

AN EDITION OF BL Harley MS 7392(2)

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JANUARY 2015

VOLUME 1

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## ABSTRACT

British Library Harley MS 7392(2) is a verse anthology compiled over a period of a few years during the 1580s from multiple sources. Its owner and principal scribe, Humfrey Coningsby, drew exclusively on texts circulating in manuscript, and predominantly the work of contemporary writers — Dyer, Sidney, Gorges, Raleigh, Elizabeth I, the Earl of Oxford, Whetstone, Breton, Lyly, Peele and Watson — in a range of genres: lyric, panegyric, epigram, posy, political satire and libel. Coningsby also added at least two of his own compositions, and one student friend, Robert Allott, was allowed to transcribe copies of his own amateur verse. There are also a large number of anonymous poems not found in any other manuscripts or printed books.

The edition is in two volumes. Volume 1 provides an introduction, a semi-diplomatic transcription of the manuscript, and first-line and author indexes. Volume 2 contains notes for each of the 171 entries (numbered in this edition: i-xii and 1-159); and where external copies of the poems survive, these are collated to establish any relationships between the texts that indicate common networks of transmission.

This edition also provides a context for the compilation of the anthology. The compiler's familial ties and institutional affiliations, set out in the introduction, explain both the 'privileged' access to Sidney's poems and the presence of the work of professional writers affiliated to the Inns of Court. What emerges from this investigation is a reader interested in poetry for its literary value, showing a concern for textual integrity and interest in the question of authorship. This modifies the model of a manuscript readership that regarded lyric verse as primarily serving a social function.

## **DEDICATION**

To William, Joseph and Freya.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am grateful for the financial assistance of a three-year doctoral studentship from the Arts & Humanities Research Council. I am deeply indebted to my supervisors Professors Steven W. May and Cathy Shrank. My work for this thesis has been facilitated by help from numerous scholars but I would especially like to thank Sylvia Adamson, Alan Bryson, Arthur Marotti, Michelle O’Callaghan, Louise Rayment, Peter Redford, Emma Rhatigan, Bill Sherman, Edward Smith, Adam Smyth, Joel Swann, Claire Bryony Williams, Richard Wistreich, Heather Wolfe, Jonathan Woolfson and Henry Woudhuysen. I would also like to express my gratitude to Judith Spicksley for her generosity in sharing important research documents with me. A special thanks is due to Chris Goodwin, Secretary of the Lute Society, for his useful comments about ‘ballets’ and to Andrea Rocca for helping with Italian translations. Any errors and inaccuracies that remain, however, are entirely my own.

I owe thanks to the staff of manuscripts and rare books departments of the following institutions for granting me access to their collections: Bodleian Library, British Library, Brotherton Library, Cambridge University Library, Folger Shakespeare Library, Marsh’s Library, National Library of Wales, Rosenbach Museum & Library and St. John’s College, Cambridge. I am also grateful to the Duke of Norfolk for access to the Arundel Harington manuscript at Arundel Castle Archives. I have also received help in my research from the staff at the National Archives and libraries at Lincoln’s Inn, the Inner Temple and the Society of Antiquaries of London. I would also like to thank the staff at Birmingham City Archives and record offices in Herefordshire and Shropshire.

## LIST OF ABBREVIATED REFERENCES

Unless otherwise stated, all Biblical references are from the *Geneva Bible*, all extracts and translations from classical texts are from editions in the *Loeb Classical Library*. All Italian quotations and English translations of Petrarch are from Durling: 1976. Shakespeare references are taken from Wells and Taylor second edition of the *Complete Works*. The references to Sidney's poems use Ringler's abbreviations (AS = Astrophil and Stella, CS = Certain Sonnets, OA = Old Arcadia, OP = Other Poems, PP = Possible Poems and AT = Attributed Poems), and all quotes from Sidney's poems are from Ringler: 1962. Passages quoted from *The Old Arcadia* are from Robertson: 1973. All the *ODNB* articles cited in this edition are listed in the Appendix. Dates have been converted to New Style years.

### (i) ABBREVIATIONS AND SHORT TITLES OF PRINTED AND ONLINE SOURCES

Place of publication is London unless otherwise specified.

- BL                      British Library, London
- CELM*                      *Catalogue of English Literary Manuscripts (1450-1700)*  
<<http://www.celm-ms.org.uk>>  
Online edition (much expanded) of Peter Beal's *Index of English Literary Manuscripts 1450-1700*, 4 vols (Mansell, 1980-1993)
- Cooper                      Thomas Cooper, *Thesaurus Linguae Romanae et Britannicae*  
(Henry Denham, 1565)
- Dent                      R. W. Dent, *Proverbial Language in English Drama Exclusive of Shakespeare, 1495-1616: An Index*  
(Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984)
- DIMEV*                      Digital Edition of the *Index of Middle English Verse*  
<[www.dimev.net](http://www.dimev.net)> Ed. Linne R. Mooney, Daniel W. Mosser and Elizabeth Solopova
- Early Stuart Libels*      'Early Stuart Libels: An Edition of Poetry from Manuscript Sources'. Ed. Alastair Bellany and Andrew McRae. *Early Modern Literary Studies Text Series I* (2005)  
<<http://purl.oclc.org/emls/texts/libels>>
- Foster                      Joseph Foster (ed.) *Alumni Oxonienses: The Members of the University of Oxford 1500-1714*, 4 vols (Oxford: Parker, 1891-2)

<i>History of Parliament Online</i>	< <a href="http://www.historyofparliamentonline.org">http://www.historyofparliamentonline.org</a> >
Nichols	<i>John Nichols's The Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth I: A New Edition of the Early Modern Sources</i> , ed. by Elizabeth Goldring, et al., 5 vols (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2014)
ODNB	<i>Oxford Dictionary of National Biography</i> < <a href="http://www.oxforddnb.com">www.oxforddnb.com</a> >
OED	<i>Oxford English Dictionary</i> < <a href="http://www.oed.com">http://www.oed.com</a> >
Tilley	Morris Palmer Tilley, <i>A Dictionary of the Proverbs in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries</i> (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1950)
VCH	<i>Victoria County History</i> [accessed via <i>British History Online</i> <a href="http://www.british-history.ac.uk">http://www.british-history.ac.uk</a> ]
Venn	J. A. Venn, <i>Alumni Cantabrigienses: A Biographical List of all Known Students, Graduates and Holders of Office at the University of Cambridge, from the Earliest Times to 1900</i> , 10 vols (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press 1922-54)
Williams	Gordon Williams, <i>A Dictionary of Sexual Language and Imagery in Shakespearean and Stuart Literature</i> , 3 vols (Athlone Press, 1994)

(ii) OTHER ABBREVIATIONS

BL	British Library, London
CUL	Cambridge University Library, Cambridge
f(f).	folio(s)
fn.	footnote
Folger	Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington DC
Harl.	Harley
MS(S)	Manuscript(s)
n.	note
NA	National Archives, London

NLW	National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth
ptd. bk.	printed book
Rawl.	Rawlinson
rev.	reversed
sub.	substitution
TCD	Trinity College, Dublin
tr.	translated

(iii) FREQUENTLY USED SIGLA

(a) *Manuscript verse collections frequently referred to in the Introduction and Commentary:*

Dd	CUL, MS Dd.5.75
Fo	Folger, MS V.a.89
Ha	BL, Harl. MS 6910
Hn	The Duke of Norfolk, Arundel Castle, MSS (Special Press) 'Harrington MS. Temp. Eliz.'
Hy	BL, Harl. MS 7392(2)
Ma	Marsh's Library, Dublin, MS Z.3.5.21
Ot	NLW, Pitchford Hall (Ottley) English Literary MSS (uncatalogued) B1
Ra	Bod., MS Rawl. poet. 85

(b) *Manuscript copies of the Old Arcadia:*

As	Huntington Library, HM 162
Bo	Bod., MS e. Museo 37
Cl	Folger, MS H.b.1
Da	BL, Add. MS 41204
He	BL, Add. MS 61821

Hy BL, Harl. MS 7392(2)  
Je Jesus College, Oxford, MS 150  
Ph BL, Add. MS 38892  
Qu The Queen's College, Oxford, MS 301  
St St. John's College, Cambridge, I. 7 /James 308

(c) *Manuscript copy of the New Arcadia:*

Cm CUL, MS Kk. 1.5 (2)



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

- fig. 1 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 25v
- fig. 2 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 16r
- fig. 3 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 53r
- fig. 4 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 68v
- fig. 5 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 22r
- fig. 6 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 43v
- fig. 7 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 66v
- fig. 8 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 21v
- fig. 9 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 59r
- fig. 10 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 11v
- fig. 11 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 63r
- fig. 12 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 65v
- fig. 13 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 76v
- fig. 14 Beauchesne, Jean de, *A Booke Containing Divers Sortes of Hands*, 1571, sig. E4r
- fig. 15 Beauchesne, Jean de, *A Booke Containing Divers Sortes of Hands*, 1571, sig. G2r
- fig. 16 Beauchesne, Jean de, *A Booke Containing Divers Sortes of Hands*, 1571, sig. H1r
- fig. 17 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 11r
- fig. 18 Image from *State Papers Online* [Autograph letter from St Loe Kniveton to Robert Cotton from BL, Cotton MS Julius C. III, f. 131r]
- fig. 19 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 11r
- fig. 20 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 61r
- fig. 21 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 62v
- fig. 22 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 77r
- fig. 23 Bod., Mal. 333, fly-leaf
- fig. 24 Lambeth Palace Library, MS 3203 (Talbot Papers), f. 335r
- fig. 25 ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 78v
- fig. 26 ©The British Library Board: BL, Egerton MS 3054, f. 53v
- fig. 27 ©The British Library Board: BL, Egerton MS 3054, f. 8r
- fig. 28 ©The British Library Board: Cotton MS Nero B. XI, f. 23r

- fig. 29      ©The British Library Board: Hy, ff. 53v-54r  
fig. 30      ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 31r  
fig. 31      ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 33v  
fig. 32      ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 76v  
fig. 33      ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 28r  
fig. 34      ©The British Library Board: Hy, f. 23r

## INTRODUCTION

### PROVENANCE OF THE MANUSCRIPT

The earliest description of the quarto volume now catalogued as BL Harley MS 7392(2), hereafter Hy, appears in *A Catalogue of the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts* published in 1808, where it is described as ‘136 pages’ of ‘Poems on various subjects, by different authors’.<sup>1</sup> By this date two textually independent manuscripts of a similar size were already bound in the same volume. The first of these items is a collection of epigrams by William Goddard (d. 1624/5), formerly owned by Sir John Weld of Willey, Shropshire (d. 1666).<sup>2</sup> The second item is a collection of burlesque Italian poems: ‘Le Strigliate’ of Tommaso Stigliani (1573-1651), and ‘La Murtoleide’ (one of the ‘Fischiate’ or ‘Hisses’ against Gaspar Murtola) by Marino (1569-1625). Although there is no bibliographical evidence to connect the three quarto manuscripts (neither hand nor paper stock are the same), the presence of an earlier shelf mark, ‘7/VI B’, similarly placed on the first page in each volume, indicates that the three poetry manuscripts were housed together at an earlier date in the Harley collection, at least before 1753 when the Harley manuscripts were acquired for the nation and continuously numerated from 1 to 7661.



Harl. MS 7392(1)

7392(2)

7392(3)

During the four decades of the eighteenth century in which the Harley collection was formed by Robert Harley (1661-1724) and his son Edward Harley (1689-1741), 1st and 2nd earls of Oxford and Mortimer, the sources were numerous and disparate and sometimes involved *en bloc* purchases of intact collections, such as the library of the antiquary Sir Simonds d’Ewes (purchased in 1705). Some of these purchases were

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<sup>1</sup> 3.529.

<sup>2</sup> See Wright 1972: 350. Folio 10v bears the name ‘Sir John Weld knight’. All the epigrams were printed in 1615 in Goddard’s *A Neaste of Waspes*.

recorded by the Harleys' library-keeper Humfrey Wanley, but the provenance, date and circumstances of the arrival of Hy in the Harleian collection are unknown.<sup>3</sup>

#### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Hy started life as a blank quarto booklet of seventy leaves: the similarity of paper stock throughout suggests that the integrity of the volume was established at the outset (rather than the volume being built up at different stages). The present-day volume lacks three of those leaves. The number of leaves in each quire is best illustrated by the following formula of collation: 4<sup>o</sup> in 8s: 1<sup>s</sup> (-1.1/2); 2-8<sup>s</sup>; 9<sup>s</sup> (-9.8). Three sets of stab holes are visible from an earlier binding. There is no information about the current binding (a modern half-morocco gilt) but extensive repair has been carried out where each leaf has been cut from its conjugate leaf, trimmed, and mounted on an acid-free paper tab before rebinding. Fortunately the central conjugate leaves of each gathering have been left intact, providing valuable evidence about the nature of the original binding and make-up of the gatherings. The chain lines are horizontal and spaced approximately 22 mm apart; the watermark is possibly a pot, which has a flower (clover) on a stalk above. The position of the watermark, in the gutter of the binding, makes it difficult to obtain details that could identify the place of origin of the paper or when it was made.

The volume was contemporaneously paginated by Hand A (see below): this can be deduced from a citation in Hand A on folio 47r directing the reader to an earlier leaf in the manuscript, 'folio pagina, 30', for a continuation beginning, 'Twixt half a sleep & half awake &c.' The poem is on folio 26v, which corresponds to page 30 in the earlier sequence. The Arabic numeral page numbers are regularly placed in the upper right-hand corner of the recto and left-hand corner of the verso of each folio in a continuous sequence from 2 (f. 12v) to 135 (f. 78r) with some lacunae due to page trimming: {1}-99, {100}, 101, {102}-133, {134}, 135. The modern foliation of Hy is continuous with the previous item bound in the volume (Goddard's epigrams), and begins at folio 11r. This opening folio, unpaginated in the earlier sequence, evidently served as a cover for the booklet as it is stained and contains short extracts of verse arranged haphazardly and

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<sup>3</sup> There is no entry for Hy in the *Fontes Harleiani* (Wright 1972). Humfrey Wanley's diary (ed. in Wright 1966) provides a wealth of information about purchases made for the library from March 1714/15 to June 1726 (there is a hiatus from August 1715 to January 1719/20), but details for the acquisition of Hy cannot be established from this useful document.

some autograph entries in different hands. The main entries begin on folio 12r and the poems are contemporaneously numbered 1-127. The ink and script of the poem numbering is similar in age and appearance to the hand of the pagination, indicating that it is also the work of Hand A. There are some unnumbered poems, later additions that fell outside the original sequence, which have been fitted in the blank spaces between poems, at the foot of the page.<sup>4</sup> From folios 12r to 62r (excepting 53v and 54r) the pages are ruled with marginal frames, consisting of a single or double rule at the head and left-hand margin. A border of a varying number of lines (often two sets of double lines containing a subscription) also separates the poems. From folio 62v the head and marginal borders are absent but the ruled lines separating entries are present to folio 77 (the last entry in Hand A). It is evident (from the varying width of margins and the sloped ruling following the line of the written text) that the ruling was adapted to fit the poems after they had been copied out.

#### THE HANDS

Almost all of the poems are written in a single hand (Hand A; for the compiler's biography, see below) with minor contributions from six different contemporary hands (Hands B-G). Hand A's predominant script is a fairly upright secretary with a good range of minuscule forms. For example, in fig. 1 below there are three forms of minuscule 'd': an open bowl, looped shaft form ('mindeſ' l. 1); a closed-bowl, straight-shaft form ('do' l. 1); and a closed-bowl tipped shaft form ('did' l. 3). There are two forms of minuscule 's': the sigma form is employed in terminal position ('this' l. 3) and the long form in initial and medial position ('save', himself' l. 4). There are two graphs employed for minuscule 'e': a two-stroke form ('Suche' l. 1), and an open reversed form, made with one action of the pen ('lyfe' l. 6 from bottom). There are also two versions of minuscule 'r': a double-shouldered form ('Feare' l. 1), and a z-form ('framde' in the final line of the extract). Some of the letters have approach strokes, (seen below in 'makes' l. 2 and 'why' l. 4), a feature typical of the later Elizabethan secretary script.

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<sup>4</sup> This can be seen more clearly in the *Overview table* in **Appendix 1**.

fig. 1

Some ranke fcare wfen Cowards mind do take,  
 It maketh fcom fly, that wof they faine wold fabe,  
 Or this poore Beafte wof dnt fid rest forfate,  
 T ftinge not wofy, but fow fimpelf to flabe.  
 Eben fo might I, for doubted wof I rourcabie  
 Or myne owne farte minde owne good fap becray,  
 and fo might y. for fcare (or may be) loake  
 T fo pwoote purfuite of my defired pray:  
 Better y lyke thy Galyce (Secret Dyer)  
 T fat brante fid hyp, to kiffe faire fimminge Ayer  
 FYNIS. SY.

pp Taked be brow & goets told no lnet  
 T for it a Byrd, wofok tfer is but on.  
 Wfo knowme well, tfer tyme before tfer lnet,  
 T proibid a plate to onef for lyke upon.  
 Summe furey fofke or mountaine lnet fo fure  
 Or T fobnd beames, wof fine for loake to tfer.  
 W ferto tfer beares pure fpires as tfer gattel  
 and maket a rcept ad buildinge for abroade  
 W fure fully framed, wof wocary wof tfer lnet

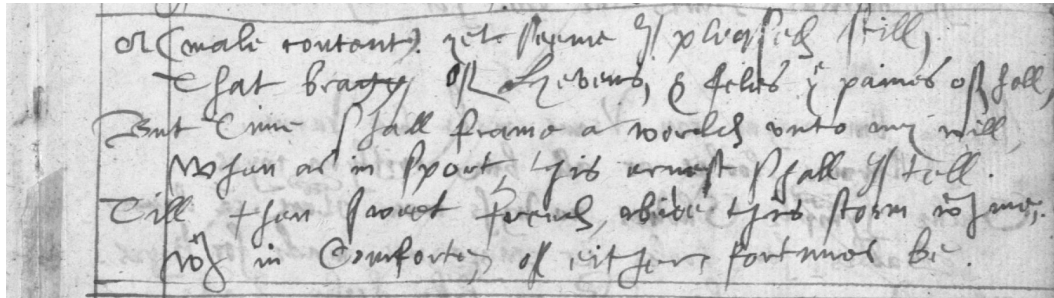
Hand A generally writes a clear and legible script but sometimes sweeping descenders interfere with text on the line underneath, as seen in fig. 2 below:

fig. 2

No for fe lay to watry boty tyme  
 For and plare for fid abayle  
 For tfer wof tfer, that wof tfer not not  
 On of fid for foful tfer a faphe.  
 In bitter tfer ad fall  
 Tfer offer in a pleafant wofme.  
 and wofson, wof tfer wof fall

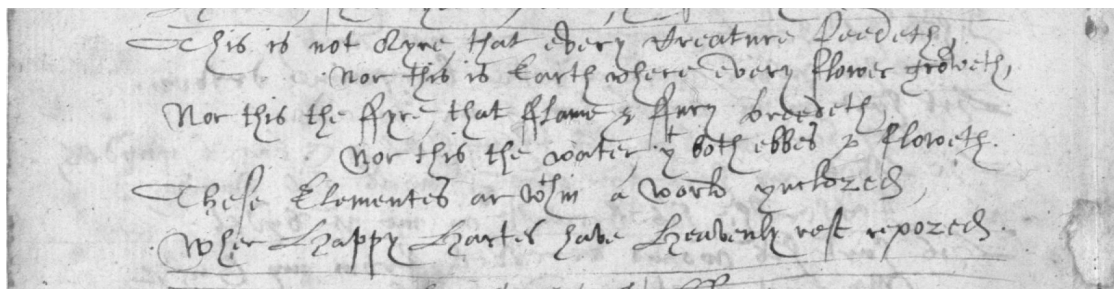
There are a few examples of texts (for example in fig. 3 below) that appear to have been hastily copied and show how the secretary letter forms can break down under less careful execution:

fig. 3



Hand A secretary also shows signs of change during the time it took to compile the anthology: at first it is fairly upright but later in the manuscript it has a more sloped appearance and the scribe begins to favour more cursive letter forms needing fewer pen strokes. For example after folio 59v the double loop form of ‘h’ loses the second loop and now resembles Greek E, and some italic forms are beginning to creep into the secretary hand, for example italic ‘z’ seen in ‘ynclozed’ and ‘repozed’ (ll. 5, 6 in fig. 4 below):

fig. 4



Hand A also writes in italic.<sup>5</sup> The scribe rarely mixes the italic and secretary forms but italic is often employed (sometimes as capitals) within a predominantly

<sup>5</sup> Denholm-Young explains that ‘During Elizabeth’s reign ... It became common among the upperclasses to write more than one hand’ (1964: 74).

secretary text to mark out quotations and for emphasis. Italic is also frequently used for headings and signatures (see figs. 5-7 below).<sup>6</sup>

fig. 5: italic heading followed by secretary text

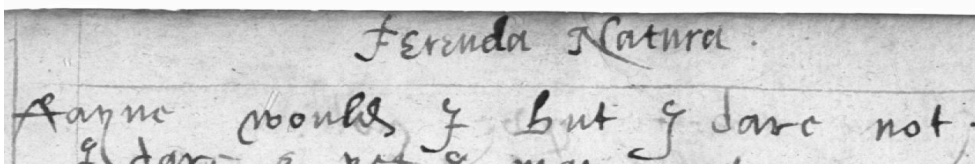


fig. 6: italic capitals used to emphasize words within a secretary text

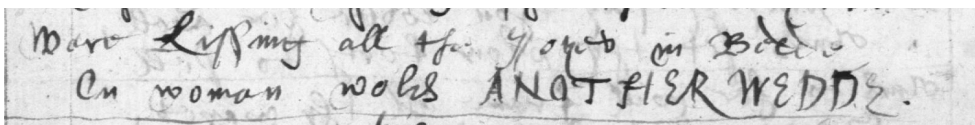
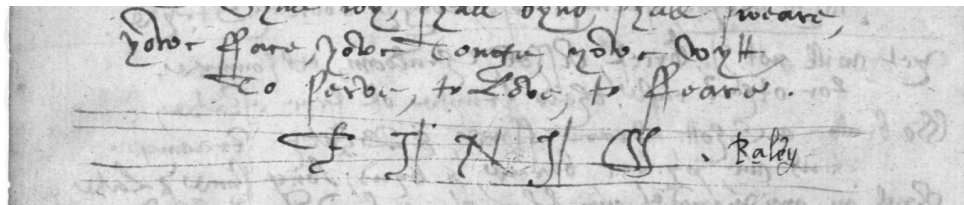


fig. 7: italic signature appended to a secretary text



The scribe's interest in calligraphy is evident throughout the manuscript and despite a high level of consistency in the formation of the set secretary letter forms the extent of calligraphic embellishments (such as sweeping descenders, exaggerated loops, spurs and decorative bows) creates much variation in the overall appearance of the text. Hand A's writing exhibits the same ornateness in italic and there are two distinct italic scripts (which I have called 'plain' and 'ornate') differentiated by their letter forms and style of calligraphic embellishments and decoration.

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<sup>6</sup> Hector notes that 'italic (called roman hand) used in signatures appended to letters written in secretary was common from about 1550'. From this time also, Italic was 'employed for quoted matter (whether in Latin or not) occurring in the middle of a document written in secretary and for headings and marginalia' (1966: 62-3).



Hand A 'plain' italic is illustrated in figs. 8-9 below.

fig. 8

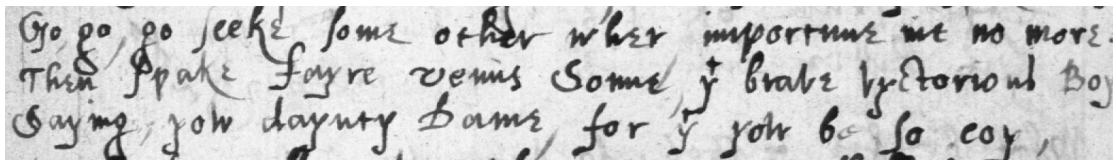
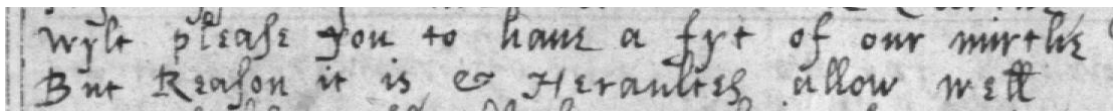


fig. 9



The descenders and ascenders are generally restrained; minuscule 'f', 's' and 'y' descenders are curtailed with a right angle stroke to the left. The Greek form of minuscule 'e' is preferred and the half-bodied minuscule 'h' is not present.

Hand A 'ornate' italic is distinguished by a different range of letter forms seen in figs. 10-13 below.

fig. 10

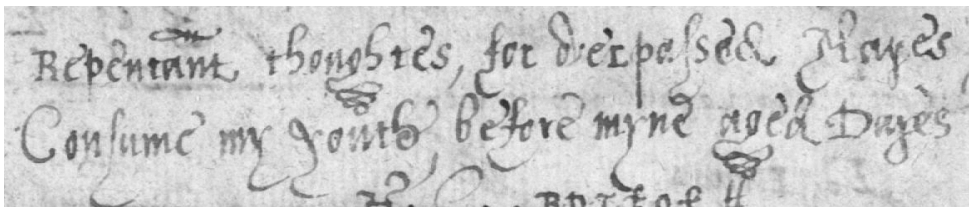


fig. 11

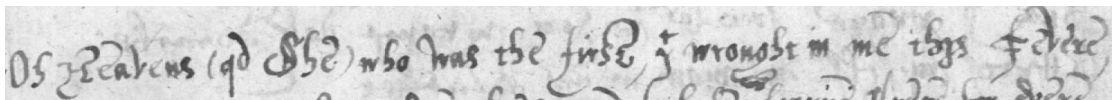


fig. 12

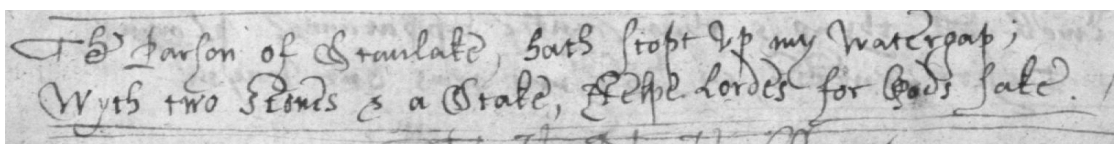
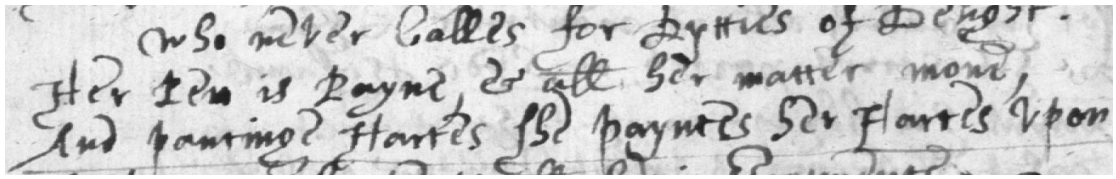


fig. 13



The 'ornate' italic is distinguished by elongated, curved or hooked descenders and ascenders sometimes going in opposite directions, for example in 'Heavens' (fig. 11). The descender of minuscule 'g' has an exaggerated loop, for example in 'thoughtes' (fig. 10), and minuscule 'e' is invariably spurred. In contrast to the 'plain' italic script the preferred form for minuscule 'h' is the half-bodied, seen in 'who' (fig. 13) and the body of 'h' is looped under and spurred when a terminal 'e' is missing, for example in 'youthe' (fig. 10) and 'The' (fig. 12). Some of the letters resemble the forms in Beauchesne's *A Booke Containing Divers Sortes of Hands* (1571): the half-bodied minuscule 'h', the contraction of terminal minuscule 'e' after 'h' and the exaggerated loop on the descender of minuscule 'g' resemble the 'Italique Letter' (fig. 14). The angular extensions on the descenders and ascenders are reminiscent of 'The bastard Secretary' (fig. 15); and the elaborately spurred minuscule 'e' is found in the 'Lettere Piaceuolle' (fig. 16). But otherwise the scribe does not seem to be copying any of the set italic scripts found in the English printed writing manuals of the 1570s and 80s.

fig. 14

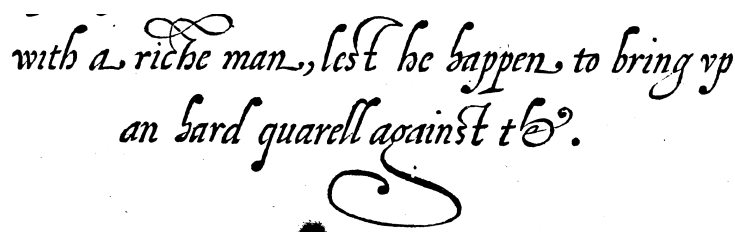


fig. 15



fig. 16



### *Hand B*

There are seven entries in Hand B italic: an elegant Italian form (**ii**, **iv**, **vi**, **vii**, **xi**, **xii**, **103a**) and one entry in Hand B secretary: a fluent regular Elizabethan form (**103b**). The hand belongs to St Loe Kniveton: identified from the autograph signatures to **ii** and **vi** ('S Knyveton') and Hand A's subscription ('Saintlowe Knyuetonne') to **103b**. Kniveton's signature on folio 11r (fig. 17) is almost identical to that signed to a letter sent to Robert Cotton on 19 July 1626 (fig. 18). (For Kniveton, see below).

fig. 17



fig. 18



### (ii-iv) *Hands C, D and E*

Hand C entered a single line in Latin (**i**); the hand (seen in fig. 19) is a small, neat italic in the autograph of Edward Evans. Hand D (seen in fig. 20) is a different italic hand found, in a short verse (**104**), in the autograph of Charles Evans. Hand E (seen in fig. 21) is a rapid secretary hand (unidentified) of a twenty-line poem (**108**).

fig. 19

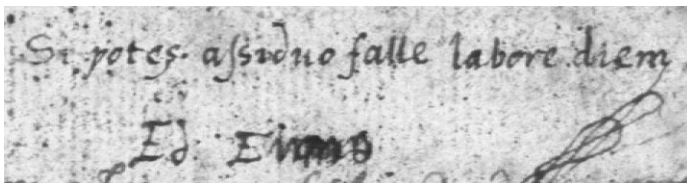


fig. 20

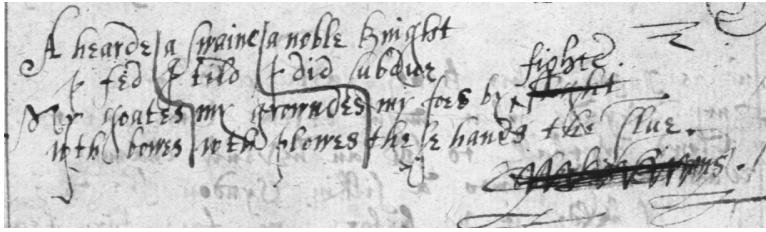
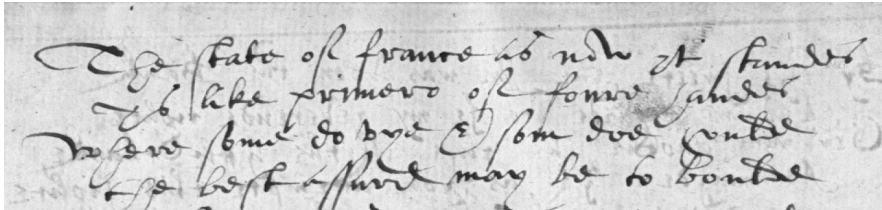


fig. 21



(v) *Hand F*

Hand F (seen in fig. 22 below) is the italic hand of six entries (152-156) to which the name Robert Allott is subscribed four times in full and abbreviated forms. Allott's distinctive hand also appears in a dedicatory sonnet to Sir Edward Wingfield on the front end-paper of a copy of Gervase Markham's *Devoreux. Vertues Teares* printed in 1597 (fig. 23).<sup>7</sup> The poem is subscribed by Allott with the author's name ('Ieruis Markham') and was evidently meant to appear *as if* written by Markham. Allott had already contributed two dedicatory poems for the same publication: 'In praise of the worke' and 'To my most affectionate friend, Ieruis Markham' (sig. A3r). Poynter concluded that the hand of the manuscript poem belonged to Markham but it bears no similarity to that seen in an autograph letter from Markham to the Earl of Shrewsbury in the Talbot Papers (fig. 24).<sup>8</sup> It was more probably the case, as I suggest, that Markham asked his friend to write (and perhaps compose) the dedicatory poem on his behalf. (For Allott, see below).

<sup>7</sup> 'The sonnet was presumably written on the front end-paper of the original binding, which is now cut down and mounted to face the title' (Poynter 1962: 45). The letter forms seen in the dedicatory poem are strikingly similar to those in Allott's autograph in Hy. Diagnostic letter formations include the 'st' ligature: 'leapest' (fig. 22, l. 1) 'rest' (fig. 23, l. 3); minims 'h' and 'b' with right-hooked ascenders: 'thou' (fig. 22, l. 2) 'heere' (fig. 23, l. 3), and 'bound' (fig. 22, l. 7) 'by' (fig. 23, l. 4). Minuscule 'p' with extended stalk above the bowl—'hap' (fig. 22, l. 4) 'upholder' (fig. 23, l. 1)—is also identical in both extracts, as is the y-shaped 'r' with a foot serif: 'sort' (fig. 22, l. 1) and 'ruins' (fig. 23, l. 1). Both texts also have the same distinctive spurs attached to the majuscule letters; compare, for example, majuscule 'T' in 'Thy' (fig. 22, l. 7) and 'The' (fig. 23, l. 4).

<sup>8</sup> Poynter 1962: 45-7.

fig. 22

At page 100  
 Unfriendly باعث thou me in such a sort  
 Is this the ruth thou takest of my love?  
 The many graces shining in thy eyes,  
 Perswaded me of more successe hap  
 But thou on craggy rocke dost sit  
 And under shroudest art the hardest of  
 Thy marble hart comul in w<sup>th</sup> ribs of Steele  
 Neglecteth plaintive slead & pleading plaints

fig. 23

To the honorable bright S<sup>r</sup>  
 Edward Wingfield.

Mighty upholder of my ruines & fate  
 Breath of my life. life to my world sicke mind  
 See heere the worde thy rest on me begatt  
 The image of the peace by thee I find  
 Looke on it (great one) as thye priests doe  
 W<sup>th</sup> from a formlesse undigested masse  
 Shaping faire figures fix there eyes thetve  
 And by soft handling make it helpe to be

2 Teruis Markham

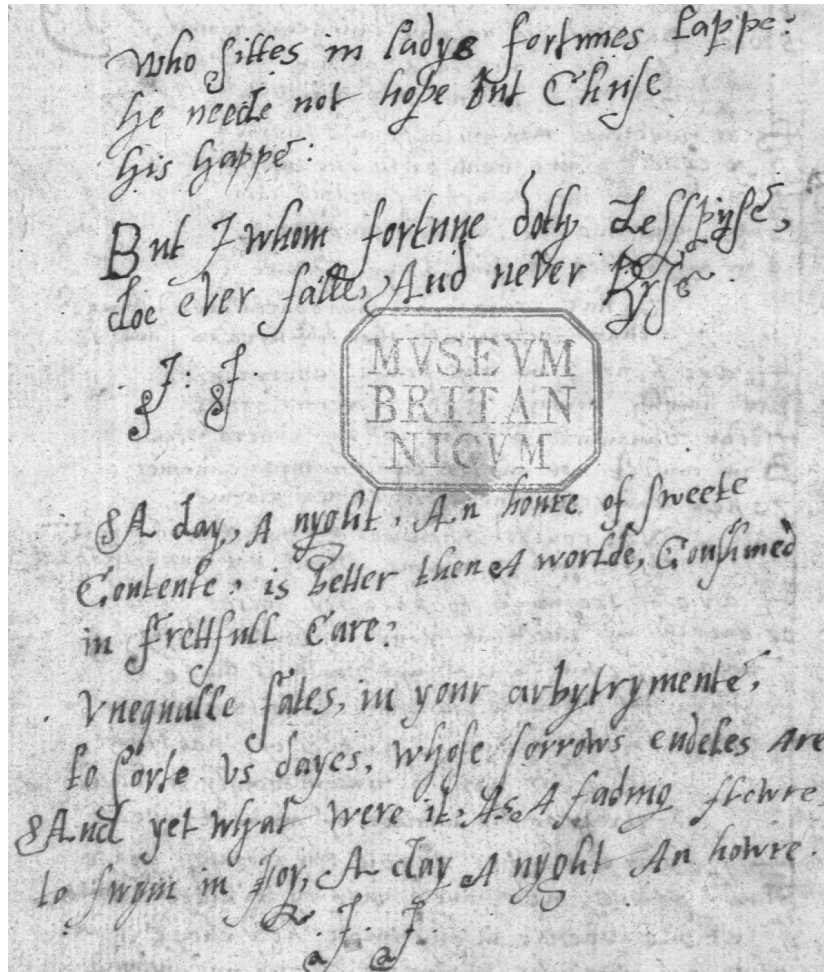
fig. 24

Mighte noble lovde  
 It beinge fridaye I came  
 this pike taken this morninge  
 the beste master coke of the p<sup>l</sup> of Markham  
 most love intricate

(vi) *Hand G*

Hand G (seen in fig. 25 below) is an uneven italic hand that appears in two short poems signed 'I. I.' (158 and 159). A lack of consistency in the formation of the italic letters forms could indicate an immature hand, and I suggest in the commentary that this hand belongs to the compiler's half-sister Joyce Jeffreys (For Jeffreys, see below).

fig. 25



Another document survives in Joyce's hand: a diary of business and household accounts from 1638 to 1648 (BL, Egerton MS 3054), extracts of which are seen below. In fig. 26, Joyce records the purchase of material 'to make my self I. I. a gowne and petycote', and in fig. 27 the receipt of an annuity from her brother's will: 'Rece from Mr Fitzwilliam Conyngesby ... my half yeares Anuety due out of the Lordship of Nene Sollers: by the gift of my loving brother Humfrey coningesby dessed: the som of thierty & three pownds due at miklmas i640'. The editor of the Egerton manuscript considers that Hand G could be an earlier version of Jeffreys' hand: 'many of the letters



are formed in a similar way to her later writing (if a little more angular) and the writing of her initials 'I. I.' (which appear in the Egerton manuscript, f. 53v) remain very similar, bar the extra flourishes at the lower edges'.<sup>9</sup>

fig. 26

1642  
March  
32  
for rullered galyron — i. yeard: deny — 18<sup>d</sup>  
for 8: yeards of viband 2<sup>d</sup> — i. yeard viband 2<sup>d</sup> — 4<sup>d</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>  
more buckram — 4<sup>d</sup> aRowls 2<sup>d</sup> abusk — 4<sup>d</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> 8<sup>d</sup>  
to John Tailor of worcestor, for making  
this gowne and yety robe. of hove rullerd  
tufity for Elyza: Acton may 20<sup>th</sup> last pass } 14<sup>d</sup>  
for a box to cary the gowne to heriford — 16<sup>d</sup>  
more bought of my resin James Bridges } 4<sup>d</sup> 6<sup>d</sup>  
August 23: 1642: 16: yeards of broad black  
tawillette to make my self .ff a gowne and  
yety robe at 4<sup>d</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> a yard } 3-6-8<sup>d</sup>

fig. 27

Reco from m<sup>r</sup> Fitzwillim, Comptroller, by the  
Hand of willim Dadds his man, for my hett  
yeares Annety due out of the Load Ship of New  
Sollers: by the gift of my Lodmy brother Humfrey Comptroller  
deceased. The som of thirty & three pounde } 33-6-8<sup>d</sup>  
due at miblenas 1640

<sup>9</sup> Email correspondence with Judith Spicksley Jan 4, 2013.

The clue to the identity of the compiler is found in the abbreviated forms ‘H. Con:’ and ‘H. C.’, which appear repeatedly on the cover folio and attached to selected entries throughout the anthology (for a discussion of this habit, see below). The hand of these part names also matches the hand in which the majority of texts in the collection are written (Hand A). At the head of the first page of the miscellany (f. 11), in a faint italic script of the period, is the name ‘Humfrey Coningesby’, and there is little reason to doubt that this expands those part names and initials ascribed to entries, and thus names the compiler of the anthology. On the same page, another contributor, St Loe Kniveton, wrote the name ‘Coningsbye’ beneath the Cavendish motto, reminding the compiler of a mutual relation, Elizabeth Cavendish (née Coningsby) (iv); and further into the anthology a poem attributed to ‘Lord Con: de E and L’ may denote a Thomas Coningsby that was Lord of the manors of Eyton and Leominster (30). The registers of Oxford University alumni record an armigerous gentleman of Worcestershire named Humfrey Coningsby, who matriculated at Christ Church in November 1581, aged fifteen.<sup>10</sup> This description accords with the general tenor of the document, as the creation of a youthful, educated gentleman, well placed in the early 1580s to intercept the flow of a wide range of private manuscript verse. A tentative connection to Oxford University can also be established, from the inclusion of texts in the hand of another gentleman student Robert Allott, of Lincolnshire who had matriculated from Corpus Christi, Oxford, aged eighteen, in the same year as Coningsby (152-7), and a sententious line contributed on the cover folio probably in the autograph of Edward Evans of Shropshire, a gentleman who matriculated at Christ Church, 1 August 1583, aged seventeen (i). The contents of the anthology also reveal a couplet with the placename variant ‘Standlake’, a village close to Oxford (114), and a lullaby which never appeared in print, but is preserved in two songbooks and a student notebook compiled at Oxford University (29).

Foster incorrectly identifies the Humfrey Coningsby (Cunnisby) who matriculated at Christ Church with the MP for St. Albans (second son of John Coningsby of North Mimms, by Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Frowick (see **Appendix 3: Family tree D**). Foster notes that the family had lands in Worcestershire, though

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<sup>10</sup> Foster gives the entry as ‘(not earlier) 27 Nov., 1581’.



their main seat was in North Mimms, Hertfordshire, but even in the unlikely scenario that this Humfrey signed himself ‘of Worcestershire’, there is a huge discrepancy in age, since the MP of this name who married Mary (or Maud), daughter and coheir of Sir Richard Lee of Sopwell, had come of age before 1560 when he leased the manor of Sopwell from his father-in-law.<sup>11</sup>

There was also a Humfrey Coningsby who was heir to a manor in Neen Sollars, Shropshire, a cousin of the North Mimms namesake, whose age and circumstances are a better match for the individual described in the matriculation register.<sup>12</sup> An important source for his biography is inscribed on a memorial tomb in the parish church at Neen Sollars. From the lengthy inscription in the central cartouche of the monument we can estimate that Coningsby was born in February 1567: ‘HE BEGAN HIS FIRST TRAVAILL IN APRIL 1594, BEING | 27 YEARES OF AGE 2 MONETHES’ (see **Appendix 3**: E). This date accords well with the age of the youth who appears in the Oxford matriculation register at the date ‘not earlier than’ 27 November 1581, aged 15.<sup>13</sup> The inscription also informs us that Humfrey was a scion of the senior branch of the Coningsby family ‘from whom all the rest are derived’.<sup>14</sup> Beneath the inscription is a recumbent effigy of Coningsby dressed for battle and reclining on a soldier’s mat; the family coat of arms and motto ‘tacta libertas’ are displayed in some splendour at the head of the monument.<sup>15</sup> It is evident that Humfrey derived some satisfaction from his ancient pedigree despite the contemporary lack of prestige of the Neen Sollars branch of the family compared to his illustrious Coningsby relations of Hampton Court, Herefordshire. The memorial also names significant family members: his parents John and Anne (the daughter of Thomas Barneby of Bockleton, Worcestershire), his sister Katherine (married to Edward Freeman of Evenlode, Worcestershire) and unmarried half-sister Joyce Jeffreys; and it tells us that he was well educated (‘A PERFECT | SCOLLER BY EDVCATION’) and lived his life as a bachelor spending a considerable amount of his time overseas, not in any

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<sup>11</sup> *VCH Hertford 2*: St. Peter’s.

<sup>12</sup> Black first suggested that Humfrey Coningsby of Neen Sollars was the compiler (1971: 1.47-54), and Woudhuysen corroborates this view (1996: 278-286).

<sup>13</sup> The imprecise date given in Foster indicates a glitch in the normal chronological sequence of entrants in the matriculation register. Coningsby probably went up to Oxford with his stepbrother William Jeffreys in November 1581, aged 14 (see below), but signed the matriculation register a few months later early in 1582, when he was 15.

<sup>14</sup> This lineage can be seen in **Appendix 2**: *Family tree A*.

<sup>15</sup> The motto is now lost but it is mentioned in an earlier description of the monument: ‘On the top a fair coat of arms of the Conyngsbys’ with the motto *Tacta Libertas*’ (‘Conyngsby Family. Curious Epitaph’, *The Gentlemen’s Magazine*, 1823: 93.2, 583-4).

official capacity but ‘TO SATISFIE HIS DESIER (WHICH WAS TO SEE THE MOST EMINENT PLACES AND PERSONS)’. This skeleton biography can be filled out from other sources. John and Anne Barneby were married 15 September 1562 at Ludlow, and Katherine was born first, followed by Humfrey who was still an infant when his father died.<sup>16</sup> Although John Coningsby’s will has not survived, it was proved at Hereford in September 1567, and the Inquisition post mortem was filed at Cleobury Mortimer in November of the same year.<sup>17</sup> Anne quickly remarried to a widower Henry Jeffreys of Ham (or Holme) Castle, Clifton upon Teme, Worcestershire, and had one more child (born c. 1570) named Joyce after her mother Joyce Barneby (née Acton).<sup>18</sup> This half-sister was probably nearer in age to Humfrey than her other half-siblings (the five girls and one boy) from Henry’s first marriage to Anne Walsh, daughter of John Walsh of Shelsley Walsh, Worcestershire.<sup>19</sup> In the notebook kept by Joyce from 1638 to 48 (BL, Egerton MS 3054) the name of her deceased stepbrother, mentioned with regard to the receipt of her half year’s annuity, is qualified with ‘my loving brother’ or ‘my deare brother’ f. 56v (ff. 6r, 8r, 14r, 18r and 56v).<sup>20</sup> Joyce also refers in her will to ‘my deare brother’ and this close attachment is reciprocated by her brother in naming Joyce as his executor (‘that best doth knowe my mynde’ and of whose ‘honest performance I rest assured havinge ever found her lovinge to me and iust to all’).<sup>21</sup>

At Ham Castle Humfrey grew up amidst a large (predominantly female) family: his elder sister Katherine, younger stepsister Joyce, and the six children from his stepfather’s previous marriage to Anne. There is no record of the Jeffreys children’s education but in the previous generation Henry’s father had been a ‘kings scholer’ at Worcester and the younger siblings, Florence and William, were taught by ‘the clark of St Andrews there’.<sup>22</sup> During this early period Humfrey probably had contact with his Coningsby relations of Hampton Court.<sup>23</sup> Though fairly distantly related (a grandfather

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<sup>16</sup> The marriage is recorded in the Shropshire Parish Registers (Ludlow).

<sup>17</sup> NA WARD 7/11/2.

<sup>18</sup> Spicksley 2012: 5.

<sup>19</sup> For this view see Spicksley: 9.

<sup>20</sup> For a modern edition of this manuscript, see Spicksley.

<sup>21</sup> Joyce’s will is quoted from Spicksley: 305; for Humfrey’s will dated 10 Nov 1608, see **Appendix 4**.

<sup>22</sup> Spicksley: xxiii-iv. Henry Jeffreys’ father William had been High Sheriff of Worcestershire in 1563, the year before he died; the *Visitations* for 1569 record three marriages (only the first producing children): to Alice Bouge, then to Anne daughter of Sir George Baynham and lastly to Isabell daughter of Sir Edward Ferrers.

<sup>23</sup> The Jeffreys also had long-established connections with the Coningsbys of Hampton Court. Humfrey Coningsby of Hampton Court sold the manor of Ham Castle to William Jeffreys

four generations back was elder brother to the progenitor of the Hampton Court branch), Humfrey aligned himself strongly to this strand of the Coningsby family.<sup>24</sup> Most of his ancestral property ('my whole Mannor of Nenesolers and Cotson') and possessions ('all my bookes, and armes, my best cabinet, my biggest glasse, my fayrest lute and pictures') were bequeathed to Sir Thomas Coningsby (b. 1550) to be passed on to succeeding generations.<sup>25</sup> Two of Sir Thomas's children also received bequests: Fitzwilliam received 'a sworde, and dagger with girdle, and hangers, and a horse furnished of fortye pounce' and Elizabeth Baskerville, of Eardisley 'a white hower glasse of sea horse tooth'.<sup>26</sup> Another Hampton Court Coningsby relation Lady Anne Cornwall (née Littleton; whose mother was Elizabeth Coningsby, the elder sister to Sir Thomas who had married Gilbert Littleton of Frankley, Worcestershire) received his 'second cabinet', and her husband Sir Thomas Cornwall, Baron of Burford received 'a blacke Padovan lute of Indian cane' and one of 'three greate Venetian looking glasses'. The latter bequest was also given to the only other Coningsby in receipt of a legacy from Humfrey's will: Sir Richard, a gentleman usher from 1592 (descended on the illegitimate line of Richard, of Morton Bagot; for all the aforementioned, see the *Family trees* in **Appendix 2**).<sup>27</sup>

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in 1548 (*VCH Worcester* 4: Clifton upon Teme). The antiquarian notebooks kept by Henry Jeffreys' great-grandson (Worcester Record Office, BA 13115 Ref. 899: 683) record a 'release' (dated 2 May 1591) granted by 'Th. Coningisby Esq of Hampton Court ... of all annuall and rent charge to Will: Jeffrayes Esq. out of Home Castle or Clifton' (3).

<sup>24</sup> For this cadet branch of the Coningsbys, see **Appendix 2: Family tree B**.

<sup>25</sup> Describing himself as 'a fruitles tree' Humfrey's wish was that his patrimony should remain in Coningsby hands ('my desire and intent finallie beinge to continue my landes and Patrimonie in my name'). Sir Thomas and his male heirs are the first choice but in default of these, to any daughter that shall be married to a Coningsby; next in line are the North Mimms, Hertfordshire Coningsbys: brothers Sir Raphe, Sir Phillip and Harry and their heirs male, or in default of these any 'suche yssue to that Coningesbie by Surname which shalbe trulie founde to be next vnto me in kindred, and bloud lawfullie begotten'. There is a proviso however that suggests a family rift at some point in the past, since none of these heirs can be 'discended from the bodye of one Richarde Coningesbie once of Morton Bagott in the County of Warwicke gent deceased uncle to my late Grandfather Humfrey Coningesbye of Nene solers' (for these branches of the Coningsby family, see **Appendix 2: Family tree D**).

<sup>26</sup> Sir Thomas asked Humfrey to be party to a post-nuptial settlement (dated 20 July 1608) for his daughter Anne on her marriage to Sir Richard Tracy ('Humfry Coningesby of Nine Solarse in the County of Sallop Esquier' (Sheffield Archives, Bag C/1216)). Sir Thomas also mentions in a letter dated 30 April 1604 to Robert Sidney: 'my late letters to you by my cousin Humfrey Coningesby' (from the HMC Report on the De L'Isle collections quoted in Woudhuysen 1996: 282).

<sup>27</sup> Humfrey excluded the legitimate line of this branch of Coningsbys from his will (see above fn. 25). The third recipient of this bequest ('three greate Venetian looking glasses') was George Blunt (Blount) of Sodington.

These kinship ties reveal points of access to the highest courtly circles and potential sources for some of the more elite and private manuscript literature found in the anthology. The compiler's cousin Thomas Coningsby was associated with members of the Dudley family during the 1570s and 80s, having been introduced to the Earl of Leicester's close circle in early adolescence when his widowed mother Anne (née Englefield) married Dudley's steward John Huband.<sup>28</sup> By 1571 (the year he came of age) Thomas was cutting a figure at court, performing in a 'royall Challenge' held at Westminster to mark the earl of Oxford reaching his majority.<sup>29</sup> 'Thomas Connessby' is named as one of the defenders; the challengers were the 'Earle of Oxenford, Charles Howard, Sir Henrie Lee and Sir Christopher Hatton'.<sup>30</sup> Coningsby's device (or impresa) 'a white lion devouring a young coney' with the posie 'call you this love?' was directed towards a royal maid of honour, Frances Howard.<sup>31</sup> During 1573-4 Thomas was touring Europe in the company of Leicester's nephew Philip Sidney whose work along with associated writers such as Edward Dyer and Edmund Spenser are represented in the collection.<sup>32</sup> Thomas Coningsby's continuing association with Sidney and his extended family is indicated by his marriage to Sidney's first cousin Philippa Fitzwilliam in 1575, and in the same year his post as one of two deputy lieutenants of Herefordshire to Sir Henry Sidney, lord president of the council of the Welsh Marches.<sup>33</sup> The potential for access to texts of courtier verse via the Dudley court connection is also apparent from the Dudley links of Humfrey's extended family. On the Jeffreys side there were marriages with Walshes and Scories, both families

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<sup>28</sup> Thomas's father Humphrey, a gentleman pensioner from 1542, died on 4 April 1559. The marriage to Huband had taken place by 1561 since in that year Anne's eldest son Edward died and was buried at Ipsley (Huband's seat; *VCH Warwick* 3: Ipsley). Anne died in 1564 and Huband's second marriage was to her first cousin Mary Throckmorton, youngest daughter of George Throckmorton of Coughton (Anne's uncle).

<sup>29</sup> Nichols 2014: 1.698-702.

<sup>30</sup> Quoted from William Segar's *Booke of Honor and Armes*, 1590, in Nichols 2014: 1.699.

<sup>31</sup> From a letter dated 12 May 1571 sent by George Delves to the Earl of Rutland; quoted in Nichols 2014: 1.700. The white lion is a symbol of the Howard family and the coney is a pun on Coningsby's name.

<sup>32</sup> During a stop-over in Strasbourg on route to Vienna, both men contributed to the *album amicorum* of a German nobleman, George, Freiherr von Hoffkirchen (Austrian National Library MS Cod.9689). Coningsby wrote a line in Italian 'Amico a lei chi e contrario a lei' ('A friend to you who is the opposite to you' [I am grateful to Henry Woudhuysen for suggesting the translation]) which he signed 'Thomas Coningsbye generosus Angliae scripsit Argentorati 1573' (f. 87r). Sidney's signature on a different page is identical apart from the name 'Philippus Sideneus' and his motto is 'Quo me fata vocant' (Gömöri 2004: 240).

<sup>33</sup> Tighe says that 'throughout the 1570s and early 1580s he was closely associated with Philip Sydney ... and, to some extent, with the Earl of Leicester' (1995: 167 fn. 38).

closely associated with the Dudley camp; also his cousins included Blounts, Cornwalls, Boughtons and Russells of Strensham, families that formed the bulk of Leicester's West Midlands power-base of support, who could boast more than one generation in Dudley service.<sup>34</sup> These connections not only provide numerous candidates for potential providers of texts of courtier poetry, but also help us to understand the social politics of the collection. Marotti noticed 'an anti-Oxford bias' in the related manuscript, Fo, once owned by Anne Cornwallis (daughter of Sir William Cornwallis, of Brome Hall, Suffolk [uncle to his namesake the essayist] and Lucy daughter of John Neville, 4th Lord Latimer).<sup>35</sup> Though distantly related to the Earl of Oxford on the Neville side of the family, the Cornwallis' allegiances were with the Sidney camp and an interest in Oxford's verse went hand in hand with a hostile attitude towards the man himself. A similar 'anti-Oxford bias' can be detected in Hy: the *raison d'être* for the libel ridiculing Oxford's players was for a perceived affront to a member of the Dudley family (94), and another verse reminds the reader of Oxford's scandalous affair with a maid of honour, Anne Vavasour (109).

*Oxford University (November 1581 to September 1583)*

Though Humfrey was five years younger than his cousin William Jeffreys, he appears to have made the transition to university at the same time. The matriculation registers for Oxford University record that 'William (son of Henry) Jeffreyes of Home Castle, Worcestershire' matriculated at Broadgates Hall on 23 November 1581, aged 20. Humfrey's entry to the associated college of Christ Church is in the same month, and like his stepbrother he is armigerous and 'of Worcestershire'. During this period Richard Hakluyt was a tutor and lecturer at Christ Church with duties that brought him in close contact with the undergraduate students; he was also at the centre of a scientific coterie that was attracting the attention of (among others) Philip Sidney.<sup>36</sup> Humfrey claimed distant kinship to Hakluyt, and his later enthusiasm for travel may have derived from attending lectures in the new field of geography, and from the general excitement

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<sup>34</sup> For the Dudley clientele in the West Midlands, see Adams 2002: 310-373.

<sup>35</sup> Marotti 2002: 73.

<sup>36</sup> McConica 1986: 436. Hakluyt had taken his BA at Christ Church in 1574 and MA in 1577 but remained as fellow at the college until 1586, and as lecturer and tutor on Aristotle he was brought into close contact with the undergraduate students (717).

around this subject at Christ Church during his time as an undergraduate.<sup>37</sup> Christ Church was also known for its preeminence in drama and in May 1583 a series of entertainments (in which the undergraduates at Christ Church were actively involved) were arranged for the visit of the Polish prince Albert Laski, attended by Leicester and Philip Sidney.<sup>38</sup> These included performances of William Gager's comedy *Rivales* and his play *Dido*. At this time Humfrey may have rubbed shoulders with Broadgates Hall alumnus George Peele who had been called in to oversee the entertainments.<sup>39</sup> (See **126** for a song from a lost pastoral poem, play or entertainment by Peele). Humfrey's studies at Oxford may have been interrupted for a time when his stepfather Henry Jeffreys died on 7 September 1583.<sup>40</sup> William Jeffreys had come of age in 1582, and as the sole heir he probably left university to take up residency at Ham Castle. Humfrey may also have had a break in his studies to console his mother and half-sister then residing at Neen.<sup>41</sup>

#### *Inns of Court (c.1584)*

There is no record that Coningsby took his BA, and the autograph entries from Inns of Court students in his manuscript anthology suggest that he took the well-trodden path from university to one of the metropolitan Inns of Court. During the latter half of the sixteenth century the Inns of Court were increasingly attracting well-born non-professional students who formed a distinct group from the career lawyers and law students.<sup>42</sup> Regarded as finishing schools for gentlemen, there the non-professional students gained, besides an elementary knowledge of the law, the social graces and skills of a well-rounded gentleman. The role of the Inns of Court as literary hothouses

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<sup>37</sup> Elinor Hakluyt, sister to his influential cousin and namesake lawyer of the Middle Temple, was married to Thomas Coningby of Leominster; see **Appendix 2: Family tree C**.

<sup>38</sup> For the dramatic tradition at Christ Church, see Boas 1914. Leicester was chancellor of the university from 1564 until his death in 1588; Sidney was an undergraduate at Christ Church from 1568 to c.1570.

<sup>39</sup> For Peele's role, see the entry in Christ Church Disbursement Books: 'Monie pd ... in respect of the playes & intertaynment of the Palatine laskie ... Receiued by me George Peele the xxvjth day of may anno 1583' (Alton 1960: 65). See also Nichols 2014: 3.174n.

<sup>40</sup> If the autograph entry (i) on the cover folio belongs to Christ Church undergraduate Edward Evans who matriculated 1 August 1583, then Coningsby was still at Oxford in the summer of that year.

<sup>41</sup> Henry Jeffreys' great-grandson records in his antiquarian notebooks: 'The house was burnt a year before the death of Hen: Jeffreys, my great grandfather'; the family had decamped to the Coningsby ancestral seat at Neen Sollars. Anne's marriage to her third and last husband Sir Francis Kettleby of Cotheridge, took place shortly after 1 March 1586 (Spicksley: 11).

<sup>42</sup> Prest 1972: 40.

during this period is also well documented when ‘almost all writers of any value, were connected with the Inns of Court’.<sup>43</sup> Although Coningsby’s name does not appear in any of the surviving Inns registers, the autograph entries from two students (Robert Allott and St Loe Kniveton) who became members of Inns in 1584 place him in London at this date.<sup>44</sup> Robert Allott, already mentioned as the gentleman undergraduate who matriculated at Oxford in the same year as Coningsby, had moved to London some months before he registered at the Inner Temple on 6 November 1584 from Clement’s Inn.<sup>45</sup> St Loe Kniveton of Mercaston, Derbyshire entered Gray’s Inn on 19 May 1584. I also suggest in the commentary that another Gray’s Inn student was a provider of texts for the anthology: this is John Edmonds who was admitted on 5 July 1584 and was (like Allott) formerly at Clement’s Inn. Coningsby’s connection to Gray’s Inn is also strengthened by the knowledge that his close cousin Thomas Coningsby of Hampton Court had become a member on 2 February 1584. Though his admission may have been honorific, membership to an Inn was ‘a “character indelible” retained for life’ and he probably spent time there during his frequent visits to the capital.<sup>46</sup> During the admissions boom of the second half of the sixteenth century, Gray’s Inn (the Inn of choice for the earl of Oxford, who joined in February 1567, and Philip Sidney who became a member, in the same month, in the following year) attracted ‘a disproportionate share of non-professional entrants, thanks to its aristocratic image and reputation’.<sup>47</sup> Gray’s Inn is the most likely point of contact for the connection between Humfrey Coningsby of Neen and one of the legatees in his will, the judge Sir Christopher Yelverton (treasurer of Gray’s Inn in 1579 and 1585), who boasted that his family links with Gray’s Inn began ‘two hundred years agoe at the least’.<sup>48</sup> Thomas Howell in his *Newe Sonets and Pretie Pamphlets* (1575) includes Yelverton among the class of 1560s and 70s writers who flourished at the Inns (including Thomas Norton, Thomas North, Thomas Sackville and William Baldwin): like Norton he is known for

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<sup>43</sup> Finkelppearl 1969: 24. See below where I discuss the Inns of Court as a centre for collecting and copying poetry.

<sup>44</sup> Prest points out that ‘quite a few cases of *bona fide* members ... escaped the admissions registers’ (10).

<sup>45</sup> The registers of the Inns of Chancery have not survived but this information is given in the Inner Temple register. Allott also left Oxford before taking his BA.

<sup>46</sup> According to Prest ‘honorific admissions ... are not formally identified’ but ‘usually made at the Lent and August readings’ (9); the Inns ‘operated like residential clubs or hotels, catering for a fluid, heterogeneous population’ (16).

<sup>47</sup> Prest: 11.

<sup>48</sup> Quoted in Prest 9.

his ‘ditties’ (‘There Nortons ditties do delight, / there Yeluertons doo flee’; sig. D3v). Yelverton also wrote the epilogue to Gray’s Inn poet George Gascoigne’s *Jocasta*, performed at the Inns of Court in 1566. Sir Christopher was among those particular friends to whom Humfrey wished to leave a lasting memento, ‘a Ringe of goulde w<sup>i</sup>the a Diamond of the value of Tenne pounds’.<sup>49</sup> There was every reason for spending time at Gray’s Inn; besides Yelverton, whose lifetime connection with that Inn is well documented, many of Coningsby’s close friends and relations signed up as members during the 1590s and beyond.<sup>50</sup> The fact that Humfrey’s name did not appear later in the register suggests that he was already a member of Gray’s Inn long before that time.<sup>51</sup>

### *The travels*

#### *Padua and Hungary: April 1594-1598*

According to the tomb inscription Coningsby set out on his first journey overseas in April 1594; his intention was probably to begin his foreign travel with a spell at the University of Padua as he registered there on 26 May 1594 (‘Humfridtis Coningsbeus, Anglus, cum parva cicatrice in sinistra parte frontis’ [‘...with a small scar on the left side of the forehead’]).<sup>52</sup> Another Englishman, Robert Scory, matriculated on the same day and was probably a travelling companion.<sup>53</sup> The matriculation registers for the

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<sup>49</sup> The other five receiving the same bequest were Humfrey’s father-in-law Sir Francis Kettleby, his brother-in-law Edward Freeman, the former ambassador to Constantinople Sir Henry Lello, a gentleman traveller Robert (Robin) Bailey of Salisbury and the merchant Hewett Stapers (son of Richard, founder of the Levant Company and associate of the famous geographer Richard Hakluyt). Sir Christopher’s name also appears as one of the witnesses in a copy of Humfrey’s will dated 10 November 1608 (Birmingham City Archives, MS 3420/ Acc 1933-013) but the name is replaced by Henry Yelverton in the will with the same date preserved in the National Archives.

<sup>50</sup> The Gray’s Inn register records the names of three of Coningsby’s close friends who received bequests in his will: on 3 November 1596: ‘Robert Bayley, of Barnard’s Inn, and of Salisbury, Wiltshire, gent.’; on 5 August 1600: ‘Hewitt Staper, of London, gent.’; and on 13 March 1603: ‘Henry Lello, Esq., Ambassador to the Queen at Constantinople, Turkey’.

<sup>51</sup> Humfrey’s link to the metropolis is also indicated from the property he left to his stepsister Joyce: ‘myne interest in leases of Howses, Stables, Gardaines, and other Comodities whatsoever in or w<sup>i</sup>thin Fiue myles of London’ (see **Appendix 4**).

<sup>52</sup> Archivio Antico dell’Universita (AAU) 30, f. 93v (Woolfson 1998: 226).

<sup>53</sup> *Ibid.*: 17, 250. I have been unable to identify this individual but a connection between the Scorys and Humfrey Coningsby’s adopted family can be established, since Sylvanus the son of the former bishop of Hereford (and one-time servant to the Earl of Leicester) married Henry Jeffreys’ niece Alice Walsh (the daughter of Francis Walsh of Shelsley Walsh, Worcestershire). For the connection between the Scorys and a manuscript of the *Old Arcadia*: St, see Woudhuysen 1996: 338-9.



University of Padua, extant for the years 1591-8, list the names of matriculants and their identifying features; according to Woolfson ‘65 Englishmen matriculated in this period’. St Loe Kniveton appears in the register on 23 July 1593, fourteen months before Coningsby, but their time there may not have over-lapped: Woolfson points out that Englishmen frequently enrolled at the university as a means of protection from the Inquisition bestowed by student status. However Coningsby must have been a committed student as he was still at Padua three years later and, as the University records show, he acted as ‘consiliarius of English nation’ from 1597-8.<sup>54</sup> This timescale fits the estimated ‘4 yeares upwards’ for the first trip overseas given in the tomb inscription but as Webb points out there is an error in the chronology. According to the inscription Coningsby’s participation as a volunteer soldier at the Siege of Strigonium (or Gran) took place during the second journey (‘AND TOOKE HIS JORNEY AGAINE, INTO BOHEMIA, POLONIA, AND HVNGARY’) and ‘AFTERWARDS’ travelled to Turkey ‘IN THE RAIGNE OF MAHOMETT THE THIRD EMPEROVR OF TURKES’. Webb points out that since ‘the first and only siege [at Strigonium] during the lifetime of Mahomet III was in 1594 ... [this] must have been when Conyngesby was on his first journey’.<sup>55</sup> Coningsby may not have left England intending to join up as a volunteer gentleman in the war against the Turks but was probably introduced to the idea at Padua University. The army of volunteer gentlemen fighting under the banner of the Holy Roman Emperor Rudolf II in the spring of 1595 was multinational; among the English gentry was Thomas Arundell of Wardour whom Rudolph II subsequently created Count of the Holy Roman Empire (much to the annoyance of Elizabeth I) for his services against the Turks.<sup>56</sup> The siege of Strigonium must have been a talking point in London as the English volunteer gentlemen returned home and recounted their successes against the Turks. In *Euery Man in his Humor* Ben Jonson’s braggart soldier Bobadill recounts: ‘Why at the beleag’ring of *Strigonium*, where in lesse then two houres, seuen hundred resolute gentleman, as any were in *Europe*, lost their live vpon the breach’.<sup>57</sup>

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<sup>54</sup> AAU 15, f. 4 (Woolfson, 226); ‘each nation annually elected a *consiliarius*, who represented the nation to the university and also formed collectively the university’s executive council under the rector’ (11).

<sup>55</sup> Webb 1857: 193.

<sup>56</sup> ODNB: Arundell, Thomas. Strigonium was taken on 7 September 1595.

<sup>57</sup> 3.1; *The Workes*, 1616, sig. C4r.

*Constantinople: 1598(9?)-April 1600*

If Coningsby returned home in 1598 after he completed his term as *consiliarius* he was soon on the move again.<sup>58</sup> This time the destination was Constantinople, and according to the tomb inscription he spent thirteen months living there ('AFTER 13 MONETHES ABOADE THERE'). Henry Lello had been attached to the embassy at Constantinople from the 1590s as secretary to the ambassador Edward Barton, then upon the death of Barton as *chargé d'affaires*, eventually becoming resident ambassador in 1599.<sup>59</sup> Coningsby may have known Lello, a fellow Salopian (born in Clunton), before going to Turkey but they had evidently become close friends well before 1608 when Humfrey made his will and Lello was among those particular friends in receipt of a lasting memento ('a Ringe of goulde w<sup>i</sup>th a Diamond of the value of Tenne pounds').<sup>60</sup> Although the circumstances and date of Coningsby's departure are difficult to determine, there is a good deal of information about the return journey. A letter dated 18 November 1599 written by the English merchant (and former secretary to Barton) John Sanderson, gives the exact day of departure:<sup>61</sup>

Yesterday we wear all at the ambassadors at diner, wher we wear very merry, yet had very great cheare ... With the first wind Master Pinder departeth; with him Master Conisbie and the workmen of the instrument sent. God prosper them into Inland.

The 'workmen of the instrument sent' refers to the present (an organ incorporating ingenious mechanical automatons) from Queen Elizabeth to Mehmed III, that was dispatched on the English merchant ship the *Hector*, along with its designer (Thomas Dallam) and other craftsmen on 12 February 1599. The *Hector's* passengers included travellers, artisans and merchants of the Levant Company; the cargo also included a coach as present for the sultan's mother and merchandise for trading. Although Sanderson does not mention him by name, the designer of the organ Thomas Dallam

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<sup>58</sup> Woolfson (226) notes the entry in the Rutland account books: '28 Junii [1599] geven to Mr Conysbie's man that brought letters from Padoua' (HMC 1905 4: 424), and suggests that Humfrey Coningsby had crossed paths with Francis Manners in Padua. However this may not be Humfrey since an entry on 21 November 1597 in the same book of accounts records a payment to 'Mr Conisby, one of the clarkes of the Petty Bag Office' (413). For the entry in the University of Padua register for Francis Manners (1599-1600), see Woolfson: 255.

<sup>59</sup> Bell 1990: 284.

<sup>60</sup> William Biddulph described Lello as 'a learned, wise, and religious English gentleman, sometime student in Oxford, and afterwards at the Innes of the Court' (*The Trauels of Certaine Englishmen*, 1608, sigs. H2v-3r). For those receiving the same bequest, see above fn. 49.

<sup>61</sup> Foster 1931: 185. The addressee is the English merchant William Aldrich.

was among the return party. Dallam had been keeping a journal of this interesting period in his life, and he kept this up during the return journey.<sup>62</sup> Dallam first mentions Coningsby in his diary as one of the gentlemen taking part in the delegation to present the gift of the organ to Mehmed III.<sup>63</sup>

Thare roode with him [Henry Lello] 22 jentlmen and marchantes, all in clothe of goulde; the gentlemen weare these: Mr. Humfrye Cunisbye, Mr. Baylie of Salsburie, Mr. Paule Pinder, Mr. Wyllyam Alderidg, Mr. Jonas Aldridge, and Mr. Thomas Glover.

Lello also mentions in his report to Robert Cecil (dated 21 October 1599) that ‘order was sent by the Grand Signior that before our entrance unto him bothe I and my gentlemenn should be clothed in vests out of his Tresorie’.<sup>64</sup> This concurs with the statement in Coningsby’s tomb inscription that the ‘EMPEROVR OF TURKES, WHO TO DOE | HIM HONOR, GAVE HIM A TURKYSH GOWNE OF CLOTH OF GOULD’.<sup>65</sup> Dallam does not refer to Coningsby again until the return journey where, as members of a travelling party of eight Englishmen, they were in close company for many months. There must have been some delay (perhaps ‘the first wind’ Sanderson mentions in his letter was late coming) as Dallam writes that on ‘28 November, beinge Weddensdaye [sic], at 4 acloke in the after nowne, we departed from the cittie of Constantinople and Gallata in a Turkishe ship caled Carmesale’.<sup>66</sup> Dallam reports that they stopped at ‘tow Castles caled Sestoies and Abidose, wheare som of our company wente ashore’.<sup>67</sup> On the first of December they visited ‘the ruins of Troy’ and on the mainland of Greece they passed through ‘Thessalonica’, ‘the plains of Arcadia’ and ‘the iland Zante’; all these places are mentioned in Coningsby’s tomb inscription. Dallam describes the conditions they endured on the return trip: ‘some nyghtes we weare like to ly without dors, and at som

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<sup>62</sup> ‘A brefe Relation of my Travell from the Royall Cittie of London towards the Straites of Mariemediterranum, and what hapened by the waye’ (BL Add. MS 17480); ed. in Bent 1893.

<sup>63</sup> Bent 1893: 66. One of these gentlemen was Robert (Robin) Bailey, a legatee in Humfrey’s will, who received the same bequest as Lello; see below. Lello also left a bequest of twenty pounds to ‘Mr Robert Bailey’ in his will dated 1629 (Dean 1884: 313). Dallam also mentions ‘Baylye of Saulsburie’ as one of the men sent by Lello to convey a party from the *Hector* (stuck at Gallipoli waiting for a favourable wind) to the embassy in Constantinople (Bent 1893: 50).

<sup>64</sup> Quoted in Bent 1893: xiv. This was Lello’s (long-awaited) first public audience with the sultan as resident ambassador, which took place 14 September 1599 (Bell 1990: 284).

<sup>65</sup> **Appendix 3: F.**

<sup>66</sup> Bent 1893: 82.

<sup>67</sup> *Ibid.*

touns we could not gitt any vitels'.<sup>68</sup> At one stage travelling on horse back across the 'hills of Parnassus' the conditions were treacherous:<sup>69</sup>

we had all maner of ill weather, as thundringe, lightninge, rayne, and snow, and our waye was so bad as I thinke never did Christians travell the like. The mountains weare huge and steepe, stony, and the wayes verrie narrow, so that if a horse should have stumbled or slided, bothe horse and man had bene in greate danger of their lives.

At a later stage of the journey they needed help to lead their horses (including 'Sir [sic] Humfray Conisby his horse') across a dangerously high and fast-running river. At Patras the group was in trouble again; they had hoped to stay with the English consul Jonas Aldridge, but he was away on business and they had to settle for the floor of a Greek resident's house:<sup>70</sup>

At this place Mr. Cunisbe was like to have cutt of a Jew's heade, who railed againste our Saviour; but Mr. Paull Pindar and the reste of our Company, with mucche at dow, prevented it.

On another occasion where Dallam specifically mentions Coningsby it is in relation to his interest in a meteor sighting by one of the group. On Christmas Eve (1599) the party of eight spent the night in a forest hut taking it in turns to keep watch while the rest slept. During Dallam's watch he saw a 'bale of fierr, as bigge as a greate foot bale' and when he later told the others about this marvel, 'Mr. Conisbe was verrie sorie that he had not sene that fier bale'.<sup>71</sup> In January at Zante the group were quarantined for ten days (in case they brought any disease out of Constantinople) along with the watermen who had conveyed them there. After seven days of house arrest the cost of feeding the extra men became a burden and a deal was brokered for the early release of the watermen. Before this could be granted Dallam tells us that the watermen were required to 'leape out at a window into the sea, and washe themselues over heade with theyr clothis on'; unsurprisingly they were reluctant to do this but Dallam writes:<sup>72</sup>

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<sup>68</sup> Ibid.: 83.

<sup>69</sup> Ibid.

<sup>70</sup> Ibid: 86.

<sup>71</sup> Ibid.: 87.

<sup>72</sup> Ibid.: 90.

Mr. Connisbye drew his simmeterie, and swore a greate othe that if they would not leape out quickly he would cut of their legges, and made them perforce leap oute; and so we weare rid of them.

After forty-six days waiting in Zante for a passage to Venice, the English ship the Hector in which Dallam and his craftsmen had travelled on the outward journey anchored at the port and they abandoned their plans for Venice in favour of a secure passage back to England. Once on board the usual distinctions of class prevailed and Dallam writes no more of ‘Master Connisbye’.<sup>73</sup>

Not long after his return in April 1599, Coningsby began translating a contemporary Italian tract, *L’Ottomano* by Lazaro Soranzo (Ferrara, 1599), detailing politically important information about the contemporary military and social power structures of the Ottoman Empire under the rule of Mehmed III. The autograph manuscript (BL, Cotton MS Nero B. XI, ff. 1-16) translates the first book of *L’Ottomano*, and concludes abruptly with a line not in *L’Ottomano*: ‘His maner of entreteining forreine Ambassadors is thus’. Foster first suggested that the sixteen-folio manuscript was written by Coningsby: ‘Several references to Humphrey Conisby (or Coningsby) will be found in Dallam’s narrative of the return journey ... In Brit. Mus. MS. Nero B xi (ff. 1-16) is an interesting account of the state of Turkey, unsigned and undated; but from the initials H. C. at the commencement and from internal evidence, I conclude that its author was Conisby, and that it was written upon his return in 1600’.<sup>74</sup> Foster based this assumption on the initials ‘H. C.’ at the head of the manuscript tract and the internal references to events occurring on the journey from Constantinople to England which tally with Dallam’s account (‘last yere, miself retorning from Constantinople in the Company of others’; BL, Cotton MS Nero B. XI, f. 4). Several references to the Siege of Strigonium (where Coningsby served as a volunteer gentleman) in the Cotton MS further support this supposition. The text (including the initials at the head of the opening page) is copied in a single italic hand with occasional secretary letter-forms (see fig. 28 below). The left bar of the letter ‘H’, in the initials at the head of the tract, is given an elaborate tail reminiscent of the flourish added to the

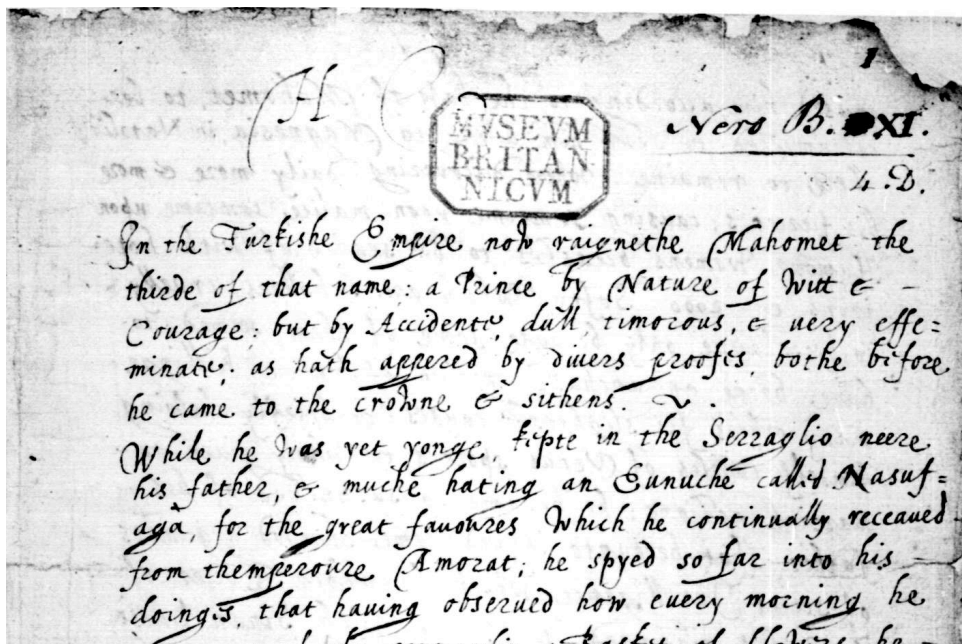
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<sup>73</sup> On one occasion Dallam was allowed into the quarters designated for gentlemen and merchant passengers: ‘our vitals beinge verrie badd, I was invited to diner with our marchantes in the great Cabbin’ (Ibid.: 94).

<sup>74</sup> 1931: 185.

right bar of the same letter of Coningsby's initials in Hy (seen in fig. 29 below). The italic does not match Coningby's italic hand in Hy but considering the time-lag (Hy was copied no later than 1586 and the Cotton MS in 1600) and the evidence in Hy that Coningsby could employ two distinct italic scripts, each with a different set of letter forms, I believe that the hand belongs to him. Coningsby may have been influenced by continental models of handwriting during his time as a student at Padua University and developed the script seen in the Cotton MS.

fig. 28



*L'Ottomano* was subsequently translated by Abraham Hartwell and published in 1603 as *The Ottoman of Lazaro Soranzo*. Coningsby frequently digresses from Soranzo's text, amplifying the subject matter with his own recently acquired knowledge about the personnel and customs of the Ottoman court. In one long digression (on f. 4r) Coningsby relates a chance encounter on the journey home from Constantinople with the formidable Scipione Cicala, High Admiral of the Ottoman fleet:

The last yere, miself retorning from Constantinople | in the Company of others,  
 departing from Galata in the | begining of the night, the next morning, before  
 brighte | day, we put into Galipoli: hauing run that only night | with winde &  
 corrent -140 miles: In that Porte we | found Cicala, with -15 galleys, (before his going  
 forth | hauing met him, betwene Troy & Tenedos, with -26, | the rest bestowd in guard)

newly returned from the | coastes of Europe, Asia, & Africa, upon the mediter= | rane  
 Sea, Ciprus, Roades, & other Ilandes with those | of the Archipelago, wither euery  
 Sommer the Turkes | Admiral goes, to uisit his fortresses: & to receaue | tribute &  
 presentes. Now being there, (his Prince | & ours, holding so good intelligence, &  
 himself indeed | the best friend that we haue in all Turkey) wee | thought it fit to salute  
 him; & so did, in his Galley | which was not very great, but excedingly well furnished |  
 & wrought on the outside uery curiously with stories | of the Sea Gods, & guilte quite  
 within the water. | Wee found him, after the maner, in the Poop, with his Coun= |  
 sailors about him; they sate upon benches on the sides, | but he, in the ende, was  
 mounted up somewhat higher, cros= | legd, with pillowes at his backe: at our coming in,  
 they | stood up; on their feet: & after that we were set, our | Druggaman, which was an  
 English Turk,<sup>75</sup> deliuered our | complement: which he accepted with good respect; pro=  
 | fessing himself, an affectionat Wellwyller to her Maiesty | & assured friend to her  
 Subiectes. So discoursinge | further of our State & Venice whither we were then |  
 bound, fortunung to be named by us: he presently de= | manded, whether we knew the  
 place: we told him | ye, & that we had spent yeares there; some of us. | Wherupon he  
 grew to particular questions, of their | forces, by Sea & Land: Their Comanders: their  
 walled | townes: their Portes: their Riches; & Confederates; &c | wherof, no doubt, he  
 was sufficiently advertised before, | Concluding openly that his first endeuour at retorne,  
 | to the King should be to perswade him, to make wars | upon them. repeating this  
 purpose very earnestly, | diuers times, with a lowde voice; & a sterne conutenance. |  
 Some may think that he doth it coningly, to get bribes | from them underhand; but he is  
 a Knowne Enemy; & this we harde./ | He is of low stature; but broad; | leane; neruouse;  
 big eyed; & high nosed; with a base | voyce: His father was a Genouese: his mother, a |  
 Turke of Castelnuouo: & he borne in Messina. he | is a great friende of Complementes;  
 & Reuenger of Iniuries.

In this and other digressions from Soranzo's text Coningsby shows himself a studied observer of places and people, noting details that might be politically useful to others. This is the kind of purposeful travel that Philip Sidney advised his brother Robert to pursue before embarking on his European tour in 1578, telling him that 'your purpose is, being a gentleman born, to furnish yourself with the knowledge of such things as may

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<sup>75</sup> Coningsby mentions 'our Druggaman, which was an English Turk'; this is the English interpreter described by Dallam as 'born in Chorlaye in Lancashier; his name Finche. He was also in religion a perfit Turke, but he was our trustie frende' (Bent 84).

be serviceable to your country'.<sup>76</sup> In another digression (on f. 12r), Coningsby displays his knowledge about the organization and strength of the Ottoman army, gained from first-hand experience of fighting against the Turks at the siege of Strigonium:<sup>77</sup>

The Ianizers haue Harguebuses, but they use them not so well | as wee: besides they be very short. the which of what disad= | uantage it is, let that moltitude iudge, which at the siege | of <Strio> Gran, (after that our Artillery had dismounted | all theirs on that side) stode upon a Hill Sowtheast from | the Castle, where before had bin a Sconce, & from whence | now we principally battered: Let them Iudge if the Turkes | within had had our muskets, whether they had not kilde | thowsandes, standing as we did, all open upon a But-side | & by the shortnes only of their peeces, whether thy slue | one man. they shot at Random indeed, & lost their powder.

### *Final journeys*

A third trip to Spain mentioned in the tomb inscription may have been afforded at the time of Nottingham's embassy in 1605 but there is no evidence to substantiate this. Humfrey set off on his last journey bound for Venice on 10 October 1610 and 'WAS NEVER AFTER SEENE BY ANY OF HIS AQUAINTANCE ON THIS SIDE, THE SEAS, OR BEYOND, | NOR ANY CERTAINTY KNOWNE OF HIS DEATH, WHER, WHEN, OR HOW'.<sup>78</sup> After waiting seven years (the legal minimum for assuming death of 'persons beyond sea or absenting themselves upon whose live Estates do depend') his will was proved.<sup>79</sup> A substantial sum was put aside for his burial and tomb: 'I will that Five hundred markes be bestowed upon my funerale and Tombe with an inscription of my condiconn, lyfe & deathe', which his stepsister Joyce Jeffreys fully accomplished 'THOUGH SHORT OF HIS PERFECTIONS' in 1624.<sup>80</sup> I suggest later that Joyce shared her brother's scholarly and literary mindset and apart from the detailed inscription of her brother's 'condiconn, lyfe & deathe' she included, in the cartouches surrounding the tomb, more than the usual number of funeral verses, including a poem written by her brother (see **Appendix 3: F**).

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<sup>76</sup> Letter to Robert Sidney c.1578, quoted in Duncan-Jones 1989: 284.

<sup>77</sup> Coningsby mentions Strigonium again in another digression from Soranzo: 'that at the Siege of | Strigonia, most things were as chepe, or cheper, in the Camp, | then the same were at Vienna; a plentifull City in a | peaceable & most yelding contrey' (f. 8v). The monument inscription provides the information that Coningsby served '(AS A VOLVNTARY GENTILLMAN) AT THE SEEDGE OF STRIGONIVM, IN HUNGARY AGAINST THE TURKES'; see **Appendix 3: E**.

<sup>78</sup> From the Coningsby monument (see **Appendix 3: E**).

<sup>79</sup> The act is quoted from Spicksley (2012: 11 fn. 48).

<sup>80</sup> Quoted from Coningsby's will dated 10 November 1608 (see **Appendix 4**), and the Coningsby monument (see **Appendix 3: E**).



In his indefatigable desire to see ‘the most eminent places and persons’ Coningsby, like another inveterate traveller Fynes Moryson (an exact contemporary), was prepared to endure the hardships of early modern travel, but from the entries in Dallam’s diary and passages in the Nero manuscript we gain glimpses of his enthusiasm for the natural world and his romanticizing of the topography of the places he visited as the sites of historical and fictional events from classical literature. His family members were followers of Leicester, part of the Dudley power-base in the Welsh borders and West Midlands established over generations of service and kinship ties. Like Sidney he had attended the protestant college of Christ Church and was desperate for some military service in a worthy cause. His religious zeal is also suggested from the episode related by Dallam where he was ‘like to have cutt of a Jew’s heade, who railed againste our Saviour’. Social status was also important to Coningsby, and with his own claims to gentility secure he was concerned to defend these exclusive rights against abuses such as those seen in the pretensions of the upstart actors (see the commentary to **94**). These values, like the poetry Coningsby collected in the 1580s, were about to be supplanted: James I debased titles, and a new kind of writing emerged, emanating from the Inns of Court, that valorised wit and included a more robust social critique.<sup>81</sup> Humfrey Coningsby’s anthology is a testament to the style and tastes of the high Elizabethan period compiled before the emergence of the generation of Inns of Court writers (such as Davies, Marston and Donne) who favoured more direct modes of discourse.

#### OTHER PEOPLE ASSOCIATED WITH THE MANUSCRIPT

##### *ROBERT ALLOTT*

There are six poems in the hand of Robert Allott: four of these are claimed by Allott (**152** and **155** are signed ‘R Allott’, **153** ‘RA’, and **157** ‘Robert Allott’); another is marked by Allott as ‘Incerti Authoris’ (**154**) and a distich (**156**) is unsigned. This is almost certainly the Robert Allott (Allatte) of Lincolnshire, who matriculated from Corpus Christi, Oxford in 1581, aged eighteen, and was admitted to the Inner Temple, 6

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<sup>81</sup> See for example the libel (‘Come all you farmers out of the country’), which ‘responds to James I’s July 1603 orders that all those worth £40 per year should present themselves to be knighted at his coronation’ (B3: *Early Stuart Libels*).

November 1584, from Clement's Inn (giving his home as Driby, Lincolnshire).<sup>82</sup> Allott of Driby is also identified as the literary compiler and editor of *Wits Theatre* (1599) and *Englands Parnassus* (1600).<sup>83</sup> Eccles suggests that his father was Robert Allot, a gentleman from Louth, Lincolnshire (d. 1564) and bencher at the Inner Temple from 1556 to 1564.<sup>84</sup> Eccles traces Allott of Driby (aged thirty-four, residing in St. Martin's in the Fields, London), giving evidence in a case held in the Court of Chancery (C24/262) on 18 August 1598; and a burial record at St. Anne, Blackfriars (7 November 1603) for 'Robert Allat' who died of the plague.<sup>85</sup> A few more poems written by Allott survive in his own published compilation of verse extracts, *Englands Parnassus* (1600), and as commendatory verses that he contributed to the published works of members of his circle of literary friends. Allott wrote dedicatory poems ('To the right worshipfull, Syr Thomas Mounson, Knight' and 'To the Worshipfull Maister Iohn Gybson') and another verse addressed to 'To the Reader' for *Englands Parnassus*; two dedicatory poems for Gervase Markham's *Devoreux*, 1597 ('In praise of the worke' and 'To my most affectionate friend, Ieruis Markham');<sup>86</sup> and two Latin commendatory verses: 'Ad Christopherum Middletonum Hexastichon' for Christopher Middleton's *The Legend of*

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<sup>82</sup> Foster.

<sup>83</sup> See, Rollins 1935: 2, 49 fn. 1; Eccles 1982; *ODNB*: Allott.

<sup>84</sup> 1982: 7. There is a record of Robert of Louth's burial on 20 Jan 1564 in the General Register of Louth St. James Parish, Lincolnshire Archives. The evidence for the relationship between Robert of Louth and Robert of Driby comes from the wills of Robert Allot of Louth (4 March 1564; NA, PROB 11/47/85), his brother Sir John Allott, Lord Mayor of London (15 October 1591; NA, PROB 11/78/224) and his widow Dame Anne (10 Jan 1618; NA, PROB 11/131/26). Eccles notes that 'Robert of Louth ... mentions his sons Thomas, Richard and Robert, his unborn child, and his brother John' ['Thomas my eldest sonne'; 'Richard and Robert my youngest sonnes and...the infant nowe in my wives belly'; 'Robart my third sonne'; 'my loving and trusty brother John Allot']; 'Sir John in 1589 names his brother Robert's sons Thomas, Robert, and Adam (presumably the unborn child). Dame Anne in 1615/16 and in a codicil of 1617 mentions the children of Robert Allott, gentleman of London, deceased: a son Robert, an eldest daughter, and three unmarried daughters who were minors in 1617' (7). This family connection is further indicated from a variant state of the dedication in *Englands Parnassus* to John Gibson, precentor of York Minster 1575-1613, who, by 1602, was married to Anne a daughter of Sir John Allott (<<http://www.historyofparliamentonline.org/volume/1604-1629/member/gibson-sir-john-1576-1639>> [accessed 17 March 2015]). Most surviving copies of *Englands Parnassus* have a different dedication leaf addressed to Sir Thomas Monson (1563/4-1641); it is worth noting that Monson, like Allott, came from Lincolnshire, and was educated at Oxford and the Inns of Court during the same period (matriculating at Magdalen College (aged fifteen in December 1579), and at Gray's Inn from 1583).

<sup>85</sup> Eccles 1982.

<sup>86</sup> Williams (1937) identifies the 'R. Allott' who contributed verses to *Deuoreux Vertues* as the anthologist, tracing twenty-four quotations from *Deuoreux* in *Englands Parnassus*.

*Humphrey Duke of Glocester*, 1600 (signed ‘Rob: Allott’),<sup>87</sup> and ‘In Politeuphuian Decastichon’, for Nicholas Ling’s *Politeuphuia, Wits Common Wealth*, 1598 (signed ‘R. A.’).<sup>88</sup>

The four poems by Allott in Hy are his earliest surviving compositions, and display his knowledge of differing poetic forms—rhyme royal (157), blank verse (152) and fourteeners (155)—and reveal an interest in currently fashionable rhetorical devices such as correlative verse (152) and a willingness to experiment with novel stanzaic patterns by varying line lengths (153). Allott copied his verse at the very end of the manuscript sometime during the mid-1580s when Coningsby was associating with other Inns of Court students and intercepting the work of professional poets residing close to the Inns. The Inner Temple was allied to Gray’s Inn (the Inn to which I suggest Humfrey Coningsby belonged) and during this time Allott may also have become acquainted with Thomas Monson (already mentioned as the dedicatee of *Englands Parnassus*) who was a member of Gray’s Inn from 24 January 1583 and like Allott came from Lincolnshire and had been a student at Oxford University. Though *Englands Parnassus* contains over 2000 extracts from contemporary poetry, many of the authors found in Hy are absent, and for the extracts from Sidney’s poetry Woudhuysen establishes that there is no evidence of textual relationship;<sup>89</sup> Allott rather chose a disproportionate number of extracts from the works of his own friends (Markham, Weever and Middleton).

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<sup>87</sup> John Weever and Michael Drayton also contributed poems to *The Legend of Humphrey Duke of Glocester*; the author is identified as the Christopher Middleton (d. 1628) who matriculated as a sizar of St John’s College, Cambridge, in Easter term 1587 (*ODNB*: Middleton). Honigmann (1987) linked another Robert Allott who matriculated as sizar from St John’s College c. 1592 to the literary circle around Weever and Middleton; however, as Marotti (*ODNB*: Allott) points out there is no evidence that the Cambridge Allott who became ‘a celebrated physician’ and died in Cambridge in 1642 ever resided in London. (An autograph letter from [Dr] Robert Allott (endorsed St John’s, Cambridge) to George Coke, dated 14 November 1609 (BL, Add. MS 64875, ff. 33r-34v), giving directions for the treatment of child’s eye complaint, bears no resemblance to Robert Allott’s hand in Hy.) It seems more reasonable to suggest that the literary circle including Allott of Driby, Middleton, Markham and Weever formed in London some time during the latter half of the 1590s. Weever, admitted as a sizar to Queen’s College, Cambridge 30 April 1594 (*ODNB*) probably became associated with this group when he moved to London in 1598, contributing a dedicatory verse to Middleton’s *The Legend* in 1600, and writing the epigram ‘*Ad Ro: Allot, & Chr. Middleton*’ (see commentary to 155) printed in 1599.

<sup>88</sup> This collection of prose extracts (first published in 1597) was compiled by John Bodenham though Nicholas Ling edited the volume. Allott was invited to edit another collection initiated by Bodenham, *Wits Theatre of the Little World*, 1599 (*ODNB*: Allott).

<sup>89</sup> 1996: 282.

*ST LOE KNIVETON*

There are seven entries in the hand of St Loe Kniveton (**ii, iv, vi, vii, xi, xii** and **103a-b**): most of these are on the cover leaf and exhibit his erudition and hint at eclectic interests that were fully realised in his later life as one of a band of important antiquaries including William Camden and George Buck. Buck called him our ‘greatest reader of records’ and Camden paid tribute to him in his *Britain* (1637): ‘to whose judicious and studious diligence I am deeply indebted’ (sig. 2Z5r).<sup>90</sup> St Loe (Lo) Kniveton was the son of Thomas Kniveton of Mercaston, Derbyshire (d. 1591) and Jane, daughter of Ralph Leche of Chatsworth, Derbyshire (c. 1533-c. 1604), half-sister and close friend of Bess of Hardwick. Jane was employed as a lady-in-waiting to Bess from 1548 when she was no older than fifteen and in later years took charge of household affairs when Bess was in London.<sup>91</sup> Thomas Kniveton owed his election as knight of the shire for Derbyshire (c. 1559-1561) to Bess’s influence. The close relationship between Bess and Jane Kniveton also explains the Christian name ‘St Loe’ which may have been chosen in memory of Bess’s third husband William St Loe (they were married from August 1559 till 1565). According to *The Baronetage of England* (1720: 1.217) Jane Kniveton had three sons of whom St Loe was the third son after William the eldest and heir, and George who died on a sea crossing to Ireland. William was born c. 1560 (d. 1632) and St Loe was admitted to Gray’s Inn 29 May 1584;<sup>92</sup> these dates fit an estimated birth date of 1565, the year in which Bess’s husband William St Loe died. Kniveton would have been one or two years older than Coningsby and they may have become acquainted through a mutual interest in poetry and a distant family connection (see **iv**).<sup>93</sup> There is no record of Kniveton’s earlier education but he followed his cousins Henry and William Cavendish in attending Gray’s Inn and later, like Henry and Charles Cavendish, spent time at the University of Padua (matriculating 23 July

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<sup>90</sup> Buck’s tribute is cited in Bald 1935: 4.

<sup>91</sup> Lovell 2005: 59; Durant 1999: 26, 53.

<sup>92</sup> See the entry for William Knyveton in the *History of Parliament* online <<http://www.historyofparliamentonline.org/volume/1604-1629/member/knyveton-william-1560-1632>> [accessed 17 March 2015].

<sup>93</sup> Kniveton’s interest in poetry is seen from an autograph manuscript (BL, Harl. MS 4286), begun as a poetry collection and subsequently used for genealogical writing (see commentary to **3**). Kniveton may also have known fellow antiquarian Buck during this period. In 1582, as a student of Thavies Inn, Buck contributed a commendatory poem to Thomas Watson’s *Hekatompathia*. Coningsby must also have come into contact with Watson’s social circle as he was able to obtain manuscript versions of poems printed in this volume.

1593).<sup>94</sup> Coningsby's name appears in the Padua matriculation register fourteen months after Kniveton's enrolment (see above).

*JOYCE JEFFREYS*

This is the half-sister of Humfrey Coningsby who has already been mentioned; she transcribed two poems on the verso of the last leaf of the anthology in her immature hand (158-9).<sup>95</sup> The anthology may have been left in her care when her half-brother travelled abroad in 1594: as I have already mentioned, the half-siblings were close and Humfrey named Joyce as his executor and charged her with the responsibility of erecting his monument. Joyce also shared her brother's scholarly and literary mindset. Her autograph notebook of household accounts records purchases of a book of poems on the death of Ben Jonson, works on classical law and histories (Herodotus, Justinian and Quintus Curtius), and tracts on contemporary events (news and religious controversies). Joyce (like her brother) was close to Sir Thomas Coningsby: she lived at Hampton Court from as early as the 1590s 'as a perpetual Companion to Dame Phillippa his wife' (d. 1617), and she was named executor in Sir Thomas's will of 1616: 'my modest Cosen Joyce Jeffereis the rather for the later prooffe of her constand perseveracon in manifesting the truth of like kynd, reposed in her by my Cosen her brother [i.e. Humfrey]'.<sup>96</sup> The poet and writing master John Davies of Hereford evidently made her acquaintance at Hampton Court, where he was employed to give writing lessons to Sir Thomas's children, and addressed one of his more successful epigrams 'To myne euer-approoued deere friend, Mrs. Ioyce Iefferys' in *The Scourge of Folly* (1611):<sup>97</sup>

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<sup>94</sup> Henry Cavendish registered at Gray's Inn in 1567 and William in 1572. See Woolfson for the matriculation records at Padua (Henry and Charles Cavendish spent time at Padua during 1571 in the company of their brother-in-law Gilbert Talbot).

<sup>95</sup> See also *ODNB*: Jefferies.

<sup>96</sup> Quoted from the 'Antiquarian Notebook of Henry Jeffreys 1695-1709' (Worcester Record Office, BA 13115 Ref. 899: 683) in Spicksley: 11; will of 'Sir Thomas Coningsbie': PROB 11/148/530.

<sup>97</sup> Other poems in the collection are addressed 'To the right well-accomplisht Knight, Sr Thomas Coningesby' (sig. E5v); 'To my most deere and sincerely-beloued-worthy Pupills, the Lady Tracy, and the Lady Baskeruile, Daughters to the worthy Knight Sr. Thomas Coningesby' (sig. S1v). Davies also addressed a poem to another of his pupils and nephew to Sir Thomas: 'To mine approoued kinde friend and scholler, Humfrey Boughton Esquire, one of her Maiesties gent. Pensioners' ('Thou lou'st me well, with ill I taught thee not'; sig. K1v). Boughton was also a witness to Humfrey's will dated 1608 (see **Appendix 4**).

Thyne *Head* and *Heart*, makes my *Head*, *Hart*, and *Hand*  
 To draw thee in, into this list or Band  
 Of those whome most I honor; sith thou art  
 In Head as witty, as most kinde in Heart:  
 Then, though I (breefly) thus, do end with thee,  
 Thyne Name (perhapps) may endlesse bee by mee.  
 (sig. S2r)

## THE ANTHOLOGY

### *THE POETS AND SCRIBAL COMMUNITIES*

#### *Edward Dyer and Philip Sidney*

Hy is the largest single contemporary collection of Dyer's poetry.<sup>98</sup> Ten poems in the anthology are attributed to Dyer; eight of these attributions are confirmed elsewhere, usually more than once (**1**, **2**, **10-12**, **15**, **41** and **127**) and the remaining two (**9** and **88**), depend solely on the authority of Hy for being Dyer's.<sup>99</sup> The attribution to 'possible' Dyer poem **88** was added at a later date and is the only questionable attribution to Dyer in Hy. Poem **9** is followed by three 'certain' Dyer poems that probably derived from a single source and, judging by the lack of corruption in these texts, was taken from someone in the author's immediate circle. The compiler's ability to obtain copies of Dyer's verse at different points in the collection—from the first few folios (seven out of the first fifteen poems entered into the manuscript are by Dyer) to the latest entry on f. 69v (**127**)—indicates that he was drawing on a variety of sources. The first entry in the anthology of a poem by Sidney is a response to a verse by Dyer. Dyer's poem (**15**) takes the legend of the satyr who kissed the fire brought down from heaven by Prometheus as a metaphor for his own burning passion, caused by the sight of his heavenly mistress. Sidney's response (**16**) mirrors Dyer's (Surreyan) sonnet verse form

<sup>98</sup> Ra is a close second with eight poems by Dyer all found in Hy (**1**, **2**, **9**, **11**, **12**, **15**, **41** and **127**). Sargent did not know about the Dyer poems in Hy (first identified in Wagner 1935) and concluded that Ra held 'the largest corpus of Dyer's poetry' ([1st edn. 1935] 1968: 202). Seven of Ra's Dyer poems are signed 'Mr. Dier' (**9** is assigned to W. R.).

<sup>99</sup> Dyer's most recent editor sets the complete canon at twelve 'certain' poems and four 'possible' (May 1991: 288). Hy contains eight of the canonical (**1**, **2**, **10-12**, **15**, **41** and **127**) and two of the texts considered as 'possibly by Dyer' (**9** and **88**).

but treats a different story of a satyr who cowardly flees the sound of his own horn. In the penultimate line Sidney addresses his friend in a direct reference to the earlier poem: ‘Better I lyke thy Satyre (Deerest Dyer) / That burnte his lyps, to kisse faire shininge Fyer’. The poems are copied together in most of the surviving manuscript witnesses, among groupings of both poets’ work, suggesting that the authors shared the responsibility for releasing the linked poems into manuscript circulation. In Hy the companion poems appear in a section of the manuscript (ff. 25r-25v) where Dyer’s work predominates (twenty-one of the first 25 folios contain lines by Dyer), and was probably derived from a source with access to poems by Dyer rather than Sidney. Hy derived the companion poems from the same original as a manuscript once belonging to Anne Cornwallis (Fo), and the placing in this manuscript, also indicates a source where poems by Dyer rather than Sidney were available.<sup>100</sup> The work of these two writers also coincides much later in the collection, where a canonical poem of Dyer’s (127) is directly followed by Sidney’s CS 23. Marotti’s point that the works of authors belonging to the same social circles often kept company in single manuscript volumes is pertinent here.<sup>101</sup>

In all there are twelve poems in the anthology by or attributed to Philip Sidney: four are from the *Old Arcadia* (OA 51: **53**, OA 60: **115**, OA 45: **123** and OA 3: **146**), five from the *Certain Sonnets* (CS 16: **16**, CS 30: **44**, CS 19: **54**, CS 3: **55** and CS 23: **128**), one poem is possibly by Sidney (PP 2: **116**). Two poems (AT 21: **51** and AT 19: **83**) initially considered by Ringler as wrongly attributed to Sidney were subsequently reclassified by him as possibly Sidney’s based the evidence in Ot (see the head-note to **51**). One other short poem may also be Sidney’s by virtue of its placement in the anthology among his certain work and the theme, which is associated with the poet elsewhere (see the commentary to **52**). Eight of these poems were identified as Sidney’s by the compiler, all except one (AT 19) at the time of transcription. On one occasion a poem that is certainly by Gorges (**110**) was assigned retrospectively to

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<sup>100</sup> In Fo a unique poem attributed to ‘Dier’ (‘Wher one woulde be ther not to be’) is copied on the verso of the leaf containing Dyer’s poem before the scribe copied Sidney’s answer poem. The companion poems also appear in Ot: a collection of predominantly Sidney poems; and in Ra the poems appear in a mixed Sidney/Dyer grouping (four poems by Dyer come before and three poems by Sidney follow).

<sup>101</sup> See for example, his comment in relation to the circulation of Donne’s poetry: ‘in light of the usual processes of manuscript transmission, an unsurprising-fact: that Donne’s work is frequently found in the company of that of other poets, many of whom were socially connected with him in some way’ (1986: 72).

Sidney. For three of the canonical poems and one possibly by Sidney the compiler failed to identify the author. Two of these unattributed Sidney poems appear consecutively in the anthology (OA 60: **115** and PP 2: **116**); both illustrate the literary device of correlation, a genre that Sidney was briefly interested in. A following poem (**117**) also illustrates this device and forms a mini genre grouping of correlative or reporting verse (for this popular device see the commentary for **115**). It is likely that these three poems were derived from a single source more interested in this fashionable literary genre than the question of authorship.<sup>102</sup> When the compiler re-visited the attribution to **117** he credibly assigned authorship to Raleigh (the external evidence points to his cousin Gorges), whereas the two Sidney poems using the same device remained unattributed, suggesting that he could not identify the author either at the time of transcription or at a later date when he was reviewing his attribution decisions. Two more canonical Sidney poems are unattributed: **123** is followed by a poem by Breton and **128** follows on from a poem also initially unattributed but retrospectively assigned to ‘Dyer’. These last two unattributed Sidney poems are found in the latter part of the collection in a block of unattributed poems that runs from **113** to **139**, where retrospective attributions to ‘Dier’ and ‘Raley’ are the only exceptions. This is also the section where ‘I. Ed.’ appears as a source for copy texts. Taking into account the compiler’s attempt to assign authors to texts retrospectively and his evident interest in recording the names of courtier poets, it is likely that he did not purposely omit the attributions to Sidney. The copies of Sidney’s poems obtained at a later stage in the life of the anthology therefore derived from a source further away from the author’s immediate circle from those copied earlier in the manuscript.

A run of poems attributed to Sidney in the early section of the manuscript is worth considering more closely for what it tells us about how his poems were transmitted. The grouping (**51-55**) is a mix of *Certain Sonnets*, *Old* and *New Arcadia* poems, a song that formed part of a royal entertainment, and a Latin motto associated with Sidney and his close circle. The grouping indicates that the source for this run of Sidney poems derived from a miscellaneous collection of the poet’s work, which included poems that were incorporated into the prose romance or gathered together as the collection known as the *Certain Sonnets*, as well as a few pieces that were rejected

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<sup>102</sup> This habit of grouping poems by genre or theme is exhibited in Ra where Hy poems **122** and **126** are found together in a grouping of ‘definition of love’ poems and Hy’s **55** and **124** both concerning ‘the elements’ are also brought together.



or escaped inclusion in the poet's later collected works. The texts of the three *Certain Sonnets* in the grouping (**51**: CS30, **54**: CS 19 and **55**: CS 3) share conjunctive errors with other verse miscellanies, confirming Ringler's observation that these copies 'descend through two or more intermediaries from a corrupt common ancestor, perhaps a sheaf of 13 or more *Certain Sonnets* on separate sheets of paper which Sidney allowed to be copied by one of his friends who then further circulated them'.<sup>103</sup> The poem in this grouping from the *Old Arcadia* (**53**), like the other three OA poems in the anthology, is not very specific to the prose romance nor does the compiler link the poems to this work by headings or marginal annotation. Robertson's comment that 'some of the poems included in the *Old Arcadia* may well have been written before the story took shape' is pertinent here.<sup>104</sup> Hy's copy of OA 60 (**115**) has a gender alteration: the prose romance demands that the speaker is female (the lines are given to Philoclea) whereas Hy's version has a male speaker, and is a tentative indication that the texts of OA poems in Hy pre-date the prose romance and preserve earlier readings that were revised for the new context in the larger work. The last poem in the grouping under discussion (**55**) illustrates this fluidity in Sidney's manuscript work: the poem appears as CS 3 but when Sidney revised the *Old Arcadia* he selected this poem as a song to be sung to the imprisoned Philoclea.

#### *Spenser, Raleigh and Gorges*

Spenser's occasional verse did not circulate much in manuscript. *Amoretti* 8 (**26**) is a rare example: the only sonnet from the published series for which there is evidence of sustained circulation in manuscript and it is further marked off from the rest of the sonnet sequence by its differing metrical pattern (Surreyan form). Cummings considers that the 'places where *Amoretti* viii appears in the manuscripts may be instructive', concluding that 'its appearances are Courtly, and more often than not, Sidneian'.<sup>105</sup> Greville's *Caelica* 3 has the same opening as *Amoretti* 8, dating the composition towards the end of the 1570s at a time when Spenser was known to be in contact with Sidney and Dyer.<sup>106</sup> This might be a reasonable association for Hy, with its privileged

<sup>103</sup> 1962: 425.

<sup>104</sup> 1973: xvii-xviii.

<sup>105</sup> Cummings 1964: 134-5.

<sup>106</sup> Spenser wrote in a letter dated 15 October 1579 that 'they [i.e. Sidney and Dyer] have me, I thanke them, in some use of familiarity' (*Three Proper, and wittie, Familiar Letters*, 1580, sig.

access to texts from those poets' immediate circle, but the placing of Spenser's poem in the anthology in close proximity to Raleigh and Gorges suggest that his poem circulated in conjunction with these poets' work. The extract from *Amoretti* 8 is one of a trio of extracts, including a couplet from a poem by Raleigh, all unattributed and identically signed with a row of 'finis' following on from two poems by Gorges.<sup>107</sup>

There are four poems by Raleigh in the collection (**47**, **49**, **50** and **113**); the first three appear in a group of poems attributed to Raleigh and the last is unattributed. For two more poems attributed to Raleigh in the anthology Gorges has a better claim since they both appear in the manuscript of his own collected poems (**48** and **117**). One final entry in the anthology belongs to Raleigh: the final couplet from **50** copied in the trio of unattributed extracts already mentioned (**25**). The two secure attributions are found in a group of four poems attributed to Raleigh (**47-50**) that were transcribed in a single copying stint (suggested from the similarity of ink, script and presentation) and signed identically with the letters 'RA'. In his survey of poems attributed to Raleigh in manuscripts Rudick concludes that Hy 'is the earliest known to have organized a group of poems ascribed to Raleigh'.<sup>108</sup> Two of the attributions in this grouping are supported by external evidence (**49** and **50**), one is a unique text and thus the sole source for the identification of Raleigh as author (**47**), and a third (**48**) is assigned erroneously to Raleigh's first cousin Gorges. The few signs of corruption in the two certain Raleigh poems in the group indicate a source close to Raleigh's immediate circle. The poem by Gorges in this group strengthens this view; as Rudick puts it: 'the origin of attributions of Gorges's poems to Raleigh can be explained by Raleigh's having been a source of poems by himself and Gorges, hence the attachment of Raleigh's name to his cousin's work'.<sup>109</sup>

There are four poems by Gorges in the anthology (**23**, **48**, **110** and **117**); only one of these (**23**) is attributed. At the time when the copy with the authoritative attribution to Gorges was made the compiler was able to choose between two poems by

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G3v). Bullough dates the association slightly earlier: 'Spenser's connection with the Sidney circle began about 1578' (1938: 1.38).

<sup>107</sup> Hadfield dates the association between Spenser and Gorges earlier than has been previously suggested: 'Spenser had a number of obvious connections with the Gorges family, familial and geographical, which suggest that there were probably links between the families earlier than any possible friendship between Spenser and Raleigh' (2012: 283). Spenser was familiar with Gorges' poetry in manuscript, echoing a line from **110** (see 12n.) in the *Daphnaïda* (1591) the elegy he wrote for Douglas Howard, Gorges' wife.

<sup>108</sup> 1999: xxxv.

<sup>109</sup> *Ibid.*: xxvi.

Gorges. Just before the copy of poem **23** was made he began copying from another poem by Gorges but after four lines deleted the text. The abandoned text was copied in full later in the manuscript as Raleigh's in the grouping of that poet's work already mentioned (**48**). Apart from variations in orthography the four lines of the partial text of Gorges' poem present no variants from the later copy transcribed in full and this suggests that the same copy-text was used on both occasions. The compiler may have been collecting poems for a Raleigh group and withheld **22** (considering it a Raleigh poem) for the later transcription in a single author grouping. Two of the unattributed Gorges poems were retrospectively attributed authors: **83** was given to Sidney and **117** more credibly to Gorges' first cousin Raleigh. The mixing up of the work of these last two poets has already been mentioned but the evidence elsewhere reveals that on at least one more occasion a copyist assigned a poem by Gorges to Sidney (see **110** fn. 257). The compiler thus obtained texts of poems by Gorges from different sources: sometimes these were close to Gorges' immediate circle and carried authoritative attributions or were among poems circulated by his cousin Raleigh; but on at least one occasion the source was further removed from the poet's circle and the compiler could not identify the author either at the time of transcription or at a later date when reviewing the attributions in the manuscript.

*Edward de Vere, the Earl of Oxford and his client-poets*

Nine poems are wholly or in part by Edward de Vere, the Earl of Oxford (**3, 37, 43, 87, 90, 109, 118, 129** and **143**). Among these, five have been established as canonical: **3, 43, 90, 118** and **129** and four possibly by Oxford: **37, 87, 109** and **144**.<sup>110</sup> Hy identifies four of the canonical poems as Oxford's (**3, 43** and **90**) and for one of these is the only source to do so (**90**). Two of the canonical poems are unattributed (**118** and **129**) and appear in the block of unattributed poems already mentioned, which runs from folios 65v to 72v. I argued earlier that the compiler attempted to assign authors retrospectively to this section and, taking into account his evident interest in recording the names of courtier poets, it is likely that he did not purposely omit the attributions. The latter poem (**129**) is signed with a generic marker 'Ball' (i.e. a ballet), indicating a musical setting, which I discuss below. Possible Oxford poem **144** is also marked as a ballet (signed 'Ball'). Among the other poems possibly by Oxford, **37** was initially

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<sup>110</sup> May 1980.

signed with the compiler's own initials (a habit discussed below) but later deleted; **109** was initially unattributed but a retrospective subscription follows a tradition in the contemporary manuscript culture of associating this poem with Oxford's mistress Anne Vavasour. Possible poem **87** is unique to Hy and despite the attribution to Oxford contains a substantial section from a poem by Thomas Churchyard and illustrates not only a *modus operandi* of verse composition in manuscript culture, where the opening of a poem is used as the catalyst for a new composition, but also reveals the extent to which Oxford collaborated with his client poets. Poem **31** is another example of this practice. Marotti cites other examples 'in the system of manuscript transmission, [where] it was normal for lyrics to elicit revisions, corrections, supplements, and answers, for they were part of an ongoing social discourse'.<sup>111</sup> Churchyard may well have sanctioned a playful reworking of his poem by his patron. The poem should be viewed as the product of a literary exchange or friendly competition: a response to an existing poem that suggests how it could have been written differently (or better). Another poet-client of Oxford's, Thomas Watson, was encouraged to print his sonnet cycle *The Hekatompathia* after his patron 'had willinglie vouchsafed the acceptance of this worke, and at conuenient leisures fauourable perused it, being as yet but in written hand'.<sup>112</sup> It may be no coincidence that Oxford's poem **3** adapted the same Italian sonnet ('Quando nascesti, Amor?') translated by Watson in his *Hekatompathia* as 'When werthe thou borne sweet Loue?'. Oxford probably also saw Churchyard's sixty-two-line poem in manuscript. The textual evidence supports this: sixteen lines belonging to Churchyard in **87** share a number of variants with Ra (against the copy printed in 1580 in *A Pleasaunte Laborinth Called Churchyardes Chance*), indicating a distinct manuscript tradition for the poem. John Lyly (another client of Oxford's) had also seen Watson's work in manuscript and I suggest in the commentary that his 'What is desire?' (**6**) is connected to Oxford's and Watson's translations, illustrating a chain of influence between these three poets who read each others' work in manuscript.

The compiler evidently obtained individual poems of Oxford's from different sources and was not always able to attribute authorship; the quality of texts also varied quite considerably with some fairly corrupt texts showing signs of a longer period in manuscript transmission. It is also worth noting that there are no groupings of Oxford

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<sup>111</sup> 1995: 135.

<sup>112</sup> From the dedication, 'To the Right Honorable my very good Lord Edward de Vere, Earle of Oxenford'.

poems in the anthology comparable to those of Dyer, Sidney and Raleigh and I would suggest that Oxford's poems in Hy derived from a source further from the poet's immediate circle than has been suggested for those courtier poets. The circulation of Oxford's poems at Gray's Inn is seen from Brian Melbancke's ('*student in Graies Inne*') familiarity with his work; in *Philotimus* he referred to at least three of Oxford's poems circulating exclusively in manuscript.<sup>113</sup>

### *Nicholas Breton*

I have identified at least eleven poems in Hy for which there is evidence of Breton's authorship: **17**, **18**, **19**, **20**, **60**, **80**, **111**, **124**, **125**, **132** and **151**. Among these: one appears in his acknowledged published work (**60**), four appear wholly or in part in the collection published as Breton's in 1591 (*Brittons Bowre*): **111**, **124**, **132**, **151**, and three are signed 'quod N. S.', which I argue below should be 'N. B.' (**17-19**). Poem **20** is headed with the same Latin motto as **19** and appears in a second anthology published as Breton's by Richard Jones in 1594 (*The Arbor of Amorous Devices*).<sup>114</sup> Poem **125** follows on from Breton **124** and echoes lines from **18**. Poem **80** is headed with a motto associated with Breton's stepfather George Gascoigne and according to a scribal annotation is the opening for possible Breton poem **19**.

As Beal points out, the canon of Breton's manuscript verse is 'very uncertain'.<sup>115</sup> George Puttenham included him among the 'crew of courtly makers, noblemen and gentlemen of her Majesty's own servants, who have written excellently well, as it would appear if their doings could be found out' (*Arte of English Poesy*, 1589). But in print as 'N. B.' or 'N. B. Gent.', Breton's public output was already quite considerable by the early 1580s when Hy was compiled. Under the auspices of Richard

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<sup>113</sup> Melbancke quoted lines from entries **3** and **90** in Hy; for one more borrowing from a poem by Oxford, see Tilley 1930.

<sup>114</sup> Only the edition of 1597 survives: Rollins (1936: xi) presents the evidence for the earlier publication date. Both anthologies published by Jones as Breton's contain the work of other poets. (In *Brittons Bowre* Hy's poem **3** is attributed to the Earl of Oxford, but another probable Oxford poem, **37** in Hy, is unattributed.) Breton had complained in the Preface to his 1592 publication that *Brittons Bowre* contained 'many thinges of other mens mingled with few of mine'. But Robertson suggests that the disclaimer 'may well have been an artificial quarrel, designed to stimulate sales' and points out that Breton's 'complaint did not deter Richard Jones from publishing *The Arbor of Amorous Deuses* as 'By N. B. Gent.' in 1594' (1952: xxv, fn. 1; see also lii where Robertson discusses Rollins (inconsistent) comments about Breton's share in the *Bowre* and *Arbor* and the evidence from McCloskey's unpublished thesis 'Studies in the Works of Nicholas Breton').

<sup>115</sup> CELM: Introductions (Nicholas Breton).

Jones, Breton's *A Smale Handfull of Fragrant Flowers ... for a Neweyeeres gyft, to the Lady Sheffeld* appeared in 1575 and was followed in quick succession by the more ambitious volumes of poetry, *A Floorish vpon Fancie ... by N. B. Gent (The Toyes of an Idle Heade ... By the same Auctor N. B.* has a separate title-page) and *The Workes of a Young Wyt ... Done by N. B. Gentleman*, both published in 1577.<sup>116</sup> *The Wil of Wit*, a series of prose discourses interspersed with verse, also belongs to the early phase of Breton's writing.<sup>117</sup> The run of poems signed 'quod N. S.' (17-19), which I argue are Breton's, bear striking verbal echoes to his early authored writing (noted in the commentary for these entries). Despite Breton's healthy printed output he held back some of his poems for private circulation as is apparent from the verse attributed to him in manuscript anthologies of the period and the surreptitious (so Breton claimed) printing of some of these 'exclusively' manuscript poems in the verse anthology carrying his name: *Brittons Bowre of Delights*.<sup>118</sup> Breton's work also shows that he was a consumer of manuscript verse: as early as 1577 he borrowed lines from Dyer's poem 1; he imitated Oxford's poems 3 and 129 and Sidney's 55 (CS 3; Breton's imitation is 124 in Hy). In 'a sweet lullabie' (*Arbor of Amorous Devices*, sig. B3v) Breton copied wholesale the phrasing from a lullaby that circulated at Oxford University (29) and for the elegy he wrote 'on the death of a noble Gentlemen' (i.e. Sidney), printed in *Brittons Bowre* (sig. C2v), he borrowed the opening 'Sorrow come sit thee downe' from a poem that had circulated exclusively in manuscript (31).<sup>119</sup>

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<sup>116</sup> Breton's stepfather Gascoigne offered a literary New Year's gift to the Queen in the same year and Robertson suggests he probably encouraged Breton to dedicate his first printed work to Lady Sheffield (Douglas Howard) a gentlewoman of the privy chamber (1952: xxxiv). For Breton's early borrowings from Gascoigne, see Robertson 1952 xix-xxi.

<sup>117</sup> For Richard Madox's mention of this work in his diary entry for March 1582, see 3 fn. 23

<sup>118</sup> Two collections with poems in common with Hy contain poems by Breton: Ra has thirteen poems by Breton (six attributed), Ha contains five of his poems, and the so-called 'Babington Miscellany' (BL, Add. MS 34064) is partly a Breton collection. Breton only claimed ownership of an epitaph on Sidney 'Amoris Lachrimae' and 'one or two other toies, which I know not how he [the printer Richard Jones] unhappily came by' ('To the Gentlemen students and Scholers of Oxforde', *Pilgrimage to Paradise*, 1592).

<sup>119</sup> Though there is no record of his matriculation, Madox (a fellow of All Souls, Oxford and one of the University Proctors) describes Breton as 'once of Oriell Colledge' (Donno 1976: 96).

*The 'Holborn set': the metropolitan literary milieu*

The metropolitan literary community situated itself close to the Inns where they both sought an audience and patronage for their work.<sup>120</sup> As Izard puts it:

The Holborn of those days was a sparsely settled district consisting of two thin rows of houses extending across open fields and pastures through the district occupied by the Inns of Court. Gray's Inn was on one side of the road; Lincoln's Inn, on the other. Everybody must have known nearly everybody else.<sup>121</sup>

Nicholas Breton, whose poems in Hy have already been mentioned, had settled in London by 20 February 1577 when he signed the preface to his *Floorish* from his 'Chamber in Holbourne' and addressed his 'Workes of a Young Wyt' (1577) to the students at the Inns in London: 'I wish you well, and perhaps I wyl agaynst the next Terme, prouide you some other newe ware for your olde golde' ('The Letter Dedicatorie, to the Reader' sig. A2v). George Whetstone (see entries **13**, **14** and **81**), a friend of Breton's stepfather George Gascoigne, also resided near the Inns of Court, signing *The Rocke of Regard* 'from my lodging in Holborne the 15 of October 1576', and in an addition to the 1578 edition of *The Paradyse of Daynty Deuises* wrote a poem 'at the request of his especiall friend and kinseman, Maister Robert Cudden of Grayes In' (sig. K3r). Thomas Watson (see entries **147-150**) had returned to London in 1581, lodging in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and his *Hekatompathia* ('published at the request of certaine Gentlemen his very frendes') included commendatory poems from Thavies Inn students George Buck and Matthew Roydon.<sup>122</sup> In the same publication the commendatory letter ('to the Authour his friend') and a commendatory poem by two more poets with entries in Hy: John Lyly (see entry **6**) and George Peele (see entry **126**), also preserve a flavour of Watson's milieu of former acquaintances from Oxford University, members of the Inns of Court and London literati. Nicholl identifies a group of writers, many associated with Oxford University, including Lyly, Watson,

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<sup>120</sup> Two members of the Holborn set, Lyly and Watson, were clients of the Earl of Oxford (see the commentary to **3**).

<sup>121</sup> 1942: 15.

<sup>122</sup> Eccles, 'Buc', 422; In 1585 Buck entered Middle Temple, from New Inn (*ODNB*: Buck [Buc]). Roydon is 'identified as a student at Thavies Inn in an obligation of 6 January 1581' (*ODNB*: Roydon).

Peele, Buck and Roydon who created a ‘Holborn set’ during the early 1580s, that can be set apart from the later group known as the ‘University wits’.<sup>123</sup>

I have already suggested that Coningsby was able to identify the work of courtier poets of his own generation; however his familiarity with professional poets was less secure. Although Coningsby obtained texts of the Holborn set, probably while he was a student at one of the Inns of Court, the authorial attributions indicate that he could not always identify their work. Poems by Breton, Whetstone and Peele appear in the collection but there are no readily identifiable attributions to these poets. I suggest in the commentary to poems **17-19** that Coningsby misread the attribution in his copy-text when transcribing a run of poems by Nicholas Breton. Breton habitually signed his work ‘N. B.’ or ‘N. B. Gent’ in his early publications, and the unmistakable authorial attribution to a run of poems ‘*quod N. S.*’ (my italics), indicates that the scribe was not familiar with the poet Nicholas Breton, and this led to the misreading of graphically similar secretary majuscule ‘B’ for ‘S’ in his copy-text. The compiler made no attempt at any later point to add any attributions to poems by Breton in the collection. A verse from a poem certainly by Whetstone (**4**) was copied on f. 20v and signed ‘Ti So’; a few leaves later in the manuscript (ff. 24v-25r) the same poem was copied in full (**14**), with a slightly variant attribution (‘Ty S’) which clearly refers to the same unidentified individual. The poem preceding the full version (i.e. entry **13**) was also signed ‘Ti So’ and though it does not appear in Whetstone’s acknowledged work, the similarity in phrasing and the attribution suggest that it belongs to the same author as the previous entry. The abbreviated name does not fit any known poet active in the period, but Whetstone was fond of pseudonyms: spelt ‘Whitston’ the letters are all contained in his name and may be a moniker of his. Whatever the letters stand for, the subsequent correction to ‘Incerti Authoris’ (made to the full version of the poem: **14**) shows that the compiler could not identify the author. Another poem by Whetstone (**81**) copied much later in the collection is unattributed; in this instance Coningsby may have chosen not to record the authorship, but the correction of the earlier attribution assigned to a poem by the same author, and the revisiting of attributions elsewhere in the collection, suggest a more sustained concern with the question of authorship. In both these examples the compiler is unsure about an attribution and attempts to assign an author: in the first example he is unable to recognise the work of a professional poet of his own generation

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<sup>123</sup> Nicholl 1984: 84. For the University wits, see O’Callaghan 2006.



from a set of initials, and in the second transcribes an attribution from his copy-text, which under later scrutiny is shown to be uncertain. The collection also contains an unattributed run of poems by another of the Holborn set poets, Thomas Watson, indicating the compiler's close contact to this metropolitan literary milieu, where he either chose to leave the poems unattributed or could not identify individual poets' work.

#### *VERSE FORMS AND FEATURES*

The anthology illustrates both the continuing readership for verse displaying the narrow range of stylistic and rhythmic features typical of the mid-century and a 'new style' of poetry with its more experimental verse forms, metres and rhymes. Thomas Nashe, writing in 1591 (in the preface to *Syr P. S. His Astrophel and Stella*) claims that Sidney's verse heralds in a new golden era: 'so ends the Sceane of Idiots and enter Astrophel in pompe'.<sup>124</sup> Amongst the 'Idiots', Breton, or at least the publication that carried his name, is singled out: 'when only they haue been toucht with a leaden pen, that haue seene Pan sitting in his bowr of delights'.<sup>125</sup> Though Breton was (as Ringer notes) 'one of his [Sidney's] earliest followers', for example in **124** copying the theme, correlative structure and feminine rhymes with words ending in 'eth' from CS 3 (**55** in Hy), he struggled to introduce the rhythmically pleasing variations of Sidney's work.<sup>126</sup> Common mid-century forms with their hallmark unvarying (or jog-trot) rhythm are well represented in the anthology in the shape of tetrameter cross-rhymed stanzas, pentameter couplets, poulter's measure and fourteeners. In the mock encomium 'What length of Verse may serve brave Mopsaes grace to showe?' (**146**) Sidney sends up the long-lined metres, where his muse is 'hardly burdned' both in the attempt to show Mopsa's qualities but also by the old-fashioned poulter's measure. The majority of stanza forms in the collection are also fairly conservative: the sixain stanza rhyming ababcc and cross-rhymed quatrains are the most frequently occurring. The newer forms include the revival of the Surrey sonnet of which there are six examples in the anthology (**15**, **16**, **26**, **116**, **121** and **129**), but pointedly three of these come from

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<sup>124</sup> Ringer outlines the innovations in Sidney's poetry which 'set about to combat the monotony of the English verse of his time' (1962: liv).

<sup>125</sup> 'Somewhat to reade for them that list', signed Tho: Nashe; sig. A3.

<sup>126</sup> 1962: xliii n.1.

Sidney or members of his circle.<sup>127</sup> Another Surrey sonnet varies the form with a closing couplet in tetrameter (66).<sup>128</sup> Rhetorical devices popular with mid-century poets are also well represented in the anthology, and include: alliteration (‘farewell Hope, a Hellpe to each mans Harme’ (113.13) or ‘lingringe lenghte of lothed lyfe’ (4.87)), sometimes drawing on a common pool of alliterative tags (‘bitter bale’ (6.15) or ‘griping griefes’ (86.1)); *anaphora* (repetition of the same word or phrase in several successive clauses); *isocolon* (regular number of words in sentences) and the piling up of figures (*copia*) all to one point: ‘till the barren soyle’, ‘lokes for grapes to grow on bushy thorn’ and ‘seke in Sand for sweetest oyle’ all exemplify the pointlessness of the task in hand (66.1-3). Other aspects of the mid-century style—the melancholy tone, the fondness for proverbial phrases (‘That Beggars must no chusers bee’ (74.38) or ‘So spare to speake doth often spare to speed’ (113.6)), and classical allusions—are likewise illustrated in the collection.<sup>129</sup>

*SUBJECTS, THEMES, GENRES*

The majority of poems in the collection address the theme of love. Many of these are male-voiced laments drawing on the commonplace Petrarchan conceits, couched in antitheses and oxymora such as heat-cold (‘I burne, althoughe I flame not’ 9.22), pleasure-pain (‘A man in Ioy; that lyveth still in woe’ 11.6; ‘May on thing yeld me pleasaunt lyef? / And at the same time cause my grief?’ 30.17-18), and life-in-death (‘my lyfe, the shape of Death must beare’ 41.17; ‘Not Lyfe, but Death ... / As kils my Hart, but can not stop my Breath’ 92.7-9). The mainstays of the courtly love lyric— notions of service and reward, unswerving faith, constancy and secrecy (whether from Petrarch or elsewhere)—are also recurring themes (‘Ever, Secrette, Faithfull, Constante, & Kinde’ 8.8; ‘Lady farwell whom I in Sylence serve’ 113.1). The lyrics expressing sentiments of courtly love are intermixed with moralising verse such as the theme of mutability, that all worldly things are subject to change and alteration (28). Other

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<sup>127</sup> Poem 15 is Dyer’s and 16 and 116 belong to Sidney; 26 is an extract from Spenser’s only poem in the *Amoretti* sonnet sequence in this form, written at the time he was associating with Sidney and Dyer.

<sup>128</sup> The compiler’s unfamiliarity with this form is suggested in the layout: variously treated as three stanzas (where the first two quatrains are separated from the final sixain) with alternate lines indented throughout and no marking of the closing couplet.

<sup>129</sup> For other stylistic features of mid-century verse that remained popular well into the 1580s see Rollins 1927: lxvi-lxix; and May 2009: 427-432. Thomas Wilson advocated the use of proverbs as an ornament of style in his *Arte of Rhetorique* (1560).

poems reject chivalric notions of service and constancy. For example, poem **27** views ‘Suyte but a Slave, to servile purpose bond’ and ‘Wordes of Courtesy’ as the prelude to a dangerous surrender to passion leading to a state of debilitating weakness: ‘Make weake the wittes, empairing helth & welthe’ (ll. 4, *marginal gloss* to 6, and 36). Sidney in CS 31 also expresses a wish to ‘kill desire’ which is ‘Fond fancie’s scum’ and ‘Band of all evils’ bought at the expense of ‘mangled mind’ and ‘ruine’, and to turn his attention to ‘higher things’. This negative view of sensual love derives from the Platonic theory of love where love of individuals (physical beauty) is placed far below the love of an abstract entity, absolute beauty (‘So from base Love, a base Delight doth flow’ **81.6**). Poems in the manuscript by Spenser (**26**) and Sidney (**128**), and an anonymous verse (**120**) that plays on Platonic notions of physical beauty as a shadow of its true form, explore these ideas more rigorously, echoing the language in which Neoplatonism was communicated in England via Ficino and Castiglione (Ficino 1985: 22).

These themes coincide with anti-feminist views of women who, as the proverbial ‘woe of man’ (‘MY MYSTRES YS A WOMAN’ **1.88**), are inconstant (‘Nay, fy, (*quod* Faythe) & then she fled, / I will not rest in Womans head’ **x.5-6**), and duplicitous (‘*what* ever Scuse she frames’ **27.23**; ‘wily wightes’ **73.41**; ‘A womans Nay, Doth stand for nought’ **71.48**). Another verse portrays women as sexually voracious: ‘Fylled they may be satisfide never, / Theyr boxes ar made of insatiable lether’ (**65**). Other bawdy texts are interspersed in the collection. Some of these are later additions in gaps left at the end of a page, where they often jar with the sentiments of nearby texts; for example a poem expressing courtly love sentiments of service and self-sacrifice, ‘Lady farwell whom I in Sylence serve’ (**113**), is followed by the bawdy couplet ‘*The* Parson of Stanlake hath stopt vp my Watergap’; and a poem which closes with the emphatic statement, ‘By Life or Death what so betides, / The State of Vertue never slides’ (**133**), is followed by three couplets so obscene in content that they were later almost completely obliterated with black ink in a series of repeated crossings out. Two erotic poems are voiced by female speakers (though almost certainly composed by a male author and directed at the all-male audience of university and Inns of Court students) and employ the language of the courtly love lyric as a vehicle for sexual double entendre (**130** and **145**). And another poem relates an erotic dream (**105**). Ian Frederick Moulton argues that this mixing of erotic and non-erotic texts reveals the

extent to which ‘the sexual was integrated with other social spheres in early modern England’.<sup>130</sup>

Some of the poetry on the theme of love is more playful in tone. The idea of defining *what Love is* recurs in the collection: two poems have the same opening ‘What thing is love?’ (**122**, **126**), two dialogic poems ask ‘What is desire’ and ‘When werte thow borne Desyre?’ (**3**, **6**), and another poses a series of questions that all answer to the word ‘Love’ (**129**).

A number of poems praise the virtues of a woman and could serve a utilitarian function as models for the kind of verse written for (and probably intended to be sent to) a mistress (**111**, **119**, **138**, **140** and **142**). In these poems the woman is compared favourably to stock figures of classical mythology: Cynthia (Diana), Helen of Troy, Psyche. The theme of the Judgment of Paris is employed to suggest (somewhat unrealistically) that the addressee surpasses all three goddesses. In one poem the beloved, ‘Iudith’, is named in the text (**142.4**), but any two-syllable names could take its place, or the lines of another poem in praise of an unnamed beloved could be recycled for different women. As George Gascoigne puts it: ‘he might adapt it to hir name, and so make it serue both their turnes, as elder louers haue done before and still do and will do worlde without end’ (*A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres*, sig. [2]F3r, 1573). These poems also contain remnants of their original function as love tokens sent to a mistress: the heading to **138** describes the verse as a New Year’s gift and the text closes with an epistolary-style subscription, ‘Subiect only to yourself’; **111** is also signed with a subscription suitable for closing a love letter (‘Only yowr Servant though not your only Servant’).<sup>131</sup> The four-line envoy appended to poem **32** with the opening ‘Accept this gyfte though small’, similarly frames the occasion of the poem’s original transmission. The compiler’s own use of love lyrics is apparent from the subscription to his self-authored love lament ‘H. C. to C. G.’ (see **92**), and in **67** where the names of the characters in the original verse, ‘Nicander’ and ‘Lucilla’, have been removed and adjustments made to the text allowing the insertion of two-syllable names (‘my dearest *blank space*’ changed from ‘my deare Nicander’ and ‘Thou shalt thy *blank space* find’ for ‘Thou shalt Lucilla find’ ll. 10, 16), which have been left blank to be filled in when another copy was made, at a later time. In the same poem the compiler’s intention to

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<sup>130</sup> 2000: 30.

<sup>131</sup> In Whetstone’s *Heptameron of Ciuill Discourses*, 1582, ‘Chions Letter to Elisae’ is signed ‘No more his owne’ (sig. F4v).

make practical use of this verse is made evident from an adjustment made in line 11: Coningsby originally copied ‘Hath wrought to worke thy *wo* from thee’ but then deleted ‘wo’ and replaced it with his own initial ‘H’; so that the line would read: ‘Hath wrought to worke thy *H.* from thee’ (my italics).<sup>132</sup> Coningsby may have borrowed the idea from George Turberville who also incorporated initials in place of names into his verse:

What time I first displayde  
mine eies vpon thy face,  
(That doth allure eche lookers hart)  
I did the P. imbrace.  
(*Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets*, 1567, sig. B4v)

There are also a number of poems that illustrate or incorporate English love posies: **32**, **36**, **38**, **76**, **77** and **107**; these could serve as appropriate verse to accompany a gift sent to a mistress. The compiler also adopted a posie as a personalised signature and a statement of his own unswerving constancy (see the commentary to **ix**), a sentiment duplicated in some of the poems copied into the collection, especially those ‘posie poems’ noted above, and others which incorporate a lover’s vow to faithfulness (**40**, **57** and **77**). The form had become passé by the 1590s and was a target for Ben Jonson’s satiric treatment of gallants: ‘*Though fancie sleepe, my loue is deepe*: meaning that though I did not fancie her, yet shee loued mee dearely’ (*Euery Man in his Humor*, 1601, sig. D4r).

#### *ORGANIZATION AND HEADINGS*

The compiler numbered the poems 1-127, and subsequently added other shorter texts into any remaining blank space left between texts, where a new page had been started for a following entry. The miscellaneous pieces on the cover folio also fall outside the numbered sequence, and some of these, including the autograph contributions from friends of the compiler, were probably also added at a late point in the formation of the anthology. The insertions, along with the remaining blanks, the different styles of writing and layout, the changes in consistency and colour of the ink, indicate that the collection grew in an ad hoc fashion over a period of years. There is no obvious

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<sup>132</sup> May (2012: 182) discusses the use of verse ‘to serve as practical aids to courtship’.

organizing principle, but there are pockets of single-author and generic groupings: two narrative poems by Dyer are on folios 12r-18v, and another four by the same author appear consecutively on folios 22r-24r, and Dyer's 'Prometheus when first from heaven high' and Sidney's answer to it, are found together on folio 25r. Two poems by Whetstone (ff. 24v-25), a trio of poems by Breton (ff. 25v-27r), and five of Sidney's poems (ff. 37v-39r) appear sequentially. On one occasion the compiler was able to choose from two poems by Gorges (ff. 27v-28r), and later copied four consecutive poems by Raleigh on folios 36r-37v. Towards the end of the anthology there is a run of poems by Thomas Watson. Poems with a correlative structure are grouped on folio 66r, and the long Cambridge libel beginning on folio 54v and ending on 58v is immediately followed by another shorter verse libel. Four blank pages occur after folio 29r because (as I suggest in the commentary to **27**) the poem was incomplete or at least the compiler knew of a version with more verses and hoped to obtain a more complete copy at some future time.

The majority of poems are unheaded.<sup>133</sup> Of the 150 entries in Hand A only six have descriptive titles in English (**27**, **57**, **91**, **93**, **94** and **138**). Two of these are verse libels: **93** is merely headed 'Cambridge Libell' but **94** has a title covering several lines and provides a wealth of contextual information. Another from the six entries with titles is the compiler-authored piece entitled 'Being asked how he lyked, he wrote' (**91**). That leaves just three poems with descriptive headings: 'an vnworthe beloved, to her approved' (**57**), 'A new yeres Gift wyth a golden Ball' (**138**) and 'Himself being sicke, he persuadeth his desire | to dy, discovering the indirect procerninges [sic] | and passages of fonde Love' (**27**). Apart from these few instances, the compiler was not interested in recording the circumstances of a poem's composition or reception. The compiler probably knew the real life events connected with two political poems which are provided with contextual headings in some surviving manuscript collections—a poem by Elizabeth I concerning the Northern Rebellion of 1569 (**21**) and a satire about the contemporary political situation in France (**108**)—but these are treated in the same way as the majority of verse in the collection and presented as purely literary.

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<sup>133</sup> This concurs with May's conclusion that 'titles were employed chiefly by publishing poets, not the compilers of Elizabethan manuscript anthologies of verse' (2009: 430).

Entries were made in a sequence that was largely chronological but some shorter poems were added later as space fillers, and the entries on the cover folio may have been added later too.

*Start date:* the entry on folio 35r is attributed to ‘Sir Ph. Syd’ and must therefore have been copied after 13 January 1583 when Sidney was knighted. The form of attribution given to four poems by Raleigh entered on folios 36r-37v also helps to estimate the date of copying in this early section of the manuscript. Raleigh was knighted in January 1585 and, though the absence of a title might be an indication of informality, the compiler is more often careful to designate correct titles: for example, Oxford is never without the abbreviated form for Lord or Earl, and Sidney is more often but not invariably titled. In support of this observation, the evidence from external texts suggests that all four poems were in circulation before 1585. If this estimation is correct, then the transcription of poems on folios 36r-37v took place some time after January 1583 but no later than the same month in 1585.

Further on in the collection a number of topical poems can be dated to the early to mid-1580s. On folio 59r there is a libel attacking a troupe of actors for their disloyalty in changing allegiance from Ambrose Dudley, the Earl of Warwick, to the Earl of Oxford which was written not long after April 1580 (another manuscript witness dates the poem to ‘Anno/1580/’ and a set of Privy Council minutes concerning the argument were written in April and May of that year). The libel may have retained its currency in Inns of Court circles for longer, since it related so particularly to this milieu, and this is also suggested from a reference to players in the Inns of Court play *Histrionastix or the Player Whipt*, 1610 (believed to be a John Marston rewrite of a play from the 1580s) where players enter the stage singing: ‘That once in a weeke, new maisters wee seeke, | And never can hold together’ (sig. C3v).<sup>134</sup>

Between folios 60v-62v there are two different English versions of a French political poem relating to events in France in 1585 for which the internal evidence indicates that they must have been topical at the time of transcription: the first version (on folio 60v) is a literal translation in blank verse with numerous alternative readings, showing that either the compiler had a copy of the original French poem and attempted

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<sup>134</sup> See Mann 1991.

to improve the translation or showing it as a work in progress; the second, a few folios later (62v), was obtained from a different source (transcribed in an unidentified secretary hand) and is a version rhyming in tetrameter couplets that circulated more widely. I also note in the commentary for this entry (108) that Hy lacks four lines found in some witnesses, which I argue were added to the poem to update it in the light of new developments in France early in 1586. This suggests, along with the evidence of the currency of these poems from different manuscript sources, that they were transcribed some time in 1585, at a date when the events they relate to were still relevant and topical. One more poem on folio 63, closely following on from the poems already mentioned relating to events in France in 1585, is associated in manuscript culture with the high-profile court scandal of the Earl of Oxford's affair with a maid of honour, Anne Vavasour, which became public in late March 1581.

Some indication of the *terminus ad quem* for the manuscript derives from the nature of texts it does *not* contain: there are no elegies on Sidney's death in October, 1586, as found in Ra (a manuscript which shares almost a third of its content); and nothing that can be dated beyond 1585. I have established the compiler's close proximity to the literary milieu centered on the Inns of Court and it is worth noting that the extract from a song belonging to Thomas Campion (who did not appear on the Inns scene till 1586) is found on the final page of the manuscript.<sup>135</sup> None of the writers associated with the Inns during the 1590s are present in Hy nor does the collection reflect 'the vogue for elegies and epigrams that swept through Inns circles in the 1590's', and which were such popular additions to student verse miscellanies of that period.<sup>136</sup> The kind of verse contained in the collection also helps with the dating: the youthful compiler was influenced by current fashions and fads, popular among the literati and gallants of the 1580s, for example, in his interest in English love posies, adopting one as a personal signature and ascribing each of his own compositions with a sententious Latin tag. Short-lived genres such as correlative verse and a style of Petrarchan amorous verse that was passé by the early 1590s also help to date the collection.

From this evidence it is therefore reasonable to suggest a date in the second half of 1582 for the *terminus a quo* for the copying of poems into the manuscript: a little

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<sup>135</sup> Campion was at Gray's Inn from 1586 to 1595; for his participation in the revels of 1587-88 and 1594-95, see Finkelpearl 1969: 30.

<sup>136</sup> Finkelpearl 1969: 30.



while after Humfrey Coningsby had matriculated at Oxford University where he had the opportunity for making the necessary connections that would enable him to obtain the rich variety of source texts that make up his anthology. A date no later than 1586 for the copying to have been completed is also a reasonable estimation based on the evidence already outlined.

## SCRIBAL HABITS

### *AUTHORIAL AND OTHER ATTRIBUTIONS*

The authorial attributions are often abbreviated: the first two or three letters of the surname, first (or given) name, sometimes combined with an abbreviated title; thus Edward Dyer is denoted by ‘Dy’, Philip Sidney ‘Sy’, ‘Syd’ or ‘Sir Ph’, Walter Raleigh ‘Ra’, Arthur Gorges is ‘Gor’, Queen Elizabeth ‘Ely’ or ‘El’, and the Earl of Oxford ‘L[ord] ox’. These truncated names mirror authorial attributions in contemporary verse collections in manuscript and print.<sup>137</sup> There are a few single author runs of poems attributed identically;<sup>138</sup> but the attributions for individual poets varies considerably, and throughout the collection fuller forms of name are found in close proximity to the more allusive ones: the more identifiable ‘Dyer’ occurs as frequently as the truncated ‘Dy’ and despite the use of the familiar ‘Sy’, the fuller form of name occur as often, incorporating the full surname and variously truncated first name and title: ‘P. Sidney’, ‘Sir Phyll Sydney’ and ‘S. P. Sidney’. The abbreviated names do not therefore constitute an attempt to disguise the identity of authors in the collection, the ‘act[s] of name suppression’ that Marcy North notices among some transcribers of manuscript verse.<sup>139</sup> In fact, the retrospective amendments show that Coningsby was particularly interested in the question of authorship. On a number of occasions he changed a previous attribution, or added a name or a set of initials where there had been none (see

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<sup>137</sup> For example contemporary manuscript collections assign the following abbreviated forms of name for Sidney: ‘S. P. S.’ (Ra), ‘Ph S.’ (Hn) and ‘P. S.’ (Ot). In *The Paradyse of Daynty Deuises* poems are attributed to ‘N. B. Gent.’ (Nicholas Breton) and ‘E. O.’ (Earl of Oxford); and a poem by Oxford in *Brittons Bowre of Delights* is subscribed ‘E of Ox’.

<sup>138</sup> Four poems in succession are subscribed ‘Dy’ (9-12), four are similarly attributed to ‘Ra’ (47-50), three poems are signed identically ‘quod N.S.’ (17-19) and in a group of poems by Sidney the first and last are signed ‘Sir P. Sy’ and the two in between ‘Syd’ (51, 55, 53-4).

<sup>139</sup> 2003: 31.

entries **28, 37, 41, 58, 67, 83, 85, 110** and **125**). In one instance he could not identify the author and replaced an attribution with ‘Incerti authoris’ (**14**).

It is clear from the subscription ‘yeven [given] H E’ (**105**) that Coningsby considered it worthwhile at least on one occasion to record the initials of a donor, and in many other instances the initials subscribed to the poems may also refer to providers of copy-texts. For example, seven poems in the collection are marked with the initials ‘I. E.’ [sometimes ‘I. Ed.’ or ‘Ioh Ed.’] (**111-112, 119, 138-139** and **142-143**) but these poems were almost certainly not all composed by the same author: one of the poems (**111**) is probably the work of Nicholas Breton, another (**112**) is certainly by Anthony Munday, and two of the poems (**139** and **143**) are English renditions (with the original in Latin) of epigrams by Girolamo Amalteo and Walter Haddon. It seems clear that the initials not only designate authorship of a poem but can function as a recognition of the provenance of the source document: the donor of a single poem or booklet that was circulating amongst a group of students, or the name of the individual whose own manuscript book of poetry provided the copy-text.

#### *ENTRIES SUBSCRIBED WITH THE COMPILER’S INITIALS*

The compiler’s initials, ‘H. C.’ and abbreviated form of name ‘H. Con:’, occur six times on the cover folio, especially on the verso where they are a prominent feature. On this page, two of the ‘H. Con:’ ascriptions and one ‘H. C.’, are formed in larger letters than the accompanying text, and are adorned with calligraphic embellishments and flourishes (for example, in **x** the right bar of the letter ‘H’ has an elaborate curved ascender and the final letter of ‘Con’ is finished with a decorative swirl). This habit is extended to the main sequence of poems, where fifteen more entries are signed with the initials ‘H. C.’ and one with ‘H. Con:’, though on only two occasions are the letters treated to the kind of calligraphic embellishment seen on f. 11v (I discuss the significance of this below). The practice seems partly motivated by a proprietorial impulse to lay claim to various entries in the collection. But there may be other reasons for the compiler attaching his initials to entries in the collection. On the cover leaf Coningsby tags his initials to two entries in Kniveton’s hand: a motto reminding him of a connection with the Cavendish family (**iv**), and a verse describing the sanguine temperament, to which Coningsby ascribes ‘My natiuytye’ (**xi**). In these examples the compiler’s initials seem to point to

a personal connection, or registering of some kind of agreement with the sentiment of the lines.

If we look more closely at the poems signed by Coningsby, it is clear that where external copies survive Hy is not the best text.<sup>140</sup> Another observation is that some of the unique texts contain errors.<sup>141</sup> Significantly, authors can be found for a few of the compiler-signed entries. This evidence seems to rule out, in most of the compiler-signed entries, any suggestion that the author and copyist are one and the same, and the idea put forward that Coningsby's poetry is found in other contemporary student verse collections is also highly improbable.<sup>142</sup>

There are, however, three entries signed by Coningsby in such a way to suggest authorship. A couplet on the cover leaf (**ix**) is adapted from two lines found in a 67-line lyric poem by Edward Dyer transcribed on folios 69v-70. Coningsby quoted verbatim Dyer's line about 'youth' being consumed or wracked with worry and sorrow, to which he added a line of his own to express an idea that may have had personal resonance: of 'youth' being wasted by missed opportunities in love. His creative input in both choice of lines from Dyer's long lyric and the (almost) original second line, meant that he could legitimately claim the piece as his own, ascribing 'H. Con:' and the personal motto 'R.D.T.F.O.F.' (Rather Death Than False Of Faith). In this case I suggest that the compiler's signature is a claim to authorship. Two more entries fall into this category. Fig. 29 below shows two entries (**91** and **92**) which stand out in the collection both for their mise-en-page (copied in the same style of decorative script, entitled and ascribed with Latin mottoes and personalised subscriptions), and the similarity in content (drawing heavily on lines from lyrics found elsewhere in the collection).<sup>143</sup> In **91** the compiler qualifies his initials with 'of', but what follows has been overwritten with

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<sup>140</sup> Nine poems signed by Coningsby are found elsewhere, all in better copies (**x**, **xi**, **33**, **39**, **40**, **81**, **83**, **85**, and **102**); for example **x** is a corrupt text of a poem for which three superior manuscript copies survive. All eight poems were later deleted and two were assigned credible authors: **83** was later assigned to Sidney and **85** to Elizabeth. Entry **81** can also be confidently assigned to Whetstone and **xi** belongs to Mediolano.

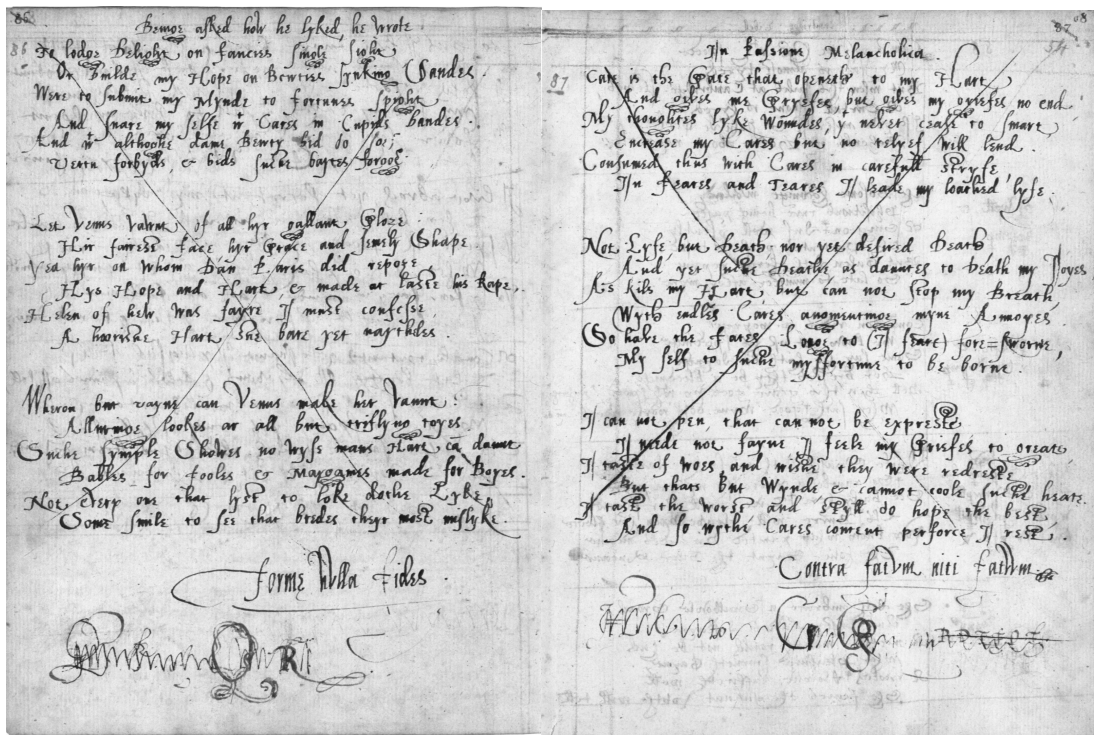
<sup>141</sup> Twelve entries signed by Coningsby are unique (**iii**, **iv**, **viii**, **ix**, **45-6**, **66**, **74**, **79-80**, **91-2**). Three of these are on the cover leaf: **iii** is a piece of proverbial wisdom popularly expressed in contemporary works, **iv** is the Cavendish motto just mentioned, and **viii** is a tag. Of the remainder, none have certain authors but the texts are less than perfect; for example **45** has missing a half-line, **66** has a missing word which creates a metrical anomaly (see 7n.), and **74** an error in 'tho' for 'so' (l. 14).

<sup>142</sup> Marotti makes the suggestion that Coningsby was the author of a poem subscribed 'H. Con' (**x** in this edition) and that it was 'copied by another compiler' (2008: 84).

<sup>143</sup> I argue in the commentary that entries **91** and **92** are examples of compiler verse.

swirls and other letter shapes, making it impossible to decipher the original text. The signature to 92 indicates that the poem was meant as an amatory exchange and it is addressed 'to C. G.' with the personal motto of this young would-be-lover, 'R.D.T.F.O.F.' (also attached to ix).

fig. 29



Coningsby treated his own verse in a significantly different way from the verse of others copied in the collection, showing off his flair for decorative calligraphy, knowledge of the kind of headings found in printed miscellanies, and the fashionable literary practice of appending sententious mottos to poems. The level of creativity in the presentation of the compiler's own compositions puts into perspective his more conservative approach to copying the verse of other writers: it seems that Coningsby was not happy to play fast and loose with the presentation of others' work (although he certainly borrowed a few phrases or ideas for his own verse).

ENTRIES IDENTIFIED AS BALLETS

There are eight poems in the manuscript that are subscribed with what may be an abbreviated form of the generic term 'ballet' or its synonym 'ballade' (4, 28, 58, 78, 86,

129, 141 and 144).<sup>144</sup> Two of these have ‘ballet’ written in the margin adjacent to the first few lines of the poem (4 and 28); the former is also subscribed ‘Balle’ following the attribution to the author. Another is headed ‘ballet’ (78) and five more are subscribed ‘Ball’ or ‘Balle’ (58, 86, 129, 141 and 144).<sup>145</sup> Stevens discusses the meaning and use of the term ‘balet’ in the early Tudor period, which he describes as both ‘courtly *and* connected with music’.<sup>146</sup> Gascoigne’s *Certayne Notes of Instruction* attempts a formal definition:

A man may write ballade in a staffe of sixe lines, every line conteyning eighte or sixe sillables, whereof the firste and third, second and fourth do rime acrossse, and the fifth and sixth do rime together in conclusion. You may write also your ballad of tenne sillables rimyng as before is declared, but these two were wont to be most commonly used in ballade, which propre name was (I thinke) derived of this worde in Italian *Ballare*, whiche signifieth to daunce. And in deed those kinds of rimes serve beste for daunces or light matters.

Gascoigne later comments that ‘Ballades are best of matters of love’, and according to Pigman this definition ‘most closely suits Gascoigne’s own practice’.<sup>147</sup> Puttenham, in *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589) connects ballads with music and the lyric poets:

Others who more delighted to write songs or ballads of pleasure, to be sung with the voice, and to the harpe, lute, or citheron & such other musical instruments, they were called ... Lirique Poets.

(sig. E2v)

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<sup>144</sup> Cohen 1915: 232. ‘Ballet’ is also a spelling variant of ‘ballad’ denoting the popular form of narrative song printed as broadsheets. None of the poems marked as ‘ballets’ in Hy resemble entries in Rollins’ *Analytical Index* (1924) for the period; it therefore seems unlikely that the generic marker was intended to denote entries that had been printed as broadside ballads at the time the scribe was entering poems during the early to mid 1580s. Entry 144 survives as a broadside ballad printed in 1624; but the text is radically different from the copy that circulated widely in Elizabethan scribal circles. Two of the authors represented among the poems marked as ballets, Hunnis and Edwards, had their works printed as broadside ballads. Stopes argues that a poem by William Hunnis (Rollins no. 105) is the ‘Ballette’ entered in the Stationers’ Register 1566-7: ‘Who lest to leve at ease, and lede a quyete lyf’ (1910: 190).

<sup>145</sup> The compiler changed his mind about one of these ascriptions: the ‘balle’ subscribed to 86 is later deleted.

<sup>146</sup> Stevens 1961: 121. According to Stevens the term ‘balet’ was still used ‘in its older sense of a courtly poem ... in the sophisticated style, if not the form, of the French *ballade*’.

<sup>147</sup> 2000: 738.

All eight entries marked in this way have a connection with music: **4**, **28**, **78** and **86** appeared in a collection whose contents (so the printer boasted in his dedicatory Epistle) were ‘aptly made to be set to any song in .5. partes, or song to instrument’ (*The Paradyse of Daynty Deuises*, 1576), and there are indeed musical settings for many of them. Richard Edwards, the originator of *The Paradyse* and the author of **78** and **86**, was a musician, as was William Hunnis, who wrote **28**. There is also music for **86** in the Brogyntyn and Mulliner Lute Books, and it is actually described as ‘A songe to the lute of music’ in BL, Cotton MS Vespasian A. XXV.<sup>148</sup> The remaining four poems marked as ‘ballets’ can also be linked to musical settings: **58** is in the Brogyntyn Lute Book, **141** is in Barley’s *A New Booke of Tabliture* (1596), and two more musical settings exist for **144** besides the one in Byrd’s *Psalms Songs and Sonnets* (1588). Ben Jonson also refers to **144** as a song in *The Comicall Satyre of Euery Man out of his Humor* (‘To sing: *My mind to me a kingdome is*’) (1599, sig. C2v)), and an imitation of **129** by Nicholas Breton is called a ditty: ‘the Boy taking his instrument, fell to play and sing this ditty’ (*Choice, Chance, and Change*, 1606, sig. I2r).

The rather loose definition of the term in the period means that many more poems in the collection might be denoted as ‘ballets’, but the compiler might have been marking out these poems for personal reasons as texts particularly suited to be sung to the lute or other musical accompaniment. The evidence from the compiler’s will indicates that he was a lutenist: his ‘fayrest lute’ is bequeathed to ‘Sir Thomas Coningesbye’ and a ‘blacke Padovan Lute of India Cane’ to ‘Sir Thomas Cornewaile of Burford’.<sup>149</sup> Goodwin suggests that the compiler or someone he knew sang from this manuscript and that the poems marked in this way in the collection hint at a repertoire of tablature songs in general circulation.<sup>150</sup>

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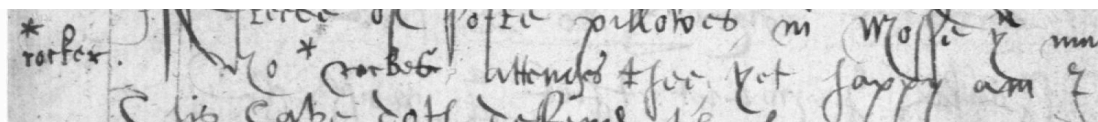
<sup>148</sup> Seng 1978: 32-33. Chris Goodwin, secretary of The Lute Society, comments that the Vespasian MS title ‘adds to the impression that the Brogyntyn intabulation or something like it was in general circulation’ (Email correspondence 3 October 2011).

<sup>149</sup> From Coningsby’s will: see **Appendix 4**.

<sup>150</sup> Email correspondence 3 October 2011. Adrian Le Roy, in his instruction book *A Briefe and Plaine Instruction to set all Musicke ... in Tableture for the Lute* (1574) advises: ‘Mine entent is now to teach them that are desirous to playe on the Lute, how they maye without great knowledge of Musicke set vppon that instrument all Ballets or songes, which they shall thinke good’ (The Preface of the Author).

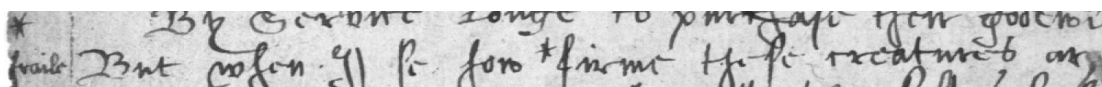
Harold Love comments that ‘the transcriber no less than the compositor would be expected to impose his own practice with regard to spelling, punctuation and minor points of grammar, to modernize, and to correct solecisms and apparent errors’.<sup>151</sup> Coningsby’s most frequent method of correcting is to use an asterisk to mark a word or phrase in the text to a corresponding alteration in the margin without any crossing out of text, leaving a relatively clean appearance on the page.<sup>152</sup> Aesthetic considerations aside, the marginal corrections also reveal a concern for accuracy. To this end some of the marginalia are corrections from proof reading either during or after copying. For example in fig. 30, the compiler initially wrote ‘No rockes attendes thee’ but on reading the line noticed that it did not make good sense, and was able to make the correction to what must be the intended reading ‘No *rocker* attendes thee’ (my italics).

fig. 30



In another example, shown in fig. 31 below, the marginal correction ‘\*fraile’ corrects an obviously non-sensical reading in the context of the poem’s antifeminist sentiment: ‘But when I se how \*firme these creatures ar’.

fig. 31



The material evidence of ink and script suggests in these examples and in the majority of other instances that the compiler made corrections soon after the initial transcription of a poem and while he may have still been in possession of the copy-text.

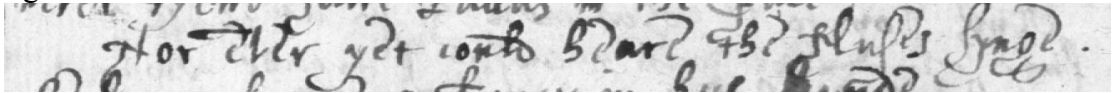
In other ways the marginal corrections reveal the compiler’s concern for ‘correctness’ and a close engagement with the texts being copied. One peculiarity is

<sup>151</sup> 1993: 120.

<sup>152</sup> Coningsby also corrects by means of a mixture of overwriting letters, crossing out, and writing above the line.

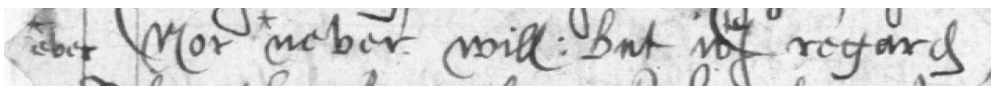
that he habitually removed the double negative. Abbott cites this idiom as a very natural one, and quite common in Elizabethan English, but there are many examples where the compiler corrected a double negative in the copy-text, either by silent alteration during copying (seen in fig. 32 below), or afterwards by adding an asterisk to key a marginal correction (seen in figs. 33 and 34 below).<sup>153</sup>

fig. 32



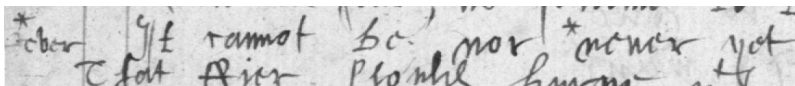
‘Nor *ever* yet could heare the Muses Synge’; in this extract Coningsby began to write a majuscule letter ‘N’ after ‘Nor’ then spotted the double negative and wrote ‘ever’ (two other witnesses read ‘neuer’).

fig. 33



‘\*ever Nor \*never will: but with regard, & honor vse her name’  
 (‘never’ is the reading in Gorges’ fair copy of his own poems)

fig. 34



‘\*ever It cannot be nor \*neuer yet hath byn’  
 (two extant witnesses read ‘euer’; one witness reads ‘never’)

This light editorial work carried out by the compiler also extends to correcting perceived grammatical errors of subject-verb or subject-pronoun agreement, showing a concern for the correct use of the English language. In 17.20 the subject is ‘this hawghty Bird’ and the compiler objects to the pronoun ‘\*Who dwells alone, in Rockes of high Regard’, changing the reading to ‘\*that dwells alone’. In another example the compiler corrects a perceived grammatical error between subject and pronoun: ‘That after Deathe, *She* stil with the may Dwell’ is corrected to ‘*I* stil with the may Dwell’ (70.30; my italics). In this case the original reading should stand since the subject is the

<sup>153</sup> 1884: 295.



speaker's female gendered 'Sowle', but the abrupt switch from the first-person address of the previous two lines to third person reference may have prompted the correction. Elsewhere the compiler is uncertain about which pronoun is correct: two possibilities '\*do' or '\*doth' are given in the margin in place of the personal pronoun asterisked in the text: 'But I alone whose trobled mynd, / In seking Rest, Vnrest \*I find' (4.76-7). And in another line a perceived error of agreement between the subject and verb in the lines 'The Serpente eake whose venomd iawes / \*Doth belche vp Venome vile' is corrected to '\*Do belche vp Venome vile' (78.16). An example where the gender of a personified noun is corrected is seen in the line 'The Sonne, that with \*her burning heate' (17.13), which is corrected to '\*his' in the margin: either a slip in copying was corrected, or an anomaly in the text where 'Phebus' (l. 6), the sun personified in classical mythology, is given in the feminine gender.

We also see the compiler purposely amending the text where the copy was defective or illegible. Coningsby never writes nonsense as some scribes did and the attempts to achieve a sensible reading by altering a word or two are well considered and show his sensitivity to the text in hand. For example in poem 2 he struggles to make sense of a reading in the copy-text, initially writing: 'They had no cawse to envy oughte, / The auncient word or prayse / Of DAMON or of PYTHYAS' (ll. 29-31). On reading the lines (either at the time of writing, or shortly after copying) Coningsby noticed that they did not make good sense. Two substantive witnesses read 'worldes' for 'word or' and this must be the correct reading; the copy-text was evidently corrupt at this point and the marginal correction '*of prayse*' for '*or prayse*' shows that Coningsby noticed the anomaly and attempted to guess the intended reading. The only other extant copy of the poem also has a faulty reading ('wordes ore'), confirming the presence of a copy defective at the same point. Harold Love's remark that scribes were alert to textual corruption in the medium of manuscript circulation is relevant here: 'the scribe must have had a far more acute awareness of the limitations of his exemplar than the compositor. Texts decayed very rapidly in manuscript transmission'.<sup>154</sup> Coningsby's marginal corrections often resulted from this 'awareness' of the medium's foibles and a concern for textual accuracy and must be distinguished from the capricious alterations to texts made by scribes engaged in social editing.

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<sup>154</sup> 1993: 120.

## EDITORIAL CONVENTIONS

The poems are reproduced in the order in which they appear in the manuscript. Scribal numbering of the entries (usually found to the left, level with the first line of a poem) is not reproduced but can be reconstructed from the *Overview table* found in **Appendix 1**. For this edition the entries on the first folio or cover page of the manuscript (f. 11r) are numbered [i]-[xii], and the main sequence of poems (indicated by the commencement of the scribal numbered sequence) are numbered [1]-[159]. Entries that comprise a Latin poem followed by an English translation are assigned the same number qualified by a different letter (e.g. [103a] and [103b]). In the **Commentaries** all references (in bold) to Roman numerals **i-xii** and Arabic numerals **1-159** refer to this sequence of numbering the entries in the manuscript.

The manuscript has been foliated by the British Library in a sequence continuous with the previous item bound in the same volume and commences with f. 11r. This edition follows the British Library foliation and folio numbers are given in square brackets in the left-hand margin, e.g. [‘f. 11r’] refers to the recto and [‘f. 11v’] the verso. For the sake of clarity the scribal pagination is not reproduced.<sup>155</sup> Lineation is given in square brackets at five line intervals to the right of the text.

The spelling (including ‘u’ for ‘v’, ‘i’ for ‘j’), word division, lineation and punctuation of the original are retained. Capital ‘I’/‘J’ is transcribed uniformly as ‘I’. Capitalization in the original is also retained, except that ‘F’ replaces ‘ff’. Where the majuscule and minuscule are formed in the same way and differ only in size, it is not always apparent which form is intended. A similar problem arises where the same form of majuscule appears both as a normal capital and simply as an initial letter. In the transcription, I try to determine where a capital is intended based on any evidence of the scribe’s normal use of capitals. All contractions (except for abbreviated names) are expanded, with the supplied letters underlined, the marks of abbreviation disregarded and superscript letters silently lowered. Deleted text is placed in angle brackets, < >. For the sake of clarity, interlineatons are lowered and placed between marks of insertion, ^ ^. Any caret marks present are not reproduced in the text but mentioned in the textual notes at the foot of the page. Corrections superimposed over individual letters are not reproduced but mentioned in the textual notes. Marginal corrections are reproduced in

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<sup>155</sup> See above, for an explanatory note, and for the evidence that the poem numbering and pagination is in Hand A.

the position in which they appear in the manuscript and any asterisks are retained. Obscured text or missing text (for example letters cropped from the edge of the page) is placed in curly brackets with conjectural restoration or dashes to represent the number of missing letters: {---}.

The default scribe is Hand A and any changes of hand (i.e. Hands B-G) are mentioned in the textual notes at the foot of the page and discussed in the notes for individual poems. I have not tried to reproduce the material appearance of the text *per se* but where the script changes from secretary to italic I have represented this with an italic font. This means that the reader can see clearly where italic (for quotations and emphasised words) is used within a predominantly secretary text and avoids a proliferation of textual notes that would clutter up the page. The material appearance of the manuscript, including a description of the hands and ruling, is discussed in the **Introduction**. Contextual notes, word glosses and collations are found in the **Commentaries** for individual poems.

#### *NOTE ON THE COLLATIONS*

In the **Commentaries** I provide collations for all texts which have not been collated elsewhere. I refer the reader to editions where the text has already been collated in the notes. Hy is always the lemma and, where three texts or more are collated, an asterisk denotes that all texts agree in a given reading. Not every set of variant readings produces a valid stemma. Where a set of variant readings reveals connections between manuscripts I have represented this diagrammatically with a stemma. In this edition the analysis of variant readings and the identification of ‘error’ does not serve as the basis to determine the choice of copy text or emendations for an edited text (‘closest to the authorial version’). It is used, rather, to answer questions about the relative quality of the control text and its origins in the larger scribal culture.

*NOTE ON THE CYPHER*

I have silently expanded the cypher employed in the marginal annotations to poem **93**, covering folios 54v-58v. The code is fairly basic: all the vowels have been overwritten with a letter resembling 'p' and the number of strokes added to the stem corresponds to the vowel intended:

p + 1 stroke = 'a', p + 2 = 'e', p + 3 = 'i', p + 4 = 'o' and p + 5 = 'u'

The superscript letters in 'Mr' and 'Mrs' are also disguised by means of a long tail and bowl at the head (resembling a 'p' standing on the line). The scribe uses two symbols to key the marginal annotations to the punning references in the text (a 'plain' cross and a 'feathered' cross); these are represented in the transcription by up [ $\uparrow$ ] and down [ $\Downarrow$ ] arrow symbols.

TEXT OF BL HARLEY MS 7392(2)

[i]

[f. 11r] *Si potes assiduo falle labore diem*  
*Ed: E<vans>*

[ii]

*Præterit, et non est reuocabilis vnda vel hora*  
*Labitur hæc subito: præterit illa cito:*  
*S Knyveton*

[iii]

*Whose <euery> Fancy fawnes on many,*  
*Is Never constant vnto any. H C*

[iv]

*Cauendo tutus <--- ----- to ----->*  
*/ Coningsbye / H C*

[v]

{La doglia comm--- si --- fa: ammore}

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i] Hand C; the name is partially deleted with dense zig-zag strokes, in a darker ink from that used in the transcription

ii] Hand B

iv] Hand B; *H C* in Hand A; *<--- ----- to ----->* illegible text crossed out in a darker ink probably Hand A

v] probably Hand A: the ink of this entry is very faint

[vi]

*Quis sapiens blandis non misceat oscula verbis?*

*Illa licet non det, non data sume tamen,*

*pugnabit primo fortassis et improbe dicet S: Knyveton*

*pugnando vinci se tamen illa volet*

*Ovid*

[vii]

*Ascolta assai, e credi poco*

[viii]

[f. 11v] *Opportunyty.*

*Importunyty.*

*H Con:*

[ix]

*Repentaunt thoughtes, for overpassed Mayes,*

*Consume my youth, before myne aged Dayes*

*HC R.D.T.F.O.F. #*

*w.h.i.i.i.*

*{- -}*

---

vi and vii] Hand B; a short curved line separates [vii] from the Latin text upon which it encroaches; the signature 'S: Knyveton' could apply to both entries  
ix *w.h.i.i.i. {- -}*] pen trial in unidentified hand

[x]

*When first of all Dame Nature \*<wroght>, \*thought  
Eache thinge in order for to \*<knyt>, \*lead  
Most busily of all shee soght,  
To set her Faythe in womans head.  
Nay, fy, (quod Faythe) & then she fled, [5]  
I will not rest in Womans head.*

*H. Con.*

[xi]

*My natiuytye  
Largus, amans, hilaris, ridens, rubeique coloris,  
Constans carnosus, satis audax, luxuriosus.*

*H C*

[xii]

*Crine ruber, niger ore, breuis pede, lumine luseus,  
Rem magnam prestas, Zoile, si bonus es.*

*Plavt*

---

x *Con.*] decorative flourish incorporating a tilde after *n*  
xi] Hand B. *My natiuytye* and *H C* in Hand A  
xii] Hand B

[1]

[f. 12r]

*Ferendo vinces.*

He that his mirth hath loste,

Whose comfort is dismayd:

Whose hope is vaine, whose faith is scorn'd

Whose trust is all betrayd,

If he hath held them deare, [5]

And cannot cease to moane:

Come let him take his place by mee

He shall not morne alone.

But yf the smallest sweete,

Be mixt with all his sorrow, [10]

If in the day, the month the yeere

He feele one lightninge howre,

Then rest he with himselfe,

He is no mate for mee

Whose fare is fallen, his sugar voyd, [15]

Whose hurte his death must bee.

Yet not the wished death,

Which hath no plenty nor lacke

Whiche maketh free the better parte,

Ys only nature's wracke, [20]

O no, that were to well,

my grief is of the minde,

Which alwayes yeldes the extremest paines,

And leues the leaste behinde.

[f. 12v]

As on that lives in showe, [25]

And inwardly doth dye:

Whose knowledge is a bloody field,

Wher all helpe slayne dothe lye.

Whose heart the altar is,

His spirit the Sacrifice [30]

Vnto the powers, whom to appease,



no sorrow can suffice.  
 My fancies ar like thornes,  
 On which I walke by night,  
 My rusty hope is like an hoste, [35]  
 Whom foes have put to flight.  
 My sence <my sence> my passions spie,  
 My thoughtes like rvins owld,  
 Of famous Carthage, or the Towne,  
 Whiche Synon bought & sowld. [40]  
Which still before my face,  
 my mortall fall doth lay,  
 Whom Love and Fortune once advanste,  
 And now hath cast away,  
 O thoughtes, no thoughtes but woundes [45]  
 Somtime the Seate of Ioy,  
 Somtime the store of quiet reste,  
 \*But \*And now of all annoy.  
 [f. 13r] I sowde the Soyle of Peace,  
 my blysse was in the Sprynge [50]  
 And day by day I ate the fruyte  
 That my lyves Tree did brynge.  
 To Nettles now my Corne,  
 my field is turnd to Flynte,  
 Where sittinge in the Cypres shade, [55]  
 I reape the Hyacynte.  
 The Peace, the rest, the lyfe,  
 That I enioyd of yore,  
 Come to my lotte, that by my losse,  
 my smarte may stinge the more. [60]  
 So to vnhappy men,  
 The best frames <for> ^to^ the worste,

---

1.61 *So*] *S* altered from *G*

1.62 *best*] *e* altered from *a*; *frames*] *es* altered from *d*; ^to^ interlined, without caret, above <for>

O TYME, O PLACE, O LOOKES, O WORDES,

Deare then, but now accurste.

In was standes my *Delyghte*, [65]

*In is and shall my woe,*

*My Horror fastened in the yea,*

*My Hope hanges in the Noe.*

I looke for no relyef,

Relyef will come to late, [70]

*To late I fynde, I fynde to well,*

*To well stooode my estate.*

[f. 13v]

Now Love wher is the force,

That makes thy Tormentes sweete,

Wher is the happe, that some throw thee, [75]

Have thought their deathe but meete.

The Stately Cawse disdaynes,

The secret thanckfullnes,

The Grace Preferd the Common lyef

That shines in worthines. [80]

O would it were not so,

I could it well excuse,

Or that the wrathe of Ielousye,

my Iudgement did abuse.

O FALSE VNCONSTANTE KYNDE, [85]

*FYRME IN FAYTHE TO NO MAN:*

*NO WOMEN ANGELS BE ON EARTHE,*

*MY MYSTRES YS A WOMAN.*

Yet blame I not the faulte,

But even the faulty one, [90]

Ne can I put the thinge from mee,

Wherin I ly aloane.

Alone I ly by Love,

Whose like was never yet.

The yonge the old, the Prince, the poore, [95]

The fond, & full of wytte.

[f. 14r] Heere muste I styll remayne,  
 My Love, my Deathe, my Shame;  
 I cannot blott owt of my breste  
 That Love wrought in his name. [100]  
 I cannot set at nowghte,  
 That once I held so deare,  
 I cannot make it seeme farre of  
 That ys in deede so neare.  
 Not that I meane henceforthe, [105]  
 This straunge will to possesse,  
 As to betray suche tickle truthes,  
 As buyldes on ficklenes.  
 For never shall it faile,  
 That my word gave in hand, [110]  
 I gave my word my word gave mee,  
 Both gyfte and word shall stand.  
 And since my choyse is suche,  
 The which is all to yll,  
 I yeld me captive to my curse, [115]  
 My hard happe to fulfill.  
*THE SOLITARY WOODS,*  
*MY CYTY SHALL BECOME,*  
*THE DARKEST DENNE SHALBE MY LODGE,*  
*WHERE IS NO LYGHT OF SONNE.* [120]  
 [f. 14v] *OF HEBEN BLACKE MY BOWER,*  
*THE WORMES MY MEATE shalbe,*  
*WHERWYTHE MY CARCAS SHALBE FEDDE,*  
*VNTYLL THEY FEEDE ON MEE.*  
*MY REST SHALBEE IN MOULDE,* [125]  
*MY BEDDE THE CRAGGY ROCKE,*  
*MY HARMONY THE SERPENTES HYSSE,*  
*THE SCRYKYNGE OWLE MY CLOCKE.*

*MYNE EXERCYSE NOUGHT ELSE,  
BUT RAGYNGE AGONIES,* [130]  
*MY BOOKE OF SPYTEFULL FORTUNES FOYLES,  
AND DYRY TRAGEDYES.*

*MY WALKE THE PATHE OF PLAYNTE,  
MY PROSPECTE INTO HELL:  
WHERE SYCYPHO, AND ALL HYS PHEERES,* [135]  
*IN ENDELES TORMENTES DWELL.*

And thoughe I seeme to vse,  
The fayninge Poets style,  
To figure forthe my ruffull playnte,  
My fall & myne exile,

Yet is my grief not faynd,  
Wherin I starve & pyne,  
Who feeles it most, may thinke it leaste,  
Yf he compare wythe myne.

[f. 15r] My verse yf any aske, [145]  
Whose gryevous chaunce is suche,  
*DY—ERE* thow lette his name be knowne,  
Whose folly shewes to muche.

Yit better is to hyde,  
And never come to lyghte, [150]  
For on the earthe may none but I,  
This accent sownd aryghte.

*fynys quod DYER*

[2]

*AMARYLLYS*, was full fayre,  
The goodlyest mayde was shee,  
From the East vnto the Weste,

---

1.129 *MYNE*] *NE* added later, in smaller size script

1.133 *PLAYNTE*] *P* blotted

1.147 *DY—ERE*] <sup>2</sup>*E* in smaller size script

That heavens eye could see:  
 To *DYANA* at her byrthe, [5]  
 Her parentes did her give,  
 All vntoucht a Vyrgins Life  
 Duriinge her dayes to lyve.  
 Whose behest shee constante kepte,  
 And wholly was enclynde, [10]  
 To be free to gayne greate fame,  
 And wyn eache worthye mynde.  
 As there was good cause ynoughe,  
 So was she honord moste,  
 They that had her seene abroad, [15]  
 At home wold make theyr boste.  
 [f. 15v] Two there were that her beheld,  
 And would have done so ever:  
 Happy men yea happy thrise,  
 yf they had done so never. [20]  
*CORYDON*, and, *CHARYNELL*,  
 That longe in deare accord  
 Ledde theyr lyves, & neither wishte,  
 Of other to be *LORDE*.  
 All the goodes that eache possesste, [25]  
 Of *Body, Wealthe, and Mynde*,  
 were employd to others vse,  
 As eche by prooffe, did finde.  
 They had no cawse to envy oughte,  
 \*of The auncient word \*or prayse [30]  
 Of *DAMON* or of *PYTHYAS*,  
 And others in those dayse.  
 Good and sure their frindshippe was,  
 Tyll *AMARYLLYS* fyne,  
 Had the power, perhaps the will, [35]

---

2.11-12 *gayne*] *gay* blotted; *each*] *ac* blotted

The band all to vntwyne.  
 Yea the Boy, that blynded God,  
 In great despyte complaynd,  
 That on the earthe aloane ther was  
 His love that quite disdaynd. [40]  
 Wherevpon his strongest bow,  
 And arrowes sharpe he bente,  
 And in that *AMARYLLYS* eyes,  
 He slyly picht his tente.  
 [f. 16r] Wher he lay to watch both tyme, [45]  
 And place for his avayle,  
 For the wyghtes, that wiste not yet,  
 What foe should them assayle.  
 On of his two shaftes was dypte,  
 In Bitter Iuyce as gall, [50]  
 The other in a pleasant wyne,  
 And poyson myxte w<sup>ith</sup>hall.  
 And as they smackt of divers sauce,  
 So diversly they wroughte,  
 By dispayre, the one to deathe, [55]  
 By vayne hope thother broughte.  
 With the first was *CORYDON*,  
 Throughe pierced to the harte,  
*CHARYNELL* w<sup>ithin</sup> his breste,  
 Felt of the second smarte. [60]  
 But w<sup>ith</sup> Gould both headed were,  
 w<sup>hich</sup> bred a like desyre,  
 Fayne the would w<sup>ithin</sup> their brestes,  
 Have hidden kepte the fyer.  
 But w<sup>ithout</sup> it must appeere, [65]  
 That burnte so hoate w<sup>ithin</sup>,  
 For hard it is the flame to hide,  
 That it no yssue win.  
 [f. 16v] And in tyme straunge lookes began,

That sprange of Ielousy, [70]  
 Full of Care eache lay in wayte,  
 Hys fellow to discry.  
 In the end betwixt those frendes,  
 All frendly partes decayed,  
 Bothe were bente to place themselves, [75]  
 Hys frendes case nothings wayed.  
*AMARYLLYS* love was soughte,  
 with all they could devise,  
 Yea with all the power of man,  
 And prayers to the Skyes. [80]

\*All \*As she saw, & hard their harme,  
 As *ASPIS* doth the charme,  
 Now & then she blande them bothe,  
 As guilty of their harme;  
 Now to thone she wold gyve eare, [85]  
 Then put the other of,  
 By and by eache did suspecte,  
 His frind the cause therof.  
 But the trust by tryall paste,  
 Made them their doome suspend, [90]  
 And indeede she vsed there,  
 Where passions did offend.

[f. 17r] He had need of store of tyme,  
 That wold hys pen prepare:  
 To set forth all their agonyes, [95]  
 They *DREADE, HOPE, IOY, & CARE.*  
 But in vaine they spent their dais,  
 Their labour all was lost,  
 For she was furthest from their meed,  
 When they forweened most. [100]

*CORYDON* waxed pale & wan,  
 Hys yonge heare turned hoare,  
 Feates of armes, the Horse the Hawke,

He lefte and vsde no more.  
 He had found that *AMARYLL*, [105]  
 Sought glory more then Love,  
 But she forced not his charmes,  
 Her Bewties pride to prove;  
 Yet he could not leave to love,  
 But yeldinge to dyspaire, [110]  
 Rent his <Corps> harte, his Corps fell downe,  
 His ghost flew in the Ayer.  
*CHARYNELL* thought woman kind,  
 Was apte to bend & bowe,  
 And beleeved to please himselfe, [115]  
 As Fancy did allowe.  
 [f. 17v] But belyef ne makes the cause,  
 Ne weeninge workes the webbe,  
 In the Tyde his travelles came,  
 He thryved in the Ebbe. [120]  
 At the last his vayne hope him,  
 No longer might sustayne,  
 In His longinge he consumde,  
 Lyfe could not him retayne;  
*AMARYLLYS* hard of this, [125]  
 And pity movde w<sup>u</sup>ithall,  
 Much did rue so hard a happe,  
 On such faythe should befall;  
 To *DIANA* strayght she hyes,  
 \*where \*When wayted on she found, [130]  
 W<sup>u</sup>ith a trayne of all the Dames,  
 Whose chaste lyfe Fame doth sound.  
 Vnto her in humble wyse,  
 She sayd she came to showe,  
 That these 2 lovinge wightes [135]

---

2.135 2] a blot following may be a cancellation



Myght be transformde anewe.  
 In her armes the Goddesse mild,  
 Her Darlynge softe did strayne,  
 What is it that yow quoth shee,  
 Of me may not obtayne? [140]

[f. 18r] Therwithall *SYR CHARYNELL*,  
 A yellow flower became,  
 Sweete of sente & much esteemde,  
 And *HARTES EASE* hathe to name.  
*AMARYLLYS* pluckt the flower, [145]  
 And ware it on her head,  
 Somtime she layd it on hir lappe,  
 Somtyme vpon her bedde.  
*CHARYNELL* most happy flower,  
 But most vnhappy man, [150]  
 In thy lyfe thow hadste thy deathe,  
 In death thy lyfe began.  
*CORRYDON TURNDE* to an Owle,  
 Fled to the wildernes,  
 Never flockes but leades his life, [155]  
 In Solytarynes.  
 Hys eyes cannot abyde,  
 The clearnes of the Sunne,  
 But aloufe he takes his flyght,  
 And in the darke doth comme. [160]

*AMARYLLYS* to the wood,  
 At sometime will repaire,  
 And delyghtes to heare the tune,  
 And lay of his dispayre.  
 [f. 18v] *WELL I WOTTE WHAT HEERE IS MENTE*, [165]  
*AND THOUGHE A TALE YT SEEME:*

---

2.153 *CORRYDON*] *RR* sic  
 2.157 *cannot*] *ca* blotted

*SHADOWES HAUE THEYR BODYES BYE,  
AND SO OF THYS ESTEEME.*

*FYNIS DYER*

[3]

When werte thou borne Desyre?

In Pompe & pryme of May.

By whom sweete boy werte thou begot?

By good Conceyte, men say.

Tell me who was thy Nurse, [5]

Freshe youthe in sugred Ioy.

What was thy meate & dayly foode?

Sad syghes w<sup>ith</sup> great Annoy.

What hadste thou then to Drinke?

Vnfayned lovers teares. [10]

What Cradle werte thou rocked in?

In Hope devoyde of Feares.

What brought thee then asleepe?

Sweete speech that lykte me best.

And wher is now thy dwellinge place? [15]

In gentle hartes I rest.

Dothe Company dysplease?

yt doth in many a one.

Where wold Desire then chuse to be?

He likes to muse alone. [20]

[f. 19r] What feedethe most your syghte?

To gaze on Favour styll.

What findste thou most to be thy fo?

Dysdayne of my goodwill.

Wyll ever Age or Deathe, [25]

Bringe the vnto decay?

*NO, NO, DESYER, BOTHE LYUES & DYES,*

TEN THOWSANDE TYMES A DAY.

Finis. LO. OX.

[4]

*Diligentes me diligo*

Yf Fortune may enforce, the carefull hart to cry,

And grypinge gryef con<sup>u</sup>strayn, the wounded wyght lament

ballet Who then (alas) to morne hathe greater cause then I?

Agaynst whose hard mishap, both heaven & erth is bent

For whom no help remaynes, for whom no hope is lefte, [5]

From whom all happy haps ar fled, & plesure quite bereft.

Whose lyfe noght can <sup>u</sup>prolong, whose helth can noght assure,

Whose deathe (oh pleasant port of peace, no creature can <sup>u</sup>procure.

Whose passed <sup>u</sup>profe of plesant Ioy,

Myschaunce hathe changde to griefes Annoy. [10]

And (lo) whose hope of better day,

Is overwhelmd with longe delay.

O hard myshappe

Eche thing I playnly see, whose vertues may awayle,

To ease the pinching payne, which gripes the groning wigh{t} [15]

By Phisicks sacred skill, whose rule dothe seldom faile,

Throughe labors long bestowed, is plainly brought to light.

I know ther is no fruite, no leafe, no roote, no rind,

No herbe, no plant, no Iuice, no gumme, no mettall deeply mind.

[f. 19v] No perle, no <sup>u</sup>precious stone, no Gemme of rare effecte [20]

Whose vertues lerned Gallens booke, at large do not detect,

Yet all their force can not appease,

The furious fittes of my dise<sup>^</sup>a<sup>^</sup>se.

Nor any drugge of Phisickes Arte,

Can ease the grief, that gripes my harte. [25]

---

3.28 TEN] N blotted

4.15 wigh{t} {t} cropped at edge of page

4.23 dise<sup>^</sup>a<sup>^</sup>se] a interlined without caret

O Straunge Disease.

I heare the wise affirme, that nature hathe in store,

A thousand secret salues, which wisdom hath owt found,

To heale the scorchinge heate, of every <scorching> ^smartinge^ sore,

And heale the deepest skarres, thoughe grevous be the wound, [30]

The ancient proverbe says, that no so festered grieffe,

Doth grow, for which the Gods themselves, have not ordainde relyef

But I by profe do know, such proverbes to be vaine,

& thinke that Nature never knew, the Plages that I sustayne.

And so not knowinge my distresse, [35]

Hathe lefte my grief remedillesse.

For why the Heavens for me prepare,

To lyve in thought and dy in care.

O Lastinge Payne.

By change of ayre I see, by haunt of healthfull soile, [40]

By diet duly kept, grosse humors are exilde.

I know that inward griefes of mind, & inward hartes turmoile,

By faythfull frendes advise, in time may be repelde.

Yet all this noght avayles, to kyll that me annoyes,

(I meane) to stop these fluddes of Care, that overflow my Ioyes. [45]

No none exchange of place, can chaunge my luckles lotte,

Like on I live, so must I dy, whom Fortune hath forgotte.

No Counsayle can prevaile with mee,

Nor sage advise with grief agree.

For he that feeles the paines of Hell, [50]

Can never hope in heven to dwell.

O Deepe Dispayre.

[f. 20r] What lyves on earth but I, whose Travell reapes no gaine?

The weried Horse & Oxe in Stall & Stable rest,

The Ante with Sommers toyle, beares owt the winters paine. [55]

\*nest The Fowle that flyeth all the day, at night returnes to \*rest.

The Plowmans wery worke, amynd the winters myre,

---

4.29 <scorchinge>] underlined to mark deletion; ^smartinge^] interlined with double caret

Rewarded is with Sommers gaine, which yeldes him double hyre  
The Silly laboring Soule, which moyles from day to day,  
At night <g> his wages truly paid Contented goes his way. [60]  
And commynge home, his drousy hed,  
He couchethe close in homely bed,  
Wherin no sooner downe he lyes,  
But Sleep hath straight possest his eyes.

O happy man. [65]

The Souldiar bidinge longe, the brunt of mortall warres  
Wher lyfe is never free, from dinte of deadly foyle,  
At last come ioyfull home, thoghe mangled all with skarres,  
Wher frankly void of feare he spendes the gotten Spoyle,  
The Pyrat lyinge longe, amid the fominge fluddes, [70]  
Wyth every flaw in hazardise, to lose both lyfe & goodes.  
And lenththe findes view of land, wher wished port he spies,  
Which once obtaind, amongst his mates, he partes the gotten Pryse  
Thus every man for travaile past,  
Doth reap a Iust Reward at last, [75]  
But I alone whose trobled mynd,  
In seking Rest, Vnrest \*I find. \*do \*doth

O luckles Lotte.

Thow cursed caitiffe wretch, whose heavy hard mishap  
Doth wishe 10 thousand times, that thou hadst not byn borne, [80]  
Since fate hath the condemnd to lyve in sorowes lap,  
Wher wailing wast thy life, of all redresse forlorne,  
What shall thy grief appease, who shall thy tormentes stay,  
Wylte thou thy selfe with murdring handes, enforce thine owne decay?  
[f. 20v] No, far be thow from me myselfe to stoppe my breath, [85]  
The Gods forbid, whom I beseche to worke my Ioyes by Death  
For lingringe lenghte of lothed lyfe,  
Doth sturre in me such mortall stryfe,  
That whiles for lyfe & deathe I crye,

---

4.58 *hyre*] *y* altered from *a* or *i*

In Deathe I lyve, & lyvinge dye. [90]

O Froward Fate.

Lo, heere my hard mishap, lo heere my straunge disease,

Lo here my depe Dispayre, lo here my lastinge paine,

Lo here my froward fate, which nothinge can appease,

Lo here how others toile, rewarded is with gayne. [95]

While luckles lo I lyve, in losse of labors due,

Compeld by profe of torment strong my endles grief to rue.

In which since nedes I must consume both youth, & age,

\*care yf ould I lyve, & that my \*care no comfort can an asswage,

Henceforth I bannishe from my brest, [100]

All frustrate hope of future rest,

And trutheles trust, to tymes reward,

Wyth all respectes of Ioyes regard,

Heere I forswear.

*fynis RO POO. Balle*

[5]

*Her wyll be done, but I have sworne to love,*

*And wyth thys vow, wyll noryshe my delyghte,*

*Her scorne, my wo, but tyme shall not remove,*

*A faythfull zeale, owt of my troubled Sprighte,*

*Yea more then all, Ile sacryfice my Blood, [5]*

*And burne my bones, to do my Mystres good.*

*fynis. Ti. So.*

[6]

[f. 21r] What is desire, which doth approve,

To sett on fire each gentle love?

---

4.96 *While*] *W* altered from *T*

4.99 *care*] blotted: Hand A repeats in margin

A fancy straunge, a God of Love,  
Whose pining sweat, delightes w<sub>i</sub>th smart.  
In gentle myndes his dwellinge is. [5]

What were his parentes, Godes or no,  
That livinge long is yet a Child?  
A Goddesse son who thinkes not so,  
A god begot a God beguild,  
Venus his mother \*<was> his Sier. \*mars [10]

Is he a God of Peace or Warre,  
What <h> be his armes, what is his might?  
His war is Peace, his Peace is Warre,  
Eche griefe of his is but Delyght.  
His bitter bale, is sugred blysse. [15]

What be his giftes, ho doth he play,  
When is he seene, or how conceavde?  
Sweate dreames in Slepe new thoughtes in day.  
Behoulding eyes in mynd receavde.  
A God that rules, & yet obayes. [20]

Why is he naked, painted blinde,  
His sydes w<sub>i</sub>th shaftes, his backe w<sub>i</sub>th brandes,  
Playne w<sub>i</sub>thout guile, by happe to finde,  
Provinge w<sub>i</sub>th fayre wordes, that w<sub>i</sub>thstandes  
And where he craves, he takes no nay. [25]

[f. 21v] What labours doth this God alowe,  
What fructes have Lovers for their payne?  
Sitte still & muse to make a vowe,  
Their Ladies if they true remaine,

---

6.27 *Lovers*] r altered from s

*A good rewarde for true desyer.* [30]

*fynis Ewph.*

[7]

*When I was fayre & yonge, then favour graced me,  
Of many was I sought, theyr mystres for to be,  
But I did scorne them all & answerde them therfore,  
Go, go, go seeke some other where, importune me no more.  
How many wepinge eyes, I made to pyne in woe, [5]  
How many syghyng hartes, I have not skylle to shoe.  
But I the prowder grew, and still thys spake therfore,  
Go, go, go seeke some other wher, importune me no more.  
Then spake fayre Venus Sonne, that brave vycorious Boy.  
Saying, yow daynty Dame, for that yow be so coy, [10]  
I wyll so pull yowr plumes, as yow shall say no more,  
Go, go, go seke some other wher, importune me no more.  
As <sup>sone as</sup> he had sayd, such chaunge grew in my brest,  
That neyther night nor day, I could take any rest.  
Wherfore I did repent, that I had sayd before, [15]  
Go, go, go, seke, som other wher, importune me no more.*

*FINIS. ELY.*

[8]

An end (quoth shee) for feare of afterclappes,  
No end (quoth I): I doubt not of perhappes.  
Rather end (quoth she), then labour thus in vayne,  
And end (quoth I) Not So, then wer I slayne.  
We were vndon, if any should misdoute, [5]  
No man alive, can ever find it oute.  
Come then Sweete Boy, (quoth she) & <ever> beare one minde,  
Ever, Secrette, Faithfull, Constante, & Kynde.

---

7.13 <sup>sone as</sup>] interlined with caret



[f. 22r]

*Ferenda Natura*

Fayne would I but I dare not:

I dare &amp; yet I may not:

I may althoughe I care not:

For Pleasure when I play not.

Yow laughe bicause you like not: [5]

I ieste and yet I ioy not:

You pierce althoughe you strike not:

I strike and yet annoy not.

I spye, and yet I speake not:

For ofte I speake &amp; speed not: [10]

Yet of my woundes<sub>u</sub> yow recke not:

Bicause yow see they bleed not.

Yet bleed they when yow feele not:

Thoughe yow the paines endure not:

Of \*Noble myndes they be not: \*gentle [15]

That ever kyll &amp; cure not.

I see &amp; yet I viewe not:

I wishe althoughe I crave not:

I serve although I sue not:

I hope for that I have not. [20]

I catche, and yet I hould not:

I burne, athoughe I flame not:

I seeme wheras I wold not:

---

9.11 *recke*] c altered from *a*

9.16 *cure*] u altered from *a*

And where I seeme, I am not.

Yours am I, though I seeme not: [25]

And will be, though I show not:

Myne outward deedes then deeme not:

When myne entente yow know not.

[f. 22v] But if my service prove not:

Moste sure although I sue not: [30]

Wythdrawe your mind, & love not:

And for my ruyne, rve not.

*Lenvoy.* *Dy*

Yf Sweete from Sowre, might any way remove:

What Ioy, what Hap, what Heaven, wer like Love. [35]

[10]

Before I dy, faire Dame of me, receave my last adiew.

Acunte my helpelesse grief no Iest, for time shall prove it trew.

My Teares were signes of Sorowes fyttte for all my former care,

When yet my woes wer very young, but now so great they are.

As all my store consumed quite, the only eyes remayne [5]

Which turninge vp their sight to heven, lamente their masters paine.

With gastly staring lookes, even such as may my Death fortell,

The only meane for me poore Soule to shunne an earthly Hell.

But now my Deare, for so my love doth make me call thee still,

That Love I say, that luckles love, which workes mee all this yll,[10]

This ill wherof sweete Soule, thou art at all no cause,

Both Hand & Hart with francke consent, acqytes thee of the lawes.

Thou knowste in tender yeeres, before my pryme awhyle,

Cupid at the sight of thee, my sences did <I> beguyle.

It was a World of Ioyes, for me, to live within thy sighte, [15]

Thy Sacred presence vnto me did giue so greate delighte.

It was a Heaven to me to view thy face Devine,

Wherin besides Dame Venus stayne, great Maiesty did shine.  
 These thinges like folishe singed Flye, at first made me my game,  
 Tyll time and riper yeares, cam on, my woes to frame. [20]  
 For at the last I felt it worke and did bethinke me how,  
 Vnproved yet my mystres wold, her servantes love allow.  
 Thus long in this Concept I livde, and durst it not bewray,  
 Wherby, both former Mirth, & Strengthe, & Health did soone decay.  
 Thy self didste seme with gracious Eye, to pittie my Dystres, [25]  
 The cause vnknown; yet was I far from hope of all redres.  
 For like the Silly Lambe that makes <sup>^no^</sup> noyse vntill he Dies,  
 Even so I secret kept my tongue, but told it with myn eyes.  
 [f. 23r] Yet this I counted for a Toy, as longe as I myght bee,  
 \*of Without suspect of Ielouse heades, in company \*with thee. [30]  
 But when thy choyse was made & Fortune framde it so,  
 As neyther I, nor yow nor Hee, but did endure somw wo,  
 Then did my Ioyes take end, suche force hathe Ielousy  
 That both their owne & others to; my harms they wrought therby.  
 Well, this is all my Sute, which thou in no case canste deny, [35]  
 When turninge time shall end my Dayes, by fatall Destiny,  
 Which now by open signes I find; comes roundely towardes mee,  
 This recompence for all my paynes, I do require of thee.  
 Vouchsafe to visit for my sake, my everlastinge Grave,  
 Stay ther vntill my latest rites, the Priest performed have. [40]  
 Thus Charity commaundes; but somthing yet ther commes behinde,  
 Which if thou graunteste to performe, will argue thee more kind.  
 Eache yeare vpon the blessed Day, wherin my lyfe toke end,  
 Vnto my Tombe repaire, wher I thy comming will attend.  
 Good mystres there confesse, my rare renommed Love, [45]  
 The Loyall Hart I bare, which Deathe could not remove.  
 And when thou hast don this, then <ther> tell the world from me,  
 My suyte at no Time did exceed, the Bandes of Modesty.  
 \*& Of on thing yet beware, sighe \*not, nor shead no Teare,

---

10.27 <sup>^no^</sup>] interlined with caret

Leste that my Tormentes do renew, when I thy Sorrowes heare. [50]

*Fynys. DY.*

[11]

As rare to heare, as seldome to bee seene,  
\*ever It cannot be nor \*neuer yet hath \*byn \*been  
That Fier should burne with perfyt heate & flame,  
Wythout some matter for to yeld the same,

A stranger case, yet true by profe I \*know, \*knoe [5]  
<A harder hap, who hath his love at liste,>  
A man in Ioy; that lyveth still in woe,  
A harder hap, who hath his love at liste,  
And liues in Love, as he all Love had miste

Who hathe ynoughe, yet thinkes he liues withoute,  
To lacke no Love, yet still to stand in Doute. [10]  
What discontent to live in suche Desyre  
To have his will, & ever to requyre.

*fynis DY.*

[12]

[f. 23v] I would it were not as it ys,  
Or that I carde not yea or no:  
I would I thought it not amisse,  
Or that amis might blameles go.  
I wold it were, [5]  
yet wold I not:  
I myght be glad,  
yet could I not.

---

10.49 \*not] The asterisk (denoting a correction in the margin) should be attached to *nor*

I wold Desire, <-> knew <I> the meane,  
Or that the meane Desyer sought: [10]

I would I could my Fancy weane,  
From such sweete Ioyes, which Love hath wrought.  
Only my wishe, <is>  
Is lefte at all,  
A Badge whereby, [15]  
To know a thrall.

O happy man that doest aspyre,  
To that which thow mayst seemely crave:  
Thrise happy man for thy Desyre,  
May weene with Hope good hap to have. [20]  
But Woe is mee,  
(Vnhappy man)  
Whom hope nor helpe,  
Acquyet can.

The Buddes of Hope, ar stervde with feare, [25]  
And styll his Foe, presentes his face:  
My state, yf hope the Palme should beare,  
Vnto my Happe, would be Disgrace.  
As Dia<mo>mond <in>  
In wood were sette, [30]  
Or yrus ragges,  
In Gould yfrette.

[f. 24r] For lo, my tyred Showlders beare,  
Desires wery beatinge wynges:  
And at my feete a clogge I weare, [35]  
Tyde on with self disdayninge strynges.  
My winges to mounte  
Alofte, make haste:  
My clogge dothe synke  
Me downe as faste. [40]

This is our state, lo thus we stand,  
They ryse to fall, that clymbe to hye:

The youthe that fled Kinge Minos land,  
 May teache the wyse more low to flye.  
 What gaynd his pointe [45]  
 So neere the Sonne?  
 He drounde in Seas,  
 His name that wonne.  
 Yet Icarus more happy was,  
 By present Death hys cares to end; [50]  
 Then I poore man, on whom (alas)  
 Ten thousand Deathes their paines do spend.  
 Now Grief, now Plainte,  
 Now Love, now Spighte:  
 Longe Sorowe myxte, [55]  
 Wythe short Delyghte.  
 The Pheere and fellow of thy smarte,  
 Prometheus I am indeede:  
 Vpon whose ever lyvinge harte,  
 \*do The greedy Grypes \*to gnaw & feede. [60]  
 But he that vauntes  
 His harte hye:  
 Muste bee contente,  
 To pyne and dye.  
*FYNIS DY.*

[13]

[f. 24v] I faynt wyth feare, I blushe for shame,  
 I wishe but dare not make requeste:  
 My suyte is Favour, bowldnes my blame,  
 Denyall deathe; delay vnreste:  
 My lyef is Hope, my Heart is Love, [5]  
 I crave but leave, my truth to prove.

Myne eye bewrayes myne inward thought

My thoughtes ar led by my desyre:  
My highe Desires a meane have wroghte,  
To melte my Harte in Fancies fyre. [10]  
Wherin come weale or woes encrease,  
My lyfe shall last without release.

For Faithe wythe Fancy fixed faste,  
Hath firmd my mynd, with such effecte,  
That lo I vow, whiles Life doth laste, [15]  
My passionat hart shall quyte reiecte,  
All worldly Ioyes: (yowr Self excepte)  
Whom I esteeme with most respecte.

And as now vovd, so is & ever shall,  
My hart, my Wyll, my Thoughtes, & my Desire, [20]  
My Body, Blud, my Lyfe, & sences all,  
Applyed be, as pleaseth yow require.  
For fayle I may, But false I will not live,  
In Pawn wherof, with farewell Faith I giue.

*FYNIS TY. S.*

[14]

Hence burninge sighes, which sparkle from Desire,  
To pity melte, my Mistres frozen Harte,  
Her frozen Hart, that Fancy can not fire,  
Nor trew intente perswade, to rue my Smarte  
Haste, haste, I pray the Icy passage breake, [5]  
And plead for him, that is forbid to speake.

[f. 25r]

What though at first, you fayle to calme her rage.  
Yet as the Sonne from Earth doth draw the raine,  
Your Vertues so, the stormes of Scorn may swage,  
Or feede Desire, wythe Showers of Disdayne. [10]

For even as Drinke, doth make the Dropsy dry,  
So could Disdayne, doth make Desyre to fry.

Her will be don, but I have sworne to Love,  
And with this vow will norishe my Delight,  
Her scorne, my woe, but time shall not remove, [15]  
A faithfull zeale, out of my troubled spright.  
Yea more then all, Ile Sacrifice my blood,  
And burne my Bones, to do my Mystres good.

*FYNIS. <TY. SO.> Incerti Authoris.*

[15]

Promethevs when first from heaven hye,  
He broght downe Fyre, ere then on Earth not seene,  
Fond of Delight a Satyre standinge bye,  
Gave it a kysse, as it like Sweete had beene.

Feelinge forthwith, the outward burninge powre, [5]  
Wood with the Smart, with showtes & shrikinge shrill,  
He sought his ease, in Ryver, Field, & Bowre,  
But for the time, his grief went with him still.

So Silly I, wyth that vnwonted sighte,  
In humane shape, an Aingell from above, [10]  
Fedinge mine eyes, thympression there did lighte,  
That since I rest & runne, as pleseth Love.  
The difference: the Satyres lypes my Harte,  
He for a Time. I evermore have Smarte.

*FYNIS. Dy.*

---

14 subscription: *Incerti Authoris*] added later in Hand A



[16]

A Satyre once did runne away for Dreade,  
\*that Of sound of Horne, \*which he himself did blow,  
Fearinge: and fearde thus from himself he fled.  
Deminge strange evill, in that he did not know.

[f. 25v] Such causes Feare, when Cowardes mindes do take, [5]  
It makes them fly, that which they faine wold have,  
As this poore Beaste, which did his rest forsake,  
Thinking not why, but how himself to save.

Even So might I, for doubtes which I conceive,  
Of myne owne harte, mine owne good hap bewray, [10]  
And so might I for feare (of may be) leave,  
The sweete pursuite of my desired pray.  
Better I lyke thy Satyre (Deerest Dyer)  
That burnt his lyps, to kisse faire shininge Fyer.  
*FYNIS. SY.*

[17]

Yf tales be trew, & Poets tell no lyes,  
Ther is a Byrd, wherof ther is but on,  
Who knowinge well the tyme before she dies,  
Provides a place to end her lyfe vpon.  
Summe hugy Rocke or mountaine Hyll so hye, [5]  
As Phebus beames, will giue hir leave to flye.

Wherto she beares, such spices as she gettes,  
And makes a Nest as buildinge for abroad,  
Whiche fully framde with weary winges she syttes  
Tyll Sonny heate hath so enflamde her bloade, [10]  
That at the last whit pantinge Harte for Breathe,

She spreades her winges, & beates herself to Deathe.

\*his But now The Sonne, that with \*her burning heate.

Consumde the Bird, that beate herself so sore:  
Gave Nature leave to make, those Ashes sweate, [15]  
And take the shape She did enioy before.  
O heavenly Phenix, that no soner Dies  
But of hir ashes doth Another ries.

[f. 26r] This hawghty Bird, I thinke be highe Desire,  
\*that \*Who dwells alone, in Rockes of high Regard, [20]  
And seinge Death in flames of Bewties Fire,  
Wyll rather Dy, then be from Bewty bard.  
And as the Bird doth dy amonge the Spices,  
So dies desire amonge his Love Devices.

Now Bewty is the only burninge Fyre, [25]  
Who hath Desire, with the heate of furyes flame,  
And Bewty may so soone revive Desyre,  
That he may lyve, & looke alofte againe.  
O Bewty help whom thou hast hurte so sore,  
Revive Desyre, and let him dy no more. [30]

*FYNIS quod N. S.*

[18]

I sayd, and swore, that I would never Love,  
I say, and sweare, that I am false forsworne,  
And yet no shame for let the wiseste prove,  
And they shall find it cannot be forborne.  
Thoughe wretched Will, wold take an oathe in vayne, [5]  
Comes carefull Witt and calles him back agayne.

For shall the Eye, that sees the Hartes offence,

Shut vp his sight, and sweare to see no more?  
Or shall the Harte, that hath a heavy Sence,  
Becom so weake to keepe no Strengthe in store? [10]  
Noe Godes forbid, that will should governe soe,  
That wante of Sence should Sences overthro.

Then let me looke although I must not gaze,  
And let me lyke, although I muste not Love,  
And let me thinke what motions do amaze [15]  
These troubled thoughtes, that Do these tormentes prove  
O Sacred God that doeste each Secret knowe,  
Say for my Sowle yf I say trew or noe.

[f. 26v] O fayreste Fayre, that ever Nature framde,  
O perfectste shape that ever Eye percaude, [20]  
O heavenlyeste Fyer that ever Harte enflamde,  
O Sweete of Sweetes, that ever Sence conceaude.  
Where Natures giftes are grafte in Vertues Tree,  
Who wold not dy, to live in love with Thee.  
FYNYS quod N. S.

[19]

*Futuris gaudeo, presentia contemno.*

Twixte halfe asleepe and half awake, in slumber late I lay,  
When as a vision straunge in sight, my sences did dismay.  
Me thought I saw befor my face, wher Death did staring stand,  
And bad me make my will, my end was hard at hand.  
Betwixt which vgly shape & me, of sodaine did apeere, [5]  
A Saynt or Angell sent from Heaven, with merry ioifull cheere.  
Softe Snatche (quoth she) no hast but good, no sooner sicke but dead,  
The Hart may ly at quiet, though vnquiet be the Head.  
Lady (quod he) leve of your suyte, he doth but linger Time,  
Peace Slaue (quod she), dost thou not see, he is but in his Prime. [10]

The more his paine (quod he) to know what he of force shall feele,  
 Tushe, cares (quod she) a gallant mind, will cast them at his heele.  
 Deceipte (quod he) will do him wrong, what Death vnto Disdayne?  
 Avaunte (quod she) that Sycke I say, may have their helth agayne.  
 But what art thou (quod he) that so presum<sup>e</sup>^<sup>ste</sup> in <sup>^this^</sup> place? [15]  
 The Cause quod she) that first of all, did bringe him in this case.  
 But how (quod he) by due offence in duty not regarded?  
 No No (quod she) by false belief, that service ill rewarded.  
 O then (quod he) yow wishe him well, for his approved trothe,  
 Els should I do him wrong (quod she) & that I wold be loathe. [20]  
 Alas (quod he) he cald for me, I cam but at requeste,  
 Packe hence (quod she) thou art commaund: & let him live at reste.  
 Wyth that me thoghte did Death departe, & she stooode by me still,  
 Now wretch (quod she) thou seest on the, I heere could have my will.  
 But since thou dost deserue no wrong I will not wrack thy woe, [25]  
 Thy mystres ever ment the well, although she sayd not soe.  
*fnis quod N. S.*

[20]

[f. 27r] *Futuris gaudeo, Presentia contemno.*

L Come Charon, come wythe speed,  
 C What hast, who callethe mee?  
 L A wofull wight, drownd in Dispayre,  
 <C> Who now hathe need of thee?  
 C Who craves my helpe wantes happe. [5]  
 What doth afflicte the soe?  
 L My hope is turned to Dispayre,  
 My frend is \*come my Foe. \*become  
 Who vovd her self to mee,  
 But periurde of her Faythe, [10]

---

19.15 *presum<sup>e</sup>^<sup>ste</sup>*] *e* interlined with caret; *^this^*] interlined with caret

19.18 *No No*] *2N* altered from *y*

19.22] ruled line follows

Performeth nought she promised,  
As careles \*what shee saythe. \*of her trothe  
Ah Tyrant that shee is.

C But what doste thou intend?  
For with one death ten thousand woes, [15]  
Might have theyr fynall end.

L O man for Ferye Boate,

C Go \* | do what is | assi<n>gnd, \*| seeke els wher | assind |  
Dyspairinge Sowles of Lovers fond,  
No passage heere may fynd. [20]

L O Charon cruell wretche,  
That thus hast mocked mee,  
These handes of mine shall make a Boate,  
To passe in spighte of thee.  
These Eyes so storde wyth Teares, [25]  
Shall make a Fludde to \*floe \*flowe  
\*This Hart shall stuffe my Sailes with Sighes,  
And (\*make my boate) to goe. \*force my Barke  
  
\*This Hart pufte vp with sighes & grones  
Shall Force my Barke to goe. [30]

*FINIS.*

[21]

[f. 27v] The doubte of future Foes, exiles my present Ioy,  
And wit me warnes to shun such snares, as threten ^mine^ <-> annoy.  
For falshood now doth flow, and Subiectes Fayth doth ebbe.  
Which should not be, if reason rulde, or wisdom wevde the webbe.  
But Clowdes of toyes vntryde, do cloke aspiring mindes, [5]  
Which turne to Rayne of late repent, by chaunged course of windes.

---

20.29-30] These lines are separated from the rest of the poem by a single rule above and double rule below and offer an alternative ending to the poem (i.e. replacing ll. 27-8).  
21.2 ^mine^] interlined with caret

The Top of Hope suppozd, the Roote of Ruthe shalbe,  
 And fruitles all the grafted guiles, as shortly you shall see.  
 Their dazeled Eyes which Pride, with great Ambition blindes,  
 Shalbe vnseald of worthy wittes, whose foresight falshood findes. [10]  
 The Daughter of Debate, that Discord eake doth Sowe.  
 Shal reap no gaine, wher former Rule, still Peace hath taught to knowe.  
 No forrayn banisht wight, shall anker in this porte,  
 Our Realme brookes no Seditious Sectes let them els wher resorte.  
*Owr Rusty Sword throw rest, shall firste hys Edge employ:* [15]  
*To Powle their Toppes, that seeke suche Chaunge, or gape for future Ioy.*

*FINIS EL.*

[22]

<Would I were chaungde into that golden showre,  
 That so devinely stremed from the skyes,  
 To Fall in Drops vpon the dainty flowre,  
 Wher in her bed she solitary lyes>

[23]

But this and then no more, it is my laste and all,  
 And for each word that I did write, a brackish tear did fall.  
 Not that I hope for Grace, I do these lines endighte,  
 For well I know the Fates themselues, at such my fortune spighte.  
 But sith my faith, my hope, my love, & trew intente, [5]  
 My liberty, my service vovd, my time, and all is spente,  
 Sith that all these I say, I see ar lost in vayne,  
 To lose the latter lynes withall, I count it little payne,  
 And yet if yow but read, & view them with your Eye  
 I never shall account them lost, though nought I gaine therby. [10]  
 But if you thinke I meane, to move your mind to ruthe  
 By this companynge my hard hap, with my approved truthe  
 You do my wordes mystake, no such intente I have,

[f. 28r]

For to redresse my cureles harmes, I know not what to crave  
 My griefes ar to far growen, my woundes ar gon to deepe [15]  
 And your Disdaine with my dispayres, to nere my hart do creepe.  
 I am not as I was, when first I lovde your Face,  
 My sprightes which then swam in delightes, ar now sunke in disgrace.  
 Nor Love hath now the force, which once of me it had,  
Your frownes can neither make me morne, nor favor make me glad.[20]  
 Not that I have more power, to governe my desyre,  
 But that I only am indeed, as Ashes left of Fyre.  
 Yet hate I not the Wyghte, the Causer of the same,  
 \*ever Nor \*never will: but with regard, & honor vse her name,  
 Thoughe for her sake I vow, & will the same approve, [25]  
 She <is> was the first, & is the last, that ay my Hart shall love.  
 All yow which reade these lynes & scan of my Desarte,  
 Gyve Iudgement, whether was more hard, my hap, or els her Harte.  
 And as for yow, Fayre One, say now by profe yow fynde  
 That *RIGOR & INGRATITUDE, SOONE KYLL A GENTLE MYNDE.* [30]  
*FYNIS. GOR.*

[24]

I livde once lovde, & swam in sweete delighte,  
 I live now loathde, & drownde in deep despighte.  
 Despight cries Dy <sup>^deathe^</sup> dares not shew his \*might. \*kinde  
 But vovd to playntes, & plagde with endles smarte,  
 Love & dispaire tormentes my pensive harte. [5]  
 finis finis finis

---

24.3 <sup>^deathe^</sup>] interlined with caret

[25]

False love, Desire, and Bewty fraile, Adiew

Dead ar the rootes from whence such fancies grew.

finis finis finis

[26]

More then most faire full of the living fyre,

Kindled above vnto the maker neere,

Not Eies, but Ioies, wherwith the heavens conspire,

That to the world not els be counted deere.

finis . finis . finis

[27]

[f. 28v]

Himself being sicke, he persuadeth his desire  
to dy, discovering the indirect procerninges  
and passages of fonde Love.

Desire the first mover.

Dy, dy, desire, and bidde Delighte adew;

Fancy. Affection

Fancy is frayle; affection makes thee fond;

Love.

Love is a Childe; Blinde; Naked; fangled new;

Suyte.

Suyte but a Slave, to servile purpose bond.

Acquayntance.

Acquaintance coy, cheef entrance to decayte. [5]

Wordes of Courtesy.

Familiar speech a frawd with perill fraught.

Frendly entertainment,

Favor a flower, that yeldes a poisoned smell;

threw which Desire

Dy fond Desire, & bid false Hope farewell.

waxeth vehement.

Hope encorageth to procede,

For Hope is helples, fearfull failing muche,

Wherof ensueth <flattery>

Flattery no frend, what ever tale she tell, [10]

Flattery.

Promise no proved Faith, ofte breakinge tuche,

Protestation.

Vowes vayne, abiuring Heaven, invokinge Hell.



Execration. Othes taken evill, who breakes or kepes is curste,  
 Swering, forswering Giftes grow to losse, ill mente & provinge worste  
 Giftes Tokens but Toyes, vaine shapes of shadowes new, [15]  
 Tokens, letters, by the <which> Dy now Desire, els worse will this ensue.  
 entercourse of whiche  
 circumstances Desyre groweth extreme

Experience in the worst parte Knowledge, to vse Loves vauntages but vayne,  
 Placing & aplying of termes. Skill to perswade, a shifte of subtile Wytte,  
 Opportunity. Occasion. Tymes choyse but chaunce, to follow or refrayne,  
 Entrance. Intrusion. Enteraunce, a mate, for bould intrusion fytt. [20]  
 Dalliance. Vnchast handlinge Dalliance a Devill, desturbinge every Sence,  
 Forcible entry with intretaunce Intretting, force, the pressure of offence,  
 Consente with excuse Consent accurste, what ever Scuse she frames,  
 Here Desire loseth reason Oh fond Desire, what Fury thee inflames?  
 Fear, shame, & becoming furious

Secret conveyance to time & place The covert meanes, the Hower, the shadowed Bed; [25]  
 The Devill & the Bandes The shapeles Devill, vnseen: yet witnes by,  
 Discovery of all circumstances Will once disclose how shameles thou art led,  
 The single or married woman With Cressid Queene or Helen Quene to ly.  
 Vnchaste Kysses Kysses ar keyes, opening the ventes of Sinne,  
 Lacivious touchinges Imbrasinge bandes, to bind us further in. [30]  
 the accomplishment of Desire The neerest touche, the shape of Sinne & Shame.  
 Desire not satisfied. Desier, Dy, Dy, Dy, I hate thy Name.

[f. 29r] The often Hauntes, the Intercourse of Ioy,  
 The wiles, the Smyles, the evening craftes of stelth.  
 Ar all but meanes, to move the hartes annoy, [35]  
 Make weake the wittes, empairing helth & welthe  
 The cloyinge nayle of overmuche & more,  
 Doth spoile the sporte, els quite consume the store  
 All loste they leave, not satisfied but tyrde,  
 Fy, fy, Desire, what Spirit hath thee enspirde? [40]

[ff. 29v and 30r are blank; f. 29r is followed by four blank pages (pp. 36-39 in the contemporary pagination, see **Introduction** p. 14): the British Library foliation only counts two of the blank pages: 29v, 30r (i.e. 31r)].

[28]

[f. 30v] Behould the blaste that blowes,  
The blossomes from the Tree.  
The end wherof consumes,  
And turnes to nought we see.  
Ere thow be therfore blowne, [5]  
From life that cannot laste,  
Begin for Grace to call,  
For Tyme ill spent & paste.  
Have mynde on brittle lyfe,  
Whose Pleasures ar but vayne. [10]  
On Deathe lykewise bethinke,  
How thou must not remayne.  
And feare the Lorde to grieve,  
Who sought thy Sowle to save,  
To Synne no more inclyne, [15]  
But Mercy aske, & have,  
For Death which dothe not spare,  
The mighty Kynges to kyll:  
Shall reape lykewise from thee,  
Thy pleasure and thy wyll. [20]  
And Lyfe which yet remaynes,  
And in thy breste appeares,  
Hathe sowen in thee such seedes,  
As thou shouldst rue in teares.  
And lyfe that shall succeed, [25]  
When Death is worn & past,  
Shall springe for ever then,

In Ioy, or paines to last.  
Wher death on lyfe hath power, ballet  
yow see that lyfe also, [30]  
Hath made the frutes of Death.  
Which never more shall grow. *FINIS*  
*RN*

[29]

[f. 31r] My Lyttle sweet Darling my comfort & Ioy: Sing Lullaby <|>,  
In Bewty excellling the Princes of Troy, Sing  
Now sucke Childe, & sleep Childe, thi mothers own boy, sing  
The Godes blesse & kepe thee, from cruell annoy, sing  
Thy Father Little Infant from Mother is gone, sing [5]  
And Shee in the wood, with thee left alone, Sing  
To thee little Infant why do I make mone, Sing etc.  
Sith thou canst not help me to sigh nor to grone. S.

Yow Wilde Wanton Satyres, the woodes that frequent, S  
Permit me vnchased my chaunce to lament. Sing lull [10]  
And thou my sweet Baby, thy tender teares stent, Sing  
Yf that Teares wold help vs, I many have spent. Sing

In steede of softe pillowes, in Mosse thou must ly. Sing  
\*rocker No \*rockes attendes thee, yet happy am I. Sing lull  
This Cave doth defend the from roughnes of Sky. S [15]  
Smyle on mee Deere Darling, it harmes thee to cry. S

O that thy froward Grandsyre, beheld thy swete face, S  
Or that he conceaved of owr wretched case, Sing lull  
Then know I that pity wold purchase some place, S  
And cause him to take vs againe, to his grace, S. [20]

---

28 subscription: *R N*] added later in Hand A  
29.19 *place*] p altered from *g*; *l* from *r*

Why am I a Princes, & Childe of a Kynge, Singe  
Or why did vyle Fortune hir goulden giftes flinge: S  
On my banisht Husband?, the which only thinge, Singe I  
Vpon vs poore misers, this dolor doth bringe. S

Yet toyle shall not fear me, to suffer with payne, S [25]  
My prety perte swetinge, although I complayne, S  
My fayth with my wedlocke where so thou remayne, S  
Adew my sweete husband, till we meete agayne. S

Meane whiles mixt with morning, my chyld to attende, S  
As Romulus & Scyrus: good hope did attend Sing lull [30]  
So God to mine Infant his goodnes may send, Sing  
For ther is non blessed, vntill the last end. Sing  
Finis Finis Finis Finis Finis

[30]

[f. 31v] I lyve in Blysse, yet tast no Ioy,  
I wold not misse, that breedes my woe,  
I seeke for ease, yet find annoy,  
Yet find more good, then tonge can can shoe.  
I find reward above Desart, [5]  
And yet Desarue a greater parte.

I only want that I possesse,  
And do possesse that most I misse:  
That most I misse is cause of blisse,  
And yet of blisse, small want ther is [10]  
I fynde more Ioyes, then I requyre,  
Yet greater Ioyes I do Desire.

How should I want that I possesse?

Of Pleasure how comes heavines?  
How should from thence proceed my blysse? [15]  
From whence doth springe my wretchednes?  
May on thing yeld me pleasaunt lyef?  
And at the same time cause my grief?

I find both lerned men and owld,  
Say, Heat of force expelleth cowld [20]  
And that on place can never howld,  
Meere Contraryes, for truth is towld.  
But yet by profe I find this trew,  
My heat, \*<my> cowld doth still renew. \*by

I hope to wyn that needes must lose, [25]  
I seeke to reach that me outgoes,  
As on that hangeth in the Bowes,  
That skofes even as the winde them blowes  
No greater Hope have I to wynne,  
Then He by shaking hath to clime. [30]

[f. 32r] To leave to hope, I have no mynde,  
And yet of Hope small cause I finde.  
My hope to Chaunce I have assinde,  
By hope to wynne, or therin ende.  
I rather wishe my self to spill, [35]  
Then not to hope to have my will.

finys. finis finis. L. Con de E & L

[31]

Come Sorrow com, Sitte down & morne with mee,  
Encline thy head, vpon the Balefull Breste,  
That careles pleasure may conceave and see,  
How heavy hartes, repose in little reste.

Vnfould thyne Armes, and wring thy wretched handes, [5]  
 To show the state, wherin poore Sorrow standes  
 For lo, the Sequels of my lyfe & love,  
 Ar sorrowes, all encombred with myschaunce,  
 My Hopes deceave: my purposes misprove,  
 No trust in Time, my fortune to advaunce. [10]  
 Yet this I ioy, although I lyve forlorne,  
 My Griefes (thoghe great) wer ever secret borne.  
 For most my griefes ar of so straunge a sorte,  
 As hould no meane, vnlesse, they be conceald,  
 Which makes me vow to kepe them from reporte [15]  
 Els with each care, his Cause should be reveald,  
 I tell to much thoughe chiefest pointes I hyde,  
 And more He knowes, which hath like Sorowes tryde  
 But sithe my lucke, allowes, no better happe,  
 Wher grief & feare <sh> all comfort shall expell [20]  
 Tyll lyef of love, hath felt thextremest power,  
 And love of lyfe, hath seene the latest hower.  
 fynys. quod R. P.

[32]

[f. 32v] myne Eye hath fownd thee.	My curious Eyes (whose wary sighte, Surveyes each comly vyrgins face) Hath thee (in whom they most delyght) Found out by vyew of seemely grace	[5]
My Harte hath chose thee.	My Harte (to whom is given the choise Of thinges <u>which</u> curious eye doth finde) Hath thee (in whom it dothe reioyce) Chosen my chyef: <u>prove</u> not vnkinde.	[5]
To thee Love hath bound mee.	And Love (whom choise and sight of Eye Do cause to knytte the loyall knotte)	[10]

To thee (in whom I lyve and Dye)  
Hathe bownd me fast: refuse me not.

From the Death Tyll Death (whose cruell parte it is  
Shall loose mee. To frustrate Hope and finishe Love)  
Shall loose (or losse of worldly blysse) [15]  
My lyfe from thine: loth to remove.

Disdayne me not, for Daungers sake,  
Deride me not, for my good wyll  
Deprave me not, milde answer make,  
Delude me not, with scornfull skyl. [20]

Condemne me not, guiltles of crime,  
Bewray me not, Love lothes the light,  
Deferre me not, from Time to Tyme,  
Refuse me not, with wronges Despight.

*Lenvoy* [25]

Accepte this gyfte thoughe Small,  
The worthe exceedes the waighte:  
Goodwill surpassethe all,  
Where Truthe excludes Defayte.

*FINIS.*

[33]

[f. 33r] Myne eye Bewrayes,  
My Harte Desires,  
Ill Lucke Delayes,  
That \*<Lucke> requyres. \*Love  
Love cannot Lyve [5]  
Where Hope Decayes,  
Hope cannot gyve,

That Tyme delays.  
Love cannot Lyve,  
When Favour Dyes, [10]  
Hope cannot gyve,  
That Happe denies.  
*FINIS.* <H C>

[34]

Small rule in Reasons wante,  
Small witte in wantons wyles,  
Small trust where troth is scante,  
Smalle faythe in fayned Smyles.  
No Love in lacke of Skyll, [5]  
No Frend excepte yow wyll.  
FINIS

[35]

Now ready is the Barke that lokes for lucky wynde,  
And we must hence in hast: farwell that stay behinde.  
Now shall the Seas devide the lyncked hartes in one  
And force the fearfull feere, to leave his friendes alone. [5]  
Aboord in Cabyn vile, we have a race to runne:  
From stately Town & Cowrt wher e<sup>r</sup>st we held our roumme  
Adeu the wonted Ioyes, the Godds will have it so  
We must forget our Toyes, & <h> pleasaunt hope forgo.  
Lo thus the chaunge he feeles, that erst in choyse Did lyve,  
These be the bitter endes, that sweet beginninges give. [10]  
And so I take my leave; & must amongst the reste,  
Go learne the way to wante, the hap I have posseste.  
[f. 33v] I must go turne my Face, from that I lovde before,

---

35.6 e<sup>r</sup>st] r interlined with caret



And shake my hand from Shyp, vnto my Country shore.  
Wher Some perhaps I know, do lurke in rare Delyghte, [15]  
And all in quyet Dreames, beguile the weary night.  
God graunt they may enioy, with surer hould then I,  
Or learne with me the meane, from fyckle toyes to fly.

*FINIS*

[36]

In Tyme I may The Fruycte assay,  
That Frenshhips Graffe, deserved hathe,  
Tyme well may try, but not vnty,  
The Faythe so true, full fyxt on you.

*FINIS*

[37]

Yf women could be fayre, & yet not fond,  
Or that their Love were firme, not fickle still,  
I would not wonder that they make men bond,  
By Service longe to purchase their goodwill.  
\*fraile But when I se how \*firme these creatures ar, [5]  
I laughe that men forgett themselves so far.

To marke their chose they make, & how they chaunge,  
How ofte from Phœbus, they do cleave to Pan,  
Vnsetled still, lyke Haggardes wild they raunge,  
These gentle Birdes, that fly from man to man, [10]  
Who would not scorn, & shake them from the Fyste,  
And let them go (Fayre Fooles) which way they liste.

Yet for disport we fawn, & flatter bothe,  
To pase the Tyme, when nothing els can please,  
And trayne them to our lure with subtill othe, [15]

\*our Tyll wery of \*their wills, our selves we ease.  
And then we fynde, when we their Fancies trye,  
To play with Fooles, oh what a doulte was I.

*FINIS* *R W*

[38]

Thine only owne, while lyfe Doth last,  
Till Breath be gon, & Sence is past. *FINIS*

[39]

[f. 34r] When shall I ioy, whose Ioyes are overthrowne,  
Shall want of Ioy, have power to throw thee downe  
I cannot Lyve vnles I wyne myne owne,  
Ly still awhile <-> tyll Fortune cease to frowne.  
Wyth patience can I not sustayne the fall, [5]  
yow must perforce, els ar yow Fortunes thrall.

When wynters could could & blustring blastes be past,  
Tyme bringes the pleasant Sommer in at last.  
And so will Fortune after many a frowne,  
Plase him alofte, whom late she tumbled downe. [10]  
Shall faynt Dispayre, such powre have over thee?  
Serve, seek, & Sue, & she thine owne wilbe.

*FINIS* <*H C*>

---

37 subscription: *R W*] later addition in Hand A; perhaps altered from *H C*

[40]

Lo how for whom, & whose I lyve, (or)  
Lo whose I am, Iudge whose I lyve,  
    Gessee what my Suyte importes  
Graunte that I crave, take what I gyve,  
    Beleve when profe reportes [5]  
And as thy fancy leades thy will,  
    Refuse me now, els love me styll.  
And yf thy fancy fix with myne  
    My Harte, my powre, & Lyfe is thine.  
                    And Lo my Vowe / [10]  
The Sonne his Course, the Moone her chaunge,  
    The Earth & Seas their Kynde,  
Shall alter firste, ere I estraunge,  
    My choyse from thee: wherto I bynde  
My self: provided thine assent, [15]  
    Confirme the Knott: now say content.  
                    FINIS           H C

[41]

[f. 34v] The man whose <those> thoughtes against him do conspire,  
    In whom mishappe, her story doth depaynte;  
The man of woe, the matter of Desire,  
    Free of the dead, that lives in endles playnte  
His Spyritte am I, which thus desert moane. [5]  
    To rue his case, whose cause I cannot shunn  
  
Despayr my name: who ever seekes relief,  
    Frinded of none, vnto my self a foe:  
And Idle care mantaind by firme belief.  
    That prayse of Faith, shall throw my torments groe. [10]  
And counte those Hopes that others hartes do ease,

But base conceiptes, the common sort to please.

For I am sure that I shall not attaine,  
The only good, from whence my Ioyes do ryse  
I have no power my sorrowes to refraine [15]  
But wayle the want which nought els may suffice  
Wherby my lyfe, the shape of Death must beare,  
That Death which feeles, the wo<sup>^</sup>r<sup>^</sup>st which life doth feare.

But what avayles, with tragicall complaynte?  
Not hopinge help, the furies to awake? [20]  
Or why should I the happy mindes acquaynte,  
Wyth dolefull tunes, their setled peace to shake  
O ye that heere, behould Infortunes fare,  
Ther is no grief, that may with mine compare.

*Fynys* *Dyer*

[42]

When |sturdy stormes of strife be past,  
Shall | quiet rest appeere,  
I | finde somtimes in flintes Starke Dead,  
Lye | kindled coles of Fire.  
With | good advise marke well my minde, [5]  
Yow | shall a Secret Question finde. *finis*

[43]

[f. 35r] Wher as the <arte> Art of Tennis play & men to gamming fall,  
Love is the Cowrt, Hope is the howse & Favor serves the ball.

---

41.18 wo<sup>^</sup>r<sup>^</sup>st] r interlined with caret

41 subscription: *Dyer*] later addition in Hand A

42] A line has been traced around the first word of each line.

The Ball it self is true Desire the Lyne that measure shows  
 Is Reason; wheron Iudgement lookes, how Plaiers win or loose.  
 The gitty is deceitfull guile, the sopper Ielousy [5]  
 Who hath Sir Argos hundred eyes, wherwith to watch & pry.  
 And lo the Racket is free will, which makes the Ball rebound.  
 & noble Bewty is the chase, for every game the grownd.  
 The fault wherwith fifteene is lost is want of wit & sence,  
 And He that brings the Racket in, is double diligence. [10]  
 And rashnes strikes the Ball awry, & ther is oversight,  
 A Bandy, How, the People cry, & so the Balle takes flyght.  
 Now at the lenght good liking proves, Content to be the Gaine,  
 And in a Tennys, knyt thy Love, a Pleasure myxt with Paine.  
*FINIS.* therle of Ox.

[44]

Ringe forth your Belles, let morninge tunes be spred,  
 For Love is dead,  
 All Love is dead infected, with rage of deep Disdayne,  
 Worth is nought worth reiected, & faith faire scorn doth gayne.  
 From so vngratefull Fancy, [5]  
 From such a femalle frensy,  
 From them that vse men thus,  
 Good Lord deliver vs.  
 Weepe neighbours wepe, have yow not hard it sayd,  
 That Love is dead, [10]  
 Whose deathbed Peacockes Folly, whose shrodinge sheet is shame,  
 Whose will false seming holly, his sole executor Blame.  
 From so vngratefull Fancy,  
 From such a female frenzy,  
 From them that vse men thus, [15]  
 Good Lord deliver vs.  
 [f. 35v] Let Dirge be songe, and Trentalles rightly read,  
 For Love is Dead,

Sir wronge his tombe ordaineth, my mistress Marble Hart,  
Which Epitaphe containeth, her eyes wer once my Dart. [20]

From so vngratefull Fancy,  
From such a Femalle frenzy,  
From them that vse men thus,  
Good Lord delyver vs.

Alas I ly, <L> Rage hath this error bred, [25]  
Love is not Dead,

Love is not Dead but slepeth, in her vnmatched minde,  
Wher She his Counsell kepeth, till due desert she finde.

Wherfor from so vile Fancy,  
To call such wyt a frenzy, [30]  
That Love can temper thus,  
Good Lord Deliver vs.

*FINIS.* quod Sir Ph. Syd.

[45]

Work minde into the Skyes, thy Body taketh stand,  
And stoupe not till thou spy a time, that Ioyes be over land.

For lo, to true it is, in this vnhappy state,

Ther is no lief for the, to fly a lower gate.

The highest growing Trees, ar of the gretest power, [5]

To robbe the little vnder Sprowtes, of Sunne, & swetest Shower.

How can he but Decay, that is a naked Plante?

Amongst the goulden leaved Slippes, that lively dew to wante.

He lives to sarve the turnes, of others ruled will,

And serve to live of force he must, or bide som greter yll. [10]

What wronge is this to kinde, that nothing wroght amisse,

All born alike; that on should fall; another clime to Blisse?

So many tast the Sweet, & Tantall starves alone,

One to rule the happy Hill; another rowle the Stone.

Sith that we have not had, on path to guide vs all, [15]

For some go on by Lazars lot, what way the staffe doth fall.

[f. 36r] Som floate, that in Disgrace have byn, all love or hate in their Degree,  
The Fly hath eake her Spleane,  
But o thou cursed wight, so much thy will to Lacke,  
As from thy Lofty Hartes Desire mishap should hold thee back [20]  
But make som other choise, and chuse som other Pytte,  
And let not Tyme to come, cry out of after Wytte  
*FINIS* <H. Con:>

[46]

What thinge can be more fond, <then live>  
Then lyve as Cupides thrall?  
To serve, to sue, to live, to dy,  
At every becke and call?  
And whoso Doth not these, [5]  
And more, when Love giues charge,  
Must shrowd himself from Venus sight,  
Or lyve els where at large.  
*FINIS* <H C>

[47]

Sweete ar the thoughtes, wher Hope persuadeth Happe,  
Great ar the Ioyes, wher Harte obtaynes requeste,  
Dainty the lyfe, nurst still in Fortunes lappe,  
Much is the ease, wher troubled mindes finde reste.  
These ar the fruictes, that valure doth advaunce, [5]  
And cutes of Dread, by Hope of happy chaunce.

Thus Hope bringes Hap; but to the worthy wight,  
Thus Pleasure comes; but after hard assay,  
Thus Fortune yeldes, in mauger of her spight,

---

45.18 *Spleane*] downward stroke attached the 2e marks a lacuna in the text?  
45 subscription: *Con*] tilde above *on*

Thus happy state is none without Delay. [10]  
Then must I needs advaunce my self by skylle,  
\*to And lyve, \*and serve, in hope of your goodwyll.  
*FINIS ./ RA.*

[48]

[f. 36v] Would I wer chaungde, into that goulden Shower,  
That so devinely stremed from the Skyes,  
To fall in droppes vpon the dainty Flower,  
Wher in her bed, she solitary lyes,  
Then would I hope such showres, as richly shine, [5]  
Would pierce more depe, then thes wast teares of mine.

Or would I were that plumed Swan, snow whight,  
Vnder whose form, was hidden heavenly power,  
Then in that river wold I most Delight,  
Whose waves do beate, against her stately bower. [10]  
And on those bankes, so tvne my Dyinge songe,  
That her deafe eares, should thinke my plaint to longe.

Els wold I were Narcissus, that sweete Boy,  
And she herselfe the Fountayne, Cristall cleere,  
Who ravisht with the Pride of his own Ioy, [15]  
Drenched his limmes, with gazing over neere  
So should I bringe my Sowle to happy reste  
To end my Lyfe, in that I loved beste.  
*FINIS ./ RA*

[49]

Callinge to minde, mine ey went longe abowte,  
To cause my Harte for to forsake my breste.  
All in a rage, I thought to plucke it owt,



By whose devise, I livde in such unreste.  
What could it say then to regayne my grace, [5]  
Forsoothe, that it had seene my mystres face.

An other time I called vnto mynde,  
It was my Hart, which all this wo had wrought,  
Because that he to Love, his forte resynde,  
When on such warres, my fancy never thought. [10]  
What could he say, when I wold <h--e> have him slayne,  
That he was yours, & had forgon me cleane.

[f. 37r] At lenghte when I perceivde both Ey and Harte,  
Excuse themselues, as guiltles of my ill,  
I found my self the cause of all my smarte, [15]  
And tould my selfe, my self now slay I will.  
Yet when I saw myself to yow was trew,  
I lovde myself, bicause miself lovde yow.

*FINIS. RA*

[50]

Farewell false Love, thou Oracle of Lyes,  
A mortall Foe, an Enymy to reste,  
An envious Boy, from whence all cares aryse,  
A Bastard borne, a Beast with rage posseste.  
A way of Error, a Temple full of Treason, [5]  
In all effectes, contrary vnto reason.  
A poisoned Serpent, coverde all with flowres,  
Mother of Sighes, & murtherer of repose.  
A Sea of Sorrows, whence ar drawn such showres,  
As moisture lendes to every grief that growes. [10]  
A Poole of guile, a Neste of Deepe Decaipte,  
A guilded hooke, that holdes a poisoned Bayte.  
A fortresse foild, which Reason Did Defende,

A Syrens song, a Fever of the mynde,  
 A maze wherin Affectiones findes no ende, [15]  
 A raunginge Clowde, that roves befor the wynde  
 A Substance like the shadow of the Sunne,  
 A Goale of Grief, for which the wisest runne.  
 A quenchlesse Fyre, a Nurse of trembling feare,  
 A pathe that leades to peryll & mishappe, [20]  
 A trew retrayt of Sorrow and Dispayre,  
 An ydle Boy, that sleepes in plesures lappe.  
 A deep mistrust of that whiche certayne seemes,  
 And hope of that, which Reason doubtfull deemes.  
 Since then thy traynes, my yonger yeres betray, [25]  
 And for my Faithe, Ingratitud I finde,  
 [f. 37v] \*doth And sithe Repentaunce, \*<hath> thy wronges bewray  
 Whose course I se, repugnant vnto kinde,  
 False Love, desire, & Bewty frayle, Adew,  
 Dead is the rote, from whence such fancies grew. [30]

*FINIS. / RA . /*

[51]

*Nec habent occulta sepulchrum.*  
 Singe neighbours singe, here yow not Say,  
 This Sabaothe Day:  
 A Sabaoth is reputed,  
 Of such a roiall Saincte,  
 As all Sayntes els confuted, [5]  
 Is Love without constrainte.

Let such a Sainte be praised,  
 Which so her worth hath raised,  
 From him that wold not thus,  
 Good Lord Delyver vs. [10]

Sound up your pypes, do yow not see,  
That yond is Shee,  
Yeaven She that most respecteth,  
The faithfull loving myndes,  
And no on thought reiecteth, [15]  
That vpon Honor byndes.

Let such a Sainte be praysed,  
Which so her worth hath raysed,  
From him that wold not thus  
Good Lorde Deliuer vs. [20]

[f. 38r] Shew forth yowr Ioy, let moorninge stay,  
This is Her Day:  
Her day on which shee entred,  
And with her entry Peace,  
Whiche shee hath not adventred, [25]  
But kepte for our encrease.

Let such a Saynte be praysed,  
Which so her worth hath raysed  
From him that wold not thus  
Good Lord Delyver vs. [30]

All Ioy is full, loke for no moe,  
Let Sorrow goe;  
Let Sorrow go Despised,  
And mirth be made a Queene,  
The Heavens highly praised, [35]  
That we this day have seene.

Let such a Saynte be praysed,  
Which so her worthe hath raysed,  
From him that <that> wold not thus,

Good Lorde Delyver vs.

[40]

*FINIS./* Sir P. Sy.

[52]

The silly Bird, the Bee, the Horse,  
The oxe, that tilles and delves,  
They build, bringe hony, beare, & Draw,  
For others, not themselves.

*FINIS ./ frustra sapit qui sibi non sapit*

[53]

[f. 38v]

Locke up fayre lyddes, the treasure of my harte,  
Preserve those beames, this ages only lyght,  
To her sweet Sence, sweet Sleep, som ease imparte,  
Her sence to weake to beare her spirites mighte  
And while (o sleepe) thou closest vp the sight, [5]  
Wher cunninge Love did forge his finest Darte,  
O harbor all her partes, in easfull plighte;  
Let no straunge Dreames, make her fayr body starte;  
But yet (o Dreame) if thou wilte not departe,  
In this rare Subiecte from thy common righte, [10]  
But wilt thi self in such a Seate delight,  
Then take my shape & play a Lovers parte,  
Kysse her from me, & say vnto her sprighte,  
Till her eyes shine, I live in Darkest nighte.

*FINIS. / SYD.*

[54]

If I could thinke, how these my thoughtes to leave,  
Or thinking still, my thoughtes might have an end,  
If rebell Sence, wold reasons law receave,

Or reason foyld, wold not in vayne contend,  
 Then might I thinke, what thought were best to thinke, [5]  
 Then might I wisely swym, or gladly sinke  
 If either you would chaunge yowr cruell Harte,  
 Or cruell styll, time would yowr Bewty stayne,  
 If from my Soule, this Love would soone departe,  
 Or for my Love, some Love I might obtayne, [10]  
 Then might I hope, a chaunge, or ease of minde,  
 By your good helpe or in my self to finde,  
 But since my thoughtes in thinckinge still ar spente,  
 With Reasons strife my sences overthroned,  
 Yow fayrer still, and still more cruell bente, [15]  
 I lovinge still a loue that loveth none,  
 I yeld and strive, I kysse and curse the payne,  
 Though, Reason, Sence, Tyme, Yow, and I, mantayne.

*FINIS ./. SYD ./.*

[55]

[f. 39r] The Fire to see my wronges, for anger burnethe,  
 The Ayre in Rayne, for my affliction weepethe,  
 The Sea to ebbe for grief his flowinge turneth  
 The Earth with pity dull, the Center Keepethe,  
 F<l>ame is with wonder blazed, [5]  
 Tyme runnes away for Sorrow,  
 Place standethe still amazed,  
 To se my nightes of Evill, which have no morrow.  
 Alas only She no pitye Takethe,  
 To know my mysery, but chaste & cruell, [10]  
 My fall her glory makethe,  
 Yet still her Eyes, give to my flames their fewell  
 Fyre, burne me quicke, till sence of burning leve me,  
 Ayre, let me draw no more my Breathe in anguishe,  
 Sea, drownde me in thee, of tedious life bereve me, [15]

Earthe, take this earthe, wherin these spirites languishe  
Fame, say I was not borne,  
Tyme, Draw my dismall hower,  
Place, see my grave vptorne,  
Fire, ayre, sea, earth, fame, time, place, shew your power. [20]

Alas from all their Helpes I am exiled;  
For Hers I am, and death feares her displesure,  
O Deathe thou art beguiled,  
Though I be hers, she makes of me no Tresure.

*FINIS ./. Sir. P. Sy.*

[56]

*omnia tempus*

We till to sow, we sow to reape,  
We reape & grinde it by & by,  
We grynde to bake, we bake to eate,  
We eate to lyve, we live to Dy.  
We Dy \*w<sup>ith</sup> Christe, to reste in Ioy, \*to [5]  
In Heaven freed, from all annoy.

*FINIS.*

[57]

[f. 39v] an vnworthe beloved, to her approved.  
Vntill the Fatall Day,  
The lively <thrid> thred vntwist,  
I am yowr owne approved frind,  
Spight then therat who list.  
I feare not for their spight, [5]  
Who list therat to spurne,  
To yow I have my Harte bequethde,  
And I will never turne.  
The Frost shall kindle Fire,

Against his wonted kinde, [10]  
 Before the wante of my Desyre,  
 Shall \*cause me chaunge my minde. \*make  
 Yf ever grief or gaine,  
 Do make me shrynke or swarve,  
 Then Iudge me worthy of such Deathe, [15]  
 As iustly I Desarve.  
 And worthy may I weare,  
 The blotte above my browe,  
 Yf ever any have a place,  
 w<sup>i</sup>thin my Harte but yow. [20]  
 And for a finall Ende,  
 Of this I make yow sure,  
 Suche faith is fixt w<sup>i</sup>thin my brest,  
 As ever shall endure.  
 Yf I vnconstant be, [25]  
 A Lazars Death I wishe,  
 And to receave for my Desartes,  
 A clapper and a Dishe.

*FINIS.*

[58]

[f. 40r] We silly Dames, that false Suspect do feare,  
 {\*}Envies And dwell w<sup>i</sup>thin the mouthe of \*Ennyves lake,  
 Must in our brestes a Secret meaninge beare,  
 \*forst, Far from the show, that we ar \*driven to make.  
 So wher I like, I list not vaunt my Love, [5]  
 Wher I desire I seeme to move debate,  
 On hath my hand, an other hath my Glove,  
 But he my harte whom most I seeme to hate.  
 Thus farewell frend I will continve straunge,  
 Thou shalt not iudge, by word or writing ought, [10]  
 Let this suffice my vow shall never chaunge,

And for the rest I leve it to thy thought.

*FINIS.* <H W> *Ball*

[59]

The Coulte did pipe a cherefull round,

Whiles \*he about the wood did raunge, \*she

But now that \*he is fast in ponde, \*she

\*His mery piping \*he Doth chaunge. \*her  
\*she

And squeaketh in a pelting rage, [5]

I am a captive in a Cage.

*FINIS*

[60]

No plage to pride; no wo to want: no grief to luckles love;

no fo to fortune; frend to god; no truth till triall prove.

No Serpent to a slanderous Tounge: no corsey vnto care;

No losse to want of liberty; no griefs to Cupides snare.

No foole to fickle phantasy; that turnes with every winde. [5]

No tormente vnto Ielousy, that still disturbes the minde.

*FINIS*

[61]

[f. 40v] The rufull state, the straunge and wretched lyfe,

The deadly griefes, that grype the pining harte:

The vnsought Love, that alwaies bredethe strife,

And once receavde, doth never yeld but smarte,

Behould in him, who never was at reste, [5]

Since in his harte, he harbored suche a geste.

---

58.12 <H W>] *W* altered from *C*; *Ball*] added later, in Hand A



Vnhappy head, & most accursed Eye,  
That didste devise, to see her poisoned baytes,  
From which thy Sowle, had never power to fly,  
Vntill it was devowred, throw her slayghtes. [10]  
Vnhappy Harte, and yet most happy thee,  
In which ther can none other settled bee.

O that the Heavens wold witnes but the least,  
Of that wherw<sup>ith</sup> they dayly see me grieude,  
Whiche neither <tonge> <sup>^pen^</sup> can wryte, nor tonge proteste, [15]  
So that I might by som meanes be relyevde.  
For on the erthe he never shalbe found,  
Of my hard hap, that can set downe the ground.

I do possesse, yet can I not enioy,  
Thoughe present that, which alwayes is w<sup>ith</sup> mee, [20]  
I am possest, yet doth she still annoy,  
Thoughe absent that, which ever she may see.  
What shall I say, vnfaithfull, fond, & vayne,  
And yet most constant, must I still remayne.  
The mor I seke, the lesse I do forgette, [25]

\*of \*is      \*And smothred coles, \*are sonest kindled fire;  
I rake up sighes, which ashes outward sette,  
Yet inwardly all flaminge wyth Desire.  
O that she would w<sup>ith</sup> pity quench this flame,  
Or I might be consumed in the same.      *finis* [30]

---

61.15 <sup>^pen^</sup>] interlined, with caret, above <tonge>

[f. 41r] O that I knew, or that I could forgette,  
 The way to have, or els the grief to lose,  
 The Dartes of Love, from whence my Hart doth chaunge,  
 Or that I could imagine I were Dead,  
 And that some Spirit walked in my stead, [5]  
 Or that I thought my Tragedy to traunce.  
 My love, my losse, a vision or a Dreame,  
 Or that I had a medicine for mischaunce,  
 Or better strenghte to row against the streme,  
 Or that my hart wer made of stone or Stele, [10]  
 That Fancies stormes it might never Feele,  
 That I might trafecke to some forrayn place,  
 Discharge my Shyp, and take exchaunge of ware,  
 Sweet favors serve in stede of sore Discharge,  
 For labor rest, compased for my Care, [15]  
 Hope for Dispaire, hope for Desire, what els,  
 Substance for Shewes, & kirls for my shels,  
 But if all way to well contente do fayle,  
 That chaunge can yeld, or wit of man devise,  
 Unfrendly windes still turned down the Saile, [20]  
 Of faythfull Love: & service enterprise  
 On absence shore my ship must runne on ground,  
 Til Love, my frend, and swete Desire be drownd.

*FINIS*

*<As women Have faces, to set men on fyre,  
 Even so they have places, to quenche theyr desyre.>*

---

62.14 *sore*] *r* badly formed, could be *n*

[64]

<The fletinge Fyshe, that swyms secure, misdeming no decayte  
By fyshers fraude, to take the hooke, is sonste allurde with Bayte.>

[65]

<Fylled they may be satisfide never,  
Theyr boxes ar made of insatiab<sup>l</sup>e lether.>      *Futuris gaudeo  
presentia contemno.*

[66]

[f. 41v]

Who takes in hand to till the barren soyle,  
Or lokes for grapes to grow on bushy thorn,  
Or who doth seke in Sand for sweetest oyle,  
At length his labor turnes but to a scorn.  
Even so who layes goodwill in thanckles lap,      [5]  
And sues for service, wher ther is no gayne,  
And leapes the hedge, & never to gap,  
I troth Desarves his labor for his payne.  
And sith such slight reward to him is Due,  
Thats redy for to runne at every whistle,      [10]  
The proverbe seemes in him for to be true,  
He blessing wantes, that bowes to every thistle.  
Wherfore the man Deserves but <Drosse>, losse,  
That leaves fine gould, and playes with drosse.

*FINIS.*      <H C>

The Bird, which is restraynd,  
 Of former Hartes delight,  
 I must confesse twixt lyfe & Death  
 Doth alway combatte fyght.  
 So doth the Harte compeld, [5]  
 By Heste of Parentes will,  
 Obay for feare; yet forst by love,  
 Continuwes constant still.  
 No absence by consent,  
 my dearest I, [10]  
 Hath wrought to worke thy <sup>^H^</sup> <wo> from thee;  
 Like Cressid false to fly.  
 Ne shall I live to loathe,  
 What may content thy mind,  
 Hap lyfe, or death, as true as steele, [15]  
 Thou shalt thy find.  
 [f. 42r] Thy eares shall never heare,  
 Nor Eyes shall ever see,  
 That any she shall reape the Fruite,  
 Which planted was for thee. [20]  
 Then frame thiself my Deare,  
 To take against thy will,  
 Our absence, in good parte, till time,  
 May better happe fulfill.  
 And therw<sup>i</sup>thall receive, [25]  
 This pledge to cure thi payne,  
 My Hart is thine, preserue it well,  
 Till we two meete agayne.

*FINIS. H W*

---

66.15 *H W*] *W* altered from *C*

67.10; 16] lacunae in the text

67.11 *H*] interlined, with caret, above <wo>

[68]

Adeu Desire and be contente,  
my wery minde doth seeke to rest,  
Those trifling toyes I Did frequente,  
I leave for those that like them beste.  
My harte is set, I list not raunge, [5]  
My likynge never lokes to chaunge.  
I wishe, and want that most I seeke,  
yet finde I more then I Deserve,  
Would God my Love could lay misleeke,  
I vow my fayth should never swerve. [10]  
Yet though my wyll Doth want his Scope,  
Ile love, and lacke, and live in hope.

FINIS

[69]

I heard a Heardman once compare,  
More quiet nightes that he had slept,  
And had more happy Dayes to spare,  
Then he that owde the Beastes he kept.

*FINIS.*

[70]

[f. 42v] When Deathe, with his sharp piercinge Darte,  
With Dedly Dinte, this Corpes of mine shall kill,  
When lingringe lyfe, shall from my lymmes departe,  
I shall set down my Testament and will.  
My deare frindes shall Executors remayne, [5]  
To se performde, what here I Do ordayne.

To the o World, I first of all Do leave,

The vayne delightes, that I in thee have fownd,  
The fayned wayes (wherwith thou Didst Deceave,  
\*thy \*The fickle Trust, and promises unsownd. [10]  
My wealth, my wo, my Ioyes commixt with Care,  
Take thou them all, they fall vnto thy share.

And Sathan thou, for that thou wert the cawse,  
That I in Sinne Did still mispend my Dayes,  
I the defy, and heere renounce thy Lawes, [15]  
My wicked thoughtes, my will, & naughty wayes.  
And eke my vice do to thee let them fall,  
From the they came, Do take to the all.

To the o Earth, agayne I Do restore,  
My Carrion Corpes, which from the did proceed, [20]  
Because it did neglect all godly Love,  
Let greedy Wormes vpon it alway feed.  
And so remayn vntill the Iudgement Day,  
Let it in filthe, consume and rotte away.

But my poore Sowle, whom Christe, most derely bought, [25]  
Whiche hated Synne, and lothed to offend,  
Together with each good and godly thought,  
Into thy handes, swete Iesu I commend.  
O Saviour Christ, do guide my steps so well,  
\*I That after Deathe, \*She still with the may Dwell. [30]

*FINIS*

---

70.9 closing bracket omitted  
70.12 *Take*] *T* altered from *D*  
70.16 *thoughtes*] *es* altered from *es*  
70.27 *godly*] *g* altered from *l*; *d* from *v*

[f. 43r]

When that thine Eye hath chose the Dame,

And stawld the Deare that thou shalt strike:

Let Reason rule thinges worthy blame,

as well as Fancy parcyall lyke,

Take counsayle of som other Hedde,

[5]

Neyther vnwise, nor yet vnwedde.

And when thou comst thy Tale to tell,

Whett not thy tonge with filed talke,

Lest She some suttle practise smell,

A creeple sone, can finde an halte,

[10]

But playnly say thou lovste her well,

And set thy person forth to sell.

And to her will frame all thy wayes,

Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,

Wher thy expenses may sound prayse,

[15]

\*By ringing alwayes in her Eare. \*be

The strongest Castle, Towre or Towne,

The Goulden Bullet beates it Downe.

Serve alwayes with assured truste,

And in thy Suyte be humble, trew;

[20]

Unles thy Lady prove uniuste,

\*Pacce never then to<-> chuse a new. \*Prese

When Time Doth serue, then be not slacke,

To profer though she put it backe.

What thoughe her frowning Browes be bent.

[25]

Her cloudy Lookes will calm ere night,

And she perhaps will sone repent,

That she Dissembled her Delight.

And twyse Desire ere it be Day.  
That w<sup>ith</sup> such Scorne she put away. [30]

[f. 43v] What though she strive, to try her strengththe,  
And ban & brawle and say the nay,  
Her feeble force will yeld at lengthe  
And Crafte hath taught her thus to say.  
Had women bin as strong as Men, [35]  
Bythe Masse he had not had it then.

Thinke women seke to match w<sup>ith</sup> men,  
\*to And lyve \*in synne, and not to Saynte,  
Here is no Heven, be holly then,  
When time w<sup>ith</sup> Age shall them attaynte. [40]  
Were Kissing all the Ioyes in Bedde,  
On woman wold *ANOTHER WEDDE*.

The wiles and Gibes that in them lurke,  
Dissembled w<sup>ith</sup> an owtward show,  
The trickes & toyes, the meanes to wurke, [45]  
The <Roc> Cocke that tredes them, shall not know.  
Have yow not hard it sayd full ofte,  
A womans Nay, Doth stand for nought.

Now (whoe) Inoughe, to much I feare,  
For if my Lady hard this Songe, [50]  
\*will She \*wold not sticke to wring mine eare,  
To teach my tongue to be so longe.  
Yet wold she blushe (heere be it sayde)  
To hear her Secretes thus bewrayde.

*FINIS <R E> R P*

---

71 subscription: <R E>] altered from *H C*



[72]

Desier hath no rest, in some Desired thinges

Yet chiefest Ioy we do attayn, Desier often bringes.

For if we be in thrall, and thrust from Fortunes lap,

And former blisse is turnde to bale, & we in bondage trapt,

When frendes do fayle at need, & flax hath taken fyre, [5]

The only help that then we have, is only depe desire.

*finis*            {*FINIS*        *FINIS*}

[73]

[f. 44r]

*Tempo indarno perso pyango.*

My hope doth waite for Hap,

As hap by hope shall fall,

And I in Hope Drive of my time

Let hap com when it shall.

Repulsed through Disdayne, [5]

By hope Assalt I try,

Yet froward fortune houldes me owt,

And frownes I know not why.

But bootles ar her bragges,

She bendes her Browes in vayne, [10]

My hart is settled so in hope,

In hope I will remayne.

For what can Fortune do,

Against a willing minde,

She conquers them that yeld to soone, [15]

And com of Cowardes Kinde.

But wher that Bouldnes strives,

By Hope to enter in,

Her force Doth faile her power quailles,

No vantage may she win. [20]  
And wher Defence is made,  
Her malice to withstand,  
She shrinkes asyde, & yeldes herself  
Into her Enimies hande.

Then forwardes will I marche, [25]  
As on whose feare is past,  
In Hope to put ill hap to flight,  
And get good chance at last.  
Though Daunger steppeth forth,  
And shake her sword at me, [30]  
And spurninge spite hath spide my frayme,  
And sekes my Bane to be,

[f. 44v] Though heapes of Ielouse heades,  
Have me beset aboute,  
And new devise hath drawn a draught, [35]  
To make me fear the Stowte,  
Yet arme miself I will,  
With patience for the tyme,  
Vntill my Foote be in the Forte,  
Wherto I seke to clyme. [40]

Watch well ye wily wightes,  
Kepe all your wites awake,  
A Day will com you will be glad,  
A Truce with me to make.  
Though Hope and hap withall, [45]  
Ar daungers past & gonne,  
Yet Hope and I will never parte,  
Till I my wishe have wonne.

*FINIS.*      *AN.*

Amongst the wilfull wayward sorte,  
 Of Cupids Ioyes & sugred snares,  
 I simple Sowle, whose wonted sporte,  
 Was wantonly to scorne their shares,  
 Wherwith the blinded God assinde, [5]  
 A plage to each afflicted minde,  
 \*And now belapt in carefull lyne, \*Am  
 And must by Doome my Ioyes repyne.

My youthfull yeres that to & fro,  
 In lusty lesere I spent at gaze, [10]  
 With head as wild as roving Roe,  
 must now go tred the endles maze.  
 Preparde by Venus and her Son,  
 who laugh to se me tho vndon.  
 And cause I scornd their trade before, [15]  
 They Ioy to make my paine the more.

[f. 45r] Some worthy wight his Ladies Love,  
 By deedes of Armes hath wonne at last,  
 And Some as auncient stories prove,  
 By Suyte & Service, pickes have past. [20]  
 And got the gladsom goulden Glee,  
 And secret fruictes, have reptte for fee.  
 But I poore Soule, am non of those,  
 For what I seeke, that sure I lose.

Yf Valiaunte Arte in Battle brave, [25]  
 Yf Dint of Sword might strike the stroke,  
 Yf yelding minde to be your Slave,  
 Myght bale me from this lothsom yoke,  
 Behould a minde already prest,

wyth might and mayne to do his best. [30]  
Although I want such feature fine,  
As best might please yowr curious eyen.

But froward Fortune layes the Logge,  
That kepes me from my wished Blisse,  
And chaynes me fast in Beggars clogge, [35]  
A meane wherby my wish I misse.  
For this is soothe, & all men see,  
That Beggars must no chusers bee,  
And love men say will were by want,  
And woes be rife, where welth is scant. [40]

FINIS. <H C>

[75]

[f. 45v] Like Tantalus my payne doth last, like Etna mount I burn,  
Like trauncing Troilus, tru in love, Leander like I morne.  
Like Siciphus my life I lead, Alexion like I weare,  
Eneas like (most wofull man) my restles state I beare.  
Like Thystalus pore silly man) my yothfull yeres ar past, [5]  
My life in Love, my love in paine, my payne in panges do last.

The Drawing Ox, the laden Asse, the silly beast doth sleep,  
But bound am I in Cupides bandes, in Venus wrath I creep.  
My smothering lyfe in blubbering teares, my hart doth rue & pant,  
My faltering tonge (most wofull wight) my health throw you I want.  
Since love doth leave me thus, to lyve, I mean a lover true to bee, [10]  
Wherto I fully condescend, and freely do agree.

Let pity then bewayle my wo, let merry then ensue,  
Help Ladies all, my mangled hart, & wounded sores to rue.  
If I had winges like Dedalus, to mount vp to the Skye,  
To feed my hungry minde, I wold to yow full often flye; [15]

Faire Helen shall not beinge alive, nor all her ladies brave,  
Nor Cressid faire, nor Imphier faire, my faithfull hart once have.

But of twise happy man were I, if Paris Dreames might see,  
When magus son, with Sisters iij, did cause him Iudge to bee.  
Thrise happy man if I might have, Apelles art in Hand, [20]  
With curious art to Draw your form, in table bord to stand;  
Which should be set befor mine Eies, with Garland faire of Bay,  
As Did Pigmalion curiously, his carved worke display.

*FINIS*

[76]

The Eye dothe finde, the Hart Doth choose,  
And faith doth bynde, till Death doth loose.

FINIS

[77]

The choyse that I have chosen,  
Therwith I am contented,  
The Fire shall first be frosen, *FYNYS*  
Before I Do repent yt.

[78]

[f. 46r]

ballet.

The mountaynes highe, whose lofty toppe,  
Doth touch the haughty Skye,  
The craggy Rocke, that to the Seas,  
Free passage doth Deny,  
The aged Oake, that Doth resiste, [5]  
The force of \*blowinge blaste; \*blustringe  
The pleasant herbe that every where,

A fragrant smell Doth caste;  
 The Lyons force, whose Corage stoute,  
 Declareth princely mighte: [10]  
 The Egle that for worthines,  
 Is borne of Knighte in fighte:  
 The Loathsom Toade that shunneth light,  
 And livethe in Exile:  
 The Serpente eake whose venomed iawes, [15]  
 \*Doth belche vp Venome vile: \*Do  
 Theese, these I say, and thousandes more,  
 By tracte of Tyme Decay:  
 And lyke to Tyme Do quite consume,  
 And vade from forme to clay. [20]  
 But my true harte & service vowde,  
 Shall last tyme out of minde:  
 And still remayne thine own by Doome,  
 As Cupid hath assinde.  
 I am not mine, but thine as now, [25]  
 Thy \*will I will obay, \*hest  
 And serve the as a servant ought,  
 In pleasinge (if I) may  
 My Faithe lo here I vow to thee,  
 My Truth thou knowste right well: [30]  
 My Life, my goodes my Friendes, ar thine,  
 What needes me more to tell?  
 [f. 46v] And since I have no flyinge winges,  
 To see thee as I wishe:  
 Nor finnes to cut the \*silvered stremes \*silver [35]  
 As Doth the glydyng Fyche.  
 Therefore now leave forgetfulnes,  
 And send agayn to mee:  
 And stray thy hand, & Pen to write,  
 That I may gretinge see. [40]

And thus farwell <more deere> to me, more deare,  
Then chiefeste frind I have,  
Whose love in Hart, my mynde shall shrine,  
Till Death his fee Do crave.

FINIS.

[79]

Yf Care inforce Complaint, why do I hide my woe,  
Yf every man revele his grief, let me my sorrow shoe.  
Since none amongst them all, in passion so doth pyne,  
But that his payne wold pleasure seme, if it were matcht with myne.  
The Son with cheerefull beames, that causde my Ioyes to spring, [5]  
And every thought to blossom fresh, & plesure forth to bring:  
That clad my hart with Greene, whom winter mixte before,  
Is now eclipsed by disdaine, & shines to me no more.  
The Tree, whose lovely shade, did shrowde both winde & raine,  
Whose Braunches bred my happy Blisse, & fruyte made me so faire [10]  
Is now removde alas, and I in Sorrow rue,  
To se that set in other Soyle wheron my comfort grew.  
The Garden of Delight, whose flowres were Bewty brave,  
Whose Savours swet refresht my Sence, whose sight such comfort gave,  
Whose walkes relievde my woes, & Ayer Did ease my smarte, [15]  
Wyth Netles now is overgrowne, that stinges me to the Harte.  
The Sea was sweet Desire, goodwill the happy winde  
That blew my Ship freight with content, Dame plesures port to finde.  
Alas that Gale is gone, & Stormes so Dimme the Ayer,  
My Ship is dasht against the Rockes, and I Drownd in dispayer. [20]  
Thus neither Sea nor Land, nor Shade, nor yet the Sonne,  
Can end my grief, that lost goodwill so late, hath new begonne.  
[f. 47r] I meane the only Sayncte, and Goddesse of my lyfe,  
Denies all comfort of this World, to sterve me vp in strife.

---

78.41 *more deere*] a line is drawn around these words, probably to denote deletion

78.42 *frind*] placed in half square brackets

Her smiling lookes ar turnd, to frownings now most straunge, [25]

Her frendly Love to deadly Hate, her Faith to fickle chaunge.

The Ioyes of Paradise, vnto the paines of Hell,

Goodwill is lost; she lothes me now, whom I have lovd so well.

Come Care posses the place, that Pleasure did enjoy:

Dole and dispaire, cut of Delight, and fill me with annoy. [30]

My mistres will is so, I should these Tormentes feele

To stretch me first vpon the Racke, & then dy on the wheele.

*FINIS . / . <H C>*

[80]

*Ictus Sapio.*

Once musinge as I lay; within my loathed Bed,

Devisinge how to ease the grief, that fancy fond had bred;

Thus to miself I sayde, with colour pale and wan;

What aileth Fortune thus to frown, & plage me silly man.

Thou angry Cupid then quod I, how have I the offended? [5]

Tell tell with speed thow blinded Boy, the same shalbe amended.

What ayles the thus to shote & pearce my guiltles Harte?

With arrow thin, with Goulden head, to cut away atoo my Harte?

Then on the myghty godes, and goddesses also,

I tride to ease me of my grief, and rid me out of wo. [10]

Thus musinge as I lay; ten thousand wais I sought,

To banish Care out of my minde, but all prevailed nought.

So long till that mine eyes to wander any longer

Not able were; but presently I fell into a slumber.

Twixt half a sleep & half awake etc. folio pagina, 30. [15]

*FYNIS . <H C>*

[81]

Who Prickles feares, to plucke the lovely Rose,

By my consent shall to a nettle smell,



Or through fainte harte who doth a Lady, lose  
 A Drudge I wish, or to leade Apes in Hell.  
 On thornes no grapes, but sower Sloes do grow, [5]  
 So from base Love, a base Delight doth flow.  
 [f. 47v] Then Minde crown thou thy thoughtes above the Sky,  
 For easily gaind the conquest is not sweete,  
 My fancy swifte w<sup>i</sup>th Icarus winges doth fly,  
 Yet fastned so, as Fire & Froste may meete. [10]  
 For pleasde am I if \*hope return but this \*hap  
 Grace is obtaind, my mistres hand to kisse.

A Grace indeede, far passinge all the Ioy,  
 Of equall Love that offreth wishe in will  
 For though her scorne and light esteeme annoy, [15]  
 Dispa<r>yre of grace, my fancy cannot kill.  
 Yet this w<sup>i</sup>th Ioy, all passions settes at rest,  
 I Daily se my Mistres in my brest.

*FINIS. <H C>*

[82]

Yf that the inward Grief, wh<sup>i</sup>ch festereth in my Hart,  
 And secret shrowded care, wh<sup>i</sup>ch cankereth in my brest,  
 Might owtwardly appeare, & show what inward smart,  
 Doth frette my frantike minde, & feede me w<sup>i</sup>th unrest:  
 Then should all others see, [5]  
 Wh<sup>a</sup>t Tormentes I sustaine,  
 And lightly learn by mee,  
 Such fancies to refraine.  
 But sith no sight may see, the Passions I endure,  
 Nor any Sence Perceive, the Depth of my distresse, [10]  
 Nor yet to salve my sore, I can that thinge procure,  
 In which alone it lies, my torment to appese,  
 Let grief of inward thought,

And Secrett Sorrowes smart,  
 Which self Concept hath wrought, [15]  
 Consume my carefull Harte.

[f. 48r] Yet whilst in pininge payne, I wast w<sup>ith</sup> inward wo,  
 Let me bewaile the cause, that cureles me annoyes  
 That others may beware, the harme that hurtes me so,  
 And Lerne by my mischaunce, to shunne such frantike toys. [20]  
 For Fancies rare Concepte,  
 Presuming happy hyre,  
 Hath swallowed vp both Hooke & Bayte  
 That poisoned my Desyre.

Which when my Hart perceavd, by combraunce of my thought [25]  
 Yt bad myne Eye pursue, the choise of my request,  
 Whose gredy lookes by ofte incountree view had wrought.  
 A straunge alluring Ioy, procuringe more vnrest.  
 For whilst Love doth consent,  
 To ease & end my Toyle, [30]  
 Betraying Fortune doth invent,  
 Both Love & Lyfe to foyle.

But sith my froward lucke, allowes no better Hap,  
 But that my Ioyles ease, w<sup>ith</sup> wretched wo must dwell,  
 Ile yeld my self forlorne, to live in Sorowes lap, [35]  
 Where secret Grief & Shame, all comfort shall expell.  
 Till lyef of Loyall Love,  
 Hath felt thextremest power,  
 Or Love of hatefull Lyef  
 Hath sene the latest hower. [40]

*FINIS.*

[f. 48v] Philisides, the Shepherd good & true,  
 Came by Menalchas house, the husbandman,  
 With Songes of Love, & praise of Mirrhaes hue,  
 Whose faire sweet lokes, made him loke pale & wan.  
 Yt erly was, Menalcha forth was bound, [5]  
 With Horse & man, to sow & till the ground.

Menalcha softe, this Shepeherd to him saies,  
 Wilt thou with worke, this holy time Defile?  
 This is the chief of Cupides Sabaothe Daies,  
 The Wake of those that honour Samos Ile. [10]  
 Where great, & small, rich, poore, & eche Degree,  
 yeld, fayth, Love, Ioy, & prove what in them bee.

Menalcha who of longe his thoughtes had tild,  
 With Fancies plow, that they might plesure beare,  
 And with his Love the Empty Furrowes fild, [15]  
 Which alwais sprange to him againe in feare,  
 Was well content the plow & all to yeeld,  
 Vnto this Sabothe Day, & sacred feeld.

And on is past by course amonge the reste,  
 Wyth layes of Ioy, & Lyrickes all of Praise, [20]  
 His Hart as theirs, in service of the beste,  
 For other Saintes, he knoweth not their daies.  
 Yf any Iuste, his whip must be his Speare,  
 \*mill And of his teeme the \*till horse, must him beare.

[f. 49r] When he runnes well, then well to her betide, [25]  
 When yll, then ill a plaine faith is exprest,  
 Yf neither well nor ill light on his side,  
 His course is yet rewarded with the best:  
 For of all Runners, this the Fortune is,

That who runnes best, is fortune on to misse. [30]

*FINIS. P. Sidney.*

[84]

The Troiane Prince that Priam hight,  
By humble suite obtainde,  
Of stowt Achilles Hectors corps,  
Which Gould cold not have gainde.  
Nor cruell Cresus could compare, [5]  
His rage to pitties force,  
But slayer of his sonne receavde  
Of whom he tooke remorse.  
Darius wife when weping shee,  
With sighes did mercy seeke, [10]  
Lo Phillips sonne, with her did weepe,  
The teares ran downe his cheeke.  
And will yow me, reiecte (alas)  
Which Love yow as my harte,  
Your grief is mine, your wo my paine [15]  
Your Sorow is my Smarte.  
Adew farwell mine only healthe,  
Your answer I expecte,  
A <-> thousand times I wishe to know,  
Yf yow my sighes reiecte. / [20]  
*FINIS. E. E.*

[85]

[f. 49v] Now leave & let me rest,  
Dame pleasure be content,

---

83 subscription: *P. Sidney*] added later, in Hand A; altered from *H. C.*?  
84.16 single ruled line separates from the last four lines

Go chuse amoge the best,  
     My Dotinge Daies ar spent.  
 By sundry signes I see, [5]  
     \*<That> profers ar but vaine      \*Thy  
 And wisdom warneth me,  
     That pleasure asketh payne.  
 And nature that doth know,  
     How time her steps doth try, [10]  
 Gives place to painfull wo,  
     And bides me lerne to dy.  
 Since all fayre youth \*ly thinges,      \*full  
     Sone ripe will sone be rotten,  
 And all the pleasaunt Springes [15]  
     Sone withered sone forgotten.  
 And youth that yeldes all \*<wayes>,      Ioies  
     That wanton youth requiers  
 In Age repentes the Toyes,  
     That wretchlesse youth Desires. [20]  
 All such Desire I leave,  
     To such as follow Traynes,  
 By pleasures to \*<Deserve>,      deceave  
     Till they Do fele the paines.  
 And from vaine pleasure past, [25]  
     I flyt, & faine wold know,  
 The happy place at last,  
     Wherto I hope to go.  
 [f. 50r] For wordes nor wise reportes,  
     Nor all examples gonne, [30]  
 Can bridle wilfull sportes  
     Till age com creping on.  
 These pleasant courtly games,  
     That I delighted in,  
 My elder \*yeres <y> now shames      \*age [35]  
     Such follies to begin.

And all these fancies straunge  
 That vaine delight brought forth,  
 I do entend to chaunge,  
 and count them nothing worth. [40]  
 For I by profes am \*warnd, warne  
 And taught to know the skill,  
 What ought to be forborne,  
 In my yong wretchles will.  
 Which by good wordes I fleete, [45]  
 From will to witt againe,  
 In hope to set my feete,  
 In surety to remaine. /.  
 FINIS. <H C> *Regina.*

[86]

[f. 50v] When griping griefes the hart wold wound,  
 And dolefull dumpes the mynde oppresse,  
 Then musicke with her silver sound,  
 With speed is wont to lend redresse  
 Of troubled mindes for every Sore, [5]  
 Swete musicke hath a Salve in store.  
 In Ioy it makes our mirth abownd,  
 In wo it cheeres the heavy sprightes,  
 Desturbed heades relief have fownd,  
 By musickes pleasant sweet Delightes. [10]  
 Our Sences, (what should I say more?)  
 Ar subiect all to Musickes lore.  
  
 The Godes by musicke have their praise,  
 The Fishe, the Fowle therin do ioy,  
 For as the Roman Poet sayes, [15]

---

85 subscription: <H C> *Regina*] later addition, in Hand A; overwritten first with a zig-zag line and then struck through with two thick lines

In Seas when Pirates wold Destroy,  
A Dolphin savde from Death most sharpe,  
Arion playinge on his Harpe.

O heavenly gifte which rules the minde,  
Even as the sterne doth turne the Ship, [20]  
O musicke whom the Goddes assinde,  
To comfort man, whom cares wold nip,  
Seing thou both man and beast dost move,  
What Beast is he wold thee desprove.

*FINIS:* / <balle>

[87]

[f. 51r] In Pescod time when hownd to horne, gives eare while Bucke is kild,  
And little boyes with pipes of Corne, sit keping beastes in field,  
I went to gather Strawberies tho when wodes & groves wer faire,  
And parchte my face with Phebus loe, by walking in the ayre;  
I lay me down all by a streame, & bankes all over head, [5]  
And ther I found the straunget Dreame, that ever yonge man had.

Me thoght I saw ech Christmas game, both revells all & summe,  
And each thing els that man cold name, or might by fancy cumme,  
The substance of the thing I saw, in Silence passe it shall,  
Because I lacke the skill to Draw, the order of them all; [10]  
But Venus shall not scape my pen, whose maidens in disdayne,  
Sit feeding on the hartes of men, whom Cupides bow hath slayne.

And that blinde Boy sat all in blood, be bathed to the Eares,  
And like a conquerour ther \*he stood, and scorned lovers teares.  
I have more hartes quod he at call, then Cesar could command, [15]  
And like the dead I make them fall, that overcrosse the lawnd.

---

87.13 \*he] page trimmed, lacks marginal annotation keyed by asterisk in text

I do increase their wandring wites, till that I dim their sight,  
Tis I that do bereve them of, their Ioy & cheef delight.

Thus did I se this bragging Boy, advaunce himself even then,  
Deriding at the wanton toyes, of folyshe loving men. [20]

Which when I saw, for anger then my panting breast did beate,  
To se how he sate tauntinge them, vpon his royall seate.

O then I wishte I had byn free, & cured were my wound.

Me thought I could display his armes, & coward dedes expound.

But I perforce must stay my muse, full sore against my harte, [25]  
For that I am a Subiecte wight, & launced with his Darte.

But if that I atchieve the forte, which I have toke in charge,

My Hand & Head, with quivering quill, shall blaze his name at large.

*FINIS.*

*L ox:*

[88]

[f. 51v]

Fancy farwell, that fed my fond delight,

Delight adew, the cause of my desires,

Desires adew that Dost me such Despight,

Despite adew, for Death Dothe lend redresse.

And Death adew, for though I thus be slayne, [5]

In thy Despite I hope to live agayne.

Sweet Hart farwell, whose love hath wrought my wo,

And farwell wo, that weried hast my wittes,

And farewell Wit, which will bewitched so,

And farewell will, o full of franticke fittes. [10]

Franzy farwell whose force I fele to sore,

And farwell feeling, for I feele no more.

And lyef adew, that I have lyvd and loathd

And farewell Love, that makest me loth my lyfe,

Both love and lyfe farwell vnto yow both, [15]

Twixt hope and Dread, farwell all folishe strife.



Folly farewell which I have fancied so,  
And farwell fancy, that first wrought my wo.

*FINIS.*      <H O> *Dyer.*

[89]

*Nec una, nec altera.*

My harte Doth pant for sorrow,

My life away Doth wast,

But not vntill to morrow,

My Death requiers hast,

But who would thinke that I, [5]

In such great panges were clad,

For doting love to Dy,

I am not halfe so mad.

To dy for doting Love,

It were a folish parte, [10]

Therefore I will remove,

Such follies from my hart.

[f. 52r] And clearely will expell,

Such fancies from my minde,

And thinke to do as well, [15]

To lose her as to finde.

Indede my chaunce is suche,

That I have lost the cure,

Of her that I lovd muche,

Although she wer not sure, [20]

And since it is her kinde,

In flattery to be sette,

And that I know her minde,

I Dy not in her dette.

And note yow well this Text, [25]

---

88 subscription: <H O> altered from *H C?*; *Dyer*] later addition, in Hand A

I tell it for no ly,  
 But he that frendes her next,  
 May speed as well as I.  
 My grief it is so great,  
 In fansies that I last, [30]  
 That when my meate I eate,  
 My stomacke straight is past.  
 I am so sicke I thinke,  
 If I have not forgotten  
 I can not eat nor Drinke, [35]  
 Vnles my movth be open.  
 And Love it is so sore,  
 W<sup>i</sup>thin my pore hart plight,  
 That I can rest no more,  
 Then he that sleepes all night. [40]  
 [f. 52v] Fayne wold she me Deceave,  
 But I will have no nay,  
 For I will take my leave  
 For ever and a Day.  
 And sith I have forgon her, [45]  
 Farwell swet hart till then,  
 A merry mischief on her  
 I pray yow say AMEN.

*FINIS. /.* Russell.

[90]

*Cuius Iussui negare nefas est.*

Wingde w<sup>i</sup>th Desire, I seke to mount on hy,  
 Clad w<sup>i</sup>th mishap, yet am I kept full low,  
 Who seekes to live, but findes the way dy,  
 Sith com<sup>u</sup>fort ebbes, & combers daily flow.  
 But sad Dispaire, wold have me to retire [5]  
 When smiling hope sets forward my Desire.

\*& I still do toile \*yet never am at rest,  
    Enjoying least which I Do fancy most,  
With hoary thoughtes ar my greene yeres opprest,  
    To daunger Drawn from my Desired cost. [10]  
Now crased is care then hauled vp by hope,  
    With world at will, yet want I wished scope.

I like a Hart, yet Dare not say I love,  
    And Lookes alone, do leave me chief relief.  
I dwell somtimes at rest, yet must remove, [15]  
    With fained Ioy, to hide my secret grief.  
I wold possesse & yet must fly the place,  
    Wher I do seke to win my chiefest grace.

[f. 53r] Lo thus I live twixt Care & Comfort tost,  
    Wyth small abode, wher best I finde content, [20]  
I seld resorte wher I should settle most,  
    My sliding dayes, that all to sone ar spent.  
I hover hy, & ceezd wher hope doth towre  
    Yet frowning fate, defers my happy howre.

I live abrod, yet secret it my lyfe, [25]  
    Then lest alone when most I seme to lurke,  
I speake of Peace, that live in Deadly grief,  
    When I do play, then ar my thoughtes at worke  
In person far, in minde that am full nere,  
    I make light show, wher I should be most Deare, [30]

A (male content) yet seeme I pleased still,  
    That bragges of Hevens, & feles the paines of hell,  
But Time shall frame a world vnto my will,

---

90.23 *ceezd*] *ez* altered from *y*?

When as in sport, this earnest shall I tell.  
Till then sweet frend, abide this storm with me, [35]  
Which in Comforte of eithers fortunes be.

*FINIS. Lo. Ox.*

[91]

*Beinge asked how he lyked, he wrote*  
[f. 53v] <To lodge Delight on Fancies single sight,  
Or bulde my Hope on Bewties synking Sandes.  
Were to submit my Mynde to Fortunes spight  
And snare my selfe with Cares in Cupids bandes.  
And what althoghe dame Bewty bid do soe? [5]  
Uertu forbyds, & bids suche baytes forgoe.

*Let Venus vawnt of all hyr gallant Gloze:  
Hir fairest Face, hyr Grace and semely Shape.  
Yea hyr on whom Dan Paris did repoze,  
Hys Hope and Hart, & made at laste his Rape, [10]  
Helen of hew was fayre I must confesse,  
A hoorishe Hart she bare yet naytheles.*

*Wheron but vayne can Venus make her vaunt?  
Alluringe lookes ar all but triflying toyes.  
Such symple Showes no wyse mans Hart can daunt [15]  
Bables for Fooles & Maygames made for Boyes.  
Not every one that lyst to loke dothe Lyke,  
Some smile to see that bredes theyr most mislyke.>  
*Formae nvilla Fides.**

<H. C. of O R>

---

91 subscription: <H. C. of O R> ] deleted with a zig-zag line and overwritten with shapes and letters probably to obscure the original subscription: *H* is overwritten with a Q-shaped letter, *C* with looped shapes; *O* has a large Q-shaped letter beneath and *R* is formed with thick pen strokes overwriting another letter.

[f. 54r]

*In Passione Melancholica.**<Care is the Gate, that openeth to my Hart**And gives me Gryefes, but gives my griefes no end,**My thoughtes lyke woundes, that never cease to smart,**Encrease my Cares but no relyef will lend.**Consumed thus with Cares in carefull stryfe,*

[5]

*In Feares and Teares I leade my loathed lyfe.**Not Lyfe, but Death; nor yet desired Death,**And yet suche Deathe, as dauntes to Death my Ioyes,**As kils my Hart, but can not stop my Breath,**Wyth endles Cares augmenting myne Annoyes.*

[10]

*So have the Fates Longe to (I feare) fore=sworne,**My self to such mysfortune to be borne.**I can not pen, that can not be expreste,**I neede not fayne I feele my Griefes to greate,**I taste of woes, and wishe they were redreste,*

[15]

*But thats but Wynde, & cannot coole suche heate.**I tast the worst, and styll do hope the best,**And so wythe Cares content perforce I rest.>**Contra fatvm niti fatvum**<H: C. to C. G. R.D.T.F.O.F.>*


---

92 subscription: *<H. C. to C. G. R.D.T.F.O.F.>*] deleted with a zig-zag line; *R.D.T.F.O.F* also struck through with a single line

[f. 54v]

*Cambridge Libell*

I am a post in hast w<sup>ith</sup> speede,  
 My Iade is almost tyred:  
 But when this failes at Cambridge stewes,  
 A Curtall soone is hyred.  
 If yow mistrust Sir Iohn De Gecke, [5]  
 Behould the Horne about my necke.

*Mr* [↓] *Duswell, &**Mrs* [↑] *Bosome*

The [↑] Bosome havinge malady,  
 Phisitions cure beinge paste,  
 A Surgeon [↓] Dus well presently,  
 The Pacientes pulse to taste. [10]  
 But Galen Doth therat repyne,  
 So late to minister after myne.

*Mr* [↓] *Allen, &**Iudithe* [↑] *Goodwine.*

Tom [↓] Allen rides a woyngē,  
 We know not of his speedinge,  
 Some say he hath bin Doyngē. [15]  
 Her brestes they be a bleedinge.  
 Well then \*this geare \*goes vp w<sup>ith</sup> speed, \*the church  
 When suche [↑] good \*Wyne doth \*worke indeed. men do

[↓] *Dicke Swashe hys*[↓] *Man, &* [↓] *Burwell,**with Tidewill,**hys* [↑] *Wife.*

[↓] Dycke Swashe doth course his Dame,  
 [↓] So rancke a Curre, [↑] so nyce a peere, [20]  
 See baily here [↑] Tide well for shame,  
 Els [↓] Burre will cleave vpon her fleece.  
 Yow know what painted Vizardes meane,  
 The holier Saynt the viler Queane.

---

93.23, title after 30 *Cambridge Libell*; < *Cambridge Libell*>] within ruled border, decorated with four lozenge shapes on either side of the text. Decorative lozenge shapes also appear at head of ff. 55v-58v (except f. 56r)

She Doth imbrace a [↓] Swilbowle Swad, [25]

And lusty Laddes Disdayne,

A meeter match could not be had,

[↓] *Idem.*

Wher Pleasure scorneth Gayne,

A crooked [↓] Clowne sufficeth well,

She feares the gallant yovthe will tell. [30]

[f. 55r]

<Cambridge Libell>

Some Soyle can keepe, good Cut at home,

But lusty Iacke will vaute the Dyke, *Barley the waterman,*

If Barley water Chaunce to fome, *and his neghbowres*

Then Top & Tayle ar both alyke. *Wyfe.*

The maltehouse is the metinge place, [35]

Wheras the Mynyon pops the Case.

In smoth slyke skyn a raveing [↑] Wolfe,

Fresh colours chaunge not kynde, *Mr [↓] Gudgyne of*

A [↓] Godgyne swimmes w<sub>i</sub>thin her Gulfe, *Bennet Colledge,*

Wher Trypes mislyke her mynde. *& Wolfe the* [40]

A twinkleynge doth show an ytche, *Butcher hys wyfe.*

A fawning tayle, a flatteringe Bytche.

The [↓] Butcher is not pleasd withe me,

But [↓] Rascall fret thy <w>fill,

Although thy Head well armed be, [↓] *Her Husband* [45]

Yet butte not gentle [↓] Will. [↓] *Willm Wolfe.*

And yet for all thy bragges & brawle,

Thou werste the Badge of Butchers hawll.

The drivelinge Droyle, the [↑] Dyars wyfe,

A Trotte for drunken Dvnne, [↑] *Dyars Wyfe* & [50]

A [↓] Ryding Iade she nede no staffe, *Hughe [↓] Rydyng*

That Taylers spurres hath wvnne. *theyr* [↓] *Landlord.*  
But I Do thinke no hurt is mente,  
The [↓] Landlord seketh but his rente.

Not brodest backes beare heaviest waightes [55]

For slender sides have strengthe. [↓] *Barleman the*  
A tidy [↓] Tytte with peds well frayght, *Fisher, &*  
To market comes at lengthe. [↑] *Tatams wife.*

But what [↑] she meanes I cannot tell,  
Her stockfishe doth | not savoure well. [60]

[f. 55v]

*Mr Prestone, &*  
[↓] *Morgane withe*  
*Mrs Tatam.*

[↓] More gayne is got by Taylers trashe,  
Then Iasons glorious showes,  
The on dothe ever lye at lashe,  
The other styll bestowes.  
On bringes, another beares away [65]  
Thus Banckrowtes drop to their Decay.

*Peter* [↓] *Whyteleafe*  
*and Anable of*  
*the* [↓] *Lillipot*

[↓] Whyte was the leaf that [↑] Lilly bare,  
Whom wanton wynde blew of  
He gave the gleeke & for her share,  
She had a kindly scof. [70]  
Though Hanniball be fierce in fight,  
Yet hard to foile a carpet Knyght.

*Mr* [↓] *Fletcher &*  
*Mr* [↓] *Archer with,*  
[↑] *Hollandes Wife.*

Fyne [↑] Holland is not fyt for Coltes,  
Go seek som fytter smockinge,  
The [↓] Fletcher may go mend his boltes, [75]  
While [↓] Archer hath the nockinge.  
No stately steppes nor lofty looke,  
Can save a Prelate from a Cooke.

Poore [↑] Fletcher can not hit it right,



Mr [↓] *Byrde* & His Bolt Doth somewhat square, [80]  
 Mr [↓] *Bushe* with, The [↓] *Bushe*, & [↓] *Byrde* ar still in sight,  
 [↑] *Fletchers* wife. Whiche lyned his cote with Care.  
 Tushe! fortune may thy state advaunce,  
 Shote, Rychard, shote, & try thy Chaunce.

[↓] *Thrydder* the A Clarke Doth [↓] *Thryd* her nedle ofte, [85]  
*Sryvener* with When she Doth vse to styteche,  
*Adensons* wife. She shakes the Legge, she flinges alofte,  
 While Onsse doth patch his briteche.  
 Is this the feast of Radishe rootes,  
 A bots on his Croper, that rides in my Bootes [90]

[f. 56r] [↑] Adew the Sonne, the Moone in Eclypse,  
 The Sonne hath found to hoat a Soyle, [↑] *Adensons Wyfe* & *Some*  
 A crabbed Signe, with scabbyd Hyppes, of [↓] *Katheryn Hall*  
 God crosse me from the Royle.  
 Though [↓] *Katherin* Knightes do still encroche, [95]  
 Yet meaner men the Vessell broche.

We have no harlots here to hyre,  
 Go seke them some where elles, Mr [↓] *Grace* a minister  
 Her was a [↓] *Pryest* though not a fryre, of *Trinity College*  
 That filcht the [↑] *Falcons Belles*. and *Ioane* of [100]  
 She commeth not in open viewe, the [↑] *Fawlcon*.  
 But hath her casting close in Mewe.

Churche roome is scant in Sermon tyme,  
 Great [↓] *Pryce* on [↑] *Pewe* contaynes, Mr [↓] *Price* &  
 All in a launce her Clapper chyme, [↓] *Rice* of the [105]  
 When Madge at Home remaynes. *Dolphin* withe

---

93.85 *Thryd*] y altered from e

93.93 *scabbyd*] y altered from e

Some daynty dishes to prepare, [↑] *Pewes wife.*

[↓] Ryce potage was the chiefest fare.

The [↑] Smith manteynes [↓] A fyry forge,

Go light a Candle Dicke, [↓] *Avery the* [110]

A Draper filis her gredy gorge, *Draper with*

She loves a lycorows stycke, *Mrs [↑] Smithe.*

Tis [↓] Avery fy no more of that,

The Wittall now doth smell a Rat.

But wot yow what? It happened so, [115]

That he which wrought the wyle, [↓] *Avery lay with*

For pastyme past is mard withe wo, *Smithes wife &*

Wherat I often smyle. *got no child, but*

The hornes that [↓] Avery lent to [↓] Smyth, [↓] *Smyth lay with Avery*

Ar now restorde, & more therwith. *his wife and got one.* [120]

[f. 56v]

[↑] Smythes Anvile bideth batteringe still

Of Hammers great and small,

*Mr [↓] Welche, &*

The yron is hot Com worke yowr fill,

*Mrs [↑] Smythe*

Whilste stocke doth backwardes fall

Yow vaunt in vayne, your wordes ar winde; [125]

Speke [↓] Welche and then she knowes your minde.

Well may thy wife a Countesse be,

*Mr [↓] Wymore of*

Yf thou wilt be an [↑] Earle,

*Christes College*

Her Counte as som report to me,

*with [↑] Earles wyfe.*

Bedeckt thy front with pearle. [130]

With [↓] Wige (and) more she spendes the night,

In Daring fooles by candlelight.

A [↓] Marke by name, a Luke by lotte,

[↑] *Marke the Tayler*

Devine and full of gyle,

*and* Who ioynes w<sub>ith</sub> every dronken Sotte, [135]  
 [↑] *Lympynge Nell.* May katch the Frenchmans byle.  
Saint [↓] Marke Doth thinke it very well,  
 To heale the halt, aske [↑] limpinge Nell.

Myne [↑] ostes old, Saint George Defend,  
*Mr* [↓] *Wilford and Sir* Her tapping cannot taste, [140]  
 [↓] *Chapmans of Saint Ihones* To [↓] Chapman she hath byn a frend,  
*with* [↑] *Clearkes wife* But now his prime is paste.  
 The [↑] Barran Doe, that striketh free  
 [↓] Will forde oftymes the kepers fee.

The fine to fish it fits not well, [145]  
 [↓] *Mr Argall & a* When Gentiles go a [↑] thackinge,  
 [↑] *Thatchers wyfe.* Thou mightst have borne away the bell,  
 If thou hadst lefte thy smackinge.  
 But some [↓] Ar gall & clad w<sub>ith</sub> sweete,  
 Which now w<sub>ith</sub> homely morsels meete. [150]

[f. 57r] Rownd stones do roul, and get no mosse,  
 Still grinding others grayne, *w<sub>ith</sub>*  
 Yowr sifting leaves behind the Drosse, *On* [↓] *Rowland, &*  
 In hope of better gayne. *the*  
 But all is mard saythe ruddy [↑] Rose, [↑] *Thatchers wife* [155]  
 Yf [↓] thou my Secretes dos disclose.

[↓] Wa pulls away by craft the right,  
 What [↑] Ball canst thow not see, [↓] *Wapull a Collyer*  
 The refuse of a Colliers Knight. *wythe*  
 Hath blemisht thy degree. *Mrs* [↑] *Ball,* [160]  
 Thou huntst the Hare, he stoppeth holes,  
 Our [↑] Scribe beguines to carry [↓] coles.

Although the [↑] Ball be hoisted hye,  
 Beware the hazard Hole, *Idem*  
 For if thy footing slyp awrye, *evm* [165]  
 Another gets the gole. *Eadem*  
 This [↑] Ball in Court Doth mar the play,  
 Then Bandy such a [↑] Ball away.

The [↓] more (yow) tunne | the worse yow brew,  
 Pretiosins cannot stinge, [170]  
 If pocky [↓] Barewels tale be trew, *Mr [↓] Morton & mr*  
deest linea. [↓] *Barewell of*  
 Such copesmates strike the stroke, *Christes College*  
 Who Conscience is their masking Cloke.

Such Whelpes Can want no Du releef, [175]  
 Which seeme so smoth in sight,  
 For both ar fed with Butchers beef, *Idem*  
 A rascall diet right.  
 They love the night they hate the Day,  
 Thus slyppery knaves can closely play. [180]

[f. 57v] When through the window [↓] Philo creepes,  
 He ment but little good,  
 [↓] *Philo the draper* His [↑] Manninge fury collor keepes,  
 and [↑] *manninges wife* Who weares a forked hood.  
 Such kynde of Coxcombes wer not worne, [185]  
 When Griges made pointes of taggs of horne.

[↓] *Mr Ellis of Saint Ahoues* A [↓] yownker learned late I vewd,  
*a tinkers sonne.* With some of secret smarte,  
 I cannot terme him fully rewde,  
 A nimphe to drive the Carte. [190]  
 L. is the letter of his name,

A tinkers [↓] Curre, for Dunghill [↑] Dame.

[↓] *idem*  
But who wold thinke this prety man,  
With fiery flaming nose,  
Could of a rotten patched pan, [195]  
Compile a Velvet hose.  
The Lads do say that se this [↓] Swad,  
Behould a Clowne most lively clad.

To [↑] hunt (and) lay the game on ground,  
[↓] *Mr Hounde & Mr* The [↓] wood=man liketh well, [200]  
[↓] *Wood with [↑] hunt=* Who seekes by sent of greedy [↓] Hound,  
*ley hys [↑] Wyfe* To trace the Tiger fell.  
Looke somthing better to thy Lodge,  
And have an eye to simple Hodge.

[↑] [↑]  
[↑] *Mrs Smalewood &* Small (is the) Wood | the braunch not greate, [205]  
[↓] *Cox of Peeterhouse* That sets the house on fire,  
And many make a noble cheate,  
wh<sup>ic</sup>h closely some Do hire.  
Yet though thou makest thine host an Ox.  
Thou burnst thy bootes, you flapmouth [↓] cox. [210]

[f. 58r] [↓] For (and) as, towching thother thinge,  
We talked of but yesterday, [↓] *Mr Forand &*  
The [↓] stone is in the [↑] Goldsmithes ringe, [↓] *Stone with the*  
With Iewels pumishe <brave> gay. [↑] *Goldsmithes Wife*  
She tipes the Hornes w<sup>it</sup>h party gilte, [215]  
He kepes the hand to runne at tilte.

Gup [↑] Gibbon Can a blinking patche,  
Keepe on his pathway so,

And darckling so to Draw the latche, [↓] *Gibbon the fidler*  
 Of [↑] Butlers [↑] Sellar [↑] Low. *and the butlar of* [220]  
 Ware riot [↓] piping slave I say, *Clare hall his* [↑] *Wife.*  
 Darst thou on Scollers fiddle play?

At Sturbridge fayre when Beds be scant,  
 And Straungers take repaste, *Crosfielde withe*  
 Lest that thy frind should lodging want, [225]  
 Tho takst him in with haste. *Saundersons wife*  
 To [↓] Crosse (the) [↑] field was then his minde,  
 The crafty Curre did push behinde.

If clenely wordes might show his Case  
 All men should know the same, [230]  
 When vnto the was turnd his face *idem.*  
 Her face Deserveth blame.  
 Iohn Saunderson I wilbe playne  
 That shame doth bid my pen refrayne.

Sir harry Sadler noble Knight, [235]  
 Well mounted on a Gray.  
 Thou levest thy price at night by right  
 Though Ieffray Knight say nay.  
 Thou seldom feedste in foggy fen,  
 Yet stalde in Stable now & then. [240]

[f. 58v]

[↑] Alcoocke converte is cockall iuste,  
 The baudy Courte can tell,  
 [↓] *Ruste & alcockes* Wherin be iudgd by Nycholas [↓] *Ruste,*  
 [↑] *Wife* He knoweth the accion well.  
 She grantes the fact betwene them bothe, [245]  
 Though Alcocke cleere himself by othe.

If his Desert Deserveth blame,  
*Alcocke and* That stumbleth now & then,  
*his neibours Wife.* Then such a [↑]Cocke deserveth shame,  
That treades his neighbours <wife> hen. [250]  
Yet of this tale for manners sake  
I thinke tis time an end to make.

By this the Poste is gon from hence,  
To place els wher assignde,  
Meane time while he retorneth thence, [255]  
He leveth this behinde.  
Adew this present new yeres Day  
God send this troope a merry May.

Here endes the Cockalls callender,  
Devised by vayne vallenger [260]  
But as it is reported of all  
It was invented by Argall.

FINIS

[94]

[f. 59r] *The Duttons, and theyr fellow players forsakyng the Erle of Warwycke,  
theyr mayster, became followers of the Erle of Oxford, & wrot themselues  
hys Comædians; which certayne gentlemen altered & made Camæliions.  
The Duttons angry with that compared themselues to any Gentleman,  
therfore these Armes were devysed for them.*

*The Fyeld, a Fart durty, a Gybbet crosse corded,  
A dauncyng Dame flurty of alle men abhorred.  
A lyther Lad stampant, a Roge in hys Raggas,*

---

93.259 *Cockalls*] o and a in cypher

94] ruled border at the head of the page contains decorative lozenge shapes; the same shapes are repeated at the end of the title as a line filler

*A whore that is rampant, a stryde wyth her legges.*  
*A woodcocke displayed, a Calfe, & a Sheepe,* [5]  
*A Bitche that is splayed a Dormouse a sleepe.*  
*A Vyper in stynche la part de la Drut,*  
*Spell backwarde this Frenche & cracke me that Nut.*

*Party per pillery, perced withe a Rope,*  
*To slyde the more lytherly anoynted with Sope.* [10]  
*A Coxcombe crosbate in token of witte,*  
*Two Eares perforate, a Nose wythe ^a^ slytte.*  
*Three Nettles resplendent three Owles three Swallowes,*  
*Three Mynstrell men pendent, on three payre of Gallowes.*  
*Further sufficiently placed in them,* [15]  
*A Knaves head for a difference from alle honest men.*

*The wreathe is a Chayne of chaungeable red,*  
*To shew they ar vayne, and fickle of head.*  
*The Creste is a Castrylle whose feathers ar Blew,*  
*In signe that these Fydlers will neuer be trew.* [20]  
*Wheron is placed the Horne of a Gote,*  
*Because they ar chast lo this is theyr lotte.*  
*For their brauery, indented and parted,*  
*And for their Knavery innebulated.*

*Mantled lowsy, wythe doubled drynke,* [25]  
*Their ancient house is called the Clynke.*  
*Thys Posy they beare over the whole Earthe,*  
*Wylt please you to haue a fyt of our mirthe?*  
*But Reason it is, & Heraultes allow welle,*  
*That Fidlers should, beare, their Armes in a Towelle* [30]

FINIS

---

94.12 ^a^] interlined with caret



[f. 59v]

*COLORES*

The Russet for the Travelors weare,  
 In Countrey makes great shew:  
 The Lover faithfull to his Deare  
 Must cloathe himself in Blew.  
 The stately Iudge above the rest. [5]  
 A robe of Purple weares,  
 The youthfull yonker Greene likes best,  
 Beseming most his yeres.  
 The Crimsyn cruelty importes,  
 The Orengetawny Spyte, [10]  
 The Yellowe Ioyes portendes & Sportes,  
 The Virgins hew is white.  
 The murdering minde that thirstes for Blood  
 Delighteth most in Red:  
 To him the Murrey semeth good, [15]  
 Who is with Secrete fed.  
 The Lover of his love forlorne.  
 And quite cast of indeede.  
 As one forsaken may go morne,  
 Clad all in Tawney weede. [20]  
 Whoso of Parent is berefte  
 Or wonted frend doth lacke,  
 For him no Color els is lefte,  
 To were but only Blacke.  
 <Thus hath my Pen by reason of constraynte, [25]  
 Thought good at length, the colours to Depaynte.>

*FINIS*


---

95 title: *COLORES*] in ruled border with decorative lozenge shapes either side; the same shapes are repeated either side of the subscription: *FINIS*

95.25-6] struck through with three strokes: *constraynte* and [*len*]gthe ... *Depaynte* are not struck out but deletion of the whole final two lines is probably intended

[96]

*He that spareth for to speake, oft wanteth hys intente,  
& he that speketh & speedes therby, hys labor is well spente.  
He that spekes & spedeth not, hys labour is but lost,  
So speaking w<sup>u</sup>ithout speeding is but a slender cost.  
Finis*

[97]

[f. 60r] Me thought of late in slepe I saw a Dame,  
With Nedle, sylke, & Sampler in her Lap,  
Who \*singinge sate, a worke of finest frame, \*sowinge,  
Begon w<sup>u</sup>ith Hope, & ended with good hap.  
So must I frame the worke I set vnto, [5]  
Or what I worke all Day, at night vndo.  
My thred (quod she) shalbe the thred of Life,  
Which first must passe the Eye of p<sup>u</sup>erfect sight,  
My cloth content w<sup>u</sup>ithout ere bracke or strife,  
My worke the word wherin I most Delight. [10]  
Tassels of truth shall hange at every end,  
Thus will I frame a favor for my frend.  
And in the middes shall stand the knot of love  
Drawne by Desire wrought vp w<sup>u</sup>ith earnest will,  
Fild faire w<sup>u</sup>ith fayth which never shall remove, [15]  
Crossticht w<sup>u</sup>ith care & purld w<sup>u</sup>ith p<sup>u</sup>erfect skill,  
Powderd w<sup>u</sup>ith Payne, made fast w<sup>u</sup>ith sound advise,  
Both sides alike, a worke of passing price.  
And therw<sup>u</sup>ithall she did begin to sow,  
But now (quod she) wher shall I finde a frend, [20]  
On whom I may this favour well bestow,  
When I have brought my worke to wished end.  
Wherw<sup>u</sup>ith on me she chaunst aside to loke,  
And cried, Discried, and therw<sup>u</sup>ith I awoke.

Lenvoy

[25]

O heavenly Dreame but haples waking such,  
To lose the worke, that I Desird so much.

*FINIS*

[98]

Pushe Lady pushe, what push may that be?  
The best that may be yow may Cheapen of me.  
Yf that be not as good as ever was bought,  
Trye them of free Cost, returne them for nought.  
A Rushe for those pushes that push but in Ieste,  
One pushe to the purpose, is worth all the reste.

[5]

*FINIS*

[99]

[f. 60v]

If ever honest mynde might gayne,  
But half that others get by lewd Desarte,  
Or if the Damned harmes that I sustayne,  
Fell out but now & then thus overth<sup>w</sup>arte,  
I could content me well inoughe to beare,  
The villanies of fortunes overthroe.  
But since my lucke runnes still against the heare,  
And that mishap hath vowd it shalbe soe,  
Tis my extremes that only do excell  
And I alone it is that dwelles in hell.

[5]

[10]

FINIS. I. F.

---

97 subscription: *FINIS*] three decorative lozenge shapes are drawn either side  
99.4 *overth<sup>w</sup>arte*] *w* interlined with caret

[100]

Seinge the altrynge facions of our tyme,

Whyche dayly wayt a new & soddyne chaunge

\*One may compare Fraunce to a Table where,

4 mighty gamesters sit playinge at Prymero or

\*vnto a table Fraunce

we may compare:

where at Prymero

4 great gamesters sit

\*shall The Kynge on whom the entyre losse \*should fall

[5]

\*that Sayes passe (if \*well I may) \*my game beinge fayre} or {although my game be  
fayre

Burbon discharginge of his Cardynalls hatte.

Dothe vye the game not carynge what insues,

\*bad Or what \*good hap (hys after carde) will brynge.

Navar he vowes to hazard were it more.

[10]

The Guyse in hope but of a silly flushe,

Sets vp hys rests and hazardes all their partes.

But Phyllyppe standyng at hys elbowes ende,

\*Being hys halfe do secretly loke on, } or {beinge halfe wythe hym.

Lendyng hym money to dyscharge the game,

[15]

In truthe \*pretendyng to have rest and all. } or {intendyng.

fynis. <Mistres C N>

[101]

*Behold the force of Hotte Desier,*

*Two Hartes in one, that wold be Nyer.*

[102]

[f. 61r] <Babes, that be borne, aduerture strypes for play,  
Men, blowes, for wealthe, for rule, for fame,  
Byrdes, bondage to, for thynges that glitteryng are,  
And Fyshes, their lyves, when most they seke their game

---

101] beneath a pen drawing of two hearts pierced with an arrow

*Lyke Babes, like Men <sup>^like birdes^</sup> lyke silly Fyshe,* [5]  
*I venter all, for nothyng, but a wyshe.>*

*FINIS. <H C>*

[103a]

*Pastor, arator, eques, paui, colui, superauui,*  
*capras, rus, hostes, fronde, ligone manu.*

[103b]

I sheppard    I plowman    I horsseman light  
have fedd    have plowed    have putto flight  
My goates    my growndes    my foes in feild  
W<sup>u</sup>ith bowes    w<sup>u</sup>ith plowes    w<sup>u</sup>ith speare & sheild  
*Saintlowe Knyuetonne.*

[104]

*A hearde a swaine a noble Knight*  
*I fed I tild I did subdue*  
*My goates my growndes my foes by <sup>^fichte^</sup> <flighte>*  
*W<sup>u</sup>ith bowes w<sup>u</sup>ith plowes these hands them<sup>u</sup> slue.*  
*<Charles Evans>*

[105]

---

102.4 *Fyshes*] 2s circled, perhaps to denote deletion

102.5 <sup>^like birdes^</sup>] interlined with caret

102.7 subscription: *H C*] overwritten first with a zig-zag line and then struck through several times in a darker ink from that used in the text

103a-b] Hand B; subscription: *Saintlowe Knyuetonne* later addition, in Hand A

104 Hand D

104.3 <sup>^fichte^</sup>] later addition in Hand A: interlined with caret

104 subscription: *<Charles Evans>*] deleted with zig-zag line and a series of thick horizontal strokes. The same black ink was used to draw two vertical lines tracing an alternative reading of the text: A hearde I fed My goates W<sup>u</sup>ith bowes | a swaine I tild my growndes w<sup>u</sup>ith plowes | a noble Knight I did subdue my foes by fichte these hands them<sup>u</sup> slue

[f. 61v]

*Somnum Affectionale*

*Luld by Conceipte when fancy clozde myne Eyes.*

*Sweete thoughtes presented me my golden Dreame,  
Wrapte in a Clowde, as falling from the Skyes,  
I was set downe hard by a Chrystall streame.  
The sacred spring where Phebe wont to play, [5]  
Not halfe so freshe, so pleasant nor so gay.*

*And as Delighte did raunge in choyse of Ioyes.*

*My wandringe view caste dyvers here & there.  
The flashyng of the water made a Noyse,  
Whyche drew myne Eye to follow by myne Eare. [10]  
But (oh) a sight no mortall man allowde,  
Save that I was enfoulded in a Clowde.*

*Not Phæbe, but all passing Phæbes grace,*

*My Mystres there the Goddes of my thoughte,  
Up to the Knees stood bathynge every place, [15]  
Down from the Necke lyke to an Image wroughte.  
Actæons chaunce, whose pleasing harmfull sighte  
Afeard to bowld did make me stand afrighte.*

*And as I gazde her Bewty caste a glaunce,*

*Duty devyzde what might beseme me meete. [20]  
My Clowd wythall to see an heavenly chaunce,  
Was changde into a silkin Syndon sheete.  
I helde it vp before my face for feare,  
And towards her (I hudwynkte) it did beare.*

[f. 62r]

*By thys sweete tyme she was vpon the Banke, [25]  
And in regarde to se my reverende righte,  
Servant (quothe she) thys askethe lyttle thanke,  
As mayden lyke as you attempte this sighte.*

*No place for you, nor here no service fyt,  
But come (quod she) & helpe to dry me yit.* [30]

*I had no speache (as men in such a Maze)  
But kiste the Sheete & clapt it to her Breste.  
And as herselfe my hand aboute her lays,  
What dothe not Ioye? I waked with the reste.  
All lost, Deceypt, my Dreame & all I blame,* [35]  
*And with my Sheete (indeede) lyes hyd my shame.*  
*FINIS.           yeven H E*

[106]

*The more yow Desire her,  
The soner yow Mysse,  
The more yow Require her,  
The straunger she is.*

*The More yow do shun her,* [5]  
*The soner she plyethe,  
The more yow pursue her  
The faster she flyethe.*

*But yf yow refuse Her,  
And seke not to Crave her,* [10]  
*So shall yow obtayne Her  
If ever yow have Her.           Pro est.*

[107]

*I Love a Lyfe to Lyve in Love,  
For so I Have Decreed.  
I Cannot Lyve except I Love,  
For <so> Love is Lyfe indeed.*

[108]

[f. 62v] The state of fraunce as now yt standes  
ys like primero of foure handes  
Where some do vye & som doe houlde  
the best assurd may be to boulde  
The king was rashe withowt regard [5]  
And being flushe woulde needes discard  
But first he past yt to the Gwyse,  
And he of nought strayte way yt vyes  
Navar was next & woulde not owt  
for of his cardes he had no dowt [10]  
The Cardnall feyntly held his vye  
& wacht advantage for to spye  
For to goe owt his frendes him bedes  
But Cardnalls hatts makes busie hedes  
All restes were vp & all were in [15]  
Whyle Phylip wrought that Guyse might win  
Queene mother stode behynd his backe  
And taught him how to make the pack  
And we that sawe them & their play  
Did leave them there and came awaye. / [20]

[109]

[f. 63r] *Syttynge alone vpon my thought in Melancholy mood,  
In sight of Seas, & at my backe an auntyent hoary wood,  
\*to I saw a fayre yonge Lady come, her secrete teares \*bewayle,  
Clad all in Colour of a vow, & Covered with a Vayle.  
Yet for the day was cleare & calme, I might descry her face, [5]  
As one should see a damask Rose, hyd vnder Christall Glas  
Three tymes with her softe hand, on her Lefte side she knockes,*





And as yow see the Scarlet Rose,  
In his sweet Pryme his buddes Disclose  
    Whose Hewe is with the Sonne revyvde, [15]  
So in the Apryll of myne Age,  
My Lively Coloures Do asswage,  
    Bycause my Sounshyne is Depryvde.

My Hart that wounted was of yore,  
Light as the winde, abroad to sore, [20]  
    Amonges the buds of Bewties springe,  
Now only hovers over yow,  
Lyke to the Byrde thats taken new,  
    And mournes when all his Fellowes singe.

[f. 64r] When every man is bent to Sporte, [25]  
Then pensive I aloane resorte,  
    Into some solytary walke,  
As Doth the Dolefull Turtle Dove,  
Who having Lost his faythfull Love,  
    Syts mourning on some wythered stalke / [30]

There to myself I Do recounte,  
How far my Ioyes my woes surmount,  
    How Love requiteth me with Hate,  
How all my Pleasures end in payne,  
How hap Doth say my Hope is vayne, [35]  
    How Fortune frownes vpon my State.

And in this moode Chargde with Despayre,  
With Vapored Sighes I Dymme the Ayre,  
    And To the Gods make this request;  
That by the ending of my Lyfe, [40]  
I may hence trace from this straunge stryfe,

And bring my Sowle to better Rest. /

FYNYS.

S: P. Sidney

[111]

[f. 64v]

*I wyll forget that ere I saw thy Face,*

*I wyll forget thou art so brave a wyght:*

*I wyll forget thy stately Comely grace,*

*I wyll forgett thy hue that is so bright*

*I wyll forgett thou art the fayrest of all,* [5]

*I wyll forgett thou wynst the golden Ball.*

*I wyll forgett thy forehead featly framde,*

*I wyll forgett thy Christall eyen so cleere,*

*I wyll forgett that no part may be blamde,*

*I wyll forgett that thou hadst nere thy peere.* [10]

*I wyll forgett vermylion is thy Hew,*

*I wyll forgett ther is no Queene but yow.*

*I wyll forgett thy dimpled Chyn so fyne,*

*I wyll forgett those paps so swanny whyte,*

*I wyll forget those rare lyke brestes of thyne,* [15]

*I wyll forgett thou art my cheef delyghte.*

*I wyll forgett thou art my mystris Shee,*

*I wyll forgett the sweetst that ere I see.*

*I wyll forgett where thou dost styll abyde,*

*I wyll forgett to approache thy present sight,* [20]

*I wyll forgett throughout the world so wyde,*

*I wyll forgett nones bewty hallf so bryght.*

*I wyll forgett thou staynest the brightest starre,*

*I wyll forgett thou passest Cynthea farre.*

---

110 subscription: S: P. Sidney] later addition in Hand A

[f. 65r]      *I wyll forgett that features not thy Pheare,*      [25]  
                 *I wyll forgett they Bewty dymmes the Sonne,*  
*I wyll forgett for hue none comes the neare,*  
                 *I wyll forgett thy Fame wyll neare be donne.*  
*I wyll forgett thou art the fayrst of all,*  
*That ever was, or ys, or ever shall.*      [30]

*And Then,*

*I wyll forgett whence grew my wythered stalke,*  
                 *I wyll forgett to eate, <or> to drynke or sleepe,*  
*I wyll forgett to see, to speake, or walke,*  
                 *I wyll forgett to Mourne, to Lawghe, to Weepe,*      [35]  
*I wyll forgett to heare, to feele, or Taste,*  
*I wyll forgett my Lyfe and all at Laste.*

*And Now,*

*I wyll forgett the Place where thou dost dwell,*  
*I wyll forgett thy self & so Farewell./*      [40]  
                 *Only yowr Servant*  
                 *though not your only Servant*

*FINIS.      I Ed.*

[112]

*To Deathe? no, no, vnto eternall Lyfe,*  
                 *wyth speed I go, Lord Iesus be my Guyde,*  
*Farewell thow world, the master of all stryfe,*  
                 *And welcom world that ever doth abyde,*  
*Farwell all Cares, that long have crusht my Mynde,*      [5]  
                 *And wellcom Care whence I shall comfort finde.*

*Farwell Desire that never was at Rest,*  
                 *Farwell vnrest that noyed much my Mynde,*

*Farwell my Mynde that Lyked Pleasure best,  
And farewell Pleasure all I Leave behynde. [10]  
Farewell all thynges that make apparaunce playne,  
Desire vnrest, & Plesure was but vayne.*

[f. 65v] *Wellcome at Last the Longe desired Ioy,  
Wellcome the Ioy that Leades to happy Lyfe,  
Wellcom the Lyfe that tasteth noe Annoy, [15]  
And wellcome Ioy, free from all mortall stryfe,  
Wellcom the blysse that never Tongue could tell,  
Wellcom, that Heaven wher I do hope to dwell.  
FINIS I Ed.*

[113]

*Lady farwell whom I in Sylence serve,  
wold god thou knewste the depth of my desire,  
Then might I hope, though nought I can deserve,  
Som drop of grace, wold quench my scorchyng fyre.  
But as to Love vnknowne I have decreed, [5]  
So spare to speake doth often spare to speed.*

*Yett better twere that I in woe should waste,  
Then sue for Grace & Pyty in Despighte,  
And though I see in thee such pleasure plaste,  
That feedes my Ioy & breedes my cheef delyghte, [10]  
Wythall I see a chast Consentt Dysdayne,  
Theyr Suytes, whych seke to wyn thy wyll ageane.*

*Then farewell Hope, a Hellpe to each mans Harme,  
The wynde of woe, hath torne my Tree of Truste,  
Care Quenchde the Coales, whych did my Fancy warme, [15]  
And all my Hellp Lyes buried in the Duste.  
But yett amonges those Cares, whych Crosse my Rest,*

*Thys Commfort Growes, I thynke I Love thee Best ./.*

*FINIS*

[114]

*The Parson of Stanlake, hath stopt vp my Watergap;  
Wyth two stones & a Stake, Helpe Lordes for Gods sake ./.*

*FINIS*

[115]

[f. 66r]

Vertue, bewty, speech, dyd, Stryke Wound charme,  
my Hart, Eyes, Eares, w<sub>i</sub>th, wonder, Love, Delight,  
First, second, third, did binde enforce, and arme,  
my workes, shewes, sutes, w<sub>i</sub>th wytt, grace, & vowes might.

Thus honor, Likinge, Trust, much, fayre, & Deepe, [5]  
Held, prest, possesst, my Iudgment, Sence, & Will,  
Till, wrong, Contempt, Decept, Did, grow, steale, creepe,  
Bondes, Favour, Faith, to breake, defile, & kill.

Then, grief, vnkindnes, prooffe, tooke kindled, tought,  
Well grounded, noble, due, spyte, raige, disdaine, [10]  
But, ah, alas, in vaine, my mynd, sight, Thought,  
Doth, Her, her Face, her Wordes, leave, shun, refraine.  
For, nothings, Tyme, nor place, can Lose, quenche, ease,  
My owne, embraced, sought, knotte, Fyre, Dysease

*FINIS*

[116]

The Dart, the Beames, the String, so strong I prove,  
Wh<sub>i</sub>ch my cheef part, doth passe through, parche, & Tye,  
That, of the stroke, the Heate, & knott of Love,

wounded, inflamed, knytt, to the Death I dy.

Hardned & Could, far from affections snare, [5]  
Was once my mynd, my Temper, & my Lyfe,  
While I, that sight, Dysyre, & vow, forbare,  
Which, to avoyde, quench, loose, nought booteth Stryfe.

Yet will not I, Greef, Ashes, Thraldom, Chaunge,  
for others ease, their fruyte of free estate, [10]  
So brave a Shott, Deare Fire, & Be<sup>a</sup><sup>u</sup>ty straunge.  
Did me, pyerce, burne, & bynd, long since & late,  
And in my woundes, my flames, & bondes, I fynde,  
A Salve, fresh Ayre, & hygh Contented mynde.

*FINIS*

[117]

[f. 66v] Her Face, her Tonge, her Wytte,  
So fayre, so sweete, so sharpe,  
First bent, then Drew, then hytte,  
Myne Eye, mine Eare, my Hartt.

Myne eye, mine eare, myne Harte, [5]  
To Lyke, to Learne, to Love,  
Your face, your Tongue, your Wytt  
Doth Leade, doth teache, Doth move.

Her face, her Tongue, her Wytt,  
With Beames, with Sound, with Arte, [10]  
Doth bynde, doth Charme, doth Rule,  
myne eye, myne eare, my harte.

Myne eye, myne eare, my harte,

---

116.11 *Be<sup>a</sup><sup>u</sup>ty*] *a* interlined with caret

with Lyfe, with Hope, with Skill  
Your face, your Tonge, your wytt, [15]  
Dothe feed, Doth feast, doth fill.

Oh face, oh Tonge, oh Wytte,  
With Frownes, with Checkes, with Smarte,  
wronge not, vex not, wound not  
myne eye, myne eare, my Harte. [20]

This Eye, this Eare, this Harte,  
Shall ioy, shall bynd, shall sweare,  
Yowr Face, yowr Tonge, yowr Wytt,  
To Serve, to Love, to Feare.

*FINIS. Raley*

[118]

[f. 67r] The Lyvely Larke stretcht forth her wynges,  
The messenger of morninge bright,  
And with her Chearfull voyce Did Singe  
The Dayes approche Discharginge Nyght.  
When that Aurora, blushing Redd, [5]  
Dyscride the guylt of Thetis Bedd.

I went abroad to take the Ayre, & in the meades I mette a knyght,  
Clad in Carnation Colour fayre, I did salute this gentle wyght,  
Of him I Did his name enquyre,  
He sighed, & sayd, \*I am Desyre /. \*he was [10]  
Desire I did desire to stay, awhile with him I Cravde to talke,  
The Courteous knyght said me no nay, but hand, in hand, with me did walke.  
Then of Desyre I askde agayne,  
What thinge did please & what did payne,  
He smylde, & thus he answerd than, desire can have no greater payne, [15]

---

117 subscription: *Raley*] later addition in Hand A



Then for to see an other man, that he desirethe, to obtayne,  
Nor greater Ioy Can be than this,  
Than to enioy that others mysse.

*FINIS.*

[119]

*In verse to vaunt my Ladies Grace*

*All vayne it were with pen to stryve,  
Do not thy Mistres so Deface,  
To make her dead that is alyve.  
Her prayse deserves a greater meede, [5]  
Then Pen, or Tongue can tell indeede.*

*Hellen for Bewty did surpas,*

*Venus they say did her disgrace,  
Much did they gayne but, out alas,  
Farr from the feature of her face. [10]  
Rare her Bewty, brave her Cheere,  
In all the world restes none her Peere.*

*FINIS. Ioh Ed.*

[120]

[f. 67v] I Hard a voyce & wished for a Sichte,  
I lookte aside, & Did a shadow see,  
Whose Substance was the Summe of my Delight  
Which Came vnseene, & so was gone from mee.  
Yet hath Concept perswaded my Content, [5]  
Ther was a Substance wher the Shadow went.

I Did not play narcyssus in Conceypt,

I Did not see my Shadow in a Springe,  
I know myne eyes were dimde with no Decept,

I saw the Shadow of some worthy thinge [10]  
For as I spyde the Shadow glauncinge by,  
I had a glymse of somewhat in myne eye.

But what it was (alas) I can not tell,  
Bycause indeed I had no perfect vew,  
But as it was, by gesse, I wishte it well, [15]  
And will vntill I see the same anew.  
And Shadow, or Shee, or both, or Chuse yow whether,  
Blessed be the thing that brought, the shadow hether.

FINIS

[121]

My wayning Ioyes, my still encreasing Greef,  
my valiaunt rage, my Cowarde reason faynt,  
my busy Carke & Care, my slacke & slow releef  
to prayse my wronge & to Condemme my playnt.  
The Darke renowne, the slaunder bright & Cleare, [5]  
to please the eye & to betray the harte  
for momentes myrthe, to mourne the monthe & yeare,  
to shun the shield, & to embrace the Darte,  
Fond for my weale, but wise to worke my harme,  
to chuse dispaire, for not to Lose my troathe, [10]  
deafe to advise, but open eares to Charme,  
thraldome to Like, & Liberty to Loathe.  
Wyche Cruell Fate, & fatall Love Coniurde, *finis*  
Bringes Doubtfull hope, but dolours most assurde.

[122]

[f. 68r] What thing is Love? A vayne Concept of mynde,

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121.3 *Carke &*; *slacke &*] a line is drawn round each of these phrases, marking out one of them for deletion

how now fond head? So lusty with a God?  
A God? Alas of such a Crewell Kynde?  
Crewell? Oh no, he is a gentle Rod.  
A Rod? for whom? For Bewties tryvauntes breches [5]  
Fy, fancy, fy, what meane these folyshe speches?

A foolish speech, to tell what thing is Love?  
What thing is Love? Why that was never showne,  
Yet pacient hartes that such a passion proove,  
know well the Flowre that hath of fancy growne. [10]  
Oh Fancy, yea, but that is farre from Love,  
Yet fancy first doth firme affection prove.

Affection shewes the height of hartes Desire,  
Desire doth shew what fancy Doth affecte,  
And such affect doth oftentimes aspire, [15]  
vnto the height of hartes Desires effecte.  
And such effecte doth secret Fancy prove  
And such a proof doth tell what thing is Love ./

*FINIS*

[123]

My trew love hath my hart, & I have his,  
by iust exchange on for another given,  
I hold his Deare & myne he can not mis,  
Ther never was a better bargaine driven.

His hart in me kepes him & me in one, [5]  
my hart in him, his thoughtes & Sences guydes,  
He loves my hart, for once it was his owne,  
I Cherishe his bycause in me it bydes.

His hart, his wound received from my Sight,

My hart was wounded w<sub>i</sub>th his wounded hart, [10]  
For as from me, <h> on him his hurte Did Light,  
So still me thought, in me his hart did smart.  
Both equall hurt, in his Chaunge sought our Blysse,  
My Trew love hath my hart & I have His.

FINIS

[124]

[f. 68v] The Ayre w<sub>i</sub>th Sweet my Sences Doth Delight,  
The earth w<sub>i</sub>th flowres Doth glad my heavy eye,  
The Fire w<sub>i</sub>th warmth revives my Dyinge Spright,  
The Water Cooles that is to hot & Drye .  
The Ayre, the Earth, the Water, & the Fire, [5]  
All Do me good, what Can I more Desire?

Oh noe, the Ayre infected I Do fynde,  
The Earthes fayre flowres Do wyther & Decay,  
\*the The Fyre so hot, enflames \*my frozen mynde,  
And water washeth Heate & all away. [10]  
The Ayre, the Earth, Fyre, Water, all annoy me,  
How Can it be, but they must all Destroy me?

Sweete Ayre Do yet awhile thy Sweetnes holde,  
Earth let thy Flowres not fall away in pryme,  
Fyre Do not burne, my Hart is not ycoulede, [15]  
Water Dry vp vntill an other Tyme.  
Oh Ayre, oh Earth, Fyre, Water, heare my prayer,  
Or slay me, ôh Fyre, water, Earth, or Ayer.

Harke in the Ayer, what Deadly Thunder threateth,  
See on the Earth how every Flower falleth, [20]  
Oh wyth the Fyre how every Synew sweatethe,  
Ah, how the water panting hartes appalleth?

The Ayre, the Earth, Fyre, Water, all do greeve me,  
Heavens, shew yowr power, yet som way to releve me.

This is not Ayre, that every Creature Feedeth, [25]  
nor this is Earth where every flower groweth,  
Nor this the Fyre, that Flame & Fury breedeth,  
nor this the water, that both ebbes & floweth.  
These Elementes ar w<sub>i</sub>thin a world ynclozed,  
Wher Happy Hartes have Heavenly rest reposed. [30]

*FINIS*

[125]

[f. 69r] Oh Sorow Cease, Good Love Begyn,  
Sweet Fancy once say Well,  
Com Solempne muse, w<sub>i</sub>th Sad Concept,  
My Crewell Tormentes tell.

I Sayd & swore, I would not Love, [5]  
But I am false foresworne,  
I say & sweare it is so sweete,  
Yt Cannot be forborne.

I fynd it sweet, I fynde it Sowre,  
I fynde it Sowresweet, [10]  
I see & rue to see that synce  
Myshappes so often meete.

The Thought that most I held in Hart  
Hath now my Hart in holdd,  
And that my Fancy had forsworne, [15]  
My fayth must now vnfold.

The Substance Love, the Subiecte Lyfe,

Whose Help my Health must bee.  
A Death to Lyve, a Lyfe to Love,  
A pange that will not Flee. [20]

*FINIS*

[126]

What Thyng is Love? for sure Love is a Thyng.  
Love is a prycke; Love is a styng. Love is a prety thyng.  
Love is a Fyre. Love is a Cole,  
Whoze Flame creepes in at every hole.  
And as my self can best Devyze, [5]  
His Dwellinge is in Ladies eyes.  
From whence he shotes hys daynty Dartes,  
Into the Lusty Gallantes Hartes.  
And ever hath byn Calld a God,  
Synce Mars with Venus Playd even & Od. [10]

*FINIS*

[127]

[f. 69v] Devyde my Tymes, and Rate my wretched Howres,  
From Dayes to monthes, from monthes to many yeaes,  
And then Compare my Sweetest with my Sowres,  
To see which more in æquall vyew appears.  
And iudge if for my Dayes & yeres of Care, [5]  
I have but Howres of Comfort to Compare.

Iust & not mucche it were in these Extremes,  
So hard a Touche & Torment of the Thought,  
For any mynd, that any right estemes,  
To yeld so small Delight, so Dearely bought, [10]  
But he that Lyves vnto his owne Despight,  
Ys not to fynde his fortune by his Ryght.

The Lyfe that still runnes forth his weary wayes,  
    Wyth Sowre to sawce the Daynties of delight,  
With Care to Checke the pleasure of his Dayes, [15]  
    With no Regard the many wronges to quyght,  
I Blame & hould such yrksom Tymes in Hate,  
As but to Lose, prolonges a wretched State.

And still I Lothe even to behould the Lyght,  
    That shines without all pleasure to mine eyes, [20]  
With greedy wish I wayt for weary night,  
    Yet neyther this I find that may suffice.  
Not that I hold the Day for more Delight,  
But that alyke I loath both Day and night.

The Day I se yeldes but increase of Care, [25]  
    The night that should by nature serve for rest,  
Against his kind Denies such ease to Spare,  
    As pittie wold afford the mynde opprest.  
And broken Sleepes ofte times present in Sight,  
    A Dreamyng wish, beguild with false Delight. [30]

[f. 70r] This Sleepe, or els what so for Sleep appeares,  
    Ys vnto me but pleasure in Despight,  
The Flowre of Age, the name of yonger yeares.  
    Do but vsurp the Title of Delight,  
But Carefull thoughtes, & Sorowes sundry wayes, [35]  
    Consume my youth before myne aged Dayes.

The Touch, the <Stiylge> Stinge, the Tormentes of Desire,  
    Do stryve beyond the Compas of Restraynt,  
Kept from the Reache, wherto it wold aspyre,  
    Gives Cause alas to Iust to my Complaint./ [40]  
Besides the wronge which worketh my Distresse,

My meaning is with Silence to Suppress.

Ofte with miself I enter in Devise,  
To reconcile my weary thoughtes to peace,  
I treat for Truce, I flatter & entice, [45]  
My wrangling wittes to worke for their release.  
But all in vayn I seke the meanes to fynde,  
That might appease the Discord of my minde.

For when I force a fayned mirth to shoe,  
And wold forget & so beguile my grief, [50]  
I Can not rid miself from Sorow soe,  
Although I feed vpon a false beleef.  
For inward touch of vncontented minde  
Returnes my Cares by Course vnto their kynde.

Weand from my will and thus by Tryall taught, [55]  
How far to hold all Fortune in Regard,  
Though heare I boast a knowledg dearly bought,  
Yet this poore gaine I reape for my reward,  
I know herby to harden & prepare,  
A ready minde for all assaultes of Care. [60]

Wherto, (as one even from the Cradle borne  
And not to loke for better to ensew)  
I yeld miself, & wish these Tymes outworne,  
That but remayne my tormentes to renew.  
And Leave to those, these Dayes of my Despight, [65]  
Whose better Hap may Lyve to more Delight.

*FINIS.* Dier.



[f. 70v]

Who hath his Fancy pleased with Fruites of happy Sight  
 Let heere his eyes be raysed on natures Chiefest Light,  
 A Light which Doth discever and yet vnites the eyes,  
 A Light which Dyinge never, is Cause the loker Dyes.

She never Dies but Lasteth in Lyfe of Lovers Hart [5]  
 He ever Dies & wasteth in love his Cheefest part,  
 Thus is her Life still garded, with never Dyinge Faythe,  
 Thus is his Death rewarded since she lives in his Deathe.

Looke then and Dye, answer doth the pleasure well the payne,  
 Small losse of mortall Tresure, who may immortall gayne. [10]  
 Immortall be her Graces, ymmortall is her mynde,  
 The tell of Heavenly places, that heaven in it do fynde.

But Eyes this bewty see not, nor Sence this grace Dyscries,  
 Yet eyes deprived bee not, from sight of her faire eyes.  
 Which as of inward glory, they are the outward Seale, [15]  
 So may they still be sory, that Dy not in her weale.  
 But who hathe Fancy plesed with fruytes of happy sight,  
 Let here his Eyes be raysed on natures Chiefest light.

*FINIS*

[129]

Who taught the first to sighe alas my Harte?  
Who taught thy Tongue the wofull wordes of plaint?  
Who fild thine Eyes w<sup>ith</sup> Teares of bitter smarte?  
Who gave the grief & made thy Ioyes so faynt?

} Love

Who first did print w<sup>ith</sup> Coloures pale thy face?  
Who first did breke thy slepes of quiet rest?  
Above the rest in Cowrt who gave thee Grace?  
Who made the stryve in vertue to be Best?

} Love [5]

In Constant troth to bide so firme and sure,  
To scorn the world, regarding but thy frend,  
W<sup>ith</sup> pacient mynd ech passion to endure,  
In one Desire to settle to thy end.

} Love [10]

Love then thy Choyse, wherin such fayth doth bynde,  
As nought but Death may ever Chaunge thy mynde.

*FINIS.* *Ball*

[130]

[f. 71r] How can the Feeble Forte but yeld at Laste,  
Whom Daily force, & sharp assallt assayes,  
How Can the wekened body Chuse but waste,  
Whose slacke of Health, the tongues Disease Decayes?  
How should the Oxe, his p<sup>re</sup>sent fall w<sup>ith</sup>stand, [5]  
That sees the Axe to knocke him Down at hand?

Weake ar <the> <sup>our</sup> walles, the battery to abide  
Of such as seake the Spoile of our renowne,  
The Ly in wayte, they practise & provide,  
To stop our streites & beat our bulwarkes Downe. [10]

---

130.7 <sup>our</sup>] interlined, with caret, above <the>

They sacke our walles & in most Cruell sorte,  
Wyth Cannot Shot, they raze our feble Forte.

They seke by sleyghtes, & worke by wiles to winne,  
Our tender hartes & secretes to Disclose,  
Our privy Case, Discoverd we begin, [15]  
To faint & fall in Danger of our foes  
Then the pursue with might & mayne the pray,  
And enter in by force the open way.

What should we do? We passe the pikes with payne.  
we Catch the Clappes & beare away the blowes, [20]  
With valor yet we turne & rushe agayne,  
The Charged staves of our encombred foes,  
Wounded we part & yet we never Dye,  
And stricken Down we fall before we flye.

Thus silly Sowles we stumble at the Close [25]  
nought having but the naked to Defend.  
Laid all along before our Crewell Foes,  
we never yeld, but fight it to the end.  
\*strike We \*strive we thrust, & nothing yet the neare,  
Women poore Sowles I se are borne to beare. [30]

*FINIS*

[131]

*Yf Busse bee Fetor, and Bess bee fetyt,  
I wyll not Buss Bess if I Remember itt.*

*FINIS*

[f. 71v]

Who knowes his Cause of Greef  
 And Can the same Descry,  
 And yet find no Releef  
 poore wretch but only I?

What Fowle will seeke the Snare, [5]  
 And Can the same Descry,  
 ys he therof be ware,  
 poore wretch but only I?

What fishe will byte the bayte, [10]  
 and he the hooke espy,  
 Or if he se Decept  
 pore wretch but only I?

Whois he will seke to mounthe,  
 the top of Tower hy, [15]  
 To fall and makes account,  
 pore wretch but only I?

Whois he will scale the height  
 of Ætna hill to fry,  
 or who will buy Delight [20]  
 pore wretch save only I?

The Hart will shun the Toyle,  
 if he perceive it Ly,  
 no one will take the Foyle,  
 pore wretch save only I.

Who seekes to get or gayne [25]  
 the thinges that fates Deny,

Must Live & Dy in payne,  
pore wretch as now do I?

In fine I here Do finishe,  
in Limbo Lake I Ly, [30]  
my greef yow must Deminishe  
pore wretch or els I Dy.

*FINIS*

[133]

[f. 72r] The sturdy Rocke for all his strengthe,  
by raging Seas is rent in twayne,  
The marble stone is pierst at Lenghthe,  
by lyttle Droppes of Drizling rayne.  
The Oxe will yeld vnto the yoake, [5]  
The Steele abides the Hammers stroake.

The Stately Stag that Semes so stout,  
by yelping Hound at bay is sett,  
The swiftest bird that flies about,  
is Caught at Lenghth in foulers nett. [10]  
The smallest fishe in Depest brooke,  
Is soonst Deceyvd with subtill hooke.

Yea Man himself vnto whose will  
all thinges ar bound for to obay  
With all his witt & worldly skill, [15]  
doth fade at lenghthe & fall away.  
Ther is no thing but Time doth waste,  
And Heavens themselves Consume at laste.

But Vertue sits Tryvmphing still  
vpon the Throane of glorious fame, [20]

Thoughe spitefull Death mans body kill,  
yet hurtes he not his vertues name,  
By Life or Death what so betides,  
The State of Vertue never slides.

FINIS.

[134-136]

[These six lines are illegible: they have been deleted with a dense zig-zag line (in a darker ink than the one used for the transcription); the words at the beginning of the third line are struck through with an additional set of horizontal lines.]

[137a]

*Hic Iacet Andreas,  
qui lapidavit eas.*

[137b]

*Here lies old Andrew Hee,  
That stoned many a Shee.*

[138]

[f. 72v]

*A new yeres Gift wyth a golden Ball.*

Pallas, Iuno, Venus, on bushy Ida mounte,  
The wisest, stateliest, & fairest of accounte,  
Mongest whom Did Iove, send down a golden Ball,  
Wheron was writt, give this the fayrst of all.  
Paris was Iudge, & Iuno kingdomes profered.  
Pallas Wisdom; & Venus beuty offered.  
But Paris nought Could in a kyngdom fynde,  
Nor Wisdome reaked, to beauty beringe mynde.  
But had yourself byn present there in place,

[5]

In whom ther restes stately Queene Iunos grace, [10]  
 And wisdom more then Pallas ere possest,  
 In Beauty not inferiour to the best,  
 Venus had fayld, & yow had gaynd the Ball,  
 For yow alone have more then they had all.  
 And though you wer not then a Goddesses there, [15]  
 nor I a Shepheard Paris part to bere,  
 yet now (as Paris did) I profer you the Ball,  
 Accept it then as Venus fayrst of all.  
 So shall I thinke my paynes as well employed,  
 As Paris who for meed, fayr Hellen ioyed. [20]

*FINIS*

Subiect only to yourself

*I. Ed.*

[139a]

*Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonella sinistro,  
 Et potens est forma vincere vterque Deos.  
 Parve puer Lumen, quod habes concede Sorori,  
 Sic tu secus Amor, sic, erit ille Venus.*

[139b]

*Leonell of Eyes the Lefte, had given for bodily Light,  
 The Gods did graunt to Acon, so, that he should have the ryght.  
 For Beauty Acon might Compare with brightest god in skye,  
 Whyle Leonell did lyve & raigne, faire Venus could not dye.  
 Sweet Boy give Sister thyne, thy Eye the Gods assinde, [5]  
 So shall she Venus coumpted be, & thou God Cupid blinde.*

*FINIS*

*I E*

[140]

[f. 73r]

Yf painfull nature bent with redy will,  
Should seke to shape in finest sort & Frame,  
A Comly Creature by her Cunnige skill,  
Bedeckt w<sub>it</sub>h giftes of Du Deserving fame.  
Indude w<sub>it</sub>h Vertues most abundantly, [5]  
Like to my Frend yet Could she never bee.

Psiches the fairest wight that ever wend,  
On earthly mould, & bravest in her Dayes,  
Would yeld her flag of <fla> fame vnto my frend,  
Eke reverently adorne her golden rayes, [10]

Leave of you Lovers in your vauntinge verse,  
Your Ladies false usurped praise texpresse,  
For sure my Frend doth passe them all so farre,  
As Doth the Sonne excell the Darkest Starre.

*FINIS. EN*

[141]

Short is my rest whose Toyle is overlonge.  
my Ioies ar Darke, but Cleare I se my woe,  
In safety small, great wrackes I bide through wronge,  
Whose Time is swifte, & yet my hap but sloe,  
Eche grief a wound in my pore Hart appeares, [5]  
That Laugheth Howres, & wepethe many yeares.

Deedes of the Day, are Fables of the night,  
Sighes of Desire, ar smokes of thoughtfull Teares,  
My steps ar false although my pathes be right,  
Disgrace is bod{-} & favour full of feares, [10]

---

141.10 *bod{-}*] *d* followed by an ambiguous descender



Disquiet Sleep, keepes audyt of my Lyfe,  
Wher Care Content doth make displeasure ryfe.

The dolefull Bell that is the voyce of Tyme,  
Calles on my end before my happes be seene,  
Thus falles my happes whose harmes have power to Clime, [15]  
not Come to have, that long in wishe have beene.

I seke your Love & feare none others hate,  
Be you with me, & I have Cesars fate.

*FINIS. Ball.*

[142]

[f. 73v]

Iuno now at Samos must not stay,  
Venus from Troy towne packe her hence apace,  
Diana she from Delphes take her way,  
Iudith must posses the queenly place.  
The gods themselves do not posses a place, [5]  
Half worthy that beesemes my mistres grace.

Hellen to Paris was the pereles pere,  
Venus to mars Did bring his Chief Delight,  
Mynerva for her vertue was held most Deere,  
Medea was the fairst in Iasons sight. [10]  
Rarer then these or any that lyves this Day,  
Is mistres myne whose Beawty beares the sway.

*FINIS I. E.*

[143a]

*Est Venus in Vultu, docto tibi Pallas in ore,  
Presidet, & digitis clarus Apollo Venit.  
Mercurius Linguam, moderatur Cynthea mores,  
O Dea digna Deo, dignaque Iuno Iove.*

[143b]

In face the fayrest Goddes Lyke,  
In prudence Pallas past,  
On warbling Lute her fingers ran,  
As Did Apollos Fast,

The wisest God did not excell, [5]  
Ne Cynthea overcame,  
A Goddes well besemde a God,  
Deservinge Iunos name.

*FINIS I. E.*

[144]

My mind to me a kingdom is, such perfect Ioy therin I find,  
That it excels all other blis, which world affordes or growes by kind.  
Though much I want which nothings have,  
Yet still my mynd forbids to Crave.

[f. 74r] No princely pomp, no welthy store, no force to wyn the victory, [5]  
No wily witt to salve a sore, no shape to feed a loving eye,  
To none of these I yeld as thrall,  
For why? my mynde doth serve for all,

I se how plenty <uffreth> <sup>^surfetes^</sup> ofte, & hasty Clymers soone do fall,  
I se that those which ar alofte, mishap doth threaten most of all. [10]

They get with toyle, they kepe with feare,  
Such Cares my mind Could never beare.

Content I Live, this is my stay, I seke no more then may suffice,  
I prease to beare no hawty sway, for what I lack my mind supplies.

Lo thus I triumphe like a Kynge, [15]  
Content with that my mind doth bringe.

---

144.9 <sup>^surfetes^</sup>] interlined, with caret, above <uffreth>

Some have to much, yet still do Crave, I little have yet seke no more,  
They ar but pore though much they have, & I am rich with little store,

They pore, I riche, they beg, I gyve,

They lacke I leave, they pine, I lyve. [20]

I laugh not at an others losse, I grudge not at an others gayne,  
No worldly waves my mynd Can tosse, my state at on doth still remayne.

I feare no foe, I fawne no Frend,

I loath not life, & dread no end.

Som way their plesure by their lust, their wisdom by their rage of will,[25]

Their Treasure is their only trust, & cloaked crafte their store of skill,

But all the pleasure that I find,

Is to mayntayne a quiet mind.

My welth is helth, & perfect ease; my Conscience cleare my chief defence;

I neither seke by bribes to please, nor by desert to breed offence. [30]

Thus do I Lyve, thus will I Dy,

Would all Did so as well as I.

*FINIS / BALL.*

[145]

[f. 74v]

When yonger yeres Could not my mind acquaint,

with those swete Ioyes which Longe to natures Law,

I thought for ay by folishe vowes Constraint

Subiect to Lyve <still> vnder Dianaes <L>awe.

But when to elder yeres mine age did sprowte, [5]

I Brake this Vow, and Lefte Dianaes rowte.

Such Chaunge in me did Nature worke by kynde,

That all my Thoughtes were topsy turvy turnd.

By sodayn Chaunge I felt such fittes of mynde,

That inwardly with straunge Conceiptes I burnd. [10]

And wher I erste by Chast Diana swore,

I her forsooke & turnd to Venus Lore.

The Cause was this. When May was in his Pryme,  
To shrowd myself from heat of Phoebus beames,  
I laid me Down vpon a plot of Thyme, [15]  
Vnder a Tree, to intertaine swete Dreames,  
I slept: but when I waked ther I fownd,  
Myself depe pricked with most grevous wownd.

To tell the paine I felt it were a miracle,  
no herbes nor Phisickes salve could cure my <sore> ^mallady^, [20]  
My Life dispaired, till high Apollos Oracle,  
Told me Venus Love, should give me remedy.  
Vnto whose Courte for phisicke straight I hyed.  
And vowd to be her handmayd till I Died.

Queen Venus she Commaundes her own Leache man, [25]  
To try on me his precious skill & Arte,  
To search my wound he featly streght began,  
And ere the same full opened was, my Harte,  
Trickled with Ioy, bycause the Remedy,  
was now at hand to Cure my Mallady. [30]

The Curteous Leache according to his arte,  
put depe into my wound a round stiffe Tente,  
wh<sup>ic</sup>h toucht me to the quicke & yet I felt no Smarte,  
he strove to get the matter out, wh<sup>ic</sup>h lente,  
me all this woe, wh<sup>ic</sup>h out did gushe amayne, [35]  
when I fell down, & yet I felt no payne.

[f. 75] At last I wakte, and after felt my wound,  
wh<sup>ic</sup>h by the worckinge nature of the Tente,  
was somewhat swollne but now is whole & sound  
I Venus thanke, soe good a Leache me lente. [40]

---

145.20 ^mallady^] interlined, with caret, above <sore>

Wyth whom I wishe all Dianas nimphes acquaint  
Themselves, when lyke desyres their myndes attaynt.

What though at first a spitefull vow they make,  
To lyve vntoucht, & swear it in their mynde.  
Yet at the last ech thing will Chuse his make, [45]  
And fitly Turne by Course vnto his kinde.  
Beastes vnto Beastes, the Cygnet to the Swan,  
Byrdes vnto Byrdes, and Woman vnto Man.

FINIS

[146]

What lenth of Verse may serve brave Mopsaes grace to showe?  
Whose Vertues straunge, & vertue such, as no man may them knowe.  
Thus hardly burdned then, how Can my Muse escape?  
The Gods must helpe, & precious thinges must serve to show her shape.  
Like great God Saturne, fayre, & like Dame Venus Chaste, [5]  
As smothe as, Pan, as Iuno milde, as Goddes Irys faste.  
Wyth Cupid she foresees, & goes God Vullcaunes pace,  
And for a Taste of all thes giftes, she borowes Momus grace.  
Her Forehead Iacyncte like, her lyppes of Opall hewe,  
Her twincklinge eyes bedecte with pearle, her lyppes of saphire blewe. [10]  
Her Hayre pure Crapall stone, her mouthe, oh heavenly wyde,  
Her Skyn lyke burnisht Gold, her handes like silver Oare vntryde,  
As for those partes vnseene which hidden sure are beste.  
Happy are they that will beleve, and never see the reste.

*FINIS. Sir Phyll Sydney*

[147]

[f. 75v]

The Souldiour worne w<sub>i</sub>th wars Delightes in Peace  
The Pillgrim in his ease when Toyles are past,  
The Pylot porte to gaine when Stormes do cease,  
And I reioyce from Love Dischargde at Last.  
Whom while I servd, Peace, rest, and Land I Lost, [5]  
W<sub>i</sub>th grevesome warres, w<sub>i</sub>th Toyles, w<sub>i</sub>th stormes betost.

Sweet Liberty now gives me Leave to Singe,  
what world it was wher Love the rule did beare,  
How fatall Chaunce by lots rould every Thinge,  
How Errour was maine Saile, a wave ech Teare, [10]  
The Master Love himself, deep Sighes the Wynde,  
Cares rowd w<sub>i</sub>th Oares, the Ship vnmerry \*<Wynde> mynde.

\*the Falshope \*was Hellm, ofte turnde the Boate about,  
Inconstant faith stode vp for middle <most> maste,  
Dispaire the Cable, twisted all about, [15]  
held gripinge grief, the pitched Anchor faste,  
Beawty was all the Rockes, but I at Last  
Am now twyse free, & all my Love is past.

[148]

Dyana since Hyppolitus is Dead,  
Let me einoy thy favour, & hys place,  
My might through Will, shall stand the in som stead,  
To bannyshe Love & Venus from thy Chace.  
For wher they Lately, wrought me myckle woe, [5]  
I vow me now to be their mortall Foe.

And do thou not mistrust my Chastity,  
when I shall raunge amiddes thy virgines traine,

My raynes are Chastized so throughe misery,  
That Love with me shall neare prevaile againe. [10]  
The Child whoze finger once hath felt the fyre,  
To play therwith, will have but small Desire.

Besides I vow to beare a watchfull eye,  
Discovering such as passe about thy grove.  
Yf Iupiter himself Come, Loytringe by, [15]  
Ile Call thy Crew, & bid them fly from Love.  
For yf they stay, he will obtayne at Last,  
That now I Loathe, bycause my Love is past.

[149]

[f. 76r] Youth made Default, through Lightnes of Belyef,  
And fond Belyef Love placed in my Brest,  
But now I finde that reason gives relyef.  
And Tyme Shewes Truthe & Wyt that boght is best.  
Muse not Therefore although I Change my Vayne, [5]  
He runnes to far, that never turnes agayne.

Henceforthe my mynd shall beare a watchfull eye,  
Hid from fond Love & practize of the same,  
The wisdom of my Harte shall soone Descrye,  
Eche thing thats good, from that Deserveth blame, [10]  
My songe shalbe, *Fortune Hath Spytt Her Spyte,*  
& *Love can hurte no more wyth ^all^ hys Myghte. /*

Therefore to yow, to whom my Course is knowne,  
Thinke better Comes & pardone what is past,  
I find that all my wildest Oates are sowne, [15]  
And Ioy to se what now I se at Last.

---

149.12 ^all^] interlined with caret

And since that Love was Cause I troade awrye,  
I heere take of his belles & let hym flye.

[150]

Sweete Liberty restores my wanted Ioye,  
And bids me tell how Paynter sets in Vyew.  
The forme of Love. They paynt him but a Boye,  
As workinge most in mynd of youthfull Cryew.  
They set him naked all as wantinge Shame, [5]  
To keepe his Secret partes, or hyde the same.

They paynt him blynde, in that he Cannot spye,  
\*the \*What Diffrence is twixt Vertue & Default,  
With Bow in hande as one that Dothe Defye,  
And Cumber heedles hartes with fierce assault. [10]  
His other hand doth hould a Brand of Fyre,  
In Signe of heate, he makes a hote Desyre.

They gave him wynges, to flye from place to place,  
To note that Lovers wandringe ar, like wynde,  
Whose Liberty fond Love Dothe once Deface, [15]  
This forme to Love, ould paynters have assynde.  
Whose fonde effectes, if any liste to prove,  
Where I make ende, let him begin to Love.

FINIS.

[151]

[f. 76v] *Some men will say there is a kynde of Muse,  
That helps the mynde of eche man to endyte,  
And some will say that of<te> these Muses vse,  
Only but Nyne at any tyme to wryte*

---

147-150] these four entries are copied as a continuous piece



*Now of the Nyne If I have hyt on on,* [5]  
*I muse what Muse tis I have hyt vpon.*

*Some Poets wryte ther is a Heavenly Hill,*  
*wher Pallas kepes, and it Parnassus hyght,*  
*There Muses sit forsooth, & Cutt the Quill,*  
*That beinge framde, doth hydden Fancies wryte.* [10]  
*But all these Dames Devyne Conceyptes do singe.*  
*And all theyr Pennes be of a Phænyx winge.*

*Beleeve me now, I never saw the Place,*  
*Vnles in sleep I dremde of such a Thyng,*  
*I never vyewd faire Pallas in the Face,* [15]  
*Nor ever yet could heare the Muses Synge.*  
*Wherby to frame a Fancy in hys kynde,*  
*Oh, no, my Muse is of an other Mynde.*

*From Helycon? oh no, from Hell shee Came,*  
*To wryte of woes & Myseries she hyght,* [20]  
*Not Pallas, but alas, her Ladies name,*  
*who never Calles for Dytties of Delight.*  
*Her Pen is Payne, & all her matter mone,*  
*And pantinge Hartes she payntes her Hartes vpon.*

*A Hart not harpe, is all her instrumente* [25]  
*whose waykened strynges all out of tune she straynes,*  
*And then she strikes a Dump of Discontente,*  
*Till every stringe be pluckt in two with Paynes.*  
*Lo then in Rage she Claps it vp in Case,*  
*Lest yow might se her instrumentes Disgrase.* [30]

*Vnpleasant is the Harmony God knowes,*

---

151.4 *Only*] *O* altered to *T*

151.16 *ever*] *e* altered from *N* (partially formed)

*when almost out of tune is every stryngge,  
The sounde vnsweete, that all of Sorowes growes,  
And sad the Muse, that so is forste to synge.  
Yet some do singe, that els for woe woulde Crye, [35]  
So doth my Muse, and so I sweare do I.*

[f. 77r] *Her Musicke is in Some, but Sorowes songe,  
where Discordes yeld a Sounde of small Delighte,  
The Dytty thys. Oh Lyfe that lastes to Longe,  
To See Desire thvs Crossed with Despyghte. [40]  
No Fayth on Earth (alas) I know no Frende,  
So wyth a Sighe, She makes a solemne ende.*

*FINIS.*

[152]

*A passion*

*Unfrindly leauest thou me in such a sort  
Is this the ruth thou takest of my love?  
The many graces shining in thy eies,  
Perswaded me of more successiue hap  
But thou on craggy crested rocks dost <sa-> sitt [5]  
And vnder shrouded art the hardest okes  
Thy marble hart bound in with ribbs of steele  
Neclegteth plaintiue pleas & pleading plaints  
Rocks rue, ice melts, steele weares, stones wast, okes fall  
Yet cruell thou no pittie hast at all. [10]  
O whether fliest thou with those spotted plumes  
That should adorne & bewtifie my hed?  
My hed to a springing fountaine thou hast turnd  
And floods have flames incresed in my hart  
My hart to a burning fornace thou hast chaungd [15]*

*And fire make streames of water issue forth  
Yet of my love thou takest no regard  
Yet in thy love thou colder art to me  
But this doth most of all amaze my mind  
That thou so cold shoudst leave such heat  
behind* [20]  
R Allott

[153]

[f. 77v] *Fancies they are that trouble my mind  
And breed such warre no peace I can find  
I sighe both day and night  
Who in this wofull plight  
Do find my ioies opprest* [5]  
*In love there is no rest  
Plesaunt desires do poyson my hart  
Whose holy fier wholly doth cause my smart  
Alas I sighe & weepe  
I breake full many a sleepe* [10]  
*Inforst to prove  
<--> how great a god is love.  
RA.*

[154]

*O Mildred if thou dost returne <to>  
to me thy spouse againe.  
Then good thou art then more then good  
my only sister then*  
Incerti  
Authoris *But if thou him detaine <o>* [5]  
*or <if> to the seas assigne  
Then ill thou art then worse then ill  
no sister then of mine /*

---

152.21 *behind*] with mark of insertion to show that it belongs to l. 20 after *heat*

[155]

*If thou my <sup>^humble^</sup> suit regard*

*or to my plaints attend*

*Then <good> faire thou art then<sub>u</sub> wise so faire*

*my only goddesse then*

*But if thou <me - sett> <sup>^hold^</sup> my suit <at> <sup>^in^</sup> scorne* [5]

*& wilt not <se-t> sett me fre*

*Then foule thou art then<sub>u</sub> wise so foule*

*No goddesse then for me /*

*R Allott*

[156]

*In everything my love & love agre*

*Save that love gentle is but cruell she /*

[157]

[f. 78r]

*Ad Apollinem et musas Ode /.*

*Thou sacred monarche of that holy traine,*

*Which make the Aonian springs thy praise resound,*

*With ragelesse fury perce his dulled braine,*

*that dares not tread vpon thy fyery ground*

*Sweet Phæbus deigne to give this gentle wound* [5]

*And you faire ladies of that holy lake,*

*With iuice devine my thirsty hed aslake.*

*But wretched man (vnhappy rinse therby)*

*My ernest suit beats backe the empty aire*

*Nor he nor they regard thy needfull crie* [10]

---

155.1 <sup>^humble^</sup>] interlined without caret

155.5 <sup>^hold^</sup>] interlined, without caret, above <me - sett>; <sup>^in^</sup>] interlined, without caret, above <at>

155.6 &] altered from *nor*

*but suffer me to languish in dispaire*  
*Can anger bide<-> in him or you so faire*  
     *What crime what fault o phæbus have I donne?*  
     *that unprovoakt thou dost thy vaseal shunne?*  
*Have I not song thy praises every deelee* [15]  
*thy haughty courage & thy conquering armes*  
*That vanquissht Python with thy fethered steele*  
*But couldst not master Cupids winged charmes*  
*When dainty Daphne stird up new alarmes*  
     *Yet couldst thou well but that thou willing was* [20]  
     *so faire a frame should not vntouched passe.*  
*Have I presume to pace you secret shade*  
*or quench my thirst at your forbidden spring*  
*O nimphe devine? o no such fault is made*  
*A thousand humble thoug<sup>h</sup><sup>ts</sup> can witness bring* [25]  
*Your simple swaine is giltles of that thing*  
     *Me list not so vncourteously to deale*  
     *With you the authors of my witty weale.*  
*Then gentle god, renew thy woonted grace*  
*And powre new sourse into my withered braine,* [30]  
*O let me brethe in thy most holy chase,*  
*O let me live thy sworne & vowed swaine*  
*What signes be these? my praiers are not vaine*  
     *Thrice Daphne shooke her never fading greene,*  
     *And faire Castalia above the bancks is seene /* [35]  
                     *Robert Allott*

---

157.22 *you*] sic

157.25 *thoug<sup>h</sup><sup>ts</sup>*] *h* interlined without caret

[158]

[f. 78v]

*Who sittes in ladye fortunes lappe:*

*he neede not hope but Chuse*

*his happe:*

*But I whom fortune doth desspyse,*

*doe ever falle, And never Ryse.*

[5]

*I: I.*

[159]

*A day, A nyght, An houre of sweete*

*Contente? is better then A worlde, Conshmed*

*in fretfull Care?*

*Vnequalle fates, in your arbytrymente,*

*to sorte vs dayes, whose sorrows endeles Are:*

[5]

*And yet what were it? As a fading flowre,*

*to swym in Ioy, A day A nyght An howre.*

*I: I.*

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I have assigned authors to poems in Hy based on the attributions in this collection and the supporting evidence from external printed and manuscript sources. Some of the authorship designations are less secure but the arguments for these decisions are put forward on a case-by-case basis in the commentaries to individual poems.

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<sup>156</sup> Based on a Latin poem by Catherine Killigrew.

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<sup>157</sup> Translated from Haddon (143a).

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