficial entertainment amongst them: but when it was once put in practice, they would be sure not to fail them; but venture their lives for GOD and their country.

When RAWLINS had heard them out, he much liked their contradiction [*reservation*]; and told them plainly, "He did require no such thing at their hands! but the slaves and himself would first sound the channel, and adventure the water." And so, after

reciprocal oaths taken, and hands given; RAWLINS, once again, lay in wait for the fittest opportunity. But once again he was disappointed; and a suspicious accident brought him to re-collect his spirits anew, and study on the danger of the enterprise: and thus it was.

After the Renegado Gunner had protested secrecy, by all that might induce a man to bestow some belief upon him; he presently went up the scottle [*scuttle*]; but stayed not aloft a quarter of an hour. Nay, he came sooner down; and in the Gunner Room sat by RAWLINS, who tarried for him, where he left him.

He was no sooner placed, and entered into some conference, but there entered into the place, a furious Turk, with his knife drawn, and presented it to RAWLINS's body: who verily supposed he intended to kill him; as suspicious that the Gunner had discovered something. Whereat RAWLINS was much moved; and so hastily asked, "What the matter meant? or whether he would kill him or not?" observing his countenance; and (according to the nature of jealousy) conceiting that his colour had a passage of change, whereby his suspicious heart condemned him for a traitor; but that, at more leisure, he sware the contrary, and afterwards proved faithful and industrious in the enterprise. And for the present, he answered RAWLINS, in this manner, "No, Master! be not afraid! I think, he doth but jest!"

With that, JOHN RAWLINS gave back a little, and drew out his knife; stepping also to the Gunner's sheath, and taking out his, whereby he had two knives to one: which, when the Turk perceived, he threw down his knife, saying, "He did but jest with him!"

But, as I said, when the Gunner perceived, RAWLINS took it so ill, he whispered something in his ear, that, at last, satisfied him: calling heaven to witness that "He never spake a word of the enterprise, nor ever would! either to the prejudice of the business, or danger of his person."

Notwithstanding, RAWLINS kept the knives in his sleeve, all night, and was somewhat troubled; for that he had made so many acquainted with an action of such importance: but, the next day, when he perceived the coast clear, and that there was no further cause for fear, he somewhat comforted himself; and grew bolder and bolder in disposing the affairs of the ship. Only it grieved him that his enterprises were thus procrastinated: whereby the Mahomedan tyranny increased, and the poor slaves even groaned again under the burden of their bondage; and thought every day a year, till something was put in execution for their deliverance. For it was now full five weeks since RAWLINS first projected the matter.

All this while, RAWLINS drew the Captain to lie for the Northern Cape [? *Cape Finisterre*], assuring him, that thereby he should not miss purchase; which accordingly fell out, as a wish would have it: but his drift was, in truth, to draw him from any supply or second [*reinforcement*] of Turks, if GOD should give way to their enterprise, or success to the victory.

Yet, for the present, the 6th of February, being twelve leagues from the Cape, we descried a sail; and presently, took the advantage of the wind in chasing her, and at last fetched her up, making her strike all her sails: whereby we knew her to be a bark belonging to Torbay, near Dartmouth, that came from Averare, laden with salt.

Ere we had fully despatched, it chanced to be foul weather; so that we could not, or at least would not make out our boat; but caused the Master of the bark to let down his, and come aboard with his company; there being in the bark but nine men, and one boy.

And so the Master, leaving his Mate with two men in the same, came himself, with five men and the boy unto us; whereupon our Turkish Captain sent ten Turks to man her: amongst whom, were two Dutch and one English Renegado, who were of our confederacy, and acquainted with us.

But when RAWLINS saw this partition of his friends, before they could hoist out their boat for the bark; he made means to speak with them, and told them plainly that "He would prosecute the matter, either that night, or the next: and therefore, whatsoever came of it, they should acquaint the English with his resolution, and make towards England; bearing up the helm, whiles the Turks slept and suspected no such matter. For, by GOD's grace, in his first watch, about midnight, he would shew them a light; by which they might understand that the enterprise was begun, or, at least, in a good forwardness for the execution."

So the boat was let down, and they came to the bark of Torbay; where the Master's Mate being left, as before you have heard, apprehended quickly the matter, and heard the discourse with amazement.

But time was precious, and not to be spent in disputing or casting of doubts, whether the Turks that were with them were able to master them or not; being seven to six: considering they had the helm of the ship, and the Turks being soldiers, and ignorant of sea affairs, could not discover whether they went to Argier or not; or, if they did, they

resolved, by RAWLINS's example, to cut their throats, or cast them overboard. And so I leave them to make use of the Renegadoes' instructions: and return to RAWLINS again.

The Master of the bark of Torbay and his company were quickly searched, and as quickly pillaged, and dismissed to the liberty of the ship; whereby RAWLINS had leisure to entertain him with the lamentable news of their extremities, and the adventure of their voyages: whereby he understood of his first setting out from the West country, of his taking and surprising at sea by VILLA RISE; of his twice being sold as a slave, and so continuing to his heart-burning and excruciation; of the making [of] the *Exchange* of Bristol, a Man of War, which they were now in; of the Captain and Master, who were both English Renegadoes; of the cruelty of the Turks in general, and his own fortunes in particular; of his admission into the ship as a Pilot; of the friendship which passed between him and the Hollanders; of the imparting of the secret of surprising the ship, both to the slaves and Christian Renegadoes; of their consent and courageous apprehension of the matter; of the first attempt, and their twice disappointing; of his still resolution presently [*at once*] to put it in practice; of his last acquainting [of] the Dutch Renegadoes who went aboard his bark; and in a word, of every particular which was befitting to the purpose.

"Yea," he told him, that "that night, he should lose the sight of them, for they would make the helm for England;" and that he "would, that night, and

evermore, pray for their good success and safe deliverance."

When the Master of the Bark of Torbay had heard him out, and that his company were partakers of his story; they all became silent: not either diffident of his discourse or afraid of the attempt; but as wondering at the goodness of GOD, and His mercy in choosing out such weak instruments to set forth His glory.

"True," quoth RAWLINS, when he found them coming towards him, "it is so! For mark but the circumstance of the matter! and you shall see the very finger of GOD to point us out our deliverance! When we came into the main ocean to hunt after prizes, according to the nature of pirates, and that I resolved on the enterprise, there were sixty-five Turks in our ship, and only seventeen of our confederacy. Then it pleased GOD to abate us ten of the Turks, who were sent with the Polacca before recited. And when we were disappointed again of our purposes; you see now what hath chanced! We are rid of more Turks, and welcome you, as a new supply! so that, if you please, we shall be twenty-four strong; and they, in all, are but forty-five. Be therefore courageous! and let us join heart, hand, and foot together that we may execute this brave attempt for GOD's glory, our country's honour, the good example to others, our own deliverance, and (if we may not be counted vainglorious) our everlasting memory."

By that time he had finished this discourse also, the Master of the Bark and his company resolved to assist him: as projecting [*foreseeing*] the misery and

wretchedness they should endure by being slaves to the Turks, and the happiness of their liberty besides the reputation of the enterprise. As for death, it was in community to all men: and so in the hands of GOD to dispose, at His pleasure; and either could not happen before the hour of limitation, or could not be prevented. For human policy must submit to Divine Providence.

Yet to shew himself an understanding man, he demanded of RAWLINS, "What weapons he had? and in what manner he would execute the business?"

To which, he answered, that "He had ropes and iron hooks, to make fast the scottels, gratings, and cabins. He had also in the Gunner Room two curtleaxes, and the slaves had five crows of iron before them. Besides, in the scuffling, they made no question [of taking] of some of the soldiers' weapons."

Then for the manner, he told them, "They were sure of the ordnance, the Gunner Room, and the powder: and so blocking them up, would either kill them, as they came down; or turn the ordnance against their cabins, or blow them into the air by one stratagem or other." Thus were they contented, on all sides; and resolved to the enterprise.

The next morning, being the 7th of February, the prize of Torbay was not to be seen or found; whereat the Captain began to storm and swear, commanding RAWLINS to search the seas up and down for her: who bestowed all that day in that business, but to

little purpose; whereupon, when the humour was spent, the Captain pacified himself, as conceiting he should be sure to find her at Argier. But, by the permission of the Ruler of all actions, that Argier was England! and all his wickedness frustrated.

For RAWLINS being now startled, lest he should return in this humour, for the Straits; the 8th of February went down into the hold, and finding a great deal of water below; told the Captain of the same: adding that "It did not come to the pump!" which he did very politicly, that he might remove the ordnance.

For when the Captain asked him the reason, he told him, "the ship was too far after the head."

Then, he commanded to use the best means he could, to bring her in order.

"Sure, then," quoth RAWLINS, "we must quit our cables, and bring four pieces of ordnance after [*abaft*]; and that would bring the water to the pump." Which was presently put in practice.

So the pieces being usually made fast thwart the ship, we brought two of them, with their mouths right before the biticle [*binnacle*]. And because the Renegado Flemings would not begin [*i.e., the fight*]; it was thus concluded.

That the ship having three decks; we that did belong to the Gunner Room should be all there, and break up the lower deck. The English slaves, who always lay in the middle deck should do the like, and watch the scuttles. RAWLINS himself prevailed with the Gunner, for so much powder as should prime the pieces: and so told them all, there was no better watchword, nor means to begin, than, upon the report of the piece, to make a cry and screech

[*shout*], "For GOD, and King JAMES!" and "St. GEORGE for England!"

When all things were prepared, and every man resolved, as knowing what he had to do; and the hour when it should happen, to be two in the afternoon: RAWLINS advised the Master Gunner to speak to the Captain, that the soldiers might attend on the poop, which would bring the ship after [*more aft*]. To which the Captain was very willing; and upon the Gunner's information, the soldiers gat themselves to the Poop to the number of twenty; and five or six went into the Captain's cabin, where always lay divers curtleaxes and some targets [*shields*].

And so we fell to work to pump the water; and carried the matter fairly till the next day, which was spent as the former; being the 9th of February, and, as GOD must have the praise! the triumph of our victory.

For by that time, all things were prepared, and the soldiers got upon the Poop as the day before. To avoid suspicion, all that did belong to the Gunner Room went down; and the slaves in the middle deck, attended [to] their business. So that we may cast up our account in this manner.

> First, nine English slaves, besides JOHN RAWLINS; five of the Torbay men and one boy; four English Renegadoes and two Dutch; four Hollanders: in all, four and twenty and a boy.

So that lifting up our hearts and hands to GOD, for the success of the business; we were wonderfully encouraged, and settled ourselves till the report of the piece gave us warning of the enterprise.

Now, you must consider that, in this company, were two of RAWLINS's men, JAMES ROE and JOHN DAVIES, whom he brought out of England; and whom the fortune of the sea brought into the same predicament with their Master.

These were employed about noon, being, as I said, the 9th of February, to prepare their matches; while all the Turks, or at least most of them, stood on the Poop, to weigh down the ship as it were, to bring the water forward to the pump, the one brought his match lighted between two spoons, the other brought his, in a little piece of a can. And so, in the name of GOD! the Turks and Moors being placed as you have heard, and five and forty in number; and RAWLINS having proined the touchholes: JAMES ROE gave fire to one of the pieces, about two o'clock in the afternoon; and the confederates, upon the warning, shouted most cheerfully.

The report of the piece did tear and break down all the biticle and compasses; and the noise of the slaves made all the soldiers amazed at the matter: till seeing the quarter of the ship rent and feeling the whole body to shake under them; understanding the ship was surprised, and the attempt tended to their utter destruction, never bear robbed of her whelps was so fell and mad!

For they not only called us "Dogs!" and cried out "*Usance de la mar*," which is as much as to say, "The fortune of the wars!" but attempted to tear up the planks, setting a work hammers, hatchets, knives, the oars of the boat, boat-hook, their curtleaxes, and what else came to hand; besides stones and bricks in the Cook Room: all which they threw amongst us; attempting still and still, to break and rip up the hatches and boards of the steering, not desisting

from their former execrations, and horrid blasphemies and revilings.

When JOHN RAWLINS perceived them so violent, and understood how the slaves had cleared the decks of all the Turks and Moors beneath; he set a guard upon the powder, and charged their own muskets against them: killing them from divers scout holes, both before and behind; and so lessened their number, to the joy of all our hearts.

Whereupon they cried out, and called for the Pilot: and so RAWLINS, with some to guard him, went to them; and understood them, by their kneeling, that they cried for mercy and to have their lives saved; and they would come down; which he bade them do. And so they were taken one by one, and bound; yea, killed with their own curtleaxes. Which, when the rest perceived, they called us, "English dogs!" and reviled us with many opprobrious terms; some leaping overboard, saying, "It was the chance of war!" Some were manacled, and so thrown overboard: and some were slain and mangled with the curtleaxes; till the ship was well cleared, and ourselves assured of the victory.

At the first report of our piece, and the hurly burly in the decks; the Captain was writing in his cabin: and hearing the noise, thought it some strange accident; and so, came out with his curtleaxe in his hand, presuming by his authority to pacify the mischief.

But when he cast his eyes upon us, and saw that we were like to surprise the ship; he threw down his curtleaxe, and begged to save his life: intimating to RAWLINS, "how he had redeemed him from VILLA RISE; and ever since admitted him to place of command in the ship; besides honest usage in the whole course of the voyage."

All which RAWLINS confessed; and at last, condescended [*agreed*] to mercy: and brought the Captain and five more into England.

The Captain was called RAMTHAM RISE; but his Christian name, HENRY CHANDLER: and, as they say, a chandler's son in Southwark. JOHN GOODALE was also an English Turk. RICHARD CLARKE, in Turkish, JAFAR; GEORGE COOKE, RAMEDAM; JOHN BROWNE, MAMME; WILLIAM WINTER, MUSTAPHA: besides all the slaves and Hollanders; with other Renegadoes, who were willing to be reconciled to their true Saviour, as being formerly seduced with the hopes of riches, honour preferment, and such like devilish baits to catch the souls of mortal men and entangle frailty in the tarriers of horrible abuses and imposturing deceit.

When all was done, and the ship cleared of the dead bodies; JOHN RAWLINS assembled his men together, and with one consent gave the praise to GOD: using the accustomed Service on ship board: and, for want of books, lifted up their voices to GOD, as He put into their hearts or renewed their memories. Then, did they sing a *Psalm*; and, last of all, embraced one another, for playing the men in such a deliverance, whereby our fear was turned into joy, and trembling hearts exhilarated; that we had escaped such inevitable dangers, and especially the slavery and terror of bondage, worse than death itself!

The same night, we washed our ship, put everything in as good order as we could, repaired the broken quarter, set up the biticle, and bore up the helm for England: where, by GOD's grace and good guiding, we arrived at Plymouth, the 13th of February 1622; and were welcomed like the recovery of the lost sheep, or as you read of a loving mother that

runneth, with embraces to entertain her son from a long voyage and escape of many dangers.

Not long after, we understood of our confederates that returned home in the bark of Torbay, that they arrived in Penzance in Cornwall, the 11th of February.

And if any ask after their deliverance, considering there were ten Turks sent to man her, I will tell you that too.

The next day after they lost us [*i.e., 7th*], as you have heard, the three Renegadoes had acquainted the Master's Mate and the two English in her, with RAWLINS' determination; and that they themselves would be true to them, and assist them in any enterprise: then, if the worst came, there were but seven to six.

But, as it fell out, they had a more easy passage than turmoil and manslaughter. For they made the Turks believe the wind was come fair, and that they were sailing to Argier, till they came within sight of England: which one of them amongst the rest discovered, saying plainly, "that land was not like Cape St. Vincent!"

"Yes!" saith he that was at the helm, "and [*if*] you will be contented, and go down into the hold; and turn the salt over to windward, whereby the ship may bear full sail: you shall know and see more to-morrow!"

Whereupon five of them went down very orderly, the Renegadoes feigning themselves asleep; who presently start up, and with the help of the two English, nailed down the hatches. Whereat the principal amongst them much repined; and began to grow into choler and rage, had it not quickly been

overpassed. For one stepped to him, and dashed out his brains; and threw him overboard.

The rest were brought to Exeter: either to be arraigned according to the punishment of delinquents in that kind, or disposed of as the King and Council shall think meet.

And this is the story of this Deliverance, and end of JOHN RAWLINS's voyage.

Now, gentle Reader! I hope you will not call in question the power and goodness of GOD, who, from time to time, extendeth His mercy to the miraculous preservation of His servants; nor make any doubt that He hath still the same arm and vigour as He had in times past, when GIDEON's three hundred men overcame the Midianites: and many ancient stratagems are recorded to have had a passage of success, even within our memories, to execute as great a wonder as this. Nor do I think you will be startled at anything in the discourse touching the cruelty and inhumanity of Turks and Moors themselves: who, from a native barbarousness, do hate all Christians and Christianity; especially if they grow into the violent rages of piracy, or fall into that exorbitant course of selling of slaves, or enforcing of men to be Mahomedans.

Nor can I imagine, you will call in question our natural desire of liberty, and saving of our lives, when you see, from instinct of nature, all the creatures of the world come to the law of preservation: and our Saviour Himself, alloweth the flying out of one city into another, in the time of persecution; and PAUL, by saying "He was a Roman!"

procured his delivery.

Well, then, it is only the truth of the story that you are amazed at: making doubt whether your belief of the same may be bestowed to your own credit! I can say no more. The actors in this comic tragedy are most of them alive. The Turks are in prison! the ship is to be seen! and RAWLINS himself dare justify the matter! For he hath presented it to the Marquis! a man not to be dallied withal in these things; nor any way to be made partaker of deceit.

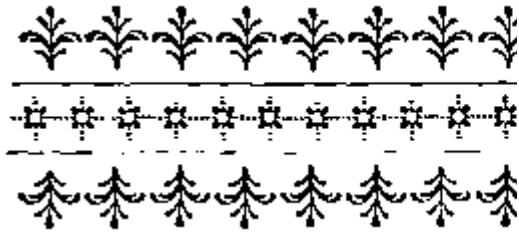
Nay, I protest I think he durst not, for his ears! publish (concerning the substance) such a discourse to open overlooking, if it were not true! As for illustration, or cementing the broken pieces of well-tempered mortar, blame him not in that! For precious stones are worn enamelled and wrought in gold; which otherwise would still be of value and estimation; but published and receiving the addition of art and cunning, who doth not account [them] the better, and esteemeth himself the ruler for their possession.

So, then, entertain it for a true and certain discourse! Apply it! make use of it! and put it to thy heart for thy comfort! It teacheth the acknowledgment of a powerful, provident, and merciful GOD, who will be known in His wonders, and make weak things the instruments of His glory! It instructeth us in the practice of thanksgiving when a a benefit is bestowed, a mercy shown, and a deliverance perfected. It maketh us strong and courageous in adversity, like cordial restoratives to a sick heart; and our patience shall stand like a rock, against the impetuous assaults of affliction. It is a glorious sun to dissipate the clouds of desperation; and cheer us thus far that GOD can restore us, when we are under the

pressure of discomfort and tribulation: for preferment comes neither from the East, nor the West; but from Him that holdeth the winds in His hands, and puts a hook in the nostrils of Leviathan.

So that if He do not give way to our contentment, it is because He will supply us with better graces, or keep us from the adder's hole of Temptation, whereat, if we tarry, we shall be sure to be stung unto death.

In a word, it is a Mirror to look Virtue in the face! and teach men the way to industry and noble performances; that a brave spirit and honest man shall say, with NEHEMIAH, "*Shall such a man as I! fly?* Shall I fear death or some petty trial; when GOD is to be honoured! my country to be served! my King to be obeyed! Religion to be defended! the Commonwealth supported! honour and renown obtained! and, in the end, the crown of immortality purchased?"





THE names of those [four] English Renegadoes as consented, and joined with the Slaves, in the

recovery of the Ship, were these:

RICHARD CLARKE, the Gunner; called in Turkish, JAFAR.

GEORGE COOKE, Gunner's Mate; called in Turkish, RAMEDAM.

WILLIAM WINTER, Carpenter; in Turkish, MUSTAPHA.

JOHN BROWNE, in Turkish, MEMME.

One Dutch Renegado.

Four Dutch Slaves.

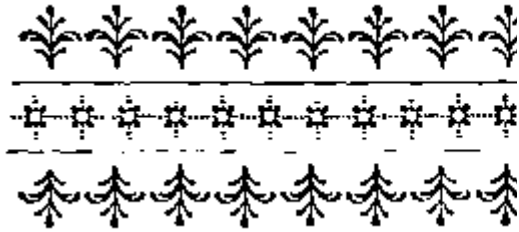
One French Slave.

Five Englishmen and a boy, taken but three days before.

Nine English Slaves, which they took with them from Argier.

In all twenty-four men and a boy: which were all safely landed at Plymouth, the 13th of February, 1621 [*i.e.*, 1622].

They saved alive, of the forty-five Turks and Moors, the Captain, one HENRY CHANDLER (born in Southwark), an English Renegado: and five Turks more, who are at this present in Plymouth Gaol, &c.



Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets &c.
John Dowland, Bachelor of Music, &c., and Lutenist to Christian IV., King of Denmark.
The Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs.
1603.

To my honourable good Friend
JOHN SOUCH, Esquire:
for many courtesies, for which I embolden myself;
presuming of his good favour, to present this simple work, as a token of my thankfulness.



The estimation and kindness, which I have ever bountifully received from your favour, have moved me to present this novelty of Music to you: who, of all others, are fittest to judge of it, and worthiest out of your love, to protect it. If I gave life to these, you gave spirit to me! for it is always the worthy respect of others, that makes Art prosper in itself. That I may therefore possess, and make manifest to the world, your singular affection to me; and my grateful mind, in my weak ability, to you: I have here prefixed your honourable name, as a bulwark of safety and a title of grace; thinking myself no way able to deserve your favours more, than by further engaging myself to you, for this your noble presumed patronage. "He that hath acknowledged a favour," they say, "hath half repaid it!"; and if such payment may pass for current, I shall be ever ready to grow the one half out of your debt: though how that should be, I know not! since I owe myself, and more (if it were possible) unto you.

Accept me wholly then, I beseech you, in what terms you please! being ever, in my uttermost service,

Devoted to your Honour's kindness,

JOHN DOWLAND.

The Epistle to the Reader.

THE applause of them that judge, is the encouragement of those that write. My first two *Books of Airs* sped so well, that they have produced a third, which they have fetched far from home, and brought even through the most perilous seas: where having escaped so many sharp rocks; I hope they shall not be wracked on land, by curious and biting censures. As in a hive of bees, all labour alike to lay up honey; opposing themselves against none but fruitless drones: so in the House of Learning and Fame, all good endeavours should strive to add somewhat that is good, not malicing one another; but altogether banding against the idle and malicious ignorant.

My labours, for my part, I freely offer to every man's judgement! presuming, that favour once attained, is more easily increased than lost.

JOHN DOWLAND.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigal,

Canzonets, &c.

The Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs.

Farewell, too fair! too chaste! but too too
cruel!
Discretion never quenchèd fire with
swords!
Why hast thou made my heart, thine
anger's fuel;
And now would kill my Passions with thy
words?
This is Proud Beauty's true anatomy.
If that secure, severe in secrecy,
farewell.

Farewell too dear! and too too much
desired!
Unless compassion dwelt more near thy
heart.
Love by neglect (though constant) oft is
tired!
And forc'd from bliss, unwillingly to part.
This is Proud Beauty's true anatomy.
If that secure, severe in secrecy,

farewell.



Time stands still, with gazing on her face!
Stand still, and gaze! for minutes, hours,
and years, to her give place.
All other things shall change! but She
remains the same,
Till heavens changèd have their course,
and TIME hath lost
his name.
CUPID doth hover up and down, blinded
with her fair eyes!
And FORTUNE captive at her feet,
contemned and conquered lies!

When FORTUNE, LOVE, and TIME attend
on
Her with my fortunes, love, and time, I
honour will alone,
If bloodless ENVY say, "Duty hath no
desert!"
DUTY replies, that "ENVY knows, herself,
his faithful heart!"
My settled vows and spotless faith, no
fortune can remove!
Courage shall shew my inward faith! and
faith shall try my love!



Behold a wonder here!
LOVE hath received his sight!
Which, many hundred years,
Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infusèd be,
By CYNTHIA in his eyes;
As first have made him see,
And then have made him wise.

LOVE now no more will weep
For them, that laugh the while!
Nor wake for them that sleep!
Nor sigh for them that smile!

So powerful is the Beauty,
That LOVE doth now behold;
As Love is turned to Duty,
That's neither blind, nor bold.

This Beauty shews her might,
To be of double kind;
In giving LOVE his sight,
And striking FOLLY blind.



Daphne was not so chaste, as she was
changing,
Soon begun, Love with Hate estranging.
He that to-day triumphs, with favours
graced;
Falls before night, with scorns
defaced.
Yet is thy beauty feigned! and every one
desires
Still, the false light of thy trait'rous fires!

Beauty can want no grace by true love
viewed,
Fancy by looks is still renewed;
Like to a fruitful tree it ever groweth,
Or the fresh spring that endless
floweth.
But if that Beauty were of one consent
with Love;
Love should live free, and true pleasure
prove!



Me! me! and none but me! Dart home! O
gentle Death!
And quickly! for I draw too long this idle
breath.
O how long till I may fly to heaven above,
Unto my faithful and beloved turtle dove!

Like to the silver swan before my death I
sing!
And yet alive, my fatal knell I help to ring!
Still I desire from earth, and earthly joys
to fly!
He never happy lived, that cannot love to
die!



"Say, Love! if ever thou didst find
A woman with a constant mind?"
"None but one!"
"And what should that rare mirror be?
Some goddess or some Queen is she?"
She! She! She! and only She!
She, only Queen of Love and Beauty!

"But could thy fiery poisoned dart,
At no time, touch her spotless heart,
Nor come near?"
"She is not subject to LOVE's bow.
Her eye commands, her heart saith 'No!'"

No! no! no! and only No!
One No! another still doth follow.

"How might I that fair wonder know,
That mocks Desire with endless 'No!'?"
"See the Moon!
That ever in one change doth grow;
Yet still the same! and She is so!"
So! so! so! and only so!
From heaven, her virtues she doth borrow.

"To her, then, yield thy shafts and bow!
That can command affections so!"
"LOVE is free,
So are her thoughts that vanquish thee!"
"There is no Queen of Love but She!"
She! She! She! and only She!
She, only Queen of Love and Beauty!



Flow not so fast, ye fountains!
What needeth all this haste?
Swell not above your mountains,
Nor spend your time in waste!
Gentle springs! freshly your salt tears
Must still fall, dropping from their
spheres.

Weep not apace, whom Reason

Or lingering Time can ease!
My sorrow can no season,
Nor ought besides appease.
Gentle springs! freshly your salt tears
Must still fall, dropping from their spheres.

Time can abate the terror
Of every common pain:
But common grief is error,
True grief will still remain.
Gentle springs! freshly your salt tears
Must still fall, dropping from their spheres.



What if I never speed!
Shall I straight yield to despair?
And still, on sorrow feed,
That can no loss repair?
Or shall I change my love;
For I find power to depart;
And, in my reason, prove
I can command my heart!
But if she will pity my Desire, and my Love requite;
Then ever shall she live my dear delight!

Come! come! come! while I have a heart
to desire thee!
Come! come! come! for either I will love,
or admire thee!

Oft have I dreamed of joy,
Yet never felt the sweet;
But, tired with annoy,
My griefs each other greet!
Oft have I left my hope,
As a wretch by fate
forlorn;
But Love aims at one scope,
And lost will still return.
He that once loves with a true desire,
never can depart!
For CUPID is the King of every heart.
Come! come! come! while I have a heart
to desire thee!
Come! come! come! for either I will love,
or admire thee!



Love stood amazed, at sweet Beauty's
pain;
Love would have said, that "all was but
vain,
and gods but half

divine!"
But when Love saw that Beauty would die,
He, all aghast, to heavens did cry,
"O gods, what wrong is
mine!"

Then his tears, bred in thoughts of salt
brine,
Fell from his eyes, like rain in sunshine,
expelled by rage
of fire.
Yet, in such wise as anguish affords,
He did express in these his last words,
His infinite
desire.

"Are you fled, Fair! where are now those
eyes?
Eyes but too fair, envièd by the skies?
You angry gods
do know!
With guiltless blood, your sceptres you
stain!
On poor true hearts, like tyrants you
reign!
Unjust! why do you
so?"

"Are you false gods! why then do you
reign?
Are you just gods! why then have you
slain
the life of love on
earth?
Beauty! now, thy face lives in the skies!
Beauty! now, let me live in thine eyes,
where bliss felt never death!"

Then from high rock, the rock of despair,
He falls! in hope to smother in the air,
Or else on stones to
burst:
Or on cold waves, to spend his last breath;
Or his strange life, to end by strange
death.
But Fate forbad the
worst!

With pity moved; the gods then changèd
LOVE
To PHŒNIX's shape, yet cannot remove
his wonted
property.
He loves the sun, because it is fair!
Sleep he neglects, he lives but by air!
and would, but cannot die!



Lend your ears to my sorrow,
Good people, that have any pity!
For no eyes will I borrow,
Mine own shall grace my doleful ditty!
Chant then, my voice, though rude
like, to my rhyming!
And tell forth my grief, which here,
In sad despair, can find no ease of

tormenting!

Once, I lived! Once, I knew delight!
No grief did shadow, then, my pleasure!
Graced with love, cheered with
beauty's sight;
I joyed alone true heavenly treasure!
O what a heaven is love firmly
embraced!
Such power alone can fix delight,
In Fortune's bosom ever placed.

Cold as ice frozen, is that heart
Where thought of love could no time
enter!
Such, of life reap the poorest part,
Whose weight cleaves to this earthly
centre!
Mutual joys in hearts, truly united,
Do earth to heavenly state convert;
Like heaven still, in itself delighted!



By a fountain where I lay,
(All blessed be that blessèd day!)
By the glim'ring of the sun,
(O never be her shining done!)
When I might see alone
My true love fairest one!

Love's dear light!
Love's clear sight!
No world's eyes can clearer see!
A fairer sight, none can be!

Fair with garlands all addrest,
(Was never Nymph more fairly blest!)
Blessed in the highest degree;
(So may She ever blessed be!)
Came to this fountain near,
With such a smiling cheer!
Such a face!
Such a grace!
Happy! happy eyes! that see
Such a heavenly sight as She!

Then I forthwith took my pipe,
Which I, all fair and clean did wipe,
And upon a heavenly ground,
All in the grace of beauty found,
Played this Roundelay,
"Welcome, fair Queen of May!
Sing, sweet air!
Welcome Fair!
Welcome be the Shepherds' Queen!
The glory of all our green!"



O what hath overwrought

My all amazed thought?
Or whereto am I brought?
That thus in vain have sought,
Till time and truth have taught
I labour all for nought.

The day, I see is clear;
But I am ne'er the near!
For grief doth still appear,
To cross our merry cheer:
While I can nothing here,
But Winter all the year.

Cold, hold! the sun will shine warm!
Therefore now fear no harm!
O blessed beams! where beauty streams;
Happy, happy light, to love's dreams!



Farewell, Unkind! Farewell! to me, no
more a father!
Since my heart holds my Love most dear;
The wealth, which thou dost reap!
another's hand must gather.
Though thy heart still lies buried there!
Then farewell! O farewell! Welcome, my
Love! welcome, my Joy for ever!

'Tis not the vain desire of human fleeting

beauty
Makes my mind to live, though my means
do die.
Nor do I Nature wrong, though I forget my
duty;
Love, not in the blood, but in the spirit
doth lie!
Then farewell! O farewell! Welcome, my
Love! welcome, my Joy for ever!



Weep you no more, sad fountains!
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains,
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lie sleeping
Softly! now softly lies sleeping!

Sleep is a reconciling!
A rest that peace begets!
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at e'en he sets?
Rest you! then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly! now softly lies sleeping!



Fie on this feigning!
Is Love without Desire?
Heat still remaining,
And yet no spark of fire?
Thou art untrue, nor wert with Fancy moved!
For Desire hath power on all that ever loved!

Show some relenting!
Or grant thou dost not love!
Two hearts consenting,
Shall they no comforts prove?
Yield! or confess that Love is without Pleasure;
And that women's bounties rob men of their treasure!

Truth is not placed
In words and forcèd smiles!
Love is not graced
With that which still beguiles!
Love, or dislike! Yield fire, or give no fuel!
So mayest thou prove kind; or, at the least, less cruel!



It was a time when silly bees could speak.
And in that time, I was a silly bee
Who fed on time [*thyme*] until my heart
'gan break,
Yet never found the time would favour
me.
Of all the swarm, I only did not thrive!
Yet brought I wax and honey to the hive.

Then thus I buzzed, when time no sap
would give,
"Why should this blessed time to me be
dry;
Since by this time the lazy drone doth
live,
The wasp, the worm, the gnat, the
butterfly?"
Mated with grief, I kneeled on my knees;
And thus complained unto the King of
Bees.

"My liege! gods grant thy time may never
end!
And yet vouchsafe to hear my plaint of
time;
Which fruitless flies have found to have a
friend,
And I cast down, when atomies do climb!"
The King replied but thus, "Peace, peevish
bee!

Th'art bound to serve the time! and time,
not thee!"



The lowest trees have tops! the ant, her
gall!
The fly, her spleen! the little spark, his
heat!
And slender hairs cast shadows, though
but small!
And bees have stings, although they be
not great!
Seas have their source, and so have
shallow springs!
And Love is Love, in beggars and in kings!

Where waters smoothest run, deep are the
fords.
The dial stirs, yet none perceives it move.
The firmest faith is in the fewest words.
The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love.
True hearts have eyes and ears, no
tongues to speak!
They hear, and see, and sigh; and then,
they break!



What poor astronomers are they,
Take women's eyes for stars!
And set their thoughts in battle 'ray,
To fight such idle wars;
When in the end they shall approve,
'Tis but a jest drawn out of Love.

And Love itself is but a jest
Devised by idle heads,
To catch young Fancies in the nest,
And lay them in fools' beds;
That being hatched in beauty's eyes,
They may be fledged, ere they be wise.

But yet it is a sport to see,
How Wit will run on wheels!
While Wit cannot persuaded be,
With that which Reason feels;
"That women's eyes and stars are odd,
And LOVE is but a feignèd god!"

But such as will run mad with Will,
I cannot clear their sight!
But leave them to their study still,
To look where is no light!
Till time too late, we make them try,
They study false Astronomy!

A Dialogue.



"Come, when I call, or tarry till I come!
If you be deaf, I must prove dumb!
If thy Desire ever knew the grief of delay,
No danger could stand in thy way!
What need we languish? Can Love quickly
fly?
Fear ever hurts more than Jealousy!
Then securely, Envy scorning,
Let us end with joy, our mourning!
Jealousy still defy!
And love till we die!"

"Stay awhile! my heavenly Joy!
I come with wings of love,
When envious eyes, time shall remove.
O die not, add this sorrow to my grief,
That languish here, wanting relief.
Then securely, Envy scorning,
Let us end with joy, our mourning!
Jealousy still defy!
And love till we die!"

A true and just RELATION

of
Major-General Sir Thomas Morgan's
PROGRESS
in
France and Flanders
with the
Six Thousand English,
in the years 1657 and 1658,
at the taking of
Dunkirk,
and
other important places.

As it was delivered by the General himself.

LONDON:
Printed for J. NUTT, near Stationers' Hall,
1699.

ADVERTISEMENT.



Sir Thomas Morgan drew up the following Relation, at a friend's desire, who was unwilling that posterity should want an authentic account of the actions of the Six Thousand English, whom Cromwell sent to assist the French against the Spaniards; and thought the Right they did their country, by their behaviour, might make some amends for the Occasion of their being in that service.

It had been printed in the last reign [*i.e.*, of JAMES II.], *if the Authority of it had not interposed, because there was not so much said of some who were then in the Spanish army, as they expected: and is published now, to let the world see that more was owing to our country than either Monsieur Bussy Rabutin* [ROGER DE RABUTIN, Count DE BUSSY] (Part II. *p.* 135), *or [Edmund] Ludlow* (Part II. *p.* 561), *in their* Memoirs *do allow. The former by his manner of expression seems contented with an opportunity to lessen their merit; and being in the right wing of the French, while this passed in the left, comes under the just reflection he himself makes* (Part II. *p.* 139) *a little after, upon the Describers of Fights, who are particular in what they did not see: and whether the latter was misinformed, or swayed by his prejudice* (Part II. *p.* 496) *to those that were engaged to support the new erected Tyranny, is left to the reader to judge.*

It may not be improper to add, that these papers came to the Publisher's hands, from the gentlemen at whose request they were written: and to whom Sir Thomas Morgan confirmed every paragraph of them, as they

were read over, at the time he delivered them, to him; which, besides the unaffected plainness of the style, may be urged for the credit of the narrative, since Sir Thomas was entitled to so much true reputation, that he had no need to grasp at any that was false.

January 24, 1698 [*i.e.*, 1699].

A true and just RELATION of Major-General Sir Thomas Morgan's PROGRESS in France and Flanders with the Six Thousand English, in the years 1657 and 1658.



THE French King, and his Eminence the Cardinal MAZARIN came to view the Six Thousand English, near Charleroi; and ordered Major-General MORGAN with the said Six Thousand English, to march and make conjunction with Marshal TURENNE's army: who, soon after the conjunction, beleaguered a town called St. Venant, on the borders of Flanders.

Marshal TURENNE having invested the town on the east side, and Major-General MORGAN with his Six

Thousand English and a Brigade of French Horse on the west; the army encamped betwixt Marshal TURENNE's approaches [*lines or parallels*] and Major-General MORGAN's. And being to relieve Count SCHOMBERG out of the approaches of the west side of the town, Major-General MORGAN marched into the approaches, with 800 English. The English, at that time, being strangers in approaches, Major-General MORGAN instructed the Officers and soldiers to take their place, by fifties; that thereby they might relieve the Point, to carry on the approaches, every hour.

In the meantime, whilst we besieged the town; the enemy had beleaguered a town called Ardres [*p.* 183], within five miles of Calais.

In the evening, Count SCHOMBERG, with six Noblemen, came to the Point, to see how Major-General MORGAN carried on his approaches; but there happened a little confusion, by the soldiers intermingling themselves in the approaches, so as there was never an entire fifty, to be called to the Point.

Count SCHOMBERG and his Noblemen taking notice thereof; Major-General MORGAN was much troubled, leaped upon the Point, and called out fifty to "take up the spades, pickaxes, and fascines, and follow him." But so it happened, that all [*i.e., the 800*] in the approaches leapt out after him; the enemy, in the meantime, firing as fast as they could.

Major-General MORGAN, conceiving his loss in bringing them to their approaches would be greater than in carrying them forward, passed over a channel of water on which there was a bridge and a turnpike, and the soldiers crying out, "Fall on! Fall on!" he fell

upon the Counterscarp, beat the enemy from it and three Redoubts: which caused them to capitulate; and, the next morning, to surrender the town, and receive a French garrison. So as the sudden reduction, thereof, gave Marshal TURENNE an opportunity, afterwards, to march and relieve Ardres.

The next place, Marshal TURENNE besieged, was Mardyke; taken, in twice eight and forty hours, by the English and French. After the taking thereof, Major-General MORGAN was settled there; by the order of the French King and OLIVER, with 2,000 English and 1,000 French, in order to the beleaguering Dunkirk, the next Spring. The rest of the English were quartered at Borborch [*Bourbough*].

For the space of four months, there was hardly a week wherein Major-General MORGAN had not two or three alarms by the Spanish army. He answered to them all; and never went out of his clothes all the winter, except to change his shirt.

The next Spring [1658], Marshal TURENNE beleaguered Dunkirk on the Newport side; and Major-General MORGAN on the Mardyke side, with his Six Thousand English, and a Brigade of French Horse. He made a bridge over the canal betwixt that and Bergen, that there might be communication betwixt Marshal TURENNE's camp and his.

When Dunkirk was close invested, Marshal TURENNE sent a summons to the Governor, the Marquis DE LEIDA, a great Captain, and brave defender of a

siege: but the summons being answered with defiance, Marshal TURENNE immediately broke ground; and carried on the approaches on his side, whilst the English did the same, on theirs. And it is observable, the English had two miles to march every day, upon relieving their approaches.

In this manner the approaches were carried on, both by the French and English, for the space of twelve nights: when the Marshal TURENNE had intelligence that the Prince DE CONDÉ, the Duke of YORK [*afterwards, James II.*], Don JOHN of AUSTRIA, and the Prince DE LIGNY were at the head of 30,000 horse and foot, with resolution to relieve Dunkirk.

Immediately upon this intelligence, Marshal TURENNE and several Noblemen of France went to the King and Cardinal, at Mardyke; acquainted his Eminence therewith, and desired His Majesty and his Eminence the Cardinal to withdraw their persons into safety, and leave their orders.

His Majesty answered that "He knew no better place of safety than at the head of his army;" but said, "It was convenient the Cardinal should withdraw to Calais."

Then Marshal TURENNE and the Noblemen made answer, "They could not be satisfied, except His Majesty withdrew himself into safety." Which was assented to; and the King and Cardinal marching to Calais, left open orders with Marshal TURENNE that "If the enemy came on; to give battle or raise the siege, as he should be advised by a Council of War."

The enemy came on to Bruges, and then Marshal TURENNE thought it high time to call a Council of War; which consisted of eight Noblemen, eight Lieutenant-Generals, and six *Mareschaux de Camp*:

but never sent to [the English] Ambassador LOCKHART, or Major-General MORGAN.

The whole sense of the Council of War was that "It was great danger to the Crown of France to hazard a battle in that strait [*broken*] country, full of canals and ditches of water." And several reasons being shown to that purpose, it ran through the Council of War, "to raise the siege, if the enemy came on."

Within half an hour after the Council of War was risen, Major-General MORGAN had the result of it in his camp; and went immediately to Ambassador LOCKHART to know if he had heard anything of it?

He said, "He had heard nothing of it"; and complained that "he was much afflicted with the stone, gravel, and some other impediments."

Major-General MORGAN asked him "to go with him, the next morning, to the headquarters."

He said, "He would, if he were able."

Next morning, Marshal TURENNE sent a Nobleman to Ambassador LOCKHART, and Major-General MORGAN; to desire them to come to a second Council of War.

Immediately, therefore, Ambassador LOCKHART and Major-General MORGAN went with the Nobleman to Marshal TURENNE's camp: and, by that time they came there, the Council of War was ready to sit down in Marshal TURENNE's tent.

Marshal TURENNE satisfied the Council of War that "He had forgot to send for Ambassador LOCKHART and Major-General MORGAN to the first Council of War; and therefore thought fit to call this, that they might be satisfied!" and then put the question, "Whether if the enemy came on, he should make

good the siege on the Newport side, and give them battle: or raise the siege?" and required they should give their reasons for either.

The *Marcsehaux de Camp* ran away with it [*i.e., the idea*], clearly to raise the siege; alleging what danger it was to the Crown of France to hazard a battle, within so strait a country, full of canals and ditches of water: further alleging that if the enemy came upon the Bank, they would cut between Marshal TURENNE's and Major-General MORGAN's camps, and prevent their conjunction.

Two of the Lieutenant-Generals ran along with the *Mareschaux de Camp*; and shewed the same reasons.

But Major-General MORGAN (finding that it was high time to speak, and that otherwise it would go round the board [*table*]) rose up, and desired, though out of course, that he might declare his mind in opposition to what the *Mareschaux de Camp* and the two Lieutenant-Generals had declared.

Marshal TURENNE told him, "He should have freedom to speak his thoughts."

Then Major-General MORGAN spoke, and said that "The reasons the *Mareschaux de Camp* and the two Lieutenant-Generals had given for raising the siege, were no reasons: for the straitness of the country was as good for the French and English as for the enemy." And whereas they had alleged that "If the enemy came on the Bank between Furnes and Dunkirk, they would cut between Marshal TURENNE's and Major-General MORGAN's camps." Major-General MORGAN replied, "It was impossible, for they could not march upon the Bank above eight a breast; and that Marshal TURENNE's artillery and small shot would cut them off at pleasure." He added, "That was not the way,

the enemy could relieve Dunkirk! but that they would make a bridge of boats over the channel in an hour and a half; and cross their army on to the sands of Dunkirk, to offer Marshal TURENNE battle." Further, Major-General MORGAN did allege, "What a dishonour it would be to the Crown of France! to have summoned the city of Dunkirk, and broke ground before it, and run away! And he desired the Council of War would consider that, if they raised the siege, the alliance with England would be broken the same hour."

Marshal TURENNE answered that, "If he thought the enemy would offer that fair game; he would maintain the siege on the Newport side; and Major-General MORGAN should march, and make conjunction with the French army, and leave the Mardyke side open."

Upon Marshal TURENNE's reply, Major-General MORGAN did rise from the board, and, upon his knees, begged a battle; and said that "he would venture the Six Thousand English, every soul!"

Upon which, Marshal TURENNE consulted the Noblemen that sat next to him; and it was desired that Major-General MORGAN might walk a turn or two without the tent; and he should be called immediately.

After he had walked two turns, he was called in. As soon as he came in, Marshal TURENNE said that "He had considered his reasons; and that himself and the Council of War resolved to give battle to the enemy, if they came on; and to maintain the siege on the Newport side: and that Major-General MORGAN was to make conjunction with the French army."

Major-General MORGAN then said, "That, with GOD's

assistance, we should be able to deal with them!"

The very next day, at four in the afternoon, the Spanish army had made a bridge of boats, crossed their army on the sands of Dunkirk, and drew up into *battalia* [line of battle], within two miles of Marshal TURENNE's lines; before he knew anything of them.

Immediately, all the French horse drew out to face the enemy at a mile's distance; and Marshal TURENNE sent immediate orders to Major-General MORGAN to march into his camp, with the Six Thousand English and the French Brigade of Horse. Which was done accordingly.

The next day, about eight o'clock, Marshal TURENNE gave orders to break avenues on both the lines, that the army might march out in *battalia*.

Major-General MORGAN set his soldiers to break avenues, for their marching out in *battalia* likewise. Several Officers being with him, as he was looking on his soldiers at work; Ambassador LOCKHART comes up, with a white cap on his head, and said to Major-General MORGAN, "You see what condition I am in! I am not able to give you any assistance this day! You are the older soldier, and the greatest part of the work of this day must lie upon your soldiers!" Upon which, the Officers smiled. So he bade "GOD be with us!" and went away with the Lieutenant-General of the Horse, that was upon our left wing. From which time, we never saw him till we were in pursuit of the enemy.

When the avenues were cleared, both the French and English armies marched out of the lines towards the

enemy.

We were forced to march up in four lines [? *columns*] (for we had not room enough to wing [? *spread out into line*] for the canal between Furnes and Dunkirk, and the sea) till we had marched above half a mile.

Then we came to a halt on rising hills of sand; and having more room took in [? *spread out*] two of our lines.

Major-General MORGAN seeing the enemy plain, in *battalia*, said, before the head of the army, "See, yonder are the gentlemen you have to trade withal!"

Upon which, the whole Brigade of English gave a shout of rejoicing, that made a roaring echo betwixt the sea and the canal.

Thereupon, the Marshal TURENNE came up, with above a hundred Noblemen, to know what was the matter, and the reason of that great shout?

Major-General MORGAN told him, "It was a usual custom of the redcoats, when they saw the enemy, to rejoice."

Marshal TURENNE answered, "They were men of brave resolution and courage."

After which, Marshal TURENNE returning to the head of his army; we put on to our march again.

At the second halt, the whole Brigade of English gave a shout, and cast up their caps into the air; saying, "They would have better hats before night!"

Marshal TURENNE, upon that shout, came up again, with several Noblemen and Officers of the army,

admiring the resolution of the English, at which time, we were within three-quarters of a mile of the enemy in *battalia*.

Marshal TURENNE desired Major-General MORGAN that, at the next halt, he would keep even front with the French; for says he, "I do intend to halt at some distance, that we may see how the enemy is drawn up; and take our advantage accordingly."

Major-General MORGAN demanded of his Excellency, "Whether he would shock the whole army at one dash; or try one wing first?"

Marshal TURENNE's reply was, "That as to that question, he could not resolve him yet, till he came nearer the enemy."

Major-General MORGAN desired the Marshal, "not to let him languish for orders!" saying that "oftentimes opportunities are often lost, for want of orders in due time."

Marshal TURENNE said, "He would either come himself, and give orders; or send a Lieutenant-General."

And so Marshal TURENNE parted, and went to the head of his army.

In the meantime, Major-General MORGAN gave orders to the Colonels and Leading Officers [*i.e., Captains and Lieutenants*], to have a special care that, when the French came to a halt, they kept even front with them: and further told them, that, "if they could not observe the French, they should take notice when he lifted up his hat," for he marched still above three score [yards] before the centre of the Bodies.

But when the French came to halt, it so happened that the English pressed upon their Leading Officers,

so that they came up under the shot of the enemy; but when they saw that Major-General MORGAN was in a passion, they put themselves to a stand. Major-General MORGAN could soon have remedied their forwardness, but he was resolved that he would not lose one foot of ground he had advanced; but would hold it as long as he could.

We were so near the enemy, the soldiers fell into great friendship. One asking, "Is such an Officer in your army?" Another, "Is such a soldier in yours?" And this passed on both sides.

Major-General MORGAN endured this friendship for a little while; and then came up to the centre of the Bodies, and demanded, "How long that friendship would continue?" and told them further that "for anything they knew, they would be cutting one another's throats within a minute of an hour!"

The whole Brigade answered, "Their friendship should continue no longer than he pleased!"

Then Major-General MORGAN bade them tell the enemy, "No more friendship! Prepare your buff coats and scarfs! for we will be with you, sooner than you expect us!"

Immediately after the friendship was broke, the enemy poured a volley of shot into one of our battalions, wounded three or four and one dropped.

The Major-General immediately sent the Adjutant-General to Marshal TURENNE, for orders; "Whether he should charge the enemy's right wing, or whether Marshal TURENNE would engage the enemy's left wing?" and advised the Adjutant-General not to stay,

but to acquaint Marshal TURENNE that we were under the enemy's shot, and had received some prejudice already.

But there was no return of the Adjutant-General, nor orders.

By-and-by, the enemy poured in another volley of shot into another of our battalions; and wounded two or three.

Major-General MORGAN (observing the enemy mending faults, and opening the intervals of the Foot to bring the Horse in, which would have made our work more difficult) called all the Colonels and Officers of the Field [*Field Officers, as distinguished from Leading Officers*], together before the centre of the Bodies, and told them, "He had sent the Adjutant-General for orders; but when he saw there was no hope of orders, he told them, if they would concur with him, he would immediately charge the enemy's right wing."

Their answer was, "They were ready, whenever he gave orders."

He told them, "He would try the right wing with the Blue Regiment, and the 400 Firelocks which were in the intervals of the French Horse;" and wished all the Field Officers to be ready at their several posts.

Major-General MORGAN gave orders that "The other five Regiments should not move from their ground; except they saw the Blue Regiment, the White, and the 400 Firelocks shock the enemy's right wing right off the ground:" and further shewed the several Colonels, what Colours they were to charge; and told them moreover that, "If he were not knocked on the head, he would come to them."

In like manner, as fast as he could, he admonished the whole Brigade; and told them, "They were to look in the face of an enemy who had violated and endeavoured to take away their reputation; and that they had no other way but to fight it out to the last man! or to be killed, taken prisoner, or drowned!" And further, that "The honour of England did depend much upon their gallantry and resolution that day!"

The enemy's wing was posted on a sandy hill, and had cast the sand breast-high before them.

Then Major-General MORGAN did order the Blue Regiment and the 400 Firelocks to advance to the Charge. In the meantime, knowing the enemy would all bend upon them that did advance; he removed the White Regiment more to the right, that it might be in the flank of them by that time, the Blue Regiment was got within push of pike.

His Royal Highness, the Duke of YORK, with a select party of Horse, had got into the Blue Regiment, by that time the White came in, and exposed his person to great danger. But we knew nobody at that time.

Immediately, the enemy were clear shocked off their ground; and the English Colours flying over their heads, the strongest Officers and soldiers clubbing them down.

Major-General MORGAN, when he saw his opportunity, stepped to the other five Regiments, which were within six score [yards] of him; and ordered them to advance and charge immediately.

But when they came within ten pikes' length, the enemy perceiving they were not able to endure our charge, shaked their hats, held up their handkerchiefs, and called for "Quarter!"

But the Redcoats cried aloud, "They had not leisure for Quarter!"

Whereupon the enemy faced about, and would not endure our charge; but fell to run: having the English Colours over their heads, and our strongest soldiers and Officers clubbing them down. So that the Six Thousand English carried ten or twelve thousand Horse and Foot before them.

The French army was about musket shot in the rear of us, where they came [*had come*] to a halt; and never moved off their ground.

The rest of the Spanish army, seeing the right wing carried away, and the English Colours flying over their heads, wheeled about in as good order as they could. So that we had the whole Spanish army before us! and Major-General MORGAN called out to the Colonels, "To the right! as much as you can!" that so, we might have all the enemy's army under the English Colours.

The Six Thousand English carried all the Spanish army [before it] as far as from Westminster Abbey to St. Paul's Churchyard, before ever a Frenchman came in, on either wing of us. But then, at last, we could perceive the French Horse come powdering [*scattered*] on each wing with much gallantry: but they never struck one stroke; and only carried prisoners back to the camp.

Neither, did we ever see the Ambassador LOCKHART till we were in pursuit of the enemy; and then, we could see him amongst us, very brisk; without his white cap on his head, and neither troubled with gravel or stone.

When we were at the end of the pursuit, Marshal TURENNE and above a hundred Officers of the army

came up to us, quitted their horses, embraced the Officers, and said, "They never saw a more glorious action in their lives! and that they were so transported with the sight of it, that they had no power to move, or to do anything." And this high compliment, we had for our pains! In a word, the French army did not strike one stroke in the battle of Dunkirk; only the Six Thousand English!

After we had done pursuing the enemy, Major-General MORGAN rallied his forces, and marched over the sands to where he had shocked them at first, to see what slaughter there was made. But Ambassador LOCKHART went into the camp as fast as he could, to write his letters for England, of what great service he had done! which was just nothing!

Marshal TURENNE and Major-General MORGAN brought the armies close to invest Dunkirk again, and to carry on the approaches.

The Marquis DE LEIDA happened to be in the Counterscarp, and received an accidental shot, whereof he died: and the whole garrison, being discouraged at his death, came to capitulate in a few days.

So the town was surrendered, and Ambassador LOCKHART marched into it, with two Regiments of English for a garrison: but Major-General MORGAN kept the field with Marshal TURENNE, with his other four Regiments of English.

The next siege was Bergen St. Winock, six miles from Dunkirk; which Marshal TURENNE beleaguered with the French army, and the four Regiments of English: and, in four or five days' siege, it was taken upon capitulation.

Marshal TURENNE did rest the army for two days after; and then resolved to march through the heart of Flanders, and take what towns he could, that campaign.

The next town he took was Furnes, the next Menin; after that, Oudenarde: and, in a word, eight towns besides Dunkirk and Ypres. For so soon as the Redcoats came near the counterscarps, there was nothing but a capitulation, and a surrender presently. All the towns we took were towns of strength [*i.e., fortified*].

The last siege we made, was before the city of Ypres, where the Prince DE LIGNY had cast himself in before, for the defence of that city, with 2,500 Horse and Dragoons. Besides, there were in the city, 4,000 burghers, all proper young men, under their arms. So that the garrison did consist of 6,500 men.

Marshal TURENNE sent in a summons; which was answered by a defiance.

Then Marshal TURENNE broke ground, and carried on two approaches towards the Counterscarp. Major-General MORGAN went into the approaches every night, for fear of any miscarriage by the English; and came out of the approaches every morning at sunrising, to take his rest: for then the soldiers had done working.

The fourth morning, Major-General MORGAN went to take his rest in his tent; but, within half an hour afterwards, Marshal TURENNE sent a Nobleman to him, to desire him to come to speak with him. When the Major-General came, there were above a hundred Noblemen and Officers of the army walking about his tent. And his Gentlemen had decked a room for his Excellency with his sumpter cloths; in which homely place, there were about twenty Officers of the army with him: but as soon as Major-General MORGAN came, Marshal TURENNE desired all of them to retire, for he had something to communicate to the Major-General.

The room was immediately cleared, and Marshal TURENNE turned the Gentlemen of his Chamber out, and shut the door himself. When this was done, he desired the Major-General to sit down by him; and the first news that he spake of was that "he had certain intelligence that the Prince of CONDÉ and Don JUAN of AUSTRIA were at the head of 11,000 Horse and 4,000 Foot, within three leagues of this camp: and resolved to break through one of our quarters, to relieve the city of Ypres," and therefore he desired Major-General MORGAN to have all the English, under their arms, every night, at sunset; and the French army should be so likewise.

Major-General MORGAN replied, and said, "The Prince of CONDÉ and Don JUAN of Austria were great Captains; and that they might dodge with Marshal TURENNE, to fatigue his army:" and, further, that "If he did keep the army three nights to that hard shift, they would not care who did knock them on the head!"

Marshal TURENNE replied, "We must do it, and surmount all difficulty!"

The Major-General desired to know of his Excellency, "Whether he was certain, the enemy was so near him?"

He answered, "He had two spies just come from them."

Then Major-General MORGAN told him, "His condition was somewhat desperate!" and said that "A desperate disease must have a desperate cure!"

His Excellency asked, "What he meant?"

Major-General MORGAN did offer him, to attempt the Counterscarp upon [*by*] an assault; and so put all things out of doubt, with expedition.

The Major-General had no sooner said this; but Marshal TURENNE joined his hands, and looked up, through the boards, towards the heavens, and said, "Did ever my Master, the King of France, or the King of Spain attempt a Counterscarp upon an assault: where there were three Half Moons covered with cannon, and the ramparts of the town playing point blank into the Counterscarp?"

Further, he said, "What will the King, my Master, say of me, if I expose his army to these hazards?" And he rose up, and fell into a passion, stamping with his feet, and shaking his locks, and grinning with his teeth, he said, "Major-General MORGAN had made him mad!"

But, by degrees, he cooled, and asked the Major-General, "Whether he would stay to dinner with him?"

But the Major-General begged his pardon, for he had appointed some of the Officers to eat a piece of beef at his tent that day.

His Excellency asked him, "If he would meet him at two o'clock, at the opening of the approaches?"

The Major-General said, "He would be punctual, but desired he would bring none of his train with him (for it was usually a hundred Noblemen with their feathers and ribands); because if he did, he would have no opportunity to take a view of the Counterscarp: for the enemy would discover them, and fire incessantly."

His Excellency said, "He would bring none but two or three of the Lieutenant-Generals."

Major-General MORGAN was at the place appointed, a quarter of an hour before his Excellency: who then came with eight Noblemen, and three Lieutenant-Generals, and took a place to view the Counterscarp.

After he had looked a considerable time upon it; he turned about, and looked upon the Noblemen and Lieutenant-Generals and said, "I don't know what to say to you! Here is Major-General MORGAN has put me out of my wits! for he would have me attempt yonder Counterscarp upon an assault."

None of the Noblemen or Lieutenant-Generals made any reply to him; but Count SCHOMBERG, who said, "My Lord! I think Major-General MORGAN would offer nothing to your Lordship, but what he thinks feasible: and he knows he has good fighting men."

Upon this, Marshal TURENNE asked, "How many English he would venture?"

The Major-General said, "He would venture 600 common men, besides Officers; and fifty pioneers."

Marshal TURENNE said, "600 of Monsieur LA FERTÉ's army and 50 Pioneers; and 600 of his own army and 50 Pioneers more, would make better [*more*] than 2,000 men."

Major-General MORGAN replied, "They were abundance to carry it, with GOD's assistance."

Then his Excellency said, "He would acquaint the King and his Eminence that Major-General MORGAN had put him upon that desperate design."

Major-General MORGAN desired his pardon, "For it was in his [*the Marshal's*] power to attempt it, or not to attempt it."

But in the close, Marshal TURENNE said to the Major-General that "He must fall into Monsieur LA FERTÉ's approaches, and that he should take the one half of Monsieur LA FERTÉ's men; and that he would take the other half into his own approaches."

Major-General MORGAN begged his pardon, and said "He desired to fall on with the English entire by themselves, without intermingling them."

Marshal TURENNE replied, "He must fall on out of one of the approaches!"

The Major-General replied that "He would fall on in the plain between both approaches."

His Excellency said that "He would never be able to endure their firing; but that they would kill half his men before he could come to the Counterscarp."

The Major-General said that "He had an invention, that the enemy should not perceive him, till he had his hands upon the stockadoes."

Next, his Excellency said, "For the signal, there shall be a captain of Monsieur LA FERTÉ's, with 20

Firelocks: who shall leap upon the Point, and cry, *Sa! Sa! Vive le Roi de France!*" and upon that noise all were to fall on together.

But Major-General MORGAN opposed that signal, saying, "The enemy would thereby be alarmed, and then he should hardly endure their firing."

His Excellency replied then, that "He would give no signal at all! but the Major-General should give it!" and he would not be persuaded otherwise.

Then the Major-General desired his Excellency that he would give order to them in the approaches, to keep themselves in readiness against sunset; for at the shutting of the night he would fall on. He likewise desired his Excellency that he would order a Major out of his own approaches, and another out of Monsieur LA FERTÉ's approaches to stand by him, and when he should be ready to fall on, he would despatch the two Majors into each of the approaches, that they might be ready to leap out when the Major-General passed between the two approaches with the commanded English.

Just at sunset, Marshal TURENNE came himself, and told the Major-General "He might fall on, when he saw his own time."

The Major-General replied, "He would fall on just at the setting of the night, and when the dusk of the evening came on."

The Major-General made the English stand to their arms, and divided them into Bodies; a Captain at the head of the Pioneers, and the Major-General and a Colonel at the head of the two Battalions.

He ordered the two battalions and the pioneers, each man, to take up a long fascine upon their muskets and pikes; and then, they were three small groves of wood!

Immediately the Major-General commanded the two Majors to go to their approaches; and that they should leap out so soon as they should see the Major-General march between their approaches, and did order the two battalions that when they came within three score [yards] of the stockadoes to slip [off] their fascines, and fall on.

But it so happened that the French never moved out of their approaches, till such time as Major-General MORGAN had overpowered the enemy.

When the Pioneers came within sight of the stockadoes, they slipped the fascines down, and fell on: the Major-General and the two battalions were close to them. When the soldiers began to lay their hands on the stockadoes they tore them down, for the length of six score [yards]; and leaped pell mell into the Counterscarp amongst the enemy. Abundance of the enemy were drowned in the moat; and many taken prisoners, with two German Princes; and the Counterscarp cleared.

The French were in their approaches all this time. Then, the English fell on upon the Half Moons; and immediately the Redcoats were on the top of them; throwing the enemy into the moat, and turning the cannon upon the town. Thus the two Half Moons were speedily taken.

After the manning of the Half Moons, he did rally all

the English, with intention to lodge them upon the Counterscarp, that he might be free of the enemy's shot the next morning. And they left the other Half Moon for Marshal TURENNE's party, which was even before their approaches.

Then the French fell on upon the other Half Moon; but were beaten off.

The Major-General considered that that Half Moon would gall him in the day time, and, therefore, did speak to the Officers and soldiers, that "it were best to give them a little help."

The Redcoats cried, "Shall we fall on in order, or happy-go-lucky."

The Major-General said, "In the name of GOD! at it, happy-go-lucky!" And immediately the Redcoats fell on, and were on the top of it, knocking the enemy down, and casting them into the moat.

When this work was done the Major-General lodged the English on the Counterscarp.

They were no sooner lodged, but Marshal TURENNE scrambled over the ditches to find out the Major-General; and when he met with him, he was much troubled the French did no better; for, indeed, they did just nothing!

Then his Excellency asked the Major-General to "go to his approaches to refresh himself."

But the Major-General begged his pardon, and said, "He would not stir from his post, till he heard a drum beat a parley, and saw a white flag over the walls."

Upon that, Marshal TURENNE laughed and smiled, and said, "They would not be at that pass, in six days! and then went to his approaches, and sent the Major-General three or four dozen of rare wine, with several dishes of cold meat and sweetmeats."

Within two hours after sunrising, a drum beat a parley, and a white flag was seen over the walls.

The Major-General ordered a Lieutenant, with a file of musketeers, to go and receive the drummer, and to blindfold him, and to carry him straight to Marshal TURENNE in his approaches.

Marshal TURENNE came immediately, with the drummer's message, to the Major-General; and was much troubled he would not receive the message, before it came to him.

The Major-General replied that "that was very improper, his Excellency being upon the place."

The message was to this effect, "That whereas his Excellency had offered them honourable terms in his summons, they were now willing to accept of them, provided they might have their Charter and the privileges of the city preserved. That they had appointed four of their Commissioners to treat further with four Commissioners from his Excellency."

Marshal TURENNE was pleased to asked the Major-General "whether he would be one of the Commissioners?" but the Major-General begged his pardon, and desired that he might abide at his post till such time as the city was surrendered up.

Immediately then, his Excellency sent for Count SCHOMBERG and three other Commissioners, and gave them instructions how to treat with the four Commissioners from the enemy. Just as Marshal TURENNE was giving the Commissioners instructions, Major-General MORGAN said "that the enemy were hungry! so that they would eat any meat they could have": whereupon his Excellency smiled, and shortened their instructions, and sent them away.

Within half an hour, the Commissioners had concluded.

> That they should have their City Charter preserved. That they were to receive a French garrison in. And that the Prince DE LIGNY was to march out with all his forces, next morning, at nine o'clock, with one piece of cannon, colours flying, bullet in mouth, and match lighted at both ends; and to have a convoy to conduct him into his own territories.

Marshal TURENNE was in the morning betimes, with several Noblemen and Officers of the army, and Major-General MORGAN attending near the gate, for the Prince DE LIGNY's coming out.

The Prince having noticed that Marshal TURENNE was there, came out of his coach; Marshal TURENNE being alighted from his horse, and Major-General MORGAN: at their meeting there was a great acclamation, and embracing one another.

After a little time, Marshal TURENNE told the Prince "He very much admired [*wondered*] that he should expose his person to a garrison before a conquering army."

The Prince DE LIGNY replied that "If Marshal TURENNE had left his English in England, he durst have exposed his person in the weakest garrison the King of Spain had in Flanders."

So they parted, and his Excellency marched into the town with a French garrison, and the Major-General with him.

So soon as the garrison was settled, Marshal

TURENNE wrote his letters to the French King, and his Eminence the Cardinal, how that "the city of Ypres was reduced to the obedience of His Majesty, and that he was possessed of it; and that Major-General MORGAN was instrumental in that service, and that the English did wonders!" and sent the Intendant of the Army with his letters to the King and Cardinal.

Monsieur TALLON, the Intendant, returned back from the King and Cardinal to the army within eight days, and brought a compliment to Major-General MORGAN that "the King and his Eminence the Cardinal did expect to see him at Paris, when he came to his winter quarters! where there would be a Cupboard of Plate [*i.e., of gold and silver plate*] to attend him."

Major-General MORGAN, instead of going for his Cupboard of Plate, went for England; and His Majesty of France had never the kindness to send him his Cupboard of Plate. So that this is the reward that Major-General MORGAN had had from the French King, for all his service in France and Flanders.



Killed at the Battle of Dunkirk.

Lieutenant-Colonel FENWICK, two Captains, one Lieutenant, two Ensigns, two Sergeants, thirty-two soldiers.

And about twenty wounded.

Killed at the Storming of Ypres.

One Captain, one Sergeant, eight private soldiers. [Wounded], about twenty-five officers, out of thirty-five; and about six soldiers slightly wounded after they were lodged upon the Counterscarp.

Sir THOMAS MORGAN himself slightly hurt by a shot in the calf of his leg.

THE END.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.
John Dowland, Bachelor of Music, &c., Lutenist to the Lord Walden.
A Pilgrim's Solace
1612.

To the Right Honourable
THEOPHILUS, Lord WALDEN,
SON AND HEIR TO THE MOST NOBLE

THOMAS, Baron of WALDEN, Earl of SUFFOLK, Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and one of His Majesty's most honourable Privy Council.

MOST HONOURED LORD,



As to excel in any quality is very rare, so is it a hard thing to find out those that favour Virtue and Learning: but such being found, men of judgement are drawn (I know not by what sympathy) to love and honour them, as the Saints and Sovereigns of their affections and devices. Wherefore, most worthy Lord! your Honour, being of all men noted (as natural born heir of your most renowned father and mother) to be the only and alone Supporter of goodness and excellency: [and] known to none better (unless I should be the most ungrateful of all others!) than myself; who am held up only by your gracious hand. For which, I can shew no other means of thankfulness than these simple fruits of my poor endeavours, which I most humbly present as a public pledge from a true and devoted heart; hoping hereafter to perform something, wherein I shall shew myself more worthy of your honourable service.

In the meantime, you shall have a poor man's prayers for your Lordship's continual health, and daily increase

of honour.

Your Honour's humble servant,

JOHN DOWLAND.

To the Reader.
Worthy Gentlemen, and my loving Countrymen,



MOVED by your many and foretasted courtesies, I am constrained to appear again unto you. True it is, I have lien long obscured from your sight, because I received a Kingly entertainment in a foreign climate, which could not attain to any (though never so mean [a]) place at home. Yet have I held up my head within this horizon, and not altogether been affected elsewhere; since some part of my poor labours have found favour in the greatest part of Europe, and been printed in eight most famous cities beyond the seas, viz.: Paris, Antwerp, Cologne, Nuremburg, Frankfort, Leipsic, Amsterdam, and Hamburg; yea, and some of them also authorised under the Emperor's royal privilege.

Yet I must tell you, as I have been a stranger, so have I again found strange entertainment since my return: especially, by the opposition of two sorts of people that shroud themselves under the titles of Musicians.

The first are some simple Cantors or vocal singers; who, though they seem excellent in their blind

Division-making, are merely ignorant, even in the first elements of Music; and also in the true order of the mutation of the Hexachord in the System, which hath been approved by all the learned and skilful men of Christendom, these 800 years. Yet do these fellows give their verdict of me behind my back; and say, [that] what I do "is after the old manner." But I will speak openly to them, and would have them know, that the proudest Cantor of them dares not oppose himself face to face against me.

The second are young men, professors of the Lute, who vaunt themselves to the disparagement of such as have been before their time (wherein I myself am a party), that there never was the like of them. To these men I say little, because of my love and hope to see some deeds ensue [from] their brave words. And also [it] being that, here, under their own noses, hath been published a book in defence of the Viol de Gamba; wherein not only all other the best and principal instruments have been abased, but especially the Lute by name. The words, to satisfy thee, Reader! I have here thought good to insert; and are as followeth: "From henceforth, the stately instrument Gambo Viol shall with ease yield full, various, and deviceful music as the Lute: for here I protest the trinity of music—Parts, Passion, and Division—to be as gracefully united in the Gambo Viol, as in the most received instrument that is," &c. Which imputation, methinks, the learneder sort of musicians ought not to let pass unanswered.

Moreover there are here, and daily doth come into our most famous kingdom, divers strangers from beyond the seas, which aver before our own faces, that we have no true method of application or fingering of the Lute.

Now if these gallant young Lutenists be such as they would have the world believe (and of which I make no doubt) let them remember that their skill lieth not in their fingers' ends. *Cucullus non facit monachum* [*A hood does not make a monk*]. I wish for the honour, therefore, and general benefit of our country, that they would undertake the defence of their Lute profession; seeing that some of them, above other, have most large means, convenient time, and such encouragement as I never knew any have.

Believe me, if any of these objections had been made when those famous men lived, which are now thought worthy of no fame; not derogating from these skilful men present, I dare affirm that these objections had been answered to the full: and I make no doubt but that those few of the former time which live yet (being some of them Bachelors of Music; and others, which assume unto themselves to be no less worthy) will be as forward to preserve their reputation.

Perhaps you will ask me, why I, that have travelled many countries and ought to have some experience, do not undergo this business myself? I answer, that I want ability, being now entered into the fiftieth year of mine age; secondly, I want both means, leisure, and encouragement.

But, gentle Reader! to conclude, though abruptly. This work of mine, which I have here published, containeth such things as I myself have thought well of, as being, in mine opinion, furnished with variety of matter, both of judgement and delight: which willingly I refer to the friendly censure and approbation of the skilful; hoping it will be no less delightful to all in general, than it was pleasing to me in the composition. Farewell.

Your friend,

JOHN DOWLAND.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

A Pilgrim's Solace.

O

Disdain me still, that I may ever love!
For who his Love enjoys, can love no more.
The war once past, with ease men cowards prove.
And ships returned, do rot upon the shore.
And though thou frown, I'll say
"Thou art most fair!

And still I'll love! though still I
must despair."

As Heat to Life, so is Desire to Love:
And these once quenched, both life and
love are gone;
Let not my sighs nor tears thy virtue
move!
Like baser metals, do not melt too soon!
Laugh at my woes, although I ever
mourn!
Love surfeits with Reward! his
nurse is Scorn!

To my worthy friend Master William Jewel, of Exeter College in Oxford.



Sweet! stay awhile! why will you rise?
The light you see, comes from your eyes!
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
To think that you and I must part!
O stay! or else my joys must die,
And perish in their infancy!

Dear! let me die in this fair breast!
Far sweeter than the Phœnix nest.
Love! raise Desire by his sweet charms,
Within this circle of thine arms!
And let thy blissful kisses cherish
Mine infant joys! that else must perish!



To ask for all thy love, and thy whole
heart,
'twere
madness!
I do not sue
Nor can admit,
Fairest! from you
To have all!
Yet who giveth all, hath nothing to impart
but
sadness!

He that receiveth all, can have no more
than
seeing.
My love, by length
Of every hour,
Gathers new strength!
New growth! new
flower!
You must have daily new rewards in store,
still
being.

You cannot, every day, give me your heart
for
merit!
Yet, if you will,
When yours doth go,
You shall have still

One to bestow!
For you shall mine, when yours doth part,
inherit!

Yet, if you please, I'll find a better way,
than
change
them.
For so, alone,
Dearest! we shall
Be one! and one
Another's all!
Let us so join our hearts, that nothing may
estrange
them!



LOVE! those beams that breed, all day
long breed and feed this burning,
LOVE! I quench with floods, floods of
tears, nightly tears and morning.
But, alas, tears cool this fire in vain!
The more I quench, the more there doth
remain!

I'll go to the woods, and alone make my
moan, O cruel!
For I am deceived and bereaved of my

life! my jewel!
O but in the woods, though LOVE be blind,
He hath his spies, my secret haunts to
find.

LOVE, then I must yield to thy might!
might and spite oppressed,
Since I see my wrongs (woe is me!) cannot
be redressed.
Come at last! Be friendly, LOVE, to me!
And let me not endure this misery!



Shall I strive with words to move! when
deeds receive not due regard?
Shall I speak! and neither please, nor be
freely heard?
All woes have end; though awhile
delayed, our patience proving.
O that Time's strange effects could make
her loving!
I wooed her, I loved her, and none
but her admire.
O come, dear Joy! and answer my
Desire!

Grief, alas, though all in vain, her restless
anguish must reveal!
She alone my wound shall know, though

she will not heal!
Storms calm at last! and why may not she
leave off frowning?
O sweet LOVE! help her hands, my
affection crowning!
I wooed her, I loved her, and none
but her admire.
O come, dear Joy! and answer my
Desire!



Were every thought an eye, and all those
eyes could see;
Her subtle wiles, their sights would
beguile and mock their jealousy!
Desire lives in her heart, DIANA in her
eyes!
'Twere vain, to wish women true! 'tis well,
if they prove wise!
Such a love deserves more grace,
Than a truer heart that hath no
conceit
To make use both of time and place,
When a wit had need of all his slight.

Her fires do inward burn, but make no
outward show!
And her delights, amid the dark shades,

which none discover, grow!
The flower's growth is unseen, yet every
day it grows!
So where her Fancy is set, it grows! but
how, none knows.
Such a love deserves more grace,
Than a truer heart, that hath not
conceit
To make use both of time and place,
When a wit had need of all his slight.



Stay Time, awhile, thy flying!
Stay, and pity me dying!
For Fates and friends have left
me,
And of comfort bereft me.
Come! come, close mine eyes! Better to
die blessed,
Than to live thus distressed!

To whom shall I complain me,
When thus friends do disdain
me?
'Tis Time that must befriend me!
Drowned in sorrow to end me.
Come! come, close mine eyes! Better to
die blessed,

Than to live thus distressed!

Tears but augment this fuel.
I feed by night (O cruel!).
Light griefs can speak their
pleasure.
Mine are dumb, passing measure!
Quick! quick, close mine eyes! Better to
die blessed,
Than here to live distressed!



Tell me, TRUE LOVE! where shall I seek
thy being?
In thoughts or words, in vows or
promise making?
In reasons, looks, or Passions never
seeing?
In men on earth, or women's minds
partaking?
Thou canst not die! and therefore,
living, tell me,
Where is thy seat? Why doth this
Age expel thee?

When thoughts are still unseen, and words
disguised;
Vows are not sacred held, nor promise
debt;

By Passion, Reason's glory is surprised;
In neither sex is true love firmly set.
Thoughts feigned, words false,
vows and promise broken,
Made TRUE LOVE fly from earth!
This is the token.

Mount, then, my thoughts! Here is for
thee no dwelling,
Since Truth and Falsehood live, like
twins, together.
Believe not Sense! eyes! ears! touch! taste!
or smelling!
Both Art and Nature's forced! put trust
in neither!
One only She, doth TRUE LOVE,
captive bind,
In fairest breast, but in a fairer
mind.

O fairest mind, enriched with LOVE's
residing,
Retain the best! In hearts, let some seed
fall!
Instead of weeds, LOVE's fruits may have
abiding,
At harvest, you shall reap increase of
all!
O happy LOVE! More happy man,
that finds thee,
Most happy Saint! that keeps,
restores, unbinds thee!



Go, nightly cares! the enemy to rest!
Forbear, awhile, to vex my wearied sprite!
So long your weight hath lain upon my breast;
That lo! I live, of life bereavèd quite.
O give me time to draw my wearied breath!
Or let me die, as I desire the death!
Welcome, sweet Death! O life! no life, a hell!
Then thus, and thus, I bid the world, farewell.

False World! farewell! the enemy to rest!
Now do thy worst! I do not weigh thy spite.
Free from thy cares I live for ever blest,
Enjoying peace and heavenly true delight.
Delight, whom woes nor sorrows shall amate,
Nor fears or tears disturb her happy state,
And thus I leave thy hopes, thy joys untrue,
And thus, and thus, vain World! again, adieu!

To my loving countryman, Master John Forster, the younger, Merchant of Dublin in Ireland.



From silent night, true register of moans;
From saddest soul, consumed with deepest sins;
From heart, quite rent with sighs and heavy groans;
My wailing Muse her woful work begins,
And to the world, brings tunes of sad Despair,
Sounding nought else but Sorrow, Grief, and Care.

Sorrow, to see my sorrow's cause augmented,
And yet less sorrowful were my sorrows more;
Grief, that my grief with grief is not prevented,
For grief it must ease my grieved sore.
Thus Grief and Sorrow care but how to grieve,
For Grief and Sorrow must my Care relieve.

If any eye therefore can spare a tear,
To fill the well-spring that must wet my cheeks,
O let that eye, to this sad feast draw near!
Refuse me not, my humble soul beseeks!
For all the tears mine eyes have ever

wept,
Were now too little, had they all been
kept.



My Heart and Tongue were Twins, at once
conceived.
Th' eldest was my Heart, born dumb by
destiny,
The last, my Tongue, of all sweet thoughts
bereaved:
Yet strung and tuned to play Heart's
harmony.

Both knit in one, and yet asunder placed:
What Heart would speak, the Tongue
doth still discover;
What Tongue doth speak, is of the Heart
embraced,
And both are one to make a new found
lover.

New found, and only found in gods and
kings,
Whose words are deeds, but words nor
deeds regarded.
Chaste thoughts do mount and fly with
swiftest wings!
My love with pain, my pain with loss

rewarded.

Then this be sure! since it is true
perfection,
That neither men nor gods can force
Affection!

A Dialogue.



My merry mates! to NEPTUNE's praise,
Your voices high advance!
The wat'ry nymphs shall dance,
And ÆOLUS shall whistle to your lays.

[MASTER.] Steersman, how stands the
wind?

STEERSMAN. Full north-north-east.

MASTER. What course?

STEERSMAN. Full south-south-west.

MASTER. No worse, and blow so fair,
Then sink despair,
Come solace to the
mind!
Ere night, we shall
the haven
find.

O happy days, who
may contain
But swell with proud
disdain
When seas are
smooth,
Sails full, and all
things
please?
The Golden Mean that
constant spirit
bears!
In such extremes, that
nor presumes
nor fears.

Stay, merry mates,
proud
NEPTUNE
lowers!
Your voices all
deplore you,
The nymphs
standing
weeping o'er
you.
And ÆOLUS and IRIS
bandy showers.

MASTER. Boatsman, haul in the boat!

STEERSMAN. Hark! hark the ratlings!

MASTER. 'Tis hail!

STEERSMAN. Make fast the tacklings!

MASTER. Strike sail!
Make quick
despatches!
Shut close the
hatches!
Hold stern! cast
anchor out!
This night we shall
at random
float.
O dismal hours!
Who can
forbear,
But sink with
sad
despair;
When seas are rough,
sails rent, and
each thing
lowers.



Welcome, black Night, HYMEN's fair day!
Help, HYMEN! Love's due debt to pay!
Love's due debt is chaste Delight;
Which if the Turtles want to night,
HYMEN forfeits his deity, and night in love
her dignity.

HYMEN! O HYMEN! mine of treasures
more divine,
What deity is like to thee! that freest
from mortality?

Stay, happy pair! stay but awhile!
HYMEN comes not, Love to beguile.
These sports are alluring baits
And sauce are, to Love's sweetest
cates:
Longing hope doth no hurt but this,
It heighten's Love's attainèd bliss!
Then stay, most happy! stay
awhile!
HYMEN comes not, Love to
beguile.



Cease, cease, cease these false sports!
Haste, haste away! LOVE'S made truant, by
your stay!
Good night! good night, yet virgin Bride!
But look (ere day be spied)
You change that fruitless name!
Lest you your sex defame.
Fear not HYMEN'S peaceful war,
You'll conquer, though you subdued are!
Good night! and, ere the day be old,

Rise to the sun, a marigold!
HYMEN! O HYMEN! bless this night!
That Love's dark works may come to
light!



THE END OF THE Fourth Volume *of An English Garner*.

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Transcriber's Notes:

Simple spelling, grammar, and typographical errors were corrected.

Punctuation normalized.

Anachronistic and non-standard spellings retained as printed.

Retained the original order of the Table of Contents, i.e. not in page number order.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK AN ENGLISH GARNER: INGATHERINGS FROM OUR HISTORY AND LITERATURE (4 OF 8) ***

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