A thesis submitted for the degree of D.Phil.
at the University of Oxford,

By L.G. Black
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(See Vol.1, pp. 36-7)
The Coningesby Family

1. John of N. Solers
   /\...
   Mersey

2. William
   /\...
   Baldwin

3. Richard of Leominster
   /\...
   Matilda Furnevel

- Thomas of Rock (d. 1498)
  /\...
  Catherine Waldeff

- Sir Humphrey of Hampton Ct. (Ch. Justice, d. 1535)
  /\...
  Alice Fereby

See Over
b) The Coningesbys (Continued)

(Assembled from the various sources mentioned in Volume 1, page 5i.)
c) The Cornwallis Family

1. Sir Thomas (d.1544)
   //
   Anne Jerningham

   a. Anne Rokewode (d.1565)

   2. Henry (d.1598)
      //
      b. Anne Calybut

   3. Richard (d. by 1581)
      //
      Margaret Lowthe (1530-1603)

1. Sir William (d.1611)
   //
   Lucy Neville (d.1608)
   7th Earl of Argyll (c.1575-1618)

   a. Eliz. Fincham (d.1584)
      1. William (essayist)
      //
      2. Thomas

   2. Sir Charles (d.1629)
      //
      Anne Bevercotes

      b. Anne Barrow (living 1604)

6. Anne (d.1612)
   //
   Thomas Dade (d.1619)

(Extracted from the family trees in The Private Correspondence of Jane Lady Cornwallis 1613-1644 (1842) pp.xxxii-1, to show the members of the family named Anne.)
d) The Stanford Family

1. Robert of Perry Hall (living 1600)

2. William (London Mercer) (d. by 1541)
   // Margaret Gedney (d. by 1542)

3. Sir William of Hadley (Judge, 1509-58)
   // (m. by 1541)
   Alice Palmer (d. 1573)
   //
   Roger Carew Esq. (2nd husband)
   //
   (Henry Carew 1565-1626)

4. HENRY of Blackfriars (d. by 1616)
   //
   Margaret (unmar. in 1558, d. by 1629)
   (Twin with Henry)
   //
   1. Richard Astley (of Jewel Hse, d. by 1601)
   2. ...Eden
   //
   Frances
   //
   Thomas Repington
   [4 more sons]
   [5 more daughters]

(Extracted from Howard's Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica, vol. iii (1880) p. 73)
e) The Paget Family

1. Henry
   2nd Lord
   (1537-68)
   // (m.1567)
   Elizabeth
   (1568-71)
   Katherine
   Knyvett
   (d.1622)
   [mar. again, Sir Edward Carey of Aldenham (d.1618) - 9 children]

2. Thomas
   3rd Lord
   (1544-90)
   (fled Nov.1583)
   // (sep. Mar.1581/2)
   WILLIAM
   4th Lord (b. Dec.1572)
   Nazareth
   Newton
   [widow of Sir Thomas Southwell of Wood Rising (d.1568) - 1 daughter, Eliz.]

3. Charles
   (Catholic exile, fled 1572)

4. Edward
   (d. young)

SIX DAUGHTERS
SEE OVER
e) The Pagets (Continued)

- a. Ethelred
   // Sir Christopher Allen
   [In 1583: Charles, William Henry, Thomas
   John, Christopher; Mary, Anne, Frances,
   Dorothy, Elizabeth]

- b. Joan
   // Sir Thomas Kitson of Hengreve
   [No children by 1583]

- c. Anne
   // Sir Henry Lee
   John (d. young)
   Henry (d. young)
   [No children by 1583]

- d. Eleanor
   (d. by Dec. 1585) Mary
   // William Coles
   [a daughter in 1583]

2. Sir Rousland Clerk
   [In 1583, Elizabeth, Anne]

- e. Dorothy
   (d. by 1583)
   // Sir Thomas Halloughby of Collaton
   [No children]

- f. Grisild
   // Anne
   1. Sir Thomas Rivet of Chippenham
   2. Sir William Maldegrave of Smallbridge
      (mar. by 1583)

(Based on the family trees
in Chay's Staffordshire, (1798)
i.p.215; and the Visitation
of Staffordshire in William
f) The Carey Family

- Sir John of Hackney & Essex (d.1551)
- Thomas of Chilton
  - Joyce Denny (1496-1560)
  - Margaret Spencer

- William Esq. of Body to Henry VIII (d.1528)
  - Mary Boleyn

THE CAREYS OF HUNSDON SEE OVER

f) The Careys (Continued)

1. Sir George
   2nd Ld. Hunsdon
   (1547-1603)
   // (m. 1574)
   Elizabeth
   (1576-1635)
   // (m. 1596)
   Sir Thomas
   Berkeley
   (1575-1611)
   //
   Sir Robert Cole
   (b. 1596)

2. Sir Ferdinando
   (1591-1638)
   //
   1. Sir Robert
   (1583- )

3. Sir Edmund
   (1557-1637)
   //
   Mary Hyde
   (d. 1627)
   //
   Sir Edward Hoby
   (b. 1601)

4. Sir John
   3rd Ld. Hunsdon
   (d. 1617)
   //
   Sir Henry
   4th Ld. Hunsdon
   Earl of Dover
   (d. 1666)

5. Sir Francis
   Knollys
   (d. 1596)
   //
   Sir Edward Hoby
   (b. 1601)

6. Catherine
   (d. 1568)
   //
   sir Francis
   Knollys
   (d. 1596)

7. Sir Robert
   Earl of Lenmouth
   (1560-1639)
   // (m. 1593)
   Elizabeth
   Trevanion
   //
   Charles Howard
   Earl of Nottingham

a. Catherine
   //
   Philadelphia
   //
   Therefore, Ld. Berkeley
   Sir Edward Hoby

b. Margaret
   //
   Thomas, Ld.Berkeley
   Sir Edward Hoby

William
   Esq. of Body
   (d. 1528)

Mary
   Boleyn

Eliz. Spencer
   (d. 1618)

George
   Ld. Berkeley
   (b. 1601)
g) The Berkeley Family

Henry 7th Lord B. (1534-1613)

a. Katherine Howard (d.1596)

b. Jane Stanhope (d.1617)

Sir Thomas (1575-1611) // (m.1596)
Eliz. Carey (1576-1635)

Mary // (m.1584)
Sir Francis TOUCH

Frances // (m.1586)
George Shirley

Ferdinando (d. young)
Katherine (d. young)
June (d. young)

Theophila (b.1596) // (m.1613)
Sir Robert Cole

George 8th Lord B. (b.1601) // (m.1614)
Eliz. Stanhope

(From John Smyth's Lives of the Berkeleys, ed. Maclean (1883) passim.)
ACCESSORIES TO CHAPTER 3

THE FRENCH PRIMERO

1) "The French Primero" - the "a" version p.13

ii) "The French Primero" - the "b" version p.16

iii) The full textual collation p.19

iv) The complex of related items:

1-3: "The lords do now crave all" p.26
4 : "The French Pasquill" - in French p.27
5 : "The French Pasquill" - in English p.27
6-7: Other French political poems p.28
8 : Amurath's letter p.29
9 : "The Scottish Libel" p.30
10 : Answer to "The Scottish Libel" p.33
11-12: "The lords do now crave all" - adapted p.34

v) The full list of ESS and the complex of related texts p.35

Note: Where orthographic accidentals are given, they are those of the first text quoted.
i) **THE FRENCH PRIMERO - 1585**: the "a" version

The state of France as now it stands
Is like Primero at four hands,
Where some do vie, and some do hold,
And best assured may prove too bold.

The King was rash without regard,
And being Flush, would needs discard,
But first he passed it to the Guise,
And he, of nought, it straightway vies.

Navarre was next, and would not out,
For of his cards he had no doubt.
The wisest by thought his game best,
And edged him on to set his Rest.

But yet he paused and made a stay,
To give the Cardinal leave to play,
Who full faintly did hold the vie,
And watched advantage for to spy.

To give it over some friendly him tell,
But that poor soul, he durst not well,
For at his elbow then there stood
Too many of the Guise his blood,

Who jogged him on, and held him in,
To make a state for Guise to win,
And to go out the Cardinal one bids,
But Cardinals' hats make busy heads.
i) The "a" version (Continued)

The Rests great then gan to rise,
Whilst Philip wrought the gain for Guise,
And Spanish Pistols flew about,
To face and drive Navarra out.

And now the Pope did lend his curse,
For Navarre's game to make the worse,
But all in vain, it would not be,
Navarra swore he would it see.

All Rests were up, what should he get
To shrink away when Rests were set?
With that the Guise pipes at his guard,
"Help stock," quoth he, "else all is marred."

Queen Mother stood behind his back,
And taught him how to make the pack.
The King, that all their cards did know,
Said, "What! go less before you show!"

He profferred dalliance for to make,
To save himself and Guise's stake,
And we that saw them at this play
Did leave them there, and came our way.

Emendations
12. his Rest] his best Rest E26 24. make] makes E26
36. is marred] his marred E26 40. go] goes E26
41. He] And E26
i) The "a" version (Continued)

Text: MS Egerton 2642 f.324v [=E26]

Heading: The french Prymero
          Anno Dominicae Incarnaconis 1585

The Players wer theis: (The kinge; The gwyse;
                          (the k. of Navarre; The Cardynall

The Packers for the Gwyse: (King Phillippe; The Pope;
                          (And the queene Mother.
ii) The French Primero - 1585: the "b" version

The state of France as now it stands
Is like Primero at four hands,
Where some do vie, and some do hold,
And best assured may prove too bold.

The King was rash without regard,
And being Flush, would needs discard,
But first he passed it to the Guise,
And he, of nought, straightway it vies.

Navarre was next, and would not out,
For of his cards he had no doubt.
The Cardinal faintly held the vie,
And watched advantage for to spy.

For to go out his friends him bids,
But Cardinals' hats make busy heads.
All rests were up and all were in,
Whilst Philip wrought that Guise might win.
Queen Mother stood behind his back,
And taught him how to make his pack;
The King who all the cards did know,
Said, "what! go less before you show!"

He proffered dalliance for to make,
To save himself and Guise's stake,
And we that saw them and their play,
Did leave them there, and came away.

**Texts:**
- Cambridge MS Dd5.75 f.29 [Dd5] (Copy Text)
- Egerton MS 2642 f.232v [E26]
- Tanner MS 169 f.70v [T]
- Pierpont Morgan MS [PM]
- Folger MS V.a.89 f.18v [V89]
- Harley MS 3767 f.214v [H37]
- Harley MS 7392 f.62v [H73]
- Marsh's MS Z.3.21 f.22 [Z35]
- MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.104 [R85]
ii) The "b" version (Continued)

**Heading:** E26: "The State of Fraunce translated oute of frenche into Englishe Anno domini 1585"

**T1:** "The French Primero"

**PK:** "On the State of France under the Administration of the Guises by Sr Walter Rawleigh" [?later]

**Form:**
- 6 x 4 lines: Dd5,E26,PK,V89
- 24 lines: T1
- 20 lines: H37,H73
- 14 + 7 lines: Z35,R85
iii) The French Primero: Collation of Variants

Texts: 

- [E26a] MS Egerton 2642 f.324v (state "a") Base Text
- [E26b] MS Egerton 2642 f.232v (state "b")
- [Dd5] MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.29 (state "b")
- [T1] MS Tanner 169 f70v (state "b")
- [PM] MS Pierpont Morgan (state "b")*
- [V89] MS Folger V.a.89 f.18v (state "b")
- [H37] MS Harleian 3787 f.214v (state "c")
- [H73] MS Harleian 7392 f.62v (state "c")
- [235] MS Marsh 23.5.21 f.22 (state "d")
- [R85] MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.104 (state "d")

(* I have not seen this text but quote from Dr. Bühler's article)

Headings: 

- "The french Primero / Anno Dominicae Incarnaconis 1585." [E26a]
- "The State of Fraunce translated oute of frenche into Englishe Anno domini 1585" [E26b]
- "The French Primero" [T1]
- "On the State of France under the Administration of the Guises by Sr Walter Rawleigh" [PM] (later?)

Form: 

- 11 x 4 lines: E26a
- 6 x 4 lines: E26b,Dd5,PM,V89
- 24 lines: T1
- 20 lines: H37,H73
- 14 + 7 lines: 235,R85

1. The State of Fraunce As nowe it standes  
   it now  
   (Simple, type-1: scribal transposition)

2. ys like Prymero at fower handes  
   of  
   (Simple, type-2: not significant, depends on scribe's normal usage)

3. Where some do vye, and some do holde
iii) **Collation (Continued)**

4. And best assured may proove to bolde
   be
   be [\*]
   The
   be
   Butt
   be
   
   (proove/be is simple, type-2: proove is perhaps the lectio difficilior. The grouping is \E26a,Dd5,PM. And/The/Butt is complex: scribal substitution of conjunctions.)

5. The Kynge was Rashe, w/houte regarde

6. And being Flushe woold neades discards
   not
   
   (Simple, type-1: Harington implies that the holder of a Flush had to discard.)

7. But first he passed it vnto the Guyse
   to
   
   (Simple, type-2: vnto breaks the metre)

8. And he of Naught, it straight way vies
   straight way it
   straight way it
   straight ways it
   straightways of naughte it

   (E26b breaks the metre; straight way/ ways is simple, type-2: scribal usage. Triple transposition is complex - grouping is \E26a:V89.)

9. Navarra was next, and would not owte
   Navarre
   Naurar
   Navar in
   
   (Spelling of proper name – significant? V89 has simple, type-1 variant; scribe perhaps wrote in by attraction to out.)

10. For of his Gardes hee had no dowbt

11. (The Wysest, by thought his game best)

12. (& edged hym on to sete his best rest)

13. (But yeat hee paused, & made a steye)
iii) Collation (Continued)

14. (to give the Cardynall leave to playe)

15. Who full sayntly did hold the yue
   The Cardynall sayntly held    L26a
   The Cardynall sayntlier held    E26b, Dd5, T1, H37
   The Cardinall sayntly holdes    V89
   The Cardnall sayntly held his    H73
   The Cardinal he aloofe dothe lye    Z35, R85

(Divergence due to omission in all texts except E26a. Z35, R85 reading is significant; E26b, V89, H73 could be misreadings by scribes - simple, type-1. V89 is perhaps significant: grouping is E26a: V89: Z35, R85.)

16. and watched Advantage for to spye
   waitinge    V89
   And sekes to espyle    Z35, R85

(Z35, R85 readings are significant, type-2; V89 reading also significant? Grouping is E26a: V89: Z35, R85.)

17. (To give it over some freendely him tell)

18. (but that poore soule, hee durst not well,)

19. (for at his Ilboeye then there stoode)

20. (Too many of the Gwyse his bloode)    in L26a only

21. (who logged hym on, and held hym yn)

22. (To make a State for &vryze to wynne)

23. & to goe owe the Cardynall one bedes
   For to goe out his frendes him bides
   ................. Frend .........
   ........... on his frendes him leads
   & to give over his frendes him bides

(Again divergence due to omission in all except E26a. E26b could be scribal error. V89 is wrong from context - leads could be a misreading of bedes. Z35, R85 reading is type-2 and significant. Grouping is E26a: V89: Z35, R85.)
iii) Collation (Continued)

24. But Cardynalls hattes makes busy heddes make
for V89

(But/For is simple, type-1: substitution of conjunction. Make/makes is simple, type-2: probably not significant, reflects scribal usage.)

25. The Restes great then gan to ryse E26a
All wer vpp, and all wer ym
all rest were up and all were in
when restes were vp & vyes were in

L26a: V89: Z35, R85

(Divergence again due to omission in all except E26a. F1's rest is probably merely a scribal slip, omitting the plural contraction. Z35, R85 are aware of a lacuna, for they leave a space. Variants are significant: = L26a: V89: Z35, R85.)

26. Thyle Philipp vjrought the gayne for Guise E26b

Whilst the Cwyse might wynne E26b
Whyle the Guises might wyn
Thyle that Guise might wyn
Whyle workes that Guise might wyn
Till sought that Guysie might wyn
And wrought that guise might wyn
then wrought that Guyse might win

L26a: E26b: Z35, R85

(whiles/whilst/while could be merely scribal usage; And/then is conjunction substitution. works/sought could both derive from wrought but this is reversible. In the second half of the line E26a differs because of its extra material = E26a. Z35, R85 read together, but confusion of the/that is not really significant: could be scribal confusion of ye and yt contractions.)

27. (And Spanyshe Pistolls flewe abowte)

28. (To face and dryve Navarra oute)

29. (And nowe the Pope did lend his Curse)
iii) Collation (Continued)

30. (for Navarres game to make the worse)
31. (But all in vayne it wold not bee) in E26a only
32. (Navarra swore hee wold it see)
33. (All Restes wer upp what should hee gett)
34. (To shryncke away, when restes wer sett)
35. (With that the Gwyse pypes at his garde)
36. (Hilpe stokke quoth he, ells all his marde)
37. Queene Mother stode behynde his backe
   standes
   standeth at
   (Significant V89,235,R85 grouping? T1 has a terminal error. Derivation is perhaps
   =/T1 > V89,235,R85. Grouping is =: V89,235,R85.)
38. and taught hym howe to make the packe
   a
   his
   taught
   the cardes to packe
   (taught is simple, type-1: terminal, reflects scribal usage. 235,R85 have a significant grouping. his/the/a is probably not significant. =:235,R85.)
39. the Kings that all there Cardes did knowe
   who the
   which the
   that the
   that their wordes
   [oh.iti]
   (who/that/which: substitution of relatives - reversible. their/the: also reversible, perhaps misreading of yr/ye. Cardes/wordes: simple, type-1, could be confused in Secretary hand. Omission groups H37,H73.)
iii) Collation (Continued)

40. Said, what goes Lesse before you showe  
   go    we  
   go    you  
Sayes  go    you  
Sayth   goeth  we  
Sayethe  goes  we  
[OMIT]  
(Said/sayes/sayth and goes/go/goeth are reversible and depend partly on scribal usage. you/we may reflect a confusion over the meaning, or else scribal usage. Probably only the omission is significant, grouping H37,H73.)

41. And proffered Dallyaunce for to make  
   He  
So  
He prefers  
[OMIT]  
(And/He/So: scribal substitution. PM is simple, type-1. Omission groups H37,H73,235,R85.)

42. To save hym Sellffe and Gwyses stake  
   his owne  
hym selff   Gwyze his stake  
Then saues himselfe and Glues his stake  
[OMIT]  
(Then saues anticipates the outcome of the game; simple, type-1. V89 has also simple, type-1, perhaps by attraction to stake. The end of the line provides a classic example of a directional variant: Gwyses>Gwyze his>Glues his, perhaps a result of minim confusion by T1 scribe. Omission again links H37,H73,235,R85.)
iii) **Collation** (Continued)

43. *And wee that sawe them at this playe*
    and their playe
    him at this staie
    all their foule play
    did see all this playe
    I that stooed and sawe their play

    (PM,V89,T1 are terminal, type-1; Z35,R85 are grouped together again. *this/their* is simple, type-2, probably not significant. Grouping is 0=:
    T1;V89;PM:Z35,R85.)

44. *Did leave them there and came o' r waye*
    awaye
    my way
    went awaye
    him runne our waie

    (him/them is simple, type-1. *came/runne/wente*; PM is perhaps misreading of *came*, *wente* is perhaps by attraction to *awaye*, our way/awaye/my way: reversible, perhaps result of pressure of idiom such as *come your ways* and individual scribe's usage. Thus variants are not really significant, except to confirm that V89 and PM are terminal.)
iv) The Complex of Related Items

1) **MS Egerton 2642 f.236**
The Government of Frankne
nowe present Likewise translated
The Lordes do crave all
   The King doeth Accorde all
   The Parlyament doeth passe all
   The Queene Mother doeth governe all
   The Chaunceller doeth Seale all
   The Gwyze. is opposit, & gives all
   The Cardynall doeth heare all
   The Pope doeth pardon all
   Without god Helpe, the Devell will have all.

2) **MS Egerton 2642 f.325**
The State of Fraunce,
and Goverment perchaunce
Ruled then by willful Lore
Caused great Broyles for euermore
And therefore thus alowde doth say
Woo is my harte and well away
   The Lordes do nowe Crave all
   The Kings doth accorde all
   The Parlyament doeth passe all
   The Queene Mother doeth governe all
   The Chaunceller doethe Seale all
   The Gwyses is opposit, & gives all
   The Cardynall doeth heare all
   The Pope doeth pardon all
   And without the Lord god helpe All
   The Devell will shortly have all.

3) **MS Harl.4199 f.32**
The State of Fraunce in /y e 12 of/ September 1585
The Lordes doe crave all
The king accordes to all
The parliament doth passe all
The Chaunceller doth seale all
The Queene Mother governes all
Monshejr du pernon robs all
The guise opposeth him against all
The Cardinall dothe heare all
The Pope doth pardon all
(Without god) the Divell will take them all/
4) **MS Add.38823 f.30**

**A pasquill of Fraunce 1585**

Voyant de nostre temps l'inconstante maniere qui attend de heure, a autre, vn changement nouveau l'on peut accomparer, la france a vn tableau ou quatre grands IoUeurs, IoUent a la primere le roy, sur qui doit cheoir la perte toute entiere dit, passe si ie puis, bien que son Ieu soit beau le l'enuy, dict Burbon en quittant son chapeau sans veniz ce que luy vient, a la carte derniere Ie tiens (dict Espernon) y allast il de plus le Guysard (soubs espeoir de quelque petit flus) le enforce de son reste, et l'aulteny y hazard Mais le Roy catholique l'assistant tout debout en estant de moitie couuertement regard et luy fournist argent, pour en fin avoir tout.

5) **MS Harl.7392 f.60v**

Seinge the altrynge facions of our tyme

*Whyche dayly waye 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: (here at Prymero / 4 great gamesters sit.*

The Kynge on whom the entyre losse *should fall *shall

Sayes passe, (if *well I may) *my game being fayre

*that *although my game be fayre.

Burbon discharginge of his Cardynalls hatte

Dothe vye the game, not carynge what ensues/

Or what *good hap hys after cardes will brynge. *bad

Navar he vowes to hazard were it more.

The Guyse in hope but of a silly flushe/

Sets vp hys rests, and hazarde all their partes.

But Phyllyppe standyng at hys elbowes ende,

*Being hys halfe do secretly loke on,

*beinge halfe wythe hym

Lending hym money to discharge the game

In truthe *pretendynge to have rest and all.

*intendynge

fynis    [HRS C.N.] [added later then deleted]
6) MS Add.38823 f.69v

L'opinion et désir de plusieurs grands
personages touchant les affaires de France. 1586/

Le Roy. Je désiers la paix encore que la guerre je iure.
Duc de Guise. Si la paix se faict, mon espoir n'est plus rien.
Duc de Mayne. Par la guerre nous croist le crédit et le bien.
Cardinal de Guise. Le temps s'offre pour nous avec la couverture.
Le Roy de Navarre. Qui comptera sans moy, pensent que je
Comptera par deux fois, ie m'en assure.
Cardinal de Bourbon. Chascun peut bien compter cela qu'il
pretend sien.
La Royne Mere. Cependant que mon filz dure, la dispute ne
vaunt rien.
Le Pape. Neantmoins poursuiuons la saincte ligue, et les effects.
L'empereur. Le Roy perderra doncques la France et ses sujects.
Le Roy d'espaigane. Si la France se perd, ie l'auray bien tost
trouve.
La France. Tout beau, vous n'estes encore pour tel affaire
appelle,
je ne fault point tant des chiens pour vn os
Je osteray plustost l'ambition qui trouble mon repos.

7) MS Add.38823 f.47v

Sonnet de la France. 1587.

Plus ne fault endurer, La race de Bourbon
La ligue de Lorraine, Est la paix de la France
Ils tiennent en leur mains De l'estat la defense
Le fer pour nous tuer C'est la Religion.
Il faut doncq' abhorrer De Bourbons la maison
Catholiques desseings, Ont trouble l'insolence
Des tigres inhumains, De la fiere arrogance
Nous ouulans deuorer De leur ambition.
Qui est plus proche aux Roys Que la maison de Guise
Que le Roy Nauarrois, Ne pille plus l'eglise,
Contre l'usurpateur, Le ciel est irrite.
La Noblesse se plaint, D'un si cruel rauage
Voyant un coeur menteur, Qui d'une sanctete
Soubs un pretexte sainct. Couvre une ardente Rage.
A copy of a letter sent by the great lord, to the King of Navarre, translated out of Greek into French, and so into English.

Amarathus by the grace of God, noble Emperor of Constantinople, and both the Aseaes, Arabia, Syria, Africa, Jerusalem, and Europe, lord and Master of the whole sea: to the Henry, King of Navarre, which takest thy offspring, from the invincible stock of Bourbon, I wish health and happy success, for because thou art a most gentle and courteous prince, and being left very young of thy predecessors, we have heard the report of thy wisdom and courage, and Don Phillip of the house of Austria openly favouring thy adversaries, Endeavoureth to take from thee, thy kingdom of France, which, by right is due to thee, the which kingdom is in league with us. For that thou dost detest the worship of Images, the which thing also displeases God: if thou mayest worship Christ sincerely, whom thou supposest the Messiah of the world. I let thee understand, when as I detest such cruelty which onely respecteth his private profit I will undertake thy defence, & so suppress the insolence of thy enemies, and especially of that Cruell Spaniard, whose shouldeth wrongfully thy kingdom of Navar, the title of which thou onely enjoyest, that ever hereafter the memory of this thing shall remain, making the Conqueror and restoring the to thy kingdom, by my power which is fearful to the Universal world that all people shall wonder, as also all the kings thy neighbours seeing I am able /so/ to handle them, & to hould their noses to the grindstone that they shall not be able to displeasure thee: If this be acceptable to thee, & thou wilt accept this as the original of my amity I will send the 200 ships, for thy aid, when thou shalt need them, which shall arrive at the haven of Agnamort, as ready for thy assistance as thou shalt require them.
9) **The Scottish Libel**

The Scottishe Libell published Anno Dm 1587

Silke warre and wrange who ever sawe
And vnkettes straige as may be fawe
Your wheeme is gude, her game is faire
Yf she ought leese, you gaine but care
The States vnstable they Attorne
And yet nought able to perfurme /

Ienkyn the Germaine a partie is made
To thilke attempte he promysed ayede
And Henry of Denmarke worse then woode
Confirms those Crymes for verie gwde.
The king of Navarra of starke devocyon
ys well inclyned to thilke mocyon

---

2. vnkettes]vnkawtes Z35 may be fawe]now doe grew Z35
3. wheeme]weene Z35, A38 game]grace A38
4. you gaine]ye can A38
6. And yet nought]& naught are Z35
7. the Germaine]of Germany Z35 a partie is made]a partie made A38; as is sayd Z35
8. thilke]ilke Z35 he]haies Z38; hath Z35
9. And Henry]Frederick Z35
10. those Crymes]their crimes A38; this warcke Z35
11. of]for Z35
12. likes well of that ilke same motion Z35
9) **The Scottish Libel** (Continued)

The Pope the Filler of the kirke
holdes for wicked owe this werke
The king of Fraunce hee standes at a staye
And will saye neither yea nor naye
The king of Spayne ligges full cawme
and sorie hee ys to leese his awne.

The Emperours grace hee eythes good will

god keepe you Englishe men from ill
Stand well to your tackling & ken well to knowe
your owne from others lest you leese owe
And wee poore Scottes will lye a loofe
and crye you awine for oure behooffe /

God save my Lord Seaton
& the french Embassadorr
& our king to if he proue a catholicke.

---

13. The Pope]But the Pape Z35
14. holdes]he hauldes A38,Z35 wicked]naught of Z35
15. hee standes]standes Z35 at a staye]att staye A38
17. ligges]he ligges Z35; his liges A38
18. hee ys]is Z35
19. eythes]bares A38; kithes Z35
20. keepe you]keppe ye A38; shrewd ye Z35 men from]fra ther A38,Z35
21. stand well to]stand to A38
23. poore]pure A38,Z35
24. you awine]you came A38; awe ayme Z35
9) **The Scottish Libel** (Continued)

**Texts:** MS Egerton 2642 f.325 (Copy Text)
MS Additional 38823 f.69v [A38]
MS Marsh 23.5.21 f.21v [235]

**Heading:** "The Scottishe Coqalane. 1586 / " :A38

**Form:** A38 and 235 are in two stanzas of 12 lines each, and omit subscription.
The Awnswer to the said
Scottishe Libell Ao dm prd

Some playne of wrange, that cause the sore
Suche vnkettes straunge wee have some before
oure queene god blesse, who countes yt gaine
though shee with losse godes cause mayntayne
The States but men wee know them well
Wee rest on god on hym wee dwell./

Nooe Arme of fleshe, wee make oure staye
No Germanie, nor denmarke, we value that way
yet them, & theires as helps wee vse
suche helps from god who will refuse
Navrallas devocion to god is more trewe
then all the counterfeictes of the romyshe crue.

Your Pope the poysone of the kerke
by bloode & treason wold wynd the werke
the poore frenche had neade to staye
Ytt fittes hym best (bo pepe) to playe
Yf Phillipp of Spayne had but his right
wee not greatly feare his might./

Let the Emperours grace seeke peace and love
oure hope and strength is all above
wee Englishe men feare nothing so moche
As, least godes wraathe,oure synnes should touche
For you poore Scottes, wee ken your mynde
Wee knowe a Scotte must needes to kynde

God save oure Queene )
his churche and Realme ) Amen./
11) The Atheneum, Sept. 188?

The courtiers craved all
The Queene granted all
The Parlament passed all
The Keeper sealed all

The ladies ruled all
Mounsier Buyroome spoyled all
The crafty intelligencer herd all
The Busshoppes smoathed all

He that was apposed himself agaynst all
The Judges pardoned all
Therefore unless your Majestie spedely amend all
Without the great mercy of God the devill will have all.

12) MS Rawl. Poet. 26 f. 82

The view of our late estate
vnder our Q. Elizabeth.

The Lords craued all, & the Queene granted all:
The Parliament passed all, the Keeper sealed all.
The Mayds of Honour ruled all, the Bishops sooathed all.
Hee that was apposed hymselfe against all.
Monsieur Byron spoyled all.
The crafty Intelligencer heard all.
The Judges pardond all.
Therefore except your Matic. mend all,
Without God's mercy the great Deuill will haue all.
v) "The French Primero": List of MSS and the Complex of Related Texts

1) MS Egerton 2642: f.232v The French Primero, "b" text
   f.236 "The lords do now crave all"
   f.324v The French Primero, "a" text
   f.325 "The lords do now crave all"
   f.325v The Scottish Libel
2) MS Cambridge Dd5.75: f.29 The French Primero, "b" text
3) Pierpont Morgan MS sheet: The French Primero, "b" text
4) MS Folger V.a.89: f.18v The French Primero, "b" text
5) MS Tanner 169: f.70v The French Primero, "b" text
6) MS Harleian 3787: f.214 Amurath's letter, in English
   f.214v The French Primero, "c" text
7) MS Harleian 7392: f.60v The French Pasquill, in English
   f.62v The French Primero, "c" text
8) MS Marsh 23.5.21: f.21v The Scottish Libel
   f.22 The French Primero, "d" text
9) MS Rawl.Poet.85: f.104 The French Primero, "d" text
10) MS Additional 38823: f.30 The French Pasquill, in French
    f.69v The Scottish Libel
    ff.47v,69v French poems
11) MS Harleian 4199: f.32 "The lords do now crave all"
12) MS Rawl.Poet.26: f.82 "The lords do now crave all", adapted
13) MS Cotton Caligula E xiii: f.28 Amurath's letter, in French
14) The Athenæum, Sept.1887: "The lords do now crave all", adapted
ACCESSORIES TO CHAPTER 4

QUEEN ELIZABETH I

Texts and Collations

a) The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy p.37

b) Ah, silly pug, wert thou so sore afraid? p.40

[Text and variants of "when I was fair and young" given under Lord Oxford below, p.176]
a) The doubt of future foes

The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy.
For falsehood now doth flow, and subjects' faith doth ebb,
which should not be if reason ruled, or wisdom weaved the web.
But clouds of joys untied do cloak aspiring minds,
which turn to rain of late repent, by changed course of winds.
The top of hope suppressed, the root of rue shall be,
And fruitless all their grafted guile, as shortly you shall see.
a) The doubt of future foes (Continued)

The dazzled eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unsealed by worthy wights whose foresight falsehood finds.

The daughter of debate, that discord aye doth sow,
Shall reap no gain where former rule still peace hath taught to know.

No foreign banished wight shall anchor in this port,
Our realm brooks not seditious sects, let them elsewhere resort.

My rusty sword through rest shall first his edge employ
To poll their tops that seek such change, or gape for future joy.
a) The doubt of future foes (Continued)

**Texts:**
- MS Rawl.Poet.108 f.44v (Copy Text) [R10]
- MS Digby 138 f.159 [Dg]
- MS Egerton 2642 f.237v [E26]
- MS Harl.6933 f.8 [H693]
- MS Harl.7392 f.27v [H73]
- MS Petyt 538 vol.10 f.3v [P5]
- MS Arundel Harington, item 238 [AH]
- The Arte of English Poesie (1589) [E26v] [AEP]
- Harington's Nugae Antiquae (1769) p.58 [NA]

**Headings and Ascriptions:**

- **R10**: "Verses made by the Queenes Katie"
- **Dg**: "E. Reg." (twice)
- **E26**: "Certen verses made by the Queenes moste excellent Matie against the Rebells in the North Parte of England and in Norfolke & other places of the Realme. Ao ãm. 1569 et 1570."
- **H693**: "The following Ditty on the Factions raised by the Q. of Scots while Prisoner in England and was printed not long after, if not before, the beheading of the said Scots Queen."
- **H73**: "EL."
- **P5**: "Per Reginam"
- **AH**: "Elizabetha Regina."
- **AEP**: "...that dittie of her Maiesties own making..."
- **NA**: "It is of her Highness own enditing..."

**Note:** Dg has some altered readings, cited as DgC for the corrected reading and DgU for the reading before correction.

**Pattern of Variants:**

[Diagram illustrating the relationship between R10, E26, Dg, AH, NA, P5, H73, AEP, and H693]
b) **Ah, silly pug, wert thou so sore afraid?**

Ah, silly pug, wert thou so sore afraid?  
Mourn not, my Wat, nor be thou so dismayed;  
It passeth fickle fortune's power and skill  
To force my heart to think thee any ill.

No fortune base, thou sayest, shall alter thee,  
And may so blind a witch so conquer me?  
No, no, my pug, though fortune were not blind,  
Assure thyself she could not rule my mind.

Fortune, I know, sometime doth conquer kings,  
And rules and reigns on earth and earthly things;  
But never think fortune can bear the sway,  
If virtue watch and will her not obey.

Ne chose I thee by fickle fortune's rede,  
Ne she shall force me alter with such speed;  
But if to try this mistress jest with thee,

Pull up thy heart, suppress thy brackish tears,  
Torment thee not, but put away thy fears.

Dead to all joys and living unto woe,  
Slain quite by her that ne'er gave wise man blow,  
Revive again and live without all dread;  
The less afraid, the better thou shalt speed.
b)  

Ah, silly pug, wert thou so sore afraid? (Continued)

Text: Ms Petyt 538 vol.10 f.3

Ascription: "Per Reginam. / Walter Rawley."

Lines 5-6 and 11-12 are quoted in The Arte of English Poesie (1589) [2A3,2D1] one ascribed to "a great Princesse", and the other to "our soueraigne Lady". Variants are:

5. thou sayest]or frail  6. may]can
11. But never think]Never think you
12. Where virtue's force can cause her to obey.
ACCESSORIES TO CHAPTER 5

SIR EDWARD DYER

I : Table of Distribution of Texts  p. 43

II : Table of Grouping of Texts in the Main Sources  p. 44

III: Texts and Collations:

(i) Poems with good ascriptions
   a) Alas my heart, mine eye hath wronged thee  p. 46
   b) Amarillis was full fair  p. 48
   c) As rare to hear, as seldom to be seen  p. 59
   d) Before I die, fair dame, of me receive my [last adieu]  p. 61
   e) Divide my times, and rate my wretched hours  p. 63
   f) Fain would I, but I dare not  p. 67
   g) Fancy Farewell, that fed my fond delight  p. 70
   h) He that his mirth hath lost  p. 72
   i) I would it were not as it is  p. 86
   j) Prometheus, when first from heaven high [conspire]  p. 93

(ii) Doubtful poems
   l) Amidst the fairest mountain tops  p. 96
   m) My mind to me a kingdom is  p. 99
   n) Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth [rage]  p. 110
   o) The lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall  p. 112
   p) Where one would be, there not to be  p. 116
### Table I: Distribution of Texts

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>H73</th>
<th>R85</th>
<th>V89</th>
<th>235</th>
<th>Dd5</th>
<th>AH</th>
<th>H69</th>
<th>others</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alas my heart</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>PN,EH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amarillis</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>98v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>T3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amidst the fairest</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>R14</td>
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<tr>
<td>As rare to hear</td>
<td>23v</td>
<td>7v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>PN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Before I die</td>
<td>22v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(AEP)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Divide my times</td>
<td>69v</td>
<td>40v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>PN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fain would I</td>
<td>22</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>154</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fancy Farewell</td>
<td>51v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>172v</td>
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<tr>
<td>He that his mirth</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>109</td>
<td>11v</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>142</td>
<td>158v</td>
<td>T3, As7, HM</td>
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<tr>
<td>I would it were not</td>
<td>23v</td>
<td>6v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>43v</td>
<td>149v</td>
<td></td>
<td>(others)</td>
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<tr>
<td>My mind to me</td>
<td>73v</td>
<td>19v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>154v EH, etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prometheus</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>8v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>13</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>PN, CCCHA</td>
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<tr>
<td>Silence augmenteth</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>R14, etc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The lowest trees</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td>190</td>
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<tr>
<td>The man whose</td>
<td>34v</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>140v R14, etc</td>
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<tr>
<td>Where one would</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>13v</td>
<td></td>
<td>QE W</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Texts underlined are ascribable to Dyer. References are to folios except for AH references which are to poem numbers. Key to main sources:

- H73: MS Harl.7392
- R85: MS Rawl.Poet.85
- V89: MS Folger V.a.89
- 235: MS Marsh 23.5.21
- Dd5: MS Cambridge Dd5.75
- AH: MS Arundel Harington
- H69: MS Harl.6910
- FN: The Phoenix Nest (1593)
- EH: Englands Helicon (1600)
- T3: MS Tanner 306
- R14: MS Rawl.Poet.148

For other sigla, see texts and collations that follow.)
Table II: Grouping of poems in the main sources

i) **MS Harl.7392**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>item</th>
<th>poem</th>
<th>ascription</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>He that his mirth</td>
<td>Dyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Amarillis</td>
<td>Dyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Fain would I</td>
<td>DY.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Before I die</td>
<td>DY.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>As rare to hear</td>
<td>DY.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>I would it were not</td>
<td>DY.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Prometheus</td>
<td>DY.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Sidney's answer</td>
<td>SY.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>The man whose thoughts</td>
<td>Dyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>Fancy farewell</td>
<td>Dyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>115</td>
<td>Divide my times</td>
<td>Dier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>126</td>
<td>My mind to me</td>
<td>BALL.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ii) **MS Rawl.Poet.85**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>item</th>
<th>poem</th>
<th>ascription</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>I would it were not</td>
<td>Mr Dier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>The man whose thoughts</td>
<td>Mr Dier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>As rare to hear</td>
<td>Mr Dier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>More than most fair (Spenser)</td>
<td>Mr Dier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Prometheus</td>
<td>Mr Dier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Sidney's answer</td>
<td>S.P.S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>My mind to me</td>
<td>E. Dier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Divide my times</td>
<td>Mr Dier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>Fain would I</td>
<td>W.R.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>121</td>
<td>Amarillis</td>
<td>E. Dier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>134</td>
<td>He that his mirth</td>
<td>E. Dier</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

iii) **MS Folger V.a.89**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>item</th>
<th>poem</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>I would it were not</td>
<td>Dyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>As rare to hear</td>
<td>Dier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Prometheus</td>
<td>Dier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Where one would</td>
<td>Dier (deleted)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Sidney's answer sonnet</td>
<td>S.P.Sydney</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Table II (Continued)

iv) MS Harl.6910

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>item</th>
<th>poem</th>
<th>ascription</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>107</td>
<td>The lowest trees</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>133</td>
<td>I would it were not</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>145</td>
<td>Pain would I</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>146</td>
<td>Prometheus</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>180</td>
<td>He that his mirth</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>205</td>
<td>The man whose thoughts</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>213</td>
<td>Fancy farewell</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>214</td>
<td>As rare to hear</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

v) MS Marsh 23.5.21

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>item</th>
<th>poem</th>
<th>ascription</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>He that his mirth</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Amarillis</td>
<td>G.Dier</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

He that his mirth and Amarillis also appear, grouped together, in MS Tanner 306.
a) Alas my heart, mine eye hath wronged thee

Alas my heart, mine eye hath wronged thee,
Presumptuous eye, to gaze on Phillis' face:
Whose heavenly eye no mortal man may see,
But he must die, or purchase Phillis' grace.

Poor Coridon, the Nymph whose eye doth move thee,
Doth love to draw, but is not drawn to love thee.

Her beauty, Nature's pride and shepherds' praise,
Her eye, the heavenly Planet of my life,
Her matchless wit and grace her fame displays,
As if that Jove had made her for his wife.

Only her eyes shoot fiery darts to kill,
Yet is her heart as cold as Caucase hill.

My wings too weak to fly against the sun,
Mine eyes unable to sustain her light,
My heart doth yield that I am quite undone,
Thus hath fair Phillis slain me with her sight.

My bud is blasted, withered is my leaf,
And all my corn is rotted in the sheaf.

Phillis, the golden fetter of my mind,
My fancy's idol, and my vital power,
Goddess of Nymphs, and honour of thy kind,
This age's Phoenix, beauty's bravest bower,

Poor Coridon for love of thee must die,
Thy beauty's thrall, and conquest of thine eye.
47

a) Alas my heart (Continued)

Leave, Coridon, to plough the barren field,
Thy buds of hope are blasted with disgrace,
For Phillis' looks no hearty love do yield,
Nor can she love, for all her lovely face.

Die, Coridon, the spoil of Phillis' eye,
She cannot love, and therefore thou must die.

Texts: The Phoenix Nest (1593) [I3] (Copy Text) [FN]
Englands Helicon (1600) [L2] [EH]
EH ascribes "S.E.Dyer" and heads "Coridon to his Phillis".
EH text apparently copied from FN.
b) **Amarillus was full fair**

Amarillus was full fair,
The goodliest maid was she
From the east unto the west
That heaven's eye could see.

To Diana at her birth
Her parents did her give,
All untouched, a maiden's life,
During her days to live.

Whose behest she constant kept,
And wholly was inclined
To be free to gain great fame,
And win each worthy mind.

As there was good cause enough,
So was she honoured most;
They that had her seen abroad,
At home would make their boast.

Two there were that her beheld,
And would have done so ever:
Happy men, yea happy thrice
If they had done so never!

---

6. parents] parent T3
7. maiden's] virgin's H73
11. gain great fame] get great praise R85, Z35
18. And] who R85
19. men] man T3; they R85  thrice] twice T3
b) **Amarillis** (Continued)

Coridon and Caramell,
That long in dear accord
Led their lives, and neither wished
Of other to be lord.

All the goods that each possessed,
Of body, wealth or mind,
Were employed to other's use,
As each by proof did find.

They had no cause to envy ought
The ancient words of praise
Of Damon or of Pitheas,
And others in those days.

Good and sure their friendship was,
Till Amarillis fine
Had the power, perhaps the will,
The band for to untwine.
b) **Amarillis** (Continued)

Yea the boy, that blinded god,
In great despite complained
That on earth alone they were
That his laws quite disdained.

Whereupon his strongest bow
And arrows sharp he hent,
And in Amarillis' eyes
He slyly pight his tent.

Where he lay to watch both time
And place for his avail,
For the wights that wist not yet
What foe should them assail.

One of his two shafts was dipt
In bitter juice as gall,
The other in a pleasant wine,
And poison mixed withal.
b) **Amarillis** (Continued)

And as they smacked of divers sauce,
So diversely they wrought,
By despair the one to death,
By vain hope the other brought.

With the first was Coridon
Through pierced to the heart,
Caramell within his breast
Felt of the second smart.

But with gold both headed were,
Which bred a like desire;
Pain they would within their breast
Have hidden deep the fire.

But without it must appear
That burnt so hot within;
Hard it is the flame to hide
That it no issue win.
b) **Amarillis** (Continued)

And in time strange looks began,
That sprang of jealousy;
Full of care, each lay in wait,
His fellow to descry.

In the end twixt these two friends,
All friendly parts decayed;
Both were bent to please themselves,
His friend's case nothing weighed.

Amarillis' love was sought
With all they could devise,
Yea, with all the power of man,
And prayer to the skies.

All she saw, and heard their moan,
As Aspis doth the charm,
Now and then she blamed them both,
As guilty of their harm.
b) **Amarillis** (Continued)

Now to the one she would give ear,
Then put the other off;
By and by each did suspect
His friend the cause thereof.

But the trust by trial past
Made them their doom suspend,
And in deed she used them most
When passion did offend.

He had need of store of time
That would his pen prepare
To set forth all their agonies,
Their dread, hope, joy and care.

But in vain they spent their days,
Their labour all was lost;
She was furthest from their meed
When they forweened most.

---

86. *Then* R85, Z35
87. *Alluring him by courtesy* R85, Z35
88. *And taunting him by scoff* R85; *And taunting this by scoff* Z35
89. *the* R85
91. *them most* R85, Z35, H73
92. *where* R73, R85, Z35  *passion* H73
95. *all* R85, Z35
96. *Their* R85  *joy* R85  *care* R85, Z35
97. *days* R85, Z35
99. *For she* R73
100. *When* R85, Z35
b) **Amarillis** (Continued)

Coridon waxt pale and lean,
His young hairs turned hoar,
Feats of arms, the horse, the hawk,
He left and used no more.

He had found that Amarill
Sought glory more than love,
And that she forced not his harms
Her beauty's power to prove.

Yet he could not leave to love,
But yielding to despair,
Rent his heart, his corpse fell down,
His ghost fled in the air.

Caramell thought women kind,
Was apt to change and bow,
And believed to please himself
What fancy did allow.
b) Amarillis (Continued)

But belief ne makes the cause,
Ne weaving works the web;
In the tide his travail came,
He thrived in the ebb. 120

At the last his vain hope him
No longer could sustain,
In his longing he consumed,
Life could not him retain.

Amarillis heard of this,
And pity moved withal,
Much did rue so hard a hap
On such faith should befall.

To Diana straight she hies,
Whom waited on she found
With a train of all the dames
Whose chaste name fame doth sound.
b) **Amarillis** (Continued)

Unto her in humble wise,
She said she came to sue
That those two too loving things
Might be transformed anew.

In her arms the goddess mild
Her darling soft did strain.
"What is it that you," quoth she,
"Of me may not obtain?"

Therewithall Sir Caramell
A yellow flower became,
Sweet of scent and much esteemed,
And Hearts ease hath to name.

Amarillis plucked the flower,
And wore it on her head;
Sometime she laid it on her lap,
And sometime on her bed.
b) **Amarillis** (Continued)

Caramell most happy flower,  
And most unhappy man,  
In thy life thou hadst thy death,  
In death thy life began.

Coridon turned to an owl,  
Fled to the wilderness,  
Never flocks, but leads his life  
In solitariness.

Not his eyes can yet behold  
The dear light of the sun,  
But aloof he steals his flight,  
And in the dark doth come.

Amarillis to the wood  
At some time will repair,  
And delights to hear the lay  
And tune of his despair.
b) *Amarillis* (Continued)

Well I wot what here is meant,
And though a tale it seem,
Shadows have their bodies by,
And so of this esteem.

Ye behind that chance to hear,
And do not praise their speed,
Give them thanks for you by them
Are warned to take heed.

---

167. bodies] substance R85

H73 omits lines 169-172
169. Ye that chance this for to hear R85, 235

Texts: MS Tanner 306 f. 174 (Copy Text) [T3 ]
       MS Harl. 7392 f. 15 [H73]
       MS Marsh 23. 5. 21 f. 15 [235]
       MS Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 99 [R85]

Ascriptions: H73: "Dyer"
235: "G. Dier"
R85: "E. Dier"

Possible Stemma:
c) **As rare to hear, as seldom to be seen**

As rare to hear, as seldom to be seen,

It cannot be, nor ever yet hath been,

That fire should burn with perfect heat and flame,

Without some matter for to yield the same.

A stranger case, yet true by proof I know,

A man in joy that liveth still in woe,

A harder hap, who hath his love at list,

And lives in love as he all love had missed.

Who hath enough, yet thinks he lives without,

To lack no love, yet still to stand in doubt,

What discontent, to live in such desire,

To have his will, and ever to require.

---

2.ever]never H73U,R85,V89
4.for]fit H69
5.know]find V89,H69
6.liveth]lived PN
7.Burnt with desire, and doth possess at will PN;
   Burnt with desire, yet doth possess at will H69
8.And]Yet R85 missed]lost V89
8.Enjoying all, yet all desiring still PN,H69
10.To lack]To want PN,H69; Lacking R85
   yet still]and yet PN,H69 to stand]he stands R85
12.and]yet R85,PN,H69
c) As rare to hear (Continued)

Texts: MS Harl.7392 f.23 (Copy Text) [H73]
MS Folger V.a.89 f.11 [V89]
MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.7v [R85]
MS Harl.6910 f.173 [H69]
The Phoenix Nest (1593) [L2] [FN]

Ascriptions: H73: "DY."
R85: "Mr Dier"

Note: H73 has an altered reading, cited H73U before alteration.

Pattern of Variants: 

```
H73  
|    
V89  
|    
R85  
|    
H69  
|    
    PN
```
Before I die, fair dame, of me receive my last adieu,
Account my helpless grief no jest, for time shall prove it true.
My tears were signs of sorrows, fit for all my former care,
When yet my woes were very young, but now so great they are
As all my store consumed quite, the only eyes remain
Which turning up their sight to heaven, lament their Mistress' pain
With ghastly staring looks, even such as may my death foretell,
The only mean for me, poor soul, to shun an earthly hell.
But now, my dear, for so my love doth make me call thee still,
That love, I say, that luckless love, which works me all this ill,
This ill whereof, sweet soul, thou art at all no cause,
Both hand and heart, with frank consent, acquits thee of the laws.
Thou knowest, in tender years, before my prime awhile,
Cupid, at the sight of thee, my senses did beguile.
It was a world of joys, for me to live within thy sight,
Thy sacred presence unto me did give so great delight.
It was a heaven to me, to view thy face divine,
Wherein, besides Dame Venus' stain, great majesty did shine.
These things, like foolish singed fly, at first made me my game,
Till time and riper years, came on, my woes to frame.
For at the last I felt it work, and did bethink me how
Unproved yet, my mistress would her servant's love allow.
Thus long in this conceit I lived, and durst it not bewray,
Whereby both former mirth, and strength, and health did soon decay.
Thyself didst seem, with gracious eye, to pity my distress,
The cause unknown; yet was I far from hope of all redress.
For like the silly lamb that makes no noise until he dies,
d) **Before I die** (Continued)

Even so I secret kept my tongue, but told it with mine eyes. Yet this I counted for a toy, as long as I might be Without suspect of jealous heads, in company of thee. But when thy choice was made, and fortune framed it so As neither I, nor you, nor he, did but endure some woe, Then did my joys take end, such force hath jealousy, That both their own, and others too, my harms they wrought [thereby.

Well, this is all my suit, which thou in no case canst deny, When turning time shall end my days by fatal destiny, Which now, by open signs, I find comes roundly towards me, This recompense for all my pains I do require of thee. Vouchsafe to visit, for my sake, my everlasting grave, Stay there until my latest rites the priest performed have. Thus Charity commands; but something yet there comes behind, Which, if thou grantest to perform, will argue thee more kind. Each year, upon the blessed day wherein my life took end, Unto my tomb repair, where I thy coming will attend. Good mistress, there confess my rare renowned love, The loyal heart I bare, which death could not remove. And when thou hast done this, then tell the world from me, My suit at no time did exceed the bands of modesty. Of one thing yet beware: sigh not, nor shed no tear, Lest that my torments do renew when I thy sorrows fear.

---

Text: *MS Harl.7392 f.22v*, ascribed "DY."

Lines 9-10 quoted in *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589)[V1], as of "maister Diar".
Divide my times, and rate my wretched hours,
From days to months, from months to many years,
And then compare my sweetest with my sours,
To see which more in equal view appears,
And judge if for my days and years of care,
I have but hours of comfort to compare.

Just, and not much, it were in these extremes,
So hard a touch and torment of the thought,
For any mind that any right esteems,
To yield so small delight, so dearly bought.
But he that lives unto his own despite
Is not to find his fortune by his right.

The life that still runs forth his weary ways,
With sour to sawce the dainties of delight,
With care to choke the pleasure of his days,
With no regard those many wrongs to quite,
I blame and hold such irksome times in hate,
As but to lose, prolongs a wretched state.
e) **Divide my times** (Continued)

And still I loathe even to behold the light  
That shines without all pleasure to mine eyes,  
With greedy wish I wait for weary night,  
Yet neither this I find that may suffice.  
Not that I hold the day for more delight,  
But that alike I loathe both day and night.

The day, I see, yields but increase of care,  
The night, that should by nature serve to rest,  
Against his kind denies such ease to spare  
As pity would afford the mind oppressed;  
And broken sleeps oft times present in sight  
A dreaming wish, beguiled with false delight.

This sleep, or else what so for sleep appears,  
Is unto me but pleasure in despite;  
The flower of age, the name of younger years,  
Do but usurp the title of delight;  
But careful thoughts, and sorrow's sundry ways,  
Consume my youth before mine aged days.
e) Divide my times (Continued)

The touch, the sting, the torments of desire,
Do strive beyond the compass of restraint;
Kept from the reach where to it would aspire,
Gives cause, alas, too just to my complaint.

Besides, the wrong which worketh my distress,
My meaning is with silence to suppress.

Oft with myself I enter in device,
To reconcile my weary thoughts to peace;
I treat for truce, I flatter and entice
My wrangling wits to work for their release.

But all in vain I seek the means to find
That might appease the discord of my mind.

For when I force a feigned mirth to show,
And would forget, and so beguile my grief,
I cannot rid myself of sorrow so,
Although I feed upon a false belief.

For inward touch of uncontented mind
Returns my cares by course unto their kind.
e) Divide my times (Continued)

Weaned from my will, and thus by trial taught
How far to hold all fortune in regard,
Though here I boast a knowledge dearly bought,
Yet this poor gain I reap for my reward:
   I know hereby to harden and prepare
   A ready mind for all assaults of care.

Where to, as one even from the cradle born,
And not to look for better to ensue,
I yield myself, and wish these times outworn
That but remain, my torments to renew;
   And leave to those these days of my despite
   Whose better hap may live to more delight.

---

55. *Weaned* [Wrong] *Wained* PN
56. *far* [Wrong] *for* R85, PN
59. *know* [Wrong] *learn* PN
61. *the* [Wrong] *my* R85, PN

Texts: MS Harl. 7392 f. 69v (Copy Text) [H73]
       MS Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 40 [R85]
       The Phoenix Nest (1593) [M4v] [PN]

Ascriptions: H73: "Dier"
             R85: "Mr Dier"

Note: MS Harl. 7392 f. 11v has the couplet,
      "Repentant thoughts for overpassed May; 
      Consume my youth before mine aged days"
      (C.f. lines 35-36)

Possible stemma

```
   01 02
   H73 R85 PN
```
f) Fain would I, but I dare not

Pain would I, but I dare not;
   I dare, and yet I may not;
I may, although I care not
   For pleasure, when I play not.

You laugh, because you like not;
   I jest, and yet I joy not;
You pierce, although you strike not;
   I strike, and yet annoy not.

I spy, and yet I speak not;
   For oft I speak and speed not;
Yet of my wounds you reck not,
   Because you see they bleed not.

Yet bleed they when you see not;
   Though you the pains endure not;
Of noble minds they be not,
   That ever kill and care not.
f) 

Fain would I, (Continued)

I see, and yet I view not;
   I wish, although I crave not;
I serve, although I sue not;
   I hope for that I have not.

I catch, and yet I hold not;
   I burn, although I flame not;
I seem, whereas I would not;
   And where I seem, I am not.

Yours am I, though I seem not;
   And will be, though I show not;
Mine outward deeds then deem not,
   When mine intent you know not.

But if my service prove not
   Most sure, although I sue not,
Withdraw your mind, and love not,
   And for my rhyme rue not.

\textbf{Lenvoy}

If sweet from sour might any way remove,
What joy, what hap, what heaven were like love.
f) Fain would I, (Continued)

Texts: MS Harl.7392 f.22 (Copy Text) [H73]
       MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.43v [R85]
       MS Harl.6910 f.154 [H69]

Ascriptions: H73: "DY." heads "Ferenda Natura"
              R85: "W.R." (perhaps added later)

Notes: H69 is in three stanzas of eight lines each.
       H73 has an altered reading, cited H73C in its altered form.

Possible stemma:

```
   01
  /   \
 02   \
   \
  H73
   /
  R85
   /
  H69
```
g) **Fancy farewell, that fed my fond delight**

Fancy farewell, that fed my fond delight,
Delight adieu, the cause of my desires,
Desires adieu, that cost me such despite
Despite adieu, for death doth lend redress.
And death adieu, for though I thus be slain,
In thy despite I hope to live again.

Sweet heart farewell, whose love hath wrought my woe,
And farewell woe, that wearied hast my wits,
And farewell wit, which will bewitched so,
And farewell will, O full of frantic fits.
Franzy farewell, whose force I feel too sore,
And farewell feeling, for I feel no more.

And life adieu, that I have loved and loathed,
And farewell love, that mak'st me loathe my life,
Both love and life, farewell unto you both,
Twixt hope and dread, farewell all foolish strife.
Folly farewell, which I have fancied so,
And farewell fancy, that first wrought my woe.
g) **Fancy farewell**, (Continued)

**Text:** MS Harl.7392, f.51v, ascribed "[H-Θ] Dyer"

**Variant Version** in MS Harl.6910 f.172v reads:

Cease sorrows now, for thou hast done thy deed,
Lo, care hath now consumed my carcase quite.
No hope can help, nor help can stand in stead,
For doleful death doth cut off my delight.
Yet whilst I hear the tolling of the bell,
Before I die, I sing this last farewell.

Fancy farewell, that fed my fond delight,
Delight adieu, the cause of my distress,
Distress farewell, that caused no such despite,
Despite adieu, for death doth send release.

(Cf. also "No faith on earth, sweet fancy then adieu" in *The Arbor of amorous Deuises* (1597)[E2v].)
h) He that his mirth hath lost

He that his mirth hath lost,
Whose comfort is dismayed,
Whose hope is vain, whose faith is scorned,
Whose trust is all betrayed;

If he hath held them dear,
And cannot cease to moan,
Come, let him take his place by me,
He shall not rue alone.

But if the smallest sweet
Be mixed with all his sour,
If in the day, the month, the year,
He feel one lightening hour,

Then rest he with himself,
He is no mate for me,
Whose fare is fallen, whose succour void,
Whose hurt his death must be.
h) **He that his mirth** (Continued)

Yet not the wished death,
That hath no plaint nor lack,
Which, making free the better part,
Is only nature's wrack.

O no, that were too well,
My death is of the mind,
Which always yields extremest pains,
And keeps the least behind.

As one that lives in show,
Yet inwardly doth die,
Whose knowledge is a bloody field
Where all help slain doth lie.
h) He that his mirth (Continued)

Whose heart the altar is,
Whose spirit the sacrifice,
Unto the powers whom to appease
No sorrows can suffice.

My fancies are like thorns
On which I go by night,
Mine arguments are like an host
That force hath put to flight.

My sense my passion's spy,
My thoughts like ruins old
Of famous Carthage, or the town
That Sinon bought and sold.

30. Whose] His H69C, H73, Z35, AH the] to H69, AH; a Dd5
32. sorrows] sorrow H69, H73, Dd5; succours Z35 can] may Dd5
33. My] Whose As7 fancies] senses H69
34. go] walk H73
35. Mine] My H73, Z35; Whose As7 arguments are] rusty hope is H73 like] as Dd5
36. That] Which H69, Z35; Whom H73, Dd5; Whose AH force] fear T3; foes H73 hath] have H73; is AH
37. My] Whose As7; omits R85C sense] senses T3 my passion's spy] passions are T3; is my passion's spy R85C; and passions pine Z35; the passion's spy Dd5; whose thoughts As7
38. My thoughts] My thought AH; Whose passions As7 ruins] ruin Z35
39. Of Carthage or the famous town As7 or the town] or the towns H69; and of Troy H1 I
40. That] Which H69, H73, Z35, Dd5, AH
h) **He that his mirth** (Continued)

Which still before mine eyes
My mortal fall doth lay,
Whom love and fortune once advanced
And now have cast away.

O thoughts, no thoughts but wounds,
Sometimes the seat of joy,
Sometimes the store of quiet rest,
But now of all annoy.

I sowed the soil of peace,
My bliss was in the spring,
And day by day I eat the fruit
That my life's tree doth bring.
h) **He that his mirth** (Continued)

To nettles now my corn,
My field is turned to flint,
Where sitting in the Cypress shade,
I read the Hyacinth.

The peace, the rest, the life,
That I enjoyed of yore,
Came to my lot that by the loss
My smart might sting the more.

So, to unhappy men,
The best frames to the worst;
O time, O place, O words, O looks,
Dear then, but now accurst.
h) He that his mirth (Continued)

In was stands my delight,
In is and shall my woe,
My horror fastened in the yea,
My hope hangs in the no.

I look for no relief,
Relief will come too late,
Too late I find, I find too well,
Too well stood mine estate.

Behold, such is the end,
What pleasure here is sure
Where nothing else but care and plaint
Doth to the world endure?

65.stands]stood H69,As7
68.hope hangs]hope hanged H69,AH; hopes hang HM in]on R85
69.relief]release T3; delight As7
70.Relief]Release T3; Delight As7 will]doth T3;
    would R85,Dd5,AH,HM
71.Too late I find too well Z35
72.Too well]Sometime Dd5 mine]my H69,H73,Z35,Dd5,HM
H73,HM omit lines 73-80
73.such]here As7
74.What pleasure]What thing may H69; And nothing R85,As7
    is]be H69
75.Where]Oh H69,Dd5; Ah R85,Z35,AH,As7 care and plaint]
    plaints and moan H69; plaint and care R85; plaints and
care Z35; cares and plaints AH; plaints and cares As7
76.doth]may T3
h) He that his mirth (Continued)

Forsaken first was I,
Then utterly forgotten,
And he that came not to my faith
To my reward hath gotten.

Then love, where is this sauce,
That makes thy torments sweet?
Where is the cause that some have thought
Their death through thee but meet?

Thy stately chaste disdain,
Thy secret thankfulness,
Thy grace reserved, thy common light
That shines in worthiness.

H69 omits lines 77-80
77. was] am R85,Z35,Dd5,AH
78. Then] Yee AH; And Z35
79. he] they Z35,Dd5,AH came not] ne'er came Dd5 to] near AH
80. To] Of Dd5 hath] have Z35,Dd5; are AH gotten] creepen Z35
81. Then] Now H73,As7 this] the H69,H73,R85,Z35,Dd5; thy AH, As7,HM sauce] force H73; cause R85; favour HM
82. makes] make As7 torments] sour Z35
83. Where] What As7 cause] hap H73; sauce Z35 some have thought] some through thee H73,As7; many think Dd5; men have thought HM
84. Have thought their death but meet H73,As7; Thy death for thee most meet R85 death] deaths Z35 through] for AH
86. Thy] The H69,H73,R85,Z35,Dd5,AH,HM thankfulness] shamefastness R85
h) He that his mirth (Continued)

O that it were not so,
Or that I could excuse,
Or that the wrath of jealousy
My judgement might abuse.

O frail unconstant kind,
O safe in trust to no man;
No women angels be, and lo
My mistress is a woman.

Yet hate I but the fault,
And not the faulty one;
Ne can I rid me of those bands
In which I lie alone.
h) He that his mirth (Continued)

Alone I lie, whose like
In love was never yet,
The prince, the poor, the old, the young,
The fond, or full of wit.

Hers still remain must I,
By death, by wrong, by shame;
I cannot blot out of my breast
That love wrought in her name.

I cannot set at naught
That once I held so dear,
I cannot make it seem so far,
That is indeed so near.
h) *He that his mirth* (Continued)

Not that I mean henceforth
This strange will to profess,
As one that would betray such truth
To build on fickleness.

But it shall never fail,
That my word gave in hand,
I gave my word, my word gave me,
Both word and gift shall stand.

Sith that it must be thus,
And this is all to ill,
I yield me captive to my course,
My hard fate to fulfil.

113. Not that I; Nor that I AH; Ne yet I Dd5; I do not H!
114. This] Such HM profess possess H73
115. As to betray such tickle truths H73; I never will betray such truth AS7 would] could R85, Dd5, AH, H!
116. To build] As builds H73; To bind Z35; And build R85
117. For never shall it fail H73; Nor shall it ever fail AS7
But] For Dd5 it] that R85C
118. word gave] faith bare R85, Z35, Dd5, AH, H! in] on AS7
120. word and gift] word and deed T3; gift and word H73
121. But since that it is thus H69; And since my choice is such H73 that] then R85, Dd5, AH, AS7, H!; needs Z35
122. And this] And thus H69, R85; The which H73
123. yield] hold R85 course] curse H73, R85, Dd5, AH; cares Z35
h) He that his mirth (Continued)

The solitary wood
My city shall become,
The darkest den shall be my lodge,
To which no light shall come.

Of heben black my board,
The worms my feast shall be,
Wherewith my carcase shall be fed,
Until they feed on me.

My wine of Niobe,
My bed of craggy rock,
The serpent's hiss my harmony,
The screeching owl my clock.
h) He that his mirth (Continued)

Mine exercise naught else
But raging agonies,
My books of spiteful fortune's foils,
And dreary tragedies.

My walk the path of plaint,
My prospect into Hell,
Where wretched Sisyphe and his feres
In endless pain do dwell.

And though I seem to use
The feigning poet's style,
To figure forth my rueful plight,
My fall and my exile,
h) He that his mirth (Continued)

Yet is my grief not feigned,
Wherein I starve and pine.
Who feel it most shall find it least
If his compares with mine.

My song, if any ask
Whose grievous case is such,
Die ere thou let his name be known,
His folly shows too much.

But best is thee to hide,
And never come to light,
For on the earth may none but I
This accent sound aright.
h) He that his mirth (Continued)

[And so an end, my tale is told,
His life is but disdained,
Whose sorrows present pain him so,
His pleasures are full feigned.]
i) **I would it were not as it is**

I would it were not as it is,
Or that I cared not yea or no;
I would I thought it not amiss,
Or that amiss might blameless go;
    I would it were, yet would I not;
    I might be glad, yet could I not.

I would desire knew the mean,
Or that the mean desire sought;
I would I could my fancy wean
From such sweet joys which love hath wrought;
    Only my wish is, least of all,
    A badge whereby to know a thrall.

5. I would I wish Dd5, H69 were not V89 yet would]yet should Dd5
7. mean]means V89 sought ]knew Dd5
8. my]not V89
9. such]these Dd5; those H69 joys ... wrought ]joys as love hath wrought R85; thoughts that do ensue Dd5; thoughts that love hath wrought H69
10. Only]But now H69 least of ]least at H73; lost at V89
11. to ... a ]we know the Dd5; is known the H69
i) **I would it were not** (Continued)

O happy man that dost aspire
To that which thou mayst seemly crave!
Thrice happy man, for thy desire
May ween with hope, good hap to have.
   But woe is me, unhappy man,
   Whom hope nor hap a-quiet can.

The buds of hope are starved with fear,
And still his foe presents his face;
My state, if hope the palm should bear
Unto my hap, would be disgrace,
   As diamond in wood were set,
   Or Irus' rags in gold yfret.

---

13. that] which R85, V89
14. thou ... seemly] seemly thou dost R85
15. Thrice] Twice Dd5 man ... thy] man, if thy R85; for thy
   heart's Dd5, H69
16. ween] win R85; join Dd5, H69
17. is] to R85
18. hap] help H73 a-quiet] make quiet V89; acquit it Dd5
   nor quiet H69
19. My life in hope is life with fear Dd5
20. his foe] my sore Dd5; my fear H69
21. state] fate Dd5 hope ... should] hap ... did Dd5, H69
22. hap] hope H69
23. diamond] diamonds H69
24. in ... yfret] with golden fret Dd5, H69
I would it were not (Continued)

For lo, my tired shoulders bear
Desire's weary beating wings,
And at my feet a clog I wear,
Tied on with self-disdaining strings:
   My wings to mount aloft make haste,
   My clog doth sink me down as fast.

This is our state, lo, thus we stand,
They rise to fall, that climb too high.
The youth that fled King Minos' land
May teach the wise more low to fly.
   What gained his point so near the sun?
   He drowned in seas his name that won.
i) I would it were not (Continued)

Yet Icarus more happy was,
By present death his cares to end,
Than I, poor man, on whom, alas,
Ten thousand deaths their pains do spend.

Now grief, now plaint, now love, now spite,
Long sorrow mixed with short delight.

The fere and fellow of thy smart,
Prometheus, I am indeed,
Upon whose ever living heart
The greedy gryphs do gnaw and feed.

But he that vaunts his heart too high
Must be content to pine and die.
i) I would it were not (Continued)

After line 48, Dd5 and H69 add:

But let them moan and wail their case
That of vile choice themselves would blame,
Let them lament their fate's disgrace
Whose base desires do work their shame.

Who hath advanced his heart on high
Must be content to pine and die.

50. would] may H69
51. fate's ] fault's Dd5
52. do work their shame ] work the same Dd5

Texts: MS Harl.7392 f.23v (Copy Text) [H73]
MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.6 [R85]
MS Folger V.a.89 f.7 [V89]
MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.43v [Dd5]
MS Harl.6910 f.149v [H69]

Ascriptions: H73: "DY."
R85: "Mr Dier"
V89: "dyer"

Note: Sir John Harington quotes lines 47-8 as:
"He that hath plast his heart on hie,
Must not lament although he die."
in Orlando Furioso (1591) [I4v] and ascribes
them to "Maister Edward Dier".

Pattern of Variants:
j) *Prometheus, when first from heaven high*

Prometheus, when first from heaven high
He brought down fire, ere then on earth not seen,
Fond of delight, a Satyr standing by
Gave it a kiss, as it like sweet had been.

Feeling forthwith the outward burning power,
Wood with the smart, with shouts and shrieking shrill,
He sought his ease in river, field and bower,
But for the time his grief went with him still.

So silly I, with that unwonted sight,
In human shape, an Angel from above,
Feeding mine eyes, th'impression there did light,
That since I rest and run as pleaseth love.

The difference is, the Satyr's lips, my heart;
He for a while, I evermore have smart.

---

1. *when* omits eM
2. *not seen* none seen H69; unseen EH
3. *delight* the light H69, C1
4. *outward* others H69; other EH, 98, eM, C1
5. *Wood* ... *smart* All full of grief H69 shouts and]shout and V89; plaints a H69 shriekings EH
6. *shriekings* EH
7. *his* for H69
8. *So ... I]So I unwares H69
9. *th'impression* the impression V89, 98, eM, C1
10. *since* scarce V89 rest and run]run and rest H69, EH, 98, eM, C1
11. *as]where H69
12. *is* omits V89, H73
13. *while]time R85, V89, H73
j) Prometheus (Continued)

Texts:  MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.8 (Copy Text) [R85]
       MS Folger V.a.89 f.13 [V89]
       MS Harl.7392 f.25 [H73]
       MS Harl.6910 f.154v [H69]
       Englands Helicon (1600) [2B2] [EH]
       The Arcadia (1598) [2R5v] [98]
       MS e Museo 37 f.237v [eM]
       MS Folger H.b.1 (the CliffordMS) [Cl]

Ascriptions and Headings:

R85 asc. "Mr Dier"
V89 asc. "Dier"
H73 asc. "DY."
EH asc. "S.E.D." and heads "The Shepheards conceite of Prometheus"
98 heads "E.D."
Cl heads "Edw.D."

Notes:  Cl readings are taken from Professor Ringler's edition of Sidney's Poems, p.144.
        EH is probably copied from 98.

Pattern of Variants:

```
R85
  V89
  H73
  98
      EH
      eM
      Cl
      H69
```
k) The man whose thoughts against him do conspire

The man whose thoughts against him do conspire,
In whom mishap her story doth depaint,
The man of woe, the matter of desire,
Free of the dead that lives in endless plaint,
   His spirit am I which in this desert moan,
   To rue his case whose cause I cannot shun.

Despair my name, who never seeks relief,
Friended of none, unto myself my foe,
An idle care maintained by firm belief,
That praise of faith shall through my torments grow,
   And count those hopes that other hearts do ease,
   But base conceits, the common sort to please.
k) The man whose thoughts (Continued)

For I am sure that I shall not attain
The only good from whence my joys do rise,
I have no power my sorrows to refrain,
But wail the want which naught else may suffice,
Whereby my life the shape of death must bear,
That death which feels the worst that life doth fear.

But what avails with tragical complaint,
Not hoping help, the furies to awake?
Or why should I the happy minds acquaint
With doleful tunes, their settled peace to shake?
O ye that here behold infortune's fare,
There is no grief that may with mine compare.

Texts: MS Harl.7392 f.34v (Copy Text) [H73]
MS Harl.6910 f.169 [H69]
MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.7 [R85]
The Queenes ... entertainment at Woodstocke (1585) [C2] [QEW]
k) The man whose thoughts (Continued)

Heading and Ascriptions:

H73: "Dyer"
R85: "Mr Dier"
OEW: heads "The Songe in the Oke"

Note: Sung to the Queen at Woodstock in September, 1575.

Pattern of Variants:
Amidst the fairest mountain tops,
    Where Zepherus doth breathe
The pleasant gale that clothes with flowers
    The valleys underneath,
A shepherd lived that dearly loved,
    Dear love time brought to pass,
A forest nymph who was as fair
    As ever woman was.

His thoughts were higher than the hills
    Whereof he had the keep,
But all his actions innocent
    And humble as his sheep.
Yet had he power - but her pure thoughts
    Debarred his powers to rise
Higher than kissing of her hands,
    Or looking in her eyes.

One day (I need not name the day)
    Two lovers of their sorrows,
But say (as once a shepherd said)
    Their moan nights have no morrows,
He from his sheepcote led his sheep
    To pasture in the leas,
And there to feed, while he the while
    Might dream of his disease.
l) Amidst the fairest mountain tops (Continued)

And all alone (if he remain
   Alone that is in love)
Unto himself aloud he mourned
   The passions he did prove.
"Oh heavens," quoth he, "are these th'effects
   Of faithful love's deserts?
Will Cynthia now forsake my love?
   Have women faithless hearts?

"And will nor wits, nor words, nor works,
   Nor long endured laments,
Bring to my plaints pity or peace,
   Or to my tears contents?
I that, enchained, my love desires
   From changing thoughts as free
As ever were true thoughts to her,
   Or her thoughts false to me;

"I that for her my wand'ring sheep
   Forsook, forgot, forwent,
Nor of myself, nor them, took keep,
   But in her love's content,
Shall I like meads with winter's rain
   Be turned into tears?
Shall I, of whose true feeling pain
   These griefs the record bears,
1) Amidst the fairest mountain tops (Continued)

"Causeless he scorned, disdained, despised?

Then witness this, desire:

Love was in women's weed disguised,

And not in men's attire."

And thus he said, and down he lies,

Lying as life would part;

"Oh Cynthia, thou hast angels' eyes,

But yet a woman's heart."

Texts: MS Rawl. Poet. 148 f. 65 (Copy Text) [A]

f. 112v (first stanza only) [B]

Ascriptions: A is ascribed first "the Earle Essex" (deleted),
then "vel L: Mountjoy" (also deleted), then
"Mr Dier"

Notes: B is a musical setting.
A has some corrections, made in a different colour ink: readings are cited U for the reading before alteration, and C for the corrected reading.
Perhaps in line 55 "Lying" should be "Sighing".
m) **My mind to me a kingdom is**

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That world affords or grows by kind.

Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;

To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why my mind doth serve for all.

---

2. perfect joy] present joys R85
3. excels] exceeds A15, S24
4. That God or Nature hath assigned PSS
   That] which H73 world] earth R85C
5. which] that A15, S24, PSS; what R85C most would]
   nothing H73; most men P5, A15
7. pomp, no] port nor PSS wealthy] wealth, no A15
8. the] a PSS
10. feed] win PSS a loving] each gazing P5
12. why] still S24 doth serve for] despise them PSS
m) My mind to me (Continued)

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
    They get with toil, they keep with fear -
    Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay,
I seek no more than may suffice,
I press to bear no haughty sway,
Look, what I lack, my mind supplies.
    Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
    Content with that my mind doth bring.

13. how] that A15, S24, PSS  surfeits] suffereth H73U, S24; 
suffers R85, P5
15. those ... are] those that are P5; those that sit S24 
such as are PSS
17. they] and A15, S24, PSS
18. could] can PSS
19. I press to bear no haughty sway PSS this] which A15, S24
20. seek] wish A15, PSS
21. I do no more than well I may PSS press] seek A15
23. Lo thus] Thus do A15; Lo how S24
24. My mind content with any thing PSS
m) My mind to me (Continued)

Some have too much, yet still do crave,
I little have and seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.

They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain.
No worldly waves my mind can toss,
My state at one doth still remain.

I fear no foe, I fawn no friend,
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
m) *My mind to me* (Continued)

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will,
Their treasure is their only trust,
And cloaked craft their store of skill:

    But all the pleasure that I find
    Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to breed offence.

    Thus do I live, thus will I die;
    Would all did so as well as I.
m) **My mind to me** (Continued)

**Heading and Ascriptions:**

- P5 heads "In praise of a contented minde"
- R85 asc. "E.Dier"
- H73 asc. "BALL."

**Form:**
- H73 has four-line stanzas, combining lines 1-2,3-4 of each stanza.
- P5 has three-line stanzas, combining lines 1-2,3-4, 5-6 of each stanza.

**Note:** Altered readings are cited U for the reading before alteration, and C for the corrected reading.
m) **My mind to me: Ballad Version**

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joys therein I find,
It far exceeds all earthly bliss
That world affords or grows by kind.

Though much I want that most men have,
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live, this is my stay
I seek no more than may suffice,
I press to bear no haughty sway,
Look, what I lack, my mind supplies.

Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers oft do fall;
I see how those that sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.

They get, they toil, they spend with care,
Such cares my mind could never bear.

---

2. perfect joys] earthly joys A52
4. That] The DB; which EP
5. most] all SB
6. me] to A52

Ballad lines 7-12 = Poem lines 19-24
7. live] be A52
8. may] can EP
13. surfeits] suffers SB; suffereth A52
15. those] them A52 sit] sits SB
16. mishap doth threaten] misfortune threatens EP
17. they toil] with toil SB, EP, A52 spend] keep SB, A52
18. cares] toil EP; care A52 could] can A52
m) **My mind to me:** Ballad (Continued)

I laugh not at another's loss,  
I grudge not at another's gain.  
No worldly wave my mind can toss,  
I brook that is another's bane.  
I fear no foe, I scorn no friend,  
I dree death, I fear no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,  
I little have, yet seek no more;  
They are but poor, though much they have,  
And I am rich with little store.  
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,  
My conscience clear my chief defence;  
I never seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offence.  
Lo thus I live, thus will I die,  
Would all did so as well as I.

---

Ballad lines 19-24 = Poem lines 31-36
20.I]Nor A52 at another's]any other's EP
21.wave]waves SB,A52; care EP can]could SB
23.scorn]find SB,EP,A52

Ballad lines 31-36 = Poem lines 43-48
31.wealth is health]health is wealth A52
32.clear]free EP
33.never]do no EP
34.give]get EP
35.thus will]so will EP
36.did so as]could do so A52
m) **My mind to me:** Ballad (Continued)

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to get the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye;
   To none of these I yield as thrall,
   For why my mind despiseth all.

I joy not in an earthly bliss,
I weigh not Croesus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is,
I fear not fortune's fatal law.
   My mind is such as may not move
   For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will,
I wander not to seek for more,
I like the plain, I climb no hill,
In greatest storm I sit on shore
   And laugh at those that toil in vain
   To get what must be lost again.

---

**Ballad lines 37-42 = Poem lines 7-12**

37. wealthy] earthly EP
40. shape] face EP
41. as] a EP
42. despiseth] despised DB; despise them SB; despises them A52

**Ballad omits Poem lines 37-42**

Lines 43-66 = song xi in PSS
43. in an] at an DB; at any SB, A52; in no PSS
44. weigh] force PSS
45. For] Nor SB I care] I know EP, A52, PSS
46. fear] weigh A52 not] no DB law] awe EP
49. but] not PB, DB, EP
51. like] love EP
52. storm] storms SB, EP, A52, PSS
53. those] them PSS
54. what] that SB, EP, A52
m) My mind to me: Ballad (Continued)

I kiss not where I wish to kill,
I feign no love where most I hate,
I break no sleep to win my will,
I wait not at the mighty's gate,
    I scorn no poor, I fear no rich,
    I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court ne care I like ne loathe,
Extremes are counted worst of all,
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall.
    This is my choice for why I find
    No wealth is like a quiet mind.

55. wish] list SB, EP, A52
56. no] not SB, EP, PSS most I] I most DB
57. I stretch no steps to win my mill SB; I climb no steps
to work my will EP; I stride no step to win my will A52
58. the mighty's] that mighty EP
59. I fear] nor fear PSS
60. nor have] nor I have not A52
61. ne ... ne] nor ... nor DB, EP; and ... nor PSS cart] care SB
63. betwixt] between PSS
64. surest] surely A52 fears] fear EP, PSS
65. choice] joy SB
66. wealth] life A52 a] the SB, PSS

        Douce Ballads II, ff. 200v and 270v [DB]
        Shirburn Ballads ed. A. Clark (1907) p. 113 [SB]
        MS Eng. Poet. f. 10 f. 87 [EP]
        MS Add. 52585 f. 74r [A52]
        Byrd's Psalms, Sonets, & songs (1588) [D1] [PSS]

Headings: PB, DB, SB: "My mind to me"
        EP: "Sorte contentus abi"
m) My mind to me: (Continued)

Pattern of Variants:

Poem

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>R85</th>
<th>A15</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>H73</td>
<td>PSS</td>
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<tr>
<td>P5</td>
<td>S24</td>
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Ballad

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PB</th>
<th>EP</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SB</td>
<td>A52</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cf. also: I weigh not fortune's frown nor smile,
I joy not much in earthly joys,
I seek not state, I reck not style,
I am not fond of fancy's toys.
I rest so pleased with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the Thunder's crack,
I tremble not at noise of war,
I swound not at the news of wrack,
I shrink not at a blazing star.
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased,
I see some Tantals starved in store,
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased,
I see even Midas gape for more.
I neither want, nor yet abound,
Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate,
I fawn not on the great in show,
I prize, I praise a mean estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low.
This, this is all my choice, my cheer,
A mind content, a conscience clear.
m) My mind to me: (Continued)

Order reversed of lines 7 and 8, 9 and 10
9. swound] sound           11. not ... not] no ... no
14. starved] starve       16. even] each
20. in show] for grace    22. Neither] Ne yet low] base
24. a conscience] and conscience

Texts: Posthumi or Sylvesters Remaines (1641) [3K5] (Copy)
      Gibbons' First Set of Madrigals (1612) iii-iv (Variants)
n) Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage

Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage,
Stalled are my thoughts, which loved and lost the wonder of our age.
Yet quickened now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
Enraged I write, I know not what; dead, quick, I know not how.

Hard-hearted minds relent, and rigour's tears abound,
And envy strangely rues his end, in whom no fault she found.
Knowledge her light hath lost, valour hath slain her knight,
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the world's delight.

Place pensive wails his fall, whose presence was her pride,
Time crieth out, "My ebb is come, his life was my spring tide."
Fame mourns in that she lost the ground of her reports,
Each living wight laments his lack, and all in sundry sorts.

He was (woe worth that word) to each well-thinking mind
A spotless friend, a matchless man whose virtue ever shined;
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works of wit.

He, only like himself, was second unto none,
Whose death, through life, we rue and wrong, and all in vain do moan
Their loss, not him, wail they that fill the world with cries,
Death slew him not, but he made death his ladder to the skies.

Now sink of sorrow I who live, the more the wrong,
Who wishing death, whom death denies, whose thread is all too long;
Who, tied to wretched life, who looks for no relief,
Must spend my ever dying days in never ending grief.
n) *Silence augmenteth grief* (Continued)

Heart's ease and only I like parallels run on,
Whose equal length keep equal breadth and never meet in one.
Yet, for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sorrow's cell,
Shall not run out, though leak they will, for liking him so well.

Farewell to you my hopes, my wonted waking dreams,
Farewell sometimes-enjoyed joy, eclipsed are thy beams,
Farewell self-pleasing thoughts, which quietness brings forth,
And farewell friendship's sacred league, uniting minds of worth.

And farewell merry heart, the gift of guiltless minds,
And all sports, which for life's restore variety assigns.
Let all that sweet is void, in me no mirth may dwell,
*Philip*, the cause of all this woe, my life's content, farewell.

Now rhyme, the son of rage, which art no kin to skill,
And endless grief, which deeds my life yet knows not how to kill,
Go seek that hapless tomb, which if ye hap to find,
Salute the stones that keep the limbs that held so good a mind.

---

25. parallels] parables PN, CHA
39. seek] seeks CHA

**Texts:**
- *The Phoenix Nest* (1593) [C1v] [PN]
- *Colin Clouts Come home againe* (1595) [K3v] [CHA]

**Heads:**
- "Another of the same." (both texts)
  PN adds "Excellently written by a most worthy gentleman".
  CHA is apparently copied from PN.
The lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall,
The fly her spleen, the little spark his heat;
Hairs cast their shadows, though they be but small,
And bees have stings, although they be not great.

Seas have their course, and so have shallow springs,
And love is love, in beggars and in kings.

The ermine hath the fairest skin on earth,
Yet doth she choose the weasel for her peer;
The panther hath a sweet perfumed breath,
Yet doth she suffer apes to draw her near.

No flower more fresh than is the damask rose,
Yet next her side the nettle often grows.
The lowest trees have tops (Continued)

Where waters smoothest run, deep'st are the floods,
The dial stirs, though none perceive it move;
The fairest faith is in the sweetest words,
The turtles sing not love, and yet they love.

True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues to speak,
They hear, and see, and sigh, and then they break.

R20 omits lines 13-18

13. waters] water A52; rivers PR run] runs A52; are CSF
deed'st are the] deep'st is the A22; deep are the A52,
AH,D58,FC,V33,P5,T1,FR,TLB,CSF; deep'st are their V16;
are deepest H69 floods] flood A22; fords AH,FC,V16,
H69,P5,T1,FR,TLB,CSF
14. though ... perceive] yet none perceives A52,D58,FC,P5,R14,
T1,FR,TLB,CSF; yet none can see H69
15. fairest] firmest A52,AH,D58,FC,V33,H69,P5,R14,T1,FR,TLB,CSF
faith is] faith's not A22; faith's V97; faith should H69
in the] be in H69; found in P5,R14 sweetest] clearest
A22,V97; fewest A52,AH,D58,FC,V33,P5,R14,T1,FR,TLB,CSF;
fairest H69
16. The] And AH,V33 sing ... and] cannot sing, and A52, AH,D58,
FC,V33,H69,T1,FR,TLB,CSF; sing and V97; cannot sing, but
P5; do not sing, and R14
17. eyes and ears] ears and eyes A52,V33,R14,T1
tongues] tongue D58,V97,V16,H69,CSF
18. They] The V33 and ... and] they ... they P5
and then] and so V33; or else T1

FC adds: Lady, since first my heart became your thrall,
Four faults there were that made you seem unjust,
Strange in your choice, and coy to choose at all,
Hard to believe, and easy to mistrust.
With these four faults four virtues still did shine,
An angel's face, sweet speeches, beauty, wit,
Which makes me yours, though you are never mine,
And so fast yours that I shall never flit.
o) **The lowest trees have tops** (Continued)

**Texts:**
- MS Malone 19 f.50v (Copy Text) [M19]
- MS Add.22602 f.19 [A22]
- MS Add.52585 f.53v [A52]
- MS Arundel Harington, no.190 [AH]
- MS Don.d.58 f.28 [D58]
- MS Chetham 8012 p.89 (Farmer Chetham MS) [FC]
- MS Folger V.a.97 f.43 [V97]
- MS Folger V.a.162 f.37 [V16]
- MS Folger V.a.339 f.198v [V33]
- MS Harl.6910 f.140v [H69]
- MS Petyt 538 vol.10 f.3v [P5]
- MS Rawl.Poet.148 f.103 [R14]
- MS Rawl.Poet.206 p.77 [R20]
- MS Tanner 169 f.192v [T1]
- Davison's *A Poetical Rapsody* (1602) [I6v]
- J. Dowland's *Third And Last Booke Of Songs* (1603)xix [TLB]
- Forbes' *Cantus, Songs & Fancies* (1662)xxvii [CSF]

**Titles and Ascriptions:**
- M19,V16 head "A louers conceipt"
- A22,V97 head "A Louer"
- D58 head "Cant.23"
- FC head "Th'effects of loue"
- PR asc. "Incerto" and head (1608) "Naturall comparisons with perfect Loue"
- R14 asc. "[Mr]/Sir/ Edward Dier"
- T1 has note "Verses given as I suppose by Mr Lea to Lant; intimating, that secret loue speaks little" dated "7° Semp.1618. Smithshall." Then adds later "but sithence I did understande that they weare. Sr.W.Rawleighs verses to Queene Elisabeth: in the beginninge of his fauours."

**Form:**
- H69 reverses order of stanzas 1 and 3 (it lacks 2).
Notes: Readings in V97, V16, V33 are taken from Miss Hughey's edition of The Arundel-Harington Ms, ii p. 306. An uncollated text is in MS Rosenbach 186, p. 137. There are answers in H69 (f. 153), R14 (f. 53), PR, CSF, and Deloney's Strange Histories (1612) [L1V]. Evidence is very conflicting, but perhaps a pattern of variants is:
p) Where one would be, there not to be

Where one would be, there not to be,
    What is a greater pain?
Or what more grief there not to be,
    Where thou wouldst be full fain?

Long time seems short, when thou art there
    Where thou wouldst gladly be.
Art thou not there where thou wouldst be,
    Then each day seemeth three.

Unrip but that with thread is sewn,
    How loth it doth depart!
Much lother then must needs be pulled
    The body from the heart.

Then do thou haste thee to the staff,
    With speed thy thread untwine.
Each loving heart would see his friend,
    And so would I do mine.

Text: MS Folger V.a.89 f.13v, ascription "Dier" (deleted).
ACCESSORIES TO CHAPTER 6

EDWARD DE VERE, EARL OF OXFORD

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   b) Even as the wax doth melt, or dew consume away p.125
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   g) The labouring man, that tills the fertile soil p.133
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(ii) Poems in later MS and printed texts
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   p) Winged with desire, I seek to mount on high p.155
ACCESSORIES TO CHAPTER 6 (Continued)

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q) In Peascod time, when hound to horn p.158

r) Though I seem strange, sweet friend, be thou [not so p.168

s) Were I a king, I could command content p.171

t) What is Desire, which doth approve p.174

u) When I was fair and young, then favour graced [me p.176

v) Who taught thee first to sigh, alas my heart? p.178v
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Text</th>
<th>R85</th>
<th>H73</th>
<th>V89</th>
<th>Z35</th>
<th>PDD</th>
<th>H69</th>
<th>others</th>
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<tr>
<td>A crown of Bays</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>77</td>
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<td>Even as the wax</td>
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<td>Fain would I sing</td>
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<tr>
<td>If care or skill</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>82</td>
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<tr>
<td>If women could be</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>33v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>R17,BBD,FV,PSS</td>
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<td>51</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td>EH,ChC</td>
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<tr>
<td>My meaning is</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>Sitting alone</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>63v</td>
<td>9v</td>
<td>20v</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Cardanu's</td>
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<td>The labouring man</td>
<td>14v</td>
<td>67</td>
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<td>28v</td>
<td>76</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>The trickling tears</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>6v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>83</td>
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<tr>
<td>Though I seem strange</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Were I a king</td>
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<td>What cunning can</td>
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<td>R17</td>
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<td>What is Desire</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>24v</td>
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<td>140v</td>
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<td>When I was fair</td>
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<td>PN,EH</td>
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<td>Dd5,V26</td>
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<tr>
<td>Whereas the Heart</td>
<td>10v</td>
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<td>20</td>
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<td>Winged with desire</td>
<td>48v</td>
<td>52v</td>
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<td>BBD,AEF,AH,etc.</td>
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<td>Who taught thee</td>
<td>16v</td>
<td>70v</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>A19,WI</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

(Texts underlined are ascribed to Oxford; those marked * have some association with him. References are to folios, except for those of PDD, which are to poem numbers. Key to main sigla:

R85: MS Rawl.Poet.85
V89: MS Folger V.a.89
Z35: MS Marsh Z35.21
H73: MS Harl.7392
H69: MS Harl.6910
PDD: The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576)

For other sigla, see texts and collations that follow.)
### Table II: Grouping of poems in the main sources

#### i) The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>item</th>
<th>poem</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Framed in the front</td>
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<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>The lively lark</td>
<td>E.O.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>A crown of Bays</td>
<td>E.O.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82</td>
<td>If care or skill</td>
<td>E.O.</td>
</tr>
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<td>83</td>
<td>The trickling tears</td>
<td>E.O.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td>I am not as I seem</td>
<td>E.O.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>Even as the wax</td>
<td>E.O.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>My meaning is to work</td>
<td>E.O.</td>
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#### ii) MS Rawl.Poet.85

<table>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>When I was fair</td>
<td>Elysabethe regina earle of Oxforde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Sitting alone</td>
<td>Earle of Oxforde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>The lively lark</td>
<td>Earle of Oxforde</td>
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<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>What is Desire</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>When wert thou born</td>
<td>Earle of Oxenforde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>If women could be</td>
<td>Earle of Oxenforde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Who taught thee</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Though I seem strange</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>Winged with desire</td>
<td>-</td>
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<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>In Peascod time</td>
<td>-</td>
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<tr>
<td>130</td>
<td>Whereas the Heart</td>
<td>-</td>
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#### iii) MS Harl.7392

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>When wert thou born</td>
<td>Lo.Ox.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>What is Desire</td>
<td>B.F.</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>When I was fair</td>
<td>B.L.</td>
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<td>34</td>
<td>If women could be</td>
<td>R.W.</td>
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<td>40</td>
<td>Whereas the Heart</td>
<td>therle of Ox.</td>
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<td>55</td>
<td>Though I seem strange</td>
<td>[H.W.] Ball.</td>
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<td>82</td>
<td>In Peascod time</td>
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<td>85</td>
<td>Winged with desire</td>
<td>Lo.Ox.</td>
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### Table II (Continued)

#### iii) MS Harl.7392 (Continued)

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<tr>
<td>107</td>
<td>The lively lark</td>
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<tr>
<td>117</td>
<td>Who taught thee</td>
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#### iv) MS Folger V.a.89

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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Were I a king</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Though I seem strange</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>When I was fair</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Sitting alone</td>
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#### v) MS Marsh Z3.5.21

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<td>Whereas the Heart</td>
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<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Sitting alone</td>
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<tr>
<td>41</td>
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#### vi) MS Harl.6910

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<tr>
<td>108</td>
<td>Were I a king</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>122</td>
<td>When wert thou born</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>123</td>
<td>Though I seem strange</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
a) A Crown of Bays shall that man wear

The Complaint of a Lover Wearing Black and Tawny.

A Crown of Bays shall that man wear,
That triumphs over me,
For Black and Tawny will I wear,
Which mourning colours be.

The more I followed on,
The more she fled away,
As Daphne did full long agone,
Apollo's wishful prey.
The more my plaints resound,
The less she pities me,
The more I sought, the less I found
That mine she meant to be.

Melpomene, alas,
With doleful tunes help then,
And sing, "Woe worth on me,
Woe worth on me, forsaken man!"
Then Daphne's Bays shall that man wear,
That triumphs over me,
For Black and Tawny will I wear,
Which mourning colours be.
Drown me, you trickling tears,
   You wailful wights of woe,
Come help these hands to rent my hairs,
   My rueful haps to show;
On whom the scorching flames
   Of love doth feed, you see,
Lalalantida, my dear dame
   Hath thus tormented me.

Wherefore, you Muses nine,
   With doleful tunes help then,
And sing, "Woe worth on me,
   Woe worth on me, forsaken man."
Then Daphne's Bays shall that man wear,
   That triumphs over me,
For Black and Tawny will I wear,
   Which mourning colours be.

An Anchor's life to lead,
   With nails to scratch my grave,
Where earthly worms on me shall feed,
   Is all the joys I crave;
And hide myself from shame,
   Sith that mine eyes do see,
Lalalantida, my dear dame,
   Hath thus tormented me.
a) **A Crown of Bays shall that man wear** (Continued)

And all that present be,
   With doleful tunes help then,
And sing, "Woe worth on me,
   Woe worth on me, forsaken man!"
Then Daphne's Bays shall that man wear,
   That triumphs over me,
For Black and Tawny will I wear,
   Which mourning colours be.

---

**Text:** *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576), no. 77 ascribed "E.O." and here rearranged slightly in form.
b) Even as the wax doth melt, or dew consume away

His Mind not Quietly Settled, he writeth this

Even as the wax doth melt, or dew consume away
Before the sun, so I behold, through careful thoughts, decay.
For my best luck leads me to such sinister state,
That I do waste with other's love, that hath myself in hate.
And he that beats the bush, the wished bird not gets,
But such, I see, as sitteth still, and holds the fowling nets.

The Drone more honey sucks, that laboureth not at all,
Than doth the Bee, to whose most pain, least pleasure doth befall.
The Gardener sows the seeds whereof the flowers do grow,
And others yet do gather them, that took less pain, I know.
So I the pleasant grape have pulled from the vine,
And yet I languish in great thirst, while others drink the wine.

Thus, like a woeful wight, I wove my web of woe,
The more I would weed out my cares, the more they seem to grow.
The which betokeneth hope forsaken is of me,
That with the careful culver climbs the worn and withered tree,
To entertain my thoughts, and there my hap to moan,
That never am less idle, lo, than when I am alone.

Text: The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576) no.85
ascribed "E.O."
c) **Framed in the front of forlorn hope past all recovery**

His Good Name Being Blemished, he Bewaileth.

Framed in the front of forlorn hope past all recovery,
I stayless stand, to abide the shock of shame and infamy.
My life, through lingering long, is lodged in lair of
[loathsome ways,
My death delayed, to keep from life the harm of hapless days.
My spirits, my heart, my wit and force, in deep distress are
[drowned,
The only loss of my good name is of these griefs the ground.

And since my mind, my wit, my head, my voice and tongue are
[weak
To utter, move, devise, conceive, sound forth, declare and
[speak
Such piercing plaints as answer might, or would, my woeful
[case,
Help crave I must, and crave I will, with tears upon my face,
Of all that may in heaven or hell, in earth or air be found,
To wail with me this loss of mine, as of these griefs the
[ground.

Help gods, help saints, help spirits and powers that in the
[heaven do dwell,
Help ye that are to wail aye wont, ye howling hounds of hell,
Help man, help beasts, help birds and worms, that on the earth
[doth toil,
Help fish, help fowl, that flocks and feeds upon the salt sea
[soil,
Help echo that in air doth flee, shrill voices to resound,
To wail this loss of my good name, as of these griefs the ground.
c) **Framed in the front of forlorn hope past all recovery** (Continued)

Text:  *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576), no. 30  
*ascribed:* "E.G."

Line 1 quoted from 2nd edition (1578); 1st edition reads:  
"Fraud is the front of Fortune past all recovery". H.E. Rollins in his edition of *PDD* suggests the emendation  
"Fraud is the front of forlorn hope past all recovery",  
but the 2nd edition reading seems to me preferable.
I am not as I seem to be,
Nor when I smile, I am not glad;
A thrall, although you count me free,
I, most in mirth, most pensive, sad.
I smile to shade my bitter spite,
As Hannibal, that saw in sight
His country soil, with Carthage town,
By Roman force defaced down.

And Caesar, that presented was
With noble Pompey's princely head,
As twere some judge to rule the case,
A flood of tears he seemed to shed.
Although indeed it sprung of joy,
Yet others thought it was annoy;
Thus contraries be used I find,
Of wise to cloak the covert mind.

I, Hannibal, that smiles for grief,
And let you Caesar's tears suffice,
The one that laughs at his mischief,
The other all for joy that cries.
I smile to see me scorned so,
You weep for joy to see me woe,
And I a heart, by love slain dead,
Presents in place of Pompey's head.
O cruel hap, and hard estate,
That forceth me to love my foe!
Accursed be so foul a fate,
My choice, for to prefix it so!
So long to fight with secret sore,
And find no secret salve therefore;
Some purge their pain by plaint I find,
But I in vain do breathe my wind.
e) **If care or skill could conquer vain desire**

Being in Love, he Complaineth

If care or skill could conquer vain desire,
Or reason's reins my strong affection stay,
Then should my sighs to quiet breast retire,
And shun such signs as secret thoughts bewray.

Uncomely love, which now lurks in my breast
Should cease my grief, through wisdom's power oppressed.

But who can leave to look on Venus' face?
Or yieldeth not to Juno's high estate?
What wit so wise as gives not Pallas place?
These virtues rare each God did yield amate,
Save her alone who yet on earth doth reign,
Whose beauties' string no Gods can well distrain.

What worldly wight can hope for heavenly hire,
When only sighs must make his secret moan?
A silent suit doth seld to grace aspire,
My hapless hap doth roll the restless stone.
Yet Phebe fair disdained the heavens above
To joy on earth her poor Endymion's love.

Rare is reward where none can justly crave,
For chance is choice, where reason makes no claim;
Yet luck sometimes despairing souls doth save,
A happy star made Gyges joy attain,
A slavish smith, of rude and rascal race,
Found means, in time, to gain a goddess' grace.
e) *If care or skill could conquer vain desire* (Continued)

Then, lofty love, thy sacred sails advance,
My sighing seas shall flow with streams of tears;
Amidst disdain, drive forth my doleful chance,
A valiant mind no deadly danger fears.

Who loves aloft, and sets his heart on high,
Deserves no pain, though he do pine and die.

---

**Text:** The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576), no.82
f) My meaning is to work what wonders love hath wrought

    Of the Mighty Power of Love

My meaning is to work what wonders love hath wrought,
Wherewith I muse why men of wit have love so dearly bought;
For love is worse than hate, and eke more harm hath done;
Record I take of those that read of Paris, Priam's son.

It seemed the God of Sleep had mazed so much his wits,
When he refused wit for love, which cometh but by fits.
But why accuse I him whom earth hath covered long?
There be of his posterity alive, I do him wrong,

Whom I might well condemn, to be a cruel judge
Unto myself, who hath the crime in others that I grudge.

Text: The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576), no. 86
    ascribed "E.C."
g) The labouring man, that tills the fertile soil

The labouring man, that tills the fertile soil
And reaps the harvest fruit, hath not in deed
The gain, but pain, and if for all his toil
He gets the straw, the Lord will have the seed.

The Manchet fine falls not unto his share,
On coarsest cheat his hungry stomach feeds.
The Landlord doth possess the finest fare,
He pulls the flowers, the other plucks but weeds.

The Mason poor, that builds the lordly halls,
Dwells not in them, they are for high degree.
His cottage is compact in paper walls,
And not with brick or stone, as others be.

The idle Drone, that labours not at all,
Sucks up the sweet of honey from the Bee.
Who worketh most, to their share least doth fall,
With due desert reward will never be.

The swiftest Hare unto the Mastiff slow
Oft times doth fall, to him as for a prey;
The Greyhound thereby doth miss his game we know,
For which he made such speedy haste away.
g) The labouring man, that tills the fertile soil (Continued)

So he that takes the pain to pen the book
Reaps not the gifts of goodly golden Muse.
But those gain that who on the work shall look,
And from the sour the sweet by skill doth choose.

For he that beats the bush the bird not gets,
But who sits still and holdeth fast the nets.

Text: Commendatory poem prefixed to Thomas Bedingfeld's translation, Cardanus Comforde (1573), and headed "The Earle of Oxenforde, to the Reader".
h) The lively lark stretched forth her wing

The lively lark stretched forth her wing,
The messenger of morning bright,
And with her cheerful voice did sing
The day's approach, discharging night,
When that Aurora, blushing red,
Described the guilt of Thetis' bed.

I went abroad to take the air,
And in the meads I met a knight,
Clad in Carnation colour fair.
I did salute this gentle wight;
Of him I did his name enquire,
He sighed, and said, "I am Desire."

Desire I did desire to stay,
Awhile with him I craved to talk.
The courteous knight said me no nay,
But hand in hand with me did walk.
Then of Desire I asked again,
What thing did please, and what did pain.
h) The lively lark (Continued)

He smiled, and thus he answered then,
"Desire can have no greater pain
Than for to see an other man
That he desireth, to obtain;

Nor greater joy can be than this,
Than to enjoy that others miss."

19. then] me PDD
22. That he desireth] The thing desired R85, Z35
23. Nor ... be] No joy no greater too PDD; No joy is greater too Z35
24. Than] That R85; For Z35

Texts: MS Harl.7392 f.67 (Copy Text) [H73]
       MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.14v [R85]
       MS Marsh Z3.5.21 f.28v [Z35]
       The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576) no.76 [PDD]

Heading and Ascriptions:
R85 asc. "Earle of Oxforde"
PDD asc. "E.O." and heads "The judgement of desire"

Notes: PDD adds after each stanza the refrain,
"Laradon tan tan, Tedriton teight."
H73 has an altered reading, the amended form
being cited as H73C.

Pattern of Variants:

H73 ➔ PDD
   ➔ R85 ➔ Z35
1) The trickling tears that falls along my cheeks

A Lover Rejected, Complaineth

The trickling tears that falls along my cheeks,  
The secret sighs that shows my inward grief,  
The present pains perforce that love aye seeks,  
Bids me renew my cares without relief,  
In woeful song in dole display,  
My pensive heart for to bewray.

Bewray thy grief, thou woeful heart, with speed,  
Resign thy voice to her that caused thy woe,  
With irksome cries bewail thy late-done deed,  
For she thou lovest is sure thy mortal foe,  
And help for thee, there is none sure,  
But still in pain thou must endure.

The stricken deer hath help to heal his wound,  
The haggard hawk with toil is made full tame,  
The strongest tower the cannon lays on ground,  
The wisest wit that ever had the fame  
Was thrall to Love, by Cupid's sleights;  
Then weigh my case with equal weights.

She is my joy, she is my care and woe,  
She is my pain, she is my ease therefore,  
She is my death, she is my life also,  
She is my salve, she is my wounded sore.  
In fine, she hath the hand and knife,  
That may both save and end my life.
i) The trickling tears that falls along my cheeks (Continued)

And shall I live, on earth to be her thrall?
And shall I sue and serve her all in vain?
And shall I kiss the steps that she lets fall?
And shall I pray the gods to keep the pain
   From her, that is so cruel still?
   No, no, on her work all your will.

And let her feel the power of all your might,
And let her have her most desire with speed,
And let her pine away, both day and night,
And let her moan, and none lament her need,
   And let all those that her shall see,
   Despise her state, and pity me.

Text: The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576), no. 83
      ascribed "E.O."

Line 27 is here emended: the text reads "And kiss the steps ..."
Fain would I sing, but fury makes me fret,
And rage hath sworn to seek revenge of wrong.
My mazed mind in malice so is set,
As death shall daunt my deadly dolours long.
   Patience perforce is such a pinching pain,
   As die I will, or suffer wrong again.

I am no sot to suffer such abuse
As doth bereave my heart of his delight,
Nor will I seem myself to such a use
With calm content to suffer such despite.
   No quiet sleep shall once possess mine eye,
   Till wit have wrought his will on injury.

My heart shall fail, and hand shall lose his force,
But some device shall pay despite his due,
And fury shall consume my careful course,
Or raze the ground whereon my sorrow grew.
   Lo, thus in rage of ruthless mind refused,
   I rest revenged of whom I am abused.
k) **If women could be fair, and yet not fond**

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
I would not wonder that they make men bond,
By service long to purchase their good will.

   But when I see how frail these creatures are,
   I laugh that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phoebus they do cleave to Pan,
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds, that fly from man to man.

   Who would not scorn, and shake them from the fist,
   And let them go, fair fools, which way they list?
If women could be fair, and yet not fond (Continued)

Yet, for disport, we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
Till, weary of our wills, ourselves we ease.

And then we say, when we their fancies try,
To play with fools, O what a dolt was I.
k) If women could be fair, and yet not fond (Continued)

Note: H73 has two altered readings, cited as H73U before alteration.

Pattern of Variants:

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H73  R17  FV  PSS (very corrupt)
   \   \  
     BBD  R85
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Sitting alone upon my thought, in melancholy mood,
In sight of sea, and at my back an ancient hoary wood,
I saw a fair young lady come, her secret tears to wail,
Clad all in colour of a vow, and covered with a veil.
Yet, for the day was clear and calm, I might discern her [face,
As one might see a damask rose, though hid with chrystal [glass.
Three times with her soft hand full hard on her left side [she knocks,
And sighed so sore as might have moved some mercy in the [rocks.
From sighs, and shedding amber tears, into sweet song she [brake,
And thus the echo answered her to every word she spake.

"Oh heavens," quoth she, "who was the first that bred in me this fever?" Echo: Vere.
"Who was the first that gave the wound, whose scar I wear for ever?" Echo: Vere.
"What tyrant Cupid to my harms usurps the golden quiver?" Echo: Vere.
"What wight first caught this heart, and can from bondage it deliver?" Echo: Vere.
1) Sitting alone upon my thought (Continued)

"Yet who doth most adore this wight, oh hollow caves, tell true?" Echo: You.
"What nymph deserves his liking best, yet doth in sorrow rue?" Echo: You.
"What makes him not regard good will with some remorse or rue?" Echo: Youth.
"What makes him show, besides his birth, such pride and such untruth?" Echo: Youth.
"May I his beauty match with love, if he my love will try?" Echo: Aye.
"May I requite his birth with faith? Then faithful will I die."
Echo: Aye.

And I that knew this lady well,
Said, "Lord, how great a miracle,
To hear the echo tell the truth,
As 'twere Apollo's oracle."

15.oh]yea AH
16.sorrow]sorrows H73,AH
17.regard]reward R85,235 remorse]reward R85
19.beauty]favour R85,235 will]should H73
21.knew]know H73
22.how great]it is AH
23.the]how R85,235; this AH
tell the truth]told the truth R85,235; truth to tell AH;
tell her true H73
24.'twere Apollo's]true as Phoebus' R85,235

Texts: MS Folger V.a.89 f.9 (Copy Text) [V89]
MS Harl.7392 f.63 [H73]
MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.11 [R85]
MS Marsh 23.5.21 f.20v [Z35]
MS Arundel Harington, no.179 [AH]

Note: MS Bodleian Add.B.83 f.29 has an exact copy of AH
1) Sitting alone upon my thought (Continued)

Ascriptions: H73 asc. "A. Vauasoure"
V89 asc. "Vavaser"
AH asc. "E. Veer. count d'Oxford"

Headings: R85: "Verses made by the earle of Oxforde
[and Mrs Ann Vauasor - deleted]"
"Ann Vauesors eccho" - after line 10
Z35: "Verses made of the Earle of Oxenforde,
and Mrs Ann Vauesor"
"Ann Vauesor" - after line 10
AH: "The best verse that ever th'author made"

Pattern of Variants:

![Diagram of Variants]

(R85 and Z35 are generally close)
What cunning can express
The favour of her face,
To whom in this distress
I do appeal for grace?

A thousand Cupids fly
About her gentle eye.

From where each throws a dart
That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing heart,
Possessed by desire.

No sweeter life I try
Than in her love to die.

The lily in the field
That glories in his white,
For pureness now must yield,
And render up his right.

Heaven pictured in her face
Doth promise joy and grace.

Fair Cynthia's silver light
That beats on running streams
Compares not with her white,
Whose hairs are all sunbeams.

Her virtues so do shine
As day unto mine eyne.

1. cunning] shepherd EH
7. where] which EH
23. So bright my Nymph doth shine EH
m) What cunning can express (Continued)

With this there is a red,  
Exceeds the damask Rose,  
Which in her cheeks is spread,  
Whence every favour grows.  
In sky there is no star  
That she surmounts not far.

When Phoebus from the bed  
Of Thetis doth arise,  
The morning blushing red  
In fair carnation wise,  
He shows it in her face,  
As Queen of every grace.

This pleasant lily white,  
This taint of roseate red,  
This Cynthia's silver light,  
This sweet fair Dea spread,  
These sunbeams in mine eye,  
These beauties make me die.

30. But she surmounts it far EH
35. He shews in my Nymph's face EH

Texts: The Phoenix Nest (1593) [I3v] (Copy Text) [PN]  
England's Helicon (1600) [Llv] [EH]

PN ascribes "E.O."
EH heads "The Shepheards commendation of his Nymph" and ascribes "Earle of Oxenforde"

EH is apparently copied from PN, with some alterations.  
A text in MS Harl.4296 f.71v is identical with EH.
n) When wert thou born, Desire?

When wert thou born, Desire?
   In pomp and prime of May.
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
   By good conceit, men say.

Tell me who was thy nurse?
   Fresh youth in sugared joy.
What was thy meat and daily food?
   Sad sighs, with great annoy.

What hadst thou then to drink?
   Unfeigned lovers' tears.
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
   In hope devoid of fears.

1. When]where H42 wert]were AH,H69; wast H42,GGW
   thou]you AH; ye H69
2. pomp and prime)pride and pomp R85; pomp and pride H69,GGW;
   pomp or prime H42
3. boy]babe H42,H69; child GGW wert]were H69; wast H42,GGW
   thou]you H69 begot]begotten AH; begone H42
4. By]with H42; Of GGW good]self R85; glad H42; fond GGW
   conceit]conceits AH
5. thy]the H69; thine H42
6. Fresh]Sweet GGW and H42,GGW joy]joys H42,GGW
7. thy]your H69
8. Sad]Sore BBD; deep H42 with]and R85,H42,GGW
   annoy]annoys H42,GGW
AH omits lines 9-12
9. hadst]had H69,BBD thou]you H69,BBD then]for GGW
10. Unfeigned]Unsavory GGW
11. wert]were H69,BBD; wast H42,GGW thou]you H69,BBD
12. hope]love GGW
n) When wert thou born, Desire? (Continued)

What brought thee then asleep?
   Sweet speech that liked me best.

And where is now thy dwelling place?
   In gentle hearts I rest.

Doth company displease?
   It doth in many a one.

Where would desire then choose to be?
   He likes to muse alone.

What feedeth most thy sight?
   To gaze on favour still.

What findst thou most to be thy foe?
   Disdain of my goodwill.

AEP omits lines 13-28
13. brought]lull'd G-GW thee]you H69,BBD then asleep]to thy sleep R85; then on sleep H42
14. speech]thoughts R85 me]men BBD that liked]which liked R85; that likes H42; which likes G-G;
15. And]But H69 And ... now]Tell me where is G-G; thy]your AH,H69,BBD
16. That if thy speech unpleasant be H42
17. Then can I take no rest H42

H42 omits lines 17-20
AH,GGW reverse order of lines 17-20 and 21-24
19. would]doth AH,GGW then ... be]delight to live G-G
20. likes]loves R85,GGW muse]be H69; live G-G

H69 omits lines 21-24
21. thy]the H73; your BBD
22. What thing doth please thee most G-G
When wert thou born, Desire? (Continued)

Will ever age or death

Bring thee unto decay?

No, no, Desire both lives and dies,

Ten thousand times a day.

H42 omits lines 25-28

25. Will ever] Doth either AH,H69,GGW
    age or death] time or age GGW

26. thee] you H69,BBD; him GGW


Texts: MS Harl.7392 f.18v (Copy Text) [H73]
MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.15v [R85]
MS Arundel-Harington, no.189 [AH ]
MS Harl.4286 f.57v [H42]
MS Harl.6910 f.145 [H69]

Brittons Bowre of Delights (1591) [F2] [BBD]
The Arte of English Poesie (1589) [S4v] [AEP]
The Garland of Good Will (1659?) [G3] [GGW]

Headings and Ascriptions:

H73 asc. "LO.OX."
R85 asc. "Earle of Oxenforde"
BBD asc. "E. of Ox." and heads "Of the birth and
    bringing up of desire"

AEP asc. "Edward, Earle of Oxford"
GGW heads "A communication between fancy and desire"

GGW adds stanzas:

At start: Come hither, Shepherd's Swain.
    Sir, what do you require?
    I pray thee show thy name.
    My name is Fond Desire.

At end: Then, Fond Desire, farewell,
    Thou art no meat for me;
    I should be loath to dwell
    With such a one as thee.
n) When wert thou born, Desire? (Continued)

Pattern of Variants: (Conflicting Evidence)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>H73 (AEP)</th>
<th>R85</th>
<th>BBD</th>
<th>H69</th>
<th>AH</th>
<th>H42</th>
<th>GGGW</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
Whereas the Heart at Tennis plays,
And men to gaming fall,
Love is the Court, Hope is the House
And Favour serves the Ball.

The Ball itself is True Desert,
The Line which Measure shows
Is Reason, whereon Judgement looks
How players win or lose.

The Jetty is deceitful Guile,
The Stopper Jealousy,
Which hath Sir Argus' hundred eyes,
Wherewith to watch and pry.

The fault wherewith fifteen is lost,
Is Want of Wit and Sense,
And he that brings the Racket in
Is Double Diligence.
And lo, the Racket is Free Will,
   Which makes the Ball rebound,
And noble Beauty is the Chase,
   Of every game the ground.

But Rashness strikes the Ball awry,
   And there is oversight;
"A Bandy, hoi!" the people cry,
   And so the Ball takes flight.

Now in the end Good Liking proves
   Content the Game and Gain;
Thus in a Tennis knit I love,
   A pleasure mixed with pain.
o) Whereas the Heart at Tennis plays (Continued)

Ascriptions and Headings:

H73 asc. "therle of Ox."
Z35 asc. "Made by the Earle of Oxeforde"
R85, Z35 head "Loue compared to a Tennis playe"
WI heads "The Tennis-Court"

Notes: Z35 has an altered reading, cited as Z35U before alteration.
Another text, uncollated, is in the Pierpont Morgan Library, Holgate MS M.A.1057, ascribed "Sr. E. D."

Pattern of Variants:

(R85 and Z35 are very close)
Winged with desire, I seek to mount on high,
Clogged with mishap, yet am I kept full low,
Who seeks to live, and finds the way to die,
Sith comfort ebbs, and cares do daily flow.
   But sad despair would have me to retire,
   When smiling hope sets forward my desire.

I still do toil, and never am at rest,
Enjoying least when I do covet most;
With weary thoughts are my green years oppressed,
To danger drawn from my desired coast.
   Now crazed with care, then haled up with hope,
   With world at will, yet wanting wished scope.

I like in heart, yet dare not say I love,
And looks alone do lend me chief relief;
I dwelt sometimes at rest, yet must remove,
With feigned joy I hide my secret grief.
   I would possess, yet needs must flee the place
   Where I do seek to win my chiefest grace.
Lo, thus I live, twixt fear and comfort tossed,
With least abode where best I feel content;
I seld resort where I should settle most,
My sliding times too soon with her are spent.
   I hover high, and soar where hope doth tower,
   Yet froward fate defers my happy hour.

I live abroad, but still in secret grief,
Then least alone when most I seem to lurk;
I speak of peace, and live in endless strife,
And when I play, then are my thoughts at work.
   In person far, that am in mind full near,
   Making light show where I esteem most dear.
A malcontent, yet seem I pleased still,
Bragging of heaven, yet feeling pains of hell;
But time shall frame a time unto my will,
When, as in sport, this earnest will I tell.

Till then, sweet friend, abide these storms with me,
Which shall in joy of either fortunes be.

---

32. Bragging ... feeling] That brag of heavens, and feel the
33. a time] a world
34. will] shall
35. these storms] this storm
36. shall ... joy] in comfort either] either's

Texts: MS Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 48v (Copy Text)
       MS Harl. 7392 f. 52v (Variants) asc. "LO.OX." and heads "Cuius Iussui negare nefas est"
In Peascod time, when hound to horn
Gives ear till Buck be killed,
And little lads with pipes of corn
Sat keeping beasts afield,
I went to gather Strawberries tho,
By woods and groves full fair,
And parched my face with Phoebus so,
In walking in the air,
That down I laid me by a stream,
With boughs all over-clad,
And there I met the strangest dream
That ever young man had.
q) In Peascod time (Continued)

Me thought I saw each Christmas game,
    Each revel, all and some,
And every thing that I can name
    Or may in fancy come.
The substance of the sights I saw,
    In silence pass they shall,
Because I lack the skill to draw
    The order of them all.
q) **In Peasgod time** (Continued)

But Venus shall not pass my pen,
  Whose maidens in disdain
Did feed upon the hearts of men
  That Cupid's bow had slain.
And that blind boy was all in blood
  Bebathed to the ears,
And like a conqueror he stood,
  And scorned lovers' tears.
"I have," quod he, "more hearts at call
  Than Caesar could command,
And like the deer I make them fall
  That runneth o'er the land."
In Peasod time (Continued)

One drops down here, another there,
   In bushes as they groan;
I bend a scornful careless ear
   To hear them make their moan."
"'Why cease," quod Honest Meaning then,
   'Thy boy-like brags I hear,
When thou hast wounded many a man,
   As Huntsman doth the deer.
Becomes it thee to triumph so?
   Thy mother wills it not,
For she had rather break thy bow,
   Than thou shouldst play the sot."
"What saucy merchant speaketh now?"
   Said Venus in her rage,
"Art thou so blind, thou knowest not how
   I govern every age?
My son doth shoot no shaft in waste,
   To me the boy is bound;

34. bushes as] corners where R85
35. bend] lend R85
36. make their] how they R85
37. 'why cease] Ah sir EH
38. boy-like ... hear] boylike bragging here R85
39. man] heart R85
40. Huntsman doth] Huntsmen do R85
42. wills] will ChC
44. shouldst] shalt ChC
45. now] there R85
46. said] with R85 a R85
47. blind] mad R85 how] love R85
48. I govern] who governs R85
49. shaft] shafts R85
q) **In Peasood time** (Continued)

He never found a heart so chaste,
   But he had power to wound."
"Not so, fair Goddess," quod Free Will,
   "In me there is a choice,
And cause I am of mine own ill
   If I in thee rejoice.
And when I yield myself a slave
   To thee, or to thy son,
Such recompense I ought not have,
   If things be rightly done."
"Why fool," stepped forth Delight and said,
   "When thou art conquered thus,
Then lo, Dame Lust, that wanton maid,
   Thy Mistress is, in usu.
And Lust is Cupid's darling dear,
   Behold her where she goes;
She creeps the milk-warm flesh so near,
   She hides her under close
Where many privy thoughts do dwell,
   A heaven here on earth;
For they have never mind of hell,
   They think so much on mirth."

---

57. as R85
59. Such]Good R85 not]to R85
R85 omits lines 61-72
61. stepped]step ChC
72. think]thinks ChC
"Be still, Good Meaning," quod Good Sport,
"Let Cupid triumph make,
For sure his kingdom shall be short
If we no pleasure take.
Fair Beauty, and her play-feres gay,
The Virgins Vestal too,
Shall sit and with their fingers play
As idle people do,
If Honest Meaning fall to frown,
And I, Good Sport, decay;
Then Venus' glory will come down,
And they will pine away."
"Indeed," quod T'it, "this your device
With strangeness must be wrought,
And where you see these women nice
And looking to be sought,
With scowling brows their follies check,
And so give them the fig;
Let Fancy be no more at beck,
While Beauty looks so big."
When Venus heard how they conspired
To murther women so,
In Peascod time (Continued)

Me thought indeed the house was fired
With storms and lightning tho.
The thunderbolt through windows burst,
And in there steps a wight
Which seemed some soul or sprite accursed,
So ugly was the sight.
"I charge you Ladies all," quod he,
"Look to yourselves in haste,
For if that men so wilful be,
And have their thoughts so chaste,
And they can tread on Cupid's breast,
And march on Venus' face,
Then they shall sleep in quiet rest,
Where you shall wail your case."
q) **In Peascod time** (Continued)

With that had Venus all in spite
   Stirred up the Dames to ire,
And Lust fell cold, and Beauty white
   Sat babbling with Desire,
Whose muttering words I might not mark;
   Much whispering there arose,
The day did lour, the sun waxed dark,
   Away each Lady goes.
But whither went this angry flock,
   Our Lord Himself doth know;
"HERewith full loudly crew the Cock,
   And I awaked so.
"A dream," quod I, "a Dog it is,
   I take thereon no keep;
I gage my head such toys as these
   Doth spring from lack of sleep."

109. all ... spite] in despite R85
113. mark] hear R85
117. this] these ChC
119. loudly crew] boldly crowed R85
122. thereon] of thee R85
124. Doth ... lack] Do rise through want R85
q) In Peascod time (Continued)

Texts:  
A pleasaunte laborinth called Churchyardes  
Chance (1580) [D1] (Copy Text)  
Englands Helicon (1600) [23]  
MS Rawl.Poeet.85 f.51  
MS Harl.7392 f.51  

Headings and Ascriptions:

ChC heads "A matter of fonde Cupid, and vain Venus"
EH heads "The Sheepheards slumber", asc. "Ignoto"
R85 heads "A dreame"
H73 asc. "L.Ox."

ChC is claimed by Thomas Churchyard as "some of mine old labors & studies ..."

Form:  
ChC and H73 are in long lines;
R85 is in stanzas of four lines each,
H73 is in stanzas of six long lines and a final quatrain;
EH is as above.

Marginal Notes in R85 pick out the speakers:

line 29: "Cupid"; line 37: "Honest-meanyng";
line 46: "Venus"; line 53: "freewill";
line 73: "Good-sporte"; line 85: "Witt".

Pattern of Variants:

ChC  
EH  
R85  
H73

(EH is apparently copied from ChC;  
ChC is probably autograph)
r) Though I seem strange, sweet friend, be thou not so

Though I seem strange, sweet friend, be thou not so,
Do not annoy thyself with sullen will;
My heart hath vowed, although my tongue say no,
To rest thine own, in friendly liking still.

Thou seest we live amongst the lynx's eyes,
That pries and spies each privy thought of mind;
Thou knowest right well what sorrows may arise,
If once they chance my settled looks to find.

Content thyself that once I made an oath
To shield myself in shroud of honest shame,
And when thou list, make trial of my troth,
So that thou save the honour of my name.

---

1. sweet] my H69
2. annoy] acquaint R17
4. rest] be R85
5. we] me R85, H69; I R17 amongst the lynx's] beseiged
   with Argus' R17; among the Linceus H69
6. That] which R17 pries ... privy] pries into each privy R85;
   looks to every privy R17; pries and spies into each H69
   mind] mine R17
7. sorrows] sorrow R17
8. my ... looks] our secret love H69
9. Content ... self] Thou knowest right well H69
10. shame] fame R17
Though I seem strange (Continued)

And let me seem, although I be not coy,
To cloak my sad conceits with smiling cheer;
Let not my gestures show wherein I joy,
Nor by my looks let not my love appear.

We silly dames, that false suspect do fear,
And live within the mouth of Envy's lake,
Must in our hearts a secret meaning bear,
Far from the show that outwardly we make.

So where I like, I list not vaunt my love,
Where I desire, there must I feign debate;
One hath my hand, another hath my glove,
But he my heart whom most I seem to hate.

H69 reverses order of lines 13-16 and 17-20
13. Then think not strange although that I be coy H69
14. conceits] conceit R17
15. gestures] gesture R17, H69
16. Nor] And R17
17. that] whom R17 do] doth R17
18. live] dwell H73; lie H69 mouth] banks R17
Envy's lake] envious lakes R17; every lake H69
19. hearts] breasts H73 a] and R17 meaning] meanings R17
20. show] rest R85 that] which R85 outwardly ... make] we are forced to make H73; we by force do make R17
22. must] most R85 desire ... feign] desire I seem to move H73; live best I always find R17
24. most I seem] I seem most R85
r) Though I seem strange (Continued)

Thus farewell friend, I will continue strange,
Thou shalt not hear by word or writing ought,
Let it suffice, my vow shall never change,
As for the rest, I leave it to thy thought.
Were I a king, I could command content,
Were I obscure, unknown should be my cares,
And were I dead, no thoughts should me torment,
Nor words, nor wrongs, nor loves, nor hopes, nor fears;
A doubtful choice, of three things one to crave,
A kingdom, or a cottage, or a grave.
s) Were I a king, I could command content (Answers)

(i) Wert thou a king, yet not command content,
    Where empire none, thy mind could yet suffice;
    Were thou obscure, still cares would thee torment,
    But wert thou dead, all care and sorrow dies.
    An easy choice of three things thee to crave,
    No kingdom, nor a cottage, but a grave.

Texts: MS Folger V.a.89 f.6 (Copy Text) [V89]
       Farmer Chetham MS p.94 (Variants) [FC]

2. Where]Sith
    V89 adds to "Were I a king" and ascribes "Were"
7. three things thee] these three which

(ii) To be a king, thy care would much augment,
    From Court to Cart the fortune were but bare;
    If death should strike, third wish thou shouldst repent,
    Thus death and luck thy wandering wish did spare.
    The choice were hard, since better thou mayst have,
    Content lives not in cottage, crown, nor grave.

Text: MS Harl.6910 f.140v, headed "Responsio"

(iii) A king - oh boon for my aspiring mind!
    A cottage makes a country swad rejoice,
    And as for death, I like him in his kind,
    But God forbid that he should be my choice.
    A kingdom, or a cottage, or a grave,
    Nor last, nor next, but first and best I crave;
    The rest I can when as I list enjoy,
    Till then, salute me thus: Vive le Roi!

Text: Farmer Chetham MS, p.94
      headed "An other of another mind", ascribed "F.M."
s) *Were I a king* (Answers) (Continued)

(iv) The greatest kings do least command content,
For greatest cares do still attend a crown;
A grave all happy fortunes do prevent,
Making the noble equal with the clown;
   A quiet country life to lead I crave,
   A cottage then, no kingdom nor a grave.

Text: Farmer Chetham MS, p.95
headed: "An other of another mind"
(Farmer Chetham MS has other answers, not printed by Grosart.)
t) What is Desire, which doth approve

What is Desire, which doth approve
To set on fire each gentle heart?
A fancy strange, a god of love,
Whose pining sweet delights with smart,
    In gentle minds his dwelling is.

What were his parents? Gods or no,
That living long is yet a child?
A goddess' son, who thinks not so?
A god begot, a god beguiled;
    Venus his mother, Mars his sire.

Is he a god of Peace or War?
What be his arms? What is his might?
His war is peace, his peace is war,
Each grief of his is but delight,
    His bitter bale is sugared bliss.

What be his gifts? How doth he play?
When is he seen, or how conceived?
Sweet dreams in sleep, new thoughts in day,
Beholding eyes in mind received;
    A god that rules, and yet obeys.
t) What is Desire, which doth approve (Continued)

Why is he naked painted, blind,
His sides with shafts, his back with brands?
Plain without guile, by hap to find,
Proving with fair words that withstands,
   And where he craves, he takes no nay.

What labours doth this god allow?
What fruits have lovers for their pain?
Sit still, and muse to make a vow,
Their ladies, if they true remain -
   A good reward for true desire.
u) When I was fair and young, then favour graced me

When I was fair and young, then favour graced me,
Of many was I sought, their mistress for to be;
But I did scorn them all, and answered them therefore,
Go, go, go, seek some other where, importune me no more!

How many weeping eyes I made to pine in woe,
How many sighing hearts, I have not skill to show,
But I the prouder grew, and still this spake therefore,
Go, go, go, seek some other where, importune me no more.

Then spake fair Venus' son, that brave, victorious boy,
Saying, "You dainty dame, for that you be so coy,
I will so pull your plumes, as you shall say no more,
Go, go, go, seek some other where, importune me no more."

1. then] and R85, Dd5 favour] beauty V26
2. sought] sought unto Dd5; wooed V26
3. answered] said to Dd5, V26

Dd5 omits lines 5-8
5. in] with R85
6. no] not R85
7. But] Yet R85 still ... spake] answered them R85
10. Saying ... dame] And said, "Fine dame R85; Said, "... that, thou scornful dame Dd5 for] since R85 you be] thou art Dd5
11. pull] pluck R85; wound Dd5 your plumes] thy heart Dd5
   as] that R85, Dd5 you ... more] thou shalt leave therefore Dd5
u) When I was fair and young (Continued)

As soon as he had said, such change grew in my breast
That neither night nor day I could take any rest;
Wherefore I did repent that I had said before,
Go, go, go, seek some other where, importune me no more.
v) Who taught thee first to sigh, alas my heart?

Who taught thee first to sigh, alas my heart? Love.
Who taught thy tongue the woeful words of plaint? Love.
Who filled thine eyes with tears of bitter smart? Love.
Who gave thee grief, and made thy joys so faint? Love.

Who first did print with colours pale thy face? Love. 5
Who first did break thy sleeps of quiet rest? Love.
Above the rest in court, who gave thee grace? Love.
Who made thee strive in virtue to be best? Love.

In constant troth to bide so firm and sure? Love. 10
To scorn the world, regarding but thy friend? Love.
With patient mind each passion to endure? Love.
In one desire to settle to thy end? Love.

Love then thy choice, wherein such faith doth bind,
As nought but death may ever change thy mind.

3. thine] your R85
4. so] to R85
8. virtue] honour R85
9. troth] truth R85
10. friend] friends R85
12. thy] the R85
13. faith doth] choice thou R85

Texts: MS Harl.7392 f.70v (Copy Text) [H73]
MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.16v [R85]

Ascriptions: H73: "Ball."
R85: "Earle of Oxenforde"
SIR WALTER RALEGH

I : Table of Distribution of Texts
II : Table of Comparative Chronological Groupings
III: The Phoenix Nest Group
IV : Texts and Collations
   a) A secret murder hath been done of late
   b) As you came from the holy land
   c) Calling to mind, mine eye went long about
   d) Farewell false love, thou oracle of lies
   e) Fortune hath taken thee away, my love
   f) Lady farewell, whom I in silence serve
   g) Like to a hermit poor in place obscure
   h) Many desire, but few or none deserve
   i) Sweet are the thoughts where hope persuadeth
      [ Those eyes that hold the hand of every heart]*

V : Dobell's texts of Raleigh's "Farewell false love"
   and Heneage's answer

* Text and Collation given under Breton - see page 241
### Table I: Distribution of Texts

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<th>Text Description</th>
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<th>H73</th>
<th>V89</th>
<th>AH</th>
<th>PN</th>
<th>Others</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A secret murder</td>
<td>108v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>70</td>
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<tr>
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<td>7v</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>65v</td>
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<td>Lady farewell</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>69</td>
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(A full list of texts is given at the end of each collation)

**Key:**
- R85: MS Rawl. Poet. 85
- H73: MS Harl. 7392
- V89: MS Folger V.a.89
- AH: Arundel Harington MS (by item numbers)
- PN: The Phoenix Nest (1593) (by page number)
- H69: MS Harl. 6910
- Dd5: MS Cambridge Dd5.75
- AEP: The Arte of English Poesie (1589)
- 235: MS Marsh 73.5.21
- FC: Farmer Chetham MS (Chetham 3012)
- BBD: Britton's Bower of Delights (1591)
- A34: MS Add. 34064

(Underlined references are ascribed to Raleigh)
<table>
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<tr>
<th>(a) Miss Latham</th>
<th>(b) Dr. Oakeshott</th>
<th>(c) Professor Lefranc</th>
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<td>Sweet are the thoughts</td>
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<td>V: Farewell false love</td>
<td>III: Calling to mind</td>
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<td>VII: Those eyes that hold</td>
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<td>XXI: As you came from</td>
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<tr>
<td>conjectural</td>
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<td>XLVI: A secret murder</td>
<td>1587-92</td>
<td>1585-7</td>
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<tr>
<td>LIII: Those eyes that hold</td>
<td>XVI: Farewell false love</td>
<td>Lady farewell</td>
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<td></td>
<td>XX: Like to a hermit</td>
<td>Fortune hath taken</td>
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<td>XXI: Many desire</td>
<td>Calling to mind</td>
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<td>XXII: As you came from</td>
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<td>1592-3</td>
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<td>Farewell false love</td>
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<td>1593-4</td>
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<td></td>
<td>As you came from</td>
<td>As you came from</td>
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<td>(pp.78-81)</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Table III: The Phoenix Nest group

1. Feed still thyself, thou fondling, with belief
2. My first-born love, unhappily conceived
3. The brain-sick race that wanton youth ensues
4. Those eyes which set my fancy on a fire
5. Prais'd be Diana's fair and harmless light
   (probably Ralegh's)
6. Like to a hermit poor in place obscure
   (probably Ralegh's - I10)
7. Like truthless dreams, so are my joys expired
   (probably Ralegh's)
8. A secret murder hath been done of late
   (uncertain - A9)
9. Sought by the world, and hath the world disdain'd
10. Her face, her tongue, her wit
    (probably Gorges's - H6)
11. Calling to mind, mine eye went long about
    (Ralegh's - C1)
12. What else is hell but loss of blissful heaven
13. Would I were changed into that golden shower
    (probably Gorges's - W54)
15. Those eyes that hold the hand of every heart
    (perhaps Breton's? - T48)
16. Who list to hear the sum of sorrow's state

(See H.E. Rollins's edition of The Phoenix Nest, pp.66-75)
(References are to the First Line Index, below, pp.393ff.)
A secret murder hath been done of late,
Unkindness found to be the bloody knife,
And she that did the deed, a dame of state,
Fair, gracious, wise, as any beareth life.

To quit herself, this answer did she make,
"Mistrust," quoth she, "hath brought him to his end,
Which makes the man so much himself mistake,
To lay the guilt unto his guiltless friend."

Lady not so, not feared I found my death,
For no desert thus murdered is my mind,
And yet before I yield my fainting breath,
I quit the killer, though I blame the kind.

You kill unkind, I die and yet am true,
For at your sight my wound doth bleed anew.
b) **As you came from the holy land**

As you came from the holy land
   Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
   By the way as you came?

How should I, sir, your true love know,
   That have met mery a one,
As I came from the holy land,
   That have come, that have gone?

She is neither white nor brown,
   But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine,
   On the earth, in the air.

Such a one did I meet, good sir,
   Such an angel-like face,
Who like a queen, like a nymph did appear,
   In her gait, in her grace.

1. you]ye PB the]that HM
5. How shall I know your true love R85;
6. how should I know your true love PB,GG7
7. a one]one R85
10. the]that HM
11. she is fair HM
12. have]their PB; her GG;
13. in]or R85, PB
15. Who appeared like a nymph, like a queen HM:
16. Who like a nymph, like a queen did appear PB, GG
b) As you came from the holy land (Continued)

She hath left me here all alone,
   All alone as unknown,
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
   And me loved as her own.

What's the cause that she leaves you alone,
   And a new way doth take,
Who sometimes did you lead with herself,
   And her joy did you make?

I have loved her all my youth,
   But now old, as you see,
Love likes not the falling fruit,
   From the withered tree.

17. all] omits PB
18. as] omits GG
19. Who sometime loved me as her life PB,GG
20. me loved as] called me PB,GG
21. What's the cause she hath left thee alone PB,GG
22. Who loved you once as her own R85;
   That sometime did love thee as herself PB;
   That sometime did thee love as herself GG
24. you] thee PB,GG
26. But ] And HM now ] no R85; now am PB,GG
27. likes ] liketh HK, PB, GG
28. From] Nor PB, GG
b) As you came from the holy land (Continued)

Know that love is a careless child,
   And forgets promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
   And in faith never fast.

His desires are a dureless content,
   And a trustless joy;
He is won with a world of despair,
   And is lost with a toy.

Of women kind such indeed is the love,
   Or the word "love" abused,
Under which many childish desires
   And conceits are excused.

But true love is a durable fire,
   In the mind ever burning;
Never sick, never old, never dead,
   From itself never turning.

29. Know ... a] For love is like a PB; For love is a GG.
30. forgets] forget R85
32. inj of HM
33. desires are] desire is R85, PB, GG.
35. a dureless content] fickle, fond PB; fickle found GG.
36. is] omits PB
37. Such is the love of women kind HM, PB, GG.
38. love] so HM.
39. many childish desires] their ungrateful sex HM.
40. conceits] hard hearts HM.
41. But] Yea but HM. true] omit HM, PB, GG.
42. is] it is GG.
43. Never] Ever PB. old ... dead] dead ... cold PB, GG.
44. itself] himself HM.
b) As you came from the holy land (Continued)

       MS Huntington HM 198 ii [HM]
       Percy's Ballad MSS, iii, 471 [PB]
       The Garland of Good Will (1631) [G5v] [GGW]

       (HM text printed by Josephine Bennett in HLQ iv (1940) 473)

Form:  [R85]  11 x 4 lines
       [HM]  5 x 4 + 2 long lines
       [PB],[GGW]  5 x 8 + 4 lines

Pattern of Variants:

R85
  ↓   ↓
HM    PB
  ↓   ↓
GGW
calling to mind, mine eye went long about
calling to mind, mine eye went long about
to cause my heart for to forsake my breast;
all in a rage, i thought to pluck it out,
by whose device i lived in such unrest.
what could it say then, to regain my grace?
forsooth, that it had seen my mistress' face.
c) **Calling to mind** (Continued)

Another time I called unto mind,
It was my heart which all this woe had wrought,
Because that he to love his fort resigned,
When on such wars my fancy never thought.

What could he say, when I would have him slain?
That he was yours, and had foregone me clean.

---

7. Another time] And then again As7,S96
   I called unto] my heart I called to A15,R15, I, OLR;
   full sad I called to H40,R31; my heart called to R84;
   I gan to call to R85; I likewise call to PN

8. which] that As7,Dd5,R31,S96
   this] my Dd5,V89,H40,R31,R85

8. Thinking that it on me this woe had wrought A15;
   Thinking to me that he this woe had wrought R84,R15;
   My heart was he that all my woe had wrought PN;
   Thinking that he this woe on me had brought "I, OLR

9. fort] force WI, OLR
9. Because that it his fort to love resigned A15;
   Because he had his force to love assigned R31;
   Because he had to force his love assigned H40;
   For that to love his fort he had resigned Dd5;
   For it love my breast had first resigned R85;
   For he my breast the fort of love resigned PN

10. on] of A15,R84,R85,R15,PN, I, OLR
   wars] war A15,R84,R85,R15,WI; things H40,R31
   fancy]fancies S96

11. he] it A15,PN
    have him] him have V89,H40,R31,R85,R15,S96,PN, I, OLR;
    it have A15
    slain] torn H40,R31

12. he] it A15,As7,S96
    yours] hers A15,R84,R15, WI, OLR
    foregone me clean] foregone my claim A15,R84,R15, I;
    foregone my chain OLR; forsaken me clean V89;
    me quite forlorn H40,R31
At length, when I perceived both eye and heart
Excuse themselves as guiltless of my ill,
I found myself the cause of all my smart,
And told myself, myself now slay I will.
Yet when I saw myself to you was true,
I loved myself, because myself loved you.
c) Calling to mind (Continued)

Texts:  
MS Harl.7392 f.36v (Copy Text)  
MS Add.15227 f.38v  
MS Ashmole 781 p.138  
MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.27  
MS Folger V.a.89 f.12  
MS Harl.4064 f.232  
MS Harl.6910 f.142v  
MS Stowe 962 f.85v  
MS Rawl.Poet.31 f.2  
MS Rawl.Poet.84 f.58  
MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.104v  
MS Rawl.Poet.153 f.20  
The Phoenix Nest (1593) [K4v]  
Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter (1655) [V2]  
Oldys's Life of Raleigh (1736) p.1v  
(Uncollated texts in MSS Folger V.a.103 f.57,  
Folger V.a.162 f.89, Rosenbach 192 p.196)

Ascriptions and Headings:

H73 asc. "RA."
A15 asc. "Sr Walter: Raleigh", heads "To his loue"
As7 asc. "Sr Wa: Raleigh"
Dd5 asc. "T.R."
S96 asc. "Sir Walter Rawlyeh"
WI asc. "By Sir Walter Raleigh"
OLR heads "The Excuse, written by Sir Walter Raleigh,  
in his younger years."

R.84,R15 head "A Fancy"

Notes: Final couplet is quoted in The Arte of English Poesie  
(1589) [Z2v] "written by Sir Walter Raleigh".

Pattern of Variants:
d) **Farewell false love, thou oracle of lies**

Farewell false love, thou oracle of lies,
A mortal foe, an enemy to rest,
An envious boy, from whence all cares arise,
A bastard born, a beast with rage possessed,
A way of error, a temple full of treason,
In all effects contrary unto reason.

A poisoned serpent, covered all with flowers,
Mother of sighs, and murderer of repose,
A sea of sorrows, whence are drawn such showers
As moisture lends to every grief that grows,
A pool of guile, a nest of deep deceit,
A gilded hook that holds a poisoned bait.
d) **Farewell false love** (Continued)

A fortress foiled, which reason did defend,
A siren's song, a fever of the mind,
A maze wherein affection finds no end,
A ranging cloud that roves before the wind,
A substance like the shadow of the sun,
A goal of grief, for which the wisest run.

A quenchless fire, a nurse of trembling fear,
A path that leads to peril and mishap,
A true retreat of sorrow and despair,
An idle boy that sleeps in pleasure's lap,
A deep mistrust of that which certain seems,
And hope of that which reason doubtful deems.

13. **fortress foiled**] **fortless field** GG:
   which] whom V89, R85, GG, PdA, Ath
14. **siren's**] **siren** PSS 
   fever] fervour GG of] to AH
15. **affection finds**] **affections find** AH
16. **ranging**] **raging** AH, Ath; **raining** GG 
   roves] roams V89; **ranging**] **rages** V89;
   **flees** R85; **runs** AH, PSS, GG, Ath

lines 19-30 omits Ath
19. **nurse**] **maze** R85; rest GG
20. **of**] to R85 
   **sorrow**] sorrows PdA
21. **sleeps in]** leans on AH
22. **And**] A V89, R85, AH, PSS, GG, PdA
   **doubtful**] **doubtless** R85
d) **Farewell false love** (Continued)

Since then thy trains my younger years betray,
And for my faith ingratitude I find,
And sith repentance doth thy wrongs bewray,
Whose course I see repugnant unto kind,

False love, desire and beauty frail, adieu,
Dead is the root from whence such fancies grew.

---

lines 25-30 omit AH,PSS

25.Since then thy trains]Then sith my reign GGW
betray]betrayed V89,R85,GGW,PdA
27. doth] hath V89,R85,GGW,PdA (+ H73 before correction)
thy] my R85; the GGW bewray]dewrayed V89,R85,GGW,PdA
28. I see repugnant unto] was ever contrary to R85
29. desire] go back GGW
30. is the root] are the roots H73b
from whence such] whence all these R85 fancies] fancy V89,PdA

**Texts:**
- MS Harl.7392 f.37 (Copy Text)  [H73]
- MS Folger V.e.89 f.7v  [V89]
- MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.48  [R85]
- MS Arundel Harington no.235  [AH]
- Byrd's Psalms, Sonets, & songs (1588) no.xxv  [PSS]
- The Garland of Good Will (1631) [H7v]
- Le Prince d'Amour (1660) p.130 [K1v]
- The Athenaeum no.3855 (Sept.1901) p.349, (from a MS owned by Bertram Dobell) [Ath]

**Ascriptions and Headings:**
- [H73] asc. "RA." "Sec habent seculta sepulchrum"
- [Ath] asc. "R." heads "Mr Rawleigh"
- [V89] asc. "Later Ralegh" (partly erased; added later?)
- [GGW] heads "A farewell to Loue"
- [AH] heads "A quip for Cupide"
d) **Farewell false love (Continued)**

**Form:**
- [H73] 30 lines unbroken
- [V89], [R85], [GGW], [PdA] 5 x 6 lines
- [AH], [PSS] 4 x 6 lines (omit last stanza)
- [Ath] 3 x 6 lines (omits last two stanzas)

**Pattern of Variants:**
e) **Fortune hath taken thee away, my love**

Fortune hath taken thee away, my love,
My life's soul, and my soul's heaven above;
Fortune hath taken thee away, my princess,
My only light, and my true fancy's mistress.

Fortune hath taken all away from me,
Fortune hath taken all by taking thee;
Dead to all joy, I only live to woe,
So fortune now becomes my mortal foe.

In vain, mine eyes, in vain you waste your tears,
In vain my sighs do smoke forth my desairs,
In vain you search the earth and heaven above,
In vain you search, for fortune rules in love.

Thus now I leave my love in fortune's hands,
Thus now I leave my love in fortune's bands,
And only love the sorrows due to me;
Sorrow henceforth it shall my princess be.
I joy in this, that fortune conquers kings,
Fortune, that rules on earth and earthly things,
Hath taken my love in spite of Cupid's might;
So blind a dame did never Cupid right.

With wisdom's eyes had but blind fortune seen,
Then had my love my love for ever been;
But love farewell, though fortune conquer thee,
No fortune base shall ever alter me.
f) Lady farewell, whom I in silence serve

Lady farewell, whom I in silence serve -
Would God thou knowest the depth of my desire,
Then might I hope, though nought I can deserve,
Some drop of grace would quench my scorching fire.

But as to love unknown I have decreed,
So spare to speak doth often spare to speed.

Yet better 'twere that I in woe should waste
Than sue for grace and pity in despite,
And though I see in thee such pleasure placed
That feeds my joy and breeds my chief delight,

Withal I see a chaste consent disdain
Their suits, which seek to win thy will again.

Then farewell hope, a help to each man's harm,
The wind of woe hath torn my tree of trust,
Care quenched the coals which did my fancy warm,
All, all my help lies buried in the dust.

But yet amongst those cares which cross my rest,
This comfort grows - I think I love thee best.

Text: MS Harl.7392 f.65v (unascribed)

First stanza only quoted in The Farmer Chetham MS (MS Chetham 8012), p.96, headed "A Poem put into my Lad: Laiton's Pocket by Sr W. Rawleigh". Variants are:
3. hope wish
4. drop drops would quench to slake scorching scalding
5. sith to love unknown to live alone
6. I'll spare to speak, that I may spare to speed.
Like to a hermit poor in place obscure,
I mean to spend my days of endless doubt,
To wail such woes as time cannot recure,
Where none but love shall ever find me out.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink nought else but tears fall'n from mine eyes,
And for my light in such obscured shade,
The flames shall serve which from my heart arise.

A gown of grey my body shall attire,
My staff of broken hope, whereon I'll stay,
Of late repentance linked with long desire
The couch is framed, whereon my limbs I'll lay.

And at my gate despair shall linger still,
To let in death when love and fortune will.
g) Like to a hermit poor (Continued)

SONNET

Texts: The Phoenix Nest (1593) [K3] (Copy Text) [FN]
Britton's Boyle of Delights (1591) [B4v] [BED]
MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.25v [R85]
MS Harl.6910 f.139v [H69]
MS Add.38823 f.58v [A38]
MS Arundel Harington, no.194 [AH]

Form: BBD,H69,A38,AH: 14 lines unbroken
R85: 2 x 4 + 6 lines
FN: 3 x 4 + 2 lines

Headings: A38: "Incerti Authoris"
BED: "A Poem"

---

SONG

Texts: To day a man, Tomorrow none (1644) [A4v] (Copy) [TDN]
Ferrabosco's Ayres (1609),i [FA]
Select Musical Ayres (1652) [B1] [SMA]
Clifford's Tixall Poetry (1813) p.115 [TP]
The Academy of Complements (1650) [L1] [AC]
MS Folger V.a.169 f.10v [V16]
MS Drexel 4257,no.15 [DX]

Form: TDK,SMA,V16,AC,DX: 3 x 6 lines
FA: 1 x 6 (first stanza only)
TP: 3 x 7 (splits first line of each stanza in two)

Headings and Ascriptions: TDK asc. "Valter Rawleigh"
TP heads "Despair"
AC heads "A Song"

Notes: SNA,V16,TP,DX repeat the first half of each line of the refrain (lines 5-6,11-12,17-18).
TP reverses the order of lines 7-12 and 13-18 (i.e. follows the order of the sonnet).
Variants in V16 and DX are quoted from Miss Hughey's edition of The Arundel Harington MS, ii,313.
g) Like to a hermit poor (Continued)

Pattern of Variants:

```
R58
  /
BBD
  /
H69
  /
A38
  /
AH
  /
(song)
```
h) Many desire, but few or none deserve

Many desire, but few or none deserve
To win the fort of thy most constant will,
Therefore take heed, let fancy never swerve
But unto him that will defend thee still,
   For this be sure, the fort of fame once won,
   Farewell the rest, thy happy days are done.

Many desire, but few or none deserve
To pluck the flowers, and let the leaves to fall,
Therefore take heed, let fancy never swerve
But unto him that will take leaves and all,
   For this be sure, the flower once plucked away,
   Farewell the rest, thy happy days decay.

2. win the fort] fill the fort R85; crop the fruit A22;
   reap the fruit A24
3. Therefore ] therefore R85, A22, A24
4. unto him that ] to the wight which A22; woo the wight that A24
   are ] be R85
8. pluck the flowers ] pluck the branch R85; break the branch
   A22, A24   leaves to ] flowers R85, A22; flower A24
9. Therefore ] therefore R85, A22, A24
10. unto him that ] to the wight which A22; woo the wight that A24
    and ] at R85
11. flower ] flowers A22    plucked ] pluck A22
12. thy happy days ] the branch will soon R85
Many desire, but few or none deserve
To cut the corn not subject to the sickle,
Therefore take heed, let fancy never swerve
But constant stand, for mowers' minds are fickle,
For this be sure, the crop being once obtained,
Farewell the rest, the soil will be disdained.
i) **Sweet are the thoughts where hope persuadeth hap**

Sweet are the thoughts where hope persuadeth hap,
Great are the joys where heart obtains request,
Dainty the life nursed still in fortune's lap,
Much is the ease where troubled minds find rest;
These are the fruits that valour doth advance,
And cuts off dread by hope of happy chance.

Thus hope brings hap but to the worthy wight,
Thus pleasure comes but after hard assay,
Thus fortune yields in manger of her spite,
Thus happy state is none without delay.

Then must I needs advance myself by skill,
And live to serve in hope of your goodwill.

---

Text: MS Harl.7392 f.36, ascribed "RA."

Altered reading: In line 12, "to serve" has been altered, by a marginal note, from "and serve".
Sr. Thomas Heneage.

Most welcome love, thou mortal foe to lies,
thou root of life and ruin of debate,
an imp of heaven that troth to virtue ties,
a stone of choice that bastard lusts doth hate
a way to fasten fancy most to reason
in all effects, and enemy most to treason.

A flower of faith that will not wade for smart,
mother of trust and murderer of sure woes
in sorrows seas, a cordial to the hart
that medicine gives to every grief that growes;
a schoole of wit, a nest of sweet conceit,
a percyng eye that findes a gilt disceit.

A fortress sure which reason must defend,
a hopefull toyle, a most delightinge band,
affection mazed that leads to happy ende
to ranginge thoughtes a gentle ranginge hande,
a substaunce sure as will not be undone,
a price of joye for which the wysest ronne.

finis.

Mr. Rawleigh.

Farewell false Love, thou oracle of lies,
a mortal foe and enemy to rest,
an envious boye from whom all cares arise,
a bastard vile, a beast with rage possest,
a way of error, a temple full of treason,
in all effects contrary unto reason.
A poysened serpent, covered all with flowers,
    mother of sighes and murderer of repose,
a sea of sorrowe from whence are drawn such showers
    as moysture lendes to every griefe that growes,
a schoole of gyle, a nest of deep deceit,
a gylded hook that holdes a poysened bait.

A fortress foiled whome reason did defend,
    a Cyren's songe, a feaver of the mynde,
a maze wherin affection findes no end,
    a raginge clowde that ronnes before the winde,
a substaunce lyke the shadow of the sunne,
a goale of griefe for which the vysest ronne.

Finis R.
ACCESSORIES TO CHAPTER 8

SIR ARTHUR GORGES

I : Table of Distribution of Texts

II : Texts and Collations
   a) Would I were changed into that golden shower
   b) The gentle season of the year
   c) Her face, her tongue, her wit
<table>
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<th>Text</th>
<th>E31</th>
<th>Dd5</th>
<th>H73</th>
<th>R85</th>
<th>PN</th>
<th>others</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A hapless man of late</td>
<td>39v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But this and then no more</td>
<td>19</td>
<td></td>
<td>27v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>AEP, NBT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come gentle herdman,</td>
<td>101v</td>
<td>41v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>A151, PR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>71</td>
<td></td>
<td>PdA*, (etc.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I saw of late a lady</td>
<td>6v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>79</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The gentle season</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>40v</td>
<td>63v**</td>
<td>17v</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Would I were changed</td>
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<td></td>
<td>36v*</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>73</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Key:**
- **E31**: NS Egerton 3165 (Gorges's Vanityes)
- **Dd5**: NS Cambridge Dd5.75
- **H73**: NS Harl.7392
- **R85**: NS Rarl, Poet.85
- **PN**: The Phoenix Nest (1593) [by page number]
- **AEP**: The Arte of English Poesie (1599)
- **NBT**: Barley's New Book of Tabliture (1596)
- **A151**: NS Add.15117
- **PR**: A Poetical Rapsody (1602)
- **PdA**: Le Prince d'Amour (1660)

(There are numerous other texts of "Her face, her tongue" - see the collation following)

Texts underlined are ascribed to Gorges  
Texts marked * are ascribed to Ralegh  
Text marked ** is ascribed to Sidney
a) **Would I were changed into that golden shower**

Would I were changed into that golden shower
That so divinely streamed from the skies,
To fall in drops upon my dainty flower,
When in her bed she solitary lies.

Then would I hope such showers as richly shine
Should pierce more deep than these waste tears of mine.

Else would I were that plumed swan, snow-white,
Under whose form was hidden heavenly power.
Then in that river would I most delight,
Whose waves do beat against her stately bower,

And on those banks so tune my dying song,

That her deaf ears should think my plaints too long.

Or would I were Narcissus, that sweet boy,
And she herself the fountain, crystal clear,
Who, ravished with the pride of his own joy,
Drenched his limbs with gazing over near.

So should I bring my soul to happy rest,
To end my life in that I loved best.
a) *Would I were changed* (Continued)

Texts:  
- MS Egerton 3165 f. 43 (Copy Text)  
- MS Harl. 7392 f. 36v  
- MS Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 46  
- *The Phoenix Nest* (1593) [L1]  

Ascription: "RA." in H73

Possible Stemma:
b) The gentle season of the year

The gentle season of the year
Hath made the blooming branch appear,
And beautified the lands with flowers;
The air doth savour with delight,
The heavens do smile to see the sight,
And yet mine eyes augment their showers.

The meadows mantled all with green,
The trembling leaves have clothed the treen,
The birds with feathers new do sing;
But I, poor soul, whom wrong doth wrack,
Attire myself in mourning black,
Whose leaf doth fall amidst his spring.
b) The gentle season (Continued)

And as we see the scarlet rose
In this sweet prime his bud disclose,
Whose hue is with the sun revived;
So, in this April of mine age,
My lively colour doth assuage,
Because my sunshine is deprived.

My heart, that wonted was of yore
Light as the wind to range and soar
In every place where beauty springs,
Now only hovers over you,
Even as a bird that's taken new,
And flutters but with clipped wings.
b)  *The gentle season* (Continued)

When all men else are bent to sport,
Then, pensive, I alone resort
Into some solitary walk,
As doth the doleful turtle dove,
Who, having lost her faithful love,
Sits mourning on some withered stalk.

There to myself do I recount
How far my woes my joys surmount,
How love requiteth me with hate,
How all my pleasures end in pain,
How hap doth show my hope but vain,
How fortune frowns upon my state.

And in this mood, charged with despair,
With vapoured sighs I dim the air,
And to the gods make this request,
That, by the ending of my life,
I may have truce with this strange strife,
And bring my soul to better rest.

---

25. *all men else are*] *every man is* PN,H73,R85; *all men are* Dd5
27. *walk*] *place* Dd5
29. *her*] *his* H73
31. *do I*] *I do* PN,H73,R85
32. *woes ... joys*] *joys ... woes* H73
34. *pleasures*] *pleasure* R85
35. *how hate doth say my hope is vain* PN;
   *how hap doth say my hope is vain* H73,R85
41. *have truce with*] *hence trace from* H73;
   *thence trace from* R85
42. *rest*] *omits* Dd5
b) The gentle season (Continued)

Texts:  
- MS Egerton 3165 f.2 (Copy Text) [E31]  
- MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.40v [Dd5]  
- MS Harl.7392 f.63v [H73]  
- MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.17v [R85]  
- The Phoenix Nest (1593) [L4] [PN]

Ascription:  "Sr P. Sidney" in H73

Possible Stemma:
c) **Her face, her tongue, her wit**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Her face</th>
<th>Her tongue</th>
<th>Her wit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>So fair</td>
<td>So sweet</td>
<td>So sharp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First bent</td>
<td>Then drew</td>
<td>Then hit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mine eye</td>
<td>Mine ear</td>
<td>My heart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mine eye</td>
<td>Mine ear</td>
<td>My heart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To like</td>
<td>To learn</td>
<td>To love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her face</td>
<td>Her tongue</td>
<td>Her wit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doth lead</td>
<td>Doth teach</td>
<td>Doth move</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her face</td>
<td>Her tongue</td>
<td>Her wit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With beams</td>
<td>With sound</td>
<td>With art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doth blind</td>
<td>Doth charm</td>
<td>Doth knit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mine eye</td>
<td>Mine ear</td>
<td>My heart</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 1. Your...        | Your...           | Your...          | NBT, MCB |
| 2. ...            | So smooth         | ...              | "I      |
| 3. Hath...        | Hath drawn        | Hath...          | MCB     |
| ...               | ...               | Now...           | A152,PR |
| ...               | ...               | So...            | NBT     |
| ...               | ...               | Hath knit        | MCC     |
| 4. My...          | Mine...           | ...              | MCB     |
| ...               | ...               | Mine...          | MCB     |
| ... eyes           | ... ears          | ...              | MCB     |

| 5. My...          | My...             | ...              | VI      |
| ...               | ...               | Mine...          | H73,BBD |
| 7. Your...        | Your...           | Your...          | H73,BBD,NBT,VI |
| ...               | ...               | Her heart        | PdA     |
| 8. teach          | ... lead          | ...              | VI      |
| ... lend          | ...               | ...              | MCB     |

| 9. Your...        | Your...           | Your...          | NBT     |
| 10. beam          | ...               | ...              | BBD     |
| ... beauty        | ...               | ...              | A152    |
| 11. bind          | ...               | ... rule         | H73,BBD |
| ...               | ...               | ... rule         | A152,PR,NBT,VI |
| 12. My...         | My...             | Mine...          | BBD     |
o) **Her face, her tongue** (Continued)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mine eye</th>
<th>Mine ear</th>
<th>My heart</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>With life</td>
<td>With hope</td>
<td>With skill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her face</td>
<td>Her tongue</td>
<td>Her wit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doth feed</td>
<td>Doth feast</td>
<td>Doth fill</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>O face</th>
<th>O tongue</th>
<th>O wit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>With frowns</td>
<td>With checks</td>
<td>With smart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wrong not</td>
<td>Vex not</td>
<td>Wound not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mine eye</td>
<td>Mine ear</td>
<td>My heart</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>This eye</th>
<th>This ear</th>
<th>This heart</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Shall joy</td>
<td>Shall yield</td>
<td>Shall swear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her face</td>
<td>Her tongue</td>
<td>Her wit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To serve</td>
<td>To trust</td>
<td>To fear</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>13.</th>
<th>Mine...</th>
<th>My...</th>
<th>...</th>
<th>My...</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td>Your...</td>
<td>Your...</td>
<td>Your...</td>
<td>H73,PR,BBD</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>18.</th>
<th>...check</th>
<th>...</th>
<th>...</th>
<th>PT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>19.</td>
<td>...ring...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>Love...</td>
<td>A152,PR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>My...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>...</td>
<td>Mine</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>BBD,PA</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>21.</th>
<th>Mine...</th>
<th>Mine...</th>
<th>My...</th>
<th>HN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>22.</td>
<td>Mine...</td>
<td>Mine...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>PDA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>...bend</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>E31U,PR,BBD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>...bind</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>A152,H73,PR,BBD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>To learn</td>
<td>To know</td>
<td>To fear</td>
<td>PT,PDA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23.</td>
<td>Your...</td>
<td>Your...</td>
<td>Your...</td>
<td>A152,H73,PR,BBD,HNT,P</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24.</td>
<td>...love</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>A152,H73,PR,BBD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Doth lead</td>
<td>Doth teach</td>
<td>Doth swear</td>
<td>PT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Doth lead</td>
<td>Doth fear</td>
<td>Doth swear</td>
<td>PDA</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
c) Her face, her tongue (Continued)

Texts:
- MS Egerton 3165 f.6r (Copy Text) [E31]
- MS Add.15227 f.8rv [A152]
- MS Harl.7392 f.66v [H73]
- A Poetical Rapsody (1602) [L1] [PR]
- Britton's Bowre of Delights (1591) [P4v] [BBD]
- Barley's New Book of Tabliture (1596) [iii] [NBT]
- Cotgrave's Vits Interpreter (1655) [G7v] [W1]
- The Phoenix Nest (1593) [K4] [PN]
- Le Prince d'Amour (1660) [K2] [PdA]
- The Moulton commonplace Book [LCB]
- Musophilus' Card of Courtship (1653) [MCC]

Ascriptions: H73: "Raley" (perhaps a later addition)
PdA: ".R."

Form: FN,PdA omit stanzas 3 and 4
- NCB, MCC have first stanza only

Notes: Variants in NCB, MCC quoted from Miss Sandison's edition of Gorges' Poems, p.209.
- E31U is an uncorrected reading, later altered.

Possible Stemma:
ACCESSORIES TO CHAPTER 9

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

I : Table of Distribution of Texts p.223

II : Table of Grouping in MS Texts p.225

III: Detailed Textual Discussion:
   a) Poems from the Old Arcadia p.227
   b) Poems from Certain Sonnets p.231
   c) Poems from Astrophil and Stella p.236

Key to Sigla

In the following textual discussion, MSS have been referred to by the sigla used in Professor Ringler's edition, for ease of reference and comparison. What follows below is a key showing the sigla used elsewhere in this thesis and the corresponding sigla used by Professor Ringler. Professor Ringler's sigla for the main Sidney MSS are not cited here, as there is no overlap.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Text</th>
<th>my siglum</th>
<th>Ringler's</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MS Rawl. Poet. 85</td>
<td>R85</td>
<td>Ra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MS Harl. 7392</td>
<td>H73</td>
<td>Hy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MS Harl. 6910</td>
<td>H69</td>
<td>Ha</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MS Cambridge Dd5.75</td>
<td>Dd5</td>
<td>Dd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MS Marsh 23.5.21</td>
<td>235</td>
<td>Pa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MS Folger V.a. 89</td>
<td>V89</td>
<td>Fo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MS Arundel Harington</td>
<td>AH</td>
<td>Hn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MS Add. 34064</td>
<td>A34</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MS Dyce 44</td>
<td>Dy4</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Arte of English Poesie</td>
<td>AEP</td>
<td>Fu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Arbor of amorous Deuises</td>
<td>AAD</td>
<td>Bn</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[For a full list of Professor Ringler's sigla, see pp. lxviii-lxx of his edition.]
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>OA 2</th>
<th>Transformed in show, but more transformed in mind</th>
<th>Dd, [A34]</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>What length of verse can serve</td>
<td>Hy, Dd, Ha</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>(By earthly mould doth melt in watry tears)</td>
<td>Ra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>(When I behold the trees)</td>
<td>Ra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>In vain, mine eyes, you labour to amend</td>
<td>[A34]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Let not old age disgrace my high disdain</td>
<td>Ha, [A34]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Since so mine eyes are subject to your sight</td>
<td>[A34]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>My sheep are thoughts, which I both guide and serve</td>
<td>Ma, Fl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Over these brooks, trusting to ease mine eyes</td>
<td>Ra, [A34]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>With two strange fires of equal heart possessed</td>
<td>Ra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Thou rebel vile, come, to thy master yield</td>
<td>[A34]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Reason, tell me thy mind, if here be reason</td>
<td>Ra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Sweet glove, the witness of my secret bliss</td>
<td>Dd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Phoebus farewell, a sweeter saint I serve</td>
<td>Ra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Like those sick folks, in whom strange humours flow</td>
<td>Ra, Dd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>How is my sun, whose beams are shining bright</td>
<td>Dd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>My true love hath my heart, and I have his</td>
<td>Hy, Pu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Do not disdain, o straight upraised pine</td>
<td>[A34]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Sweet root say thou, the root of my desire</td>
<td>Dd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>Lock up, fair lids, the treasures of my heart</td>
<td>Ra, Hy, Dd, Hn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Virtue, beauty, and speech did strike, wound, charm</td>
<td>Hy, Fr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>What tongue can her perfections tell</td>
<td>Dd, [A34]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>A neighbour mine not long ago there was</td>
<td>Ha</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71</td>
<td>Ye goatherd gods that love the grassy mountains</td>
<td>Ra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>Unto the caitif wretch, whom long affliction holdeth</td>
<td>Hn</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CS 1</th>
<th>Since shunning pain, I ease can never find</th>
<th>Hn</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>The fire, to see my woes, for anger burneth</td>
<td>Ra, Hy, Dd, Hn, Bn, Fr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>The scourge of life, and death's extreme disgrace</td>
<td>Ra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Woe, woe to me, on me return the smart</td>
<td>Ra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Thou pain the only guest of loathed constraint</td>
<td>Ra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>And have I heard her say, &quot;O cruel pain!&quot;</td>
<td>Ra</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Like as the dove which seeld up doth fly
[Prometheus when first from heaven high - by Dyer]
A satyr once did run away for dread
If I could think how these my thoughts to leave
Finding those beams, which I must ever love
Near Milton sweet huge heaps of stone are found
Who hath his fancy pleased
When to my deadly pleasure
All my sense thy sweetness gained
Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread
Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show
Only joy, now here you are
In a grove most rich of shade
Go, my flock, go get you hence
O dear life, when shall it be
The dart, the beams, the string so strong I prove
At my heart there is a pain [by Breton?]
In a field full fair of flowers
Philisides, the shepherd good and true
Sing neighbours, sing, hear you not say

Na
Ra, Hy, Fo, Ha
Ra, Hy, Fo
Ra, Hy, Ka [Dy4]
Ra
Ra, Na
Ra, Hy, Ka, Ha
Ra
Hn, Pu
Hy, Dd, Hn, Ba
Hn
Ra
Ra, Ha
Dd
Ra, Hn
Ra, Hy
Ra, [A34]
Ha
Hy
Hy
Table II: Grouping of Sidney's Poems in the HSS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MS Rawl. Poet. 85</th>
<th>ascr.</th>
<th>MS Harl. 7392</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>item fol. poem</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 5v Phoebus farewell</td>
<td>(OA38)</td>
<td>S.P.S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14 8v A satyr once</td>
<td>(CS16)</td>
<td>S.P.S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15 9 Lock up fair lids</td>
<td>(OA51)</td>
<td>S.P.S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 9 The dart, the beams</td>
<td>(PP2)</td>
<td>S.P.S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 9v The fire to see</td>
<td>(CS3)</td>
<td>S.P.S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 11v If I could think</td>
<td>(CS19)</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21 12 Finding these beams</td>
<td>(CS21)</td>
<td>Mr. Nowell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23 12v Who hath his fancy</td>
<td>(CS23)</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37 20 Ye goatherd gods</td>
<td>(OA74)</td>
<td>S.P.S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38 21v Like those sick folks</td>
<td>(OA41)</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39 22 (Then I behold the trees)</td>
<td>(OA13)</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40 23 With two strange fires</td>
<td>(OA22)</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41 23v Over these brooks</td>
<td>(OA21)</td>
<td>S.P.S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42 24 Reason tell me</td>
<td>(OA33)</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43 34v In a grove most rich</td>
<td>(ASviii)</td>
<td>Sr. P. Sydneye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60 42 Only joy now here</td>
<td>(ASiv)</td>
<td>S.P.S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81 55 The scourge of life</td>
<td>(CS8)</td>
<td>Sr. P. Sidney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82 55 Voe woe to me</td>
<td>(CS9)</td>
<td>Sr. P. Sidney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83 55v Thou pain the only</td>
<td>(CS10)</td>
<td>Sr. P. Sidney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84 56 And have I heard</td>
<td>(CS11)</td>
<td>Sr. P. S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89 65v (My earthly mould doth melt)</td>
<td>(OA7)</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90 65v (Thus do I fall)</td>
<td>(CS25)</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>122 102 Near Milton sweet</td>
<td>(CS22)</td>
<td>Incertus author</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>132 107v Oh dear life</td>
<td>(ASx)</td>
<td>Britton</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

128 75 What length of verse | (OA3) | Sr. Phyll Sydney |
### MS Arundel-Harington

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>item</th>
<th>fol.</th>
<th>poem</th>
<th>ascr.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td></td>
<td>The fire to see</td>
<td>(CS3) Ph.S</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71</td>
<td></td>
<td>Oh dear life</td>
<td>(AS6) Sr Phillip Syd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>176</td>
<td></td>
<td>Since shunning pain</td>
<td>(CS1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>191</td>
<td></td>
<td>Lock up fair lids</td>
<td>(OA51)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>192</td>
<td></td>
<td>All my sense</td>
<td>(CS27)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>196</td>
<td></td>
<td>Ring out your bells</td>
<td>(CS30)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>223</td>
<td></td>
<td>Loving in truth</td>
<td>(OA1) Sr Phillip Sydney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>229</td>
<td></td>
<td>Unto the caitif</td>
<td>(OA74)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### MS Cambridge Dd 5.75

| 2    | 26   | Lock up fair lids | (OA51) |
| 6    | 26   | (hat tongue can) | (OA62) |
| 7    | 26v  | Like those sick folks | (OA41) |
| 8    | 26v  | How is my sun | (OA42) |
| 9    | 26v  | Sweet root say thou | (OA48) |
| 12   | 27   | Ring out your bells | (CS30) |
| 13   | 27   | The fire to see | (CS3) |
| 74   | 37v  | Sweet glove the witness | (OA35) |
| 75   | 37v  | That tongue can | (OA62) |
| 76   | 37v  | That length of verse | (OA3) |
| 80   | 38   | Transformed in show | (OA2) |
| 117  | 47   | Go my flock | (AS6) |

### MS Harl. 23.5.21

| 10   | 17v  | Like as the dove | (CS15) |
| 11   | 17v  | My sheep are thoughts | (OA17) |
| 12   | 18   | Who hath his fancy | (CS23) |
| 13   | 18v  | Near Wilton sweet | (CS22) |
| 14   | 19v  | If I could think | (CS19) |

### MS Harl. 6910

| 124  | 145v | That length of verse | (OA3) |
| 132  | 149  | Who hath his fancy | (CS23) |
| 147  | 154v | Let not old age | (OA15) |
| 212  | 171  | In a grove most rich | (ASviii) P.S. |
| 216  | 173v | A neighbour mine | (OA64) P.S. |

### MS Add. 34064

| 50   | 27   | Thou rebel vile | (OA27) |
| 51   | 27v  | Let not old age | (OA15) |
| 52   | 28   | Since so mine eyes | (OA16) |
| 53   | 28   | Transformed in show | (OA2) |
| 54   | 28v  | In vain mine eyes | (OA14) |
| 55   | 28v  | Over these brooks | (OA21) |
| 56   | 29   | Do not disdain | (OA47) |
| 57   | 29   | That tongue can | (OA62) |
III: Detailed Textual Discussion

a) Poems from the Old Arcadia

(i) Ringler's stemma of OA MSS (see p.380):

(ii) Examination of collations of OA texts also in the miscellanies:

OA3: What length of verse can serve brave Nopsa's good to show
[See Ringler's edition, p.12; additional variants given below]

2. Whose vertues strange, and beuties such, as no man them may know?
   beauty (Bo, Je, Ha) may them (Le, Ha, Hy)

12. Her skin like burnisht gold, her hands like silver ure untryde.
   silver vntried (Bo, Dd)

14. Happie be they which well beleeve, and never seeke the rest.
   are (Le, Ph, Dd, Hy) see (Hy)
   will (St, Bo, As, Dd, Hy) sees (Ha)

Collation:

Dd shows some relationship with texts of Ringler's T4 group (Bo, St) - see lines 6, 12, 15.
Hy has many unique variants, but sometimes agrees with T3 or T4 groups (Cl, Le, As or St, Bo) - see lines 2, 14.
On the whole the miscellany texts (Dd, Ha, Hy) agree with T3 or T4 texts, as against texts from Ringler's G group (90-93, Cm).
OA41: Like those sick folkes, in whome strange humors flowe
[See Ringler's edition, p.74; additional variants given below]

1. Like those sick folkes, in whome strange humors flowe,
   folke (Dd,Ra)

2. Can taste no sweetes, the sower onely please:
   sweet (Da,Je,Qu,Dd,Ra)
   sower doth only (Da,Dd,Ra)

Collation:
Dd and Ra apparently descend from a common original (here designated "w")
relating to Da, and so to Ringler's T2 group. Possible lines of descent
might be:

```
       T2
      /   \ or
     Da   T2
    /     w
   w   Dd Ra
       Da
      /   w
     Dd Ra
```

OA51: Locke up, faire liddes, the treasures of my harte
[See Ringler's edition, p.79]

Collation:
Line 1: Hy,Ra agree with Qu,93 - suggests an early reading in T text
or in T1 group (X,Je,93).
Line 4: Hn,Bo agree - suggests a descent of Hn from T4 group.
Line 10: Dd,Hn, (and perhaps Ra where the reading is uncertain)
agree, suggesting a common ancestor.

Other evidence from Ringler's collations

OA2: Transformed in shew, but more transform'd in minde
Line 7: Dd agrees with Qu (T1).

OA21: Over these brookes trusting to ease mine eyes
Lines 10,15: agreements of Ra with Je, u (T1 texts), line 10 with
Ph also.
OA22: With two strange fires of equal heat possess
Line 6: Ra agrees with Ph (T2).

OA33: Reason, tell me thy mind, if here be reason
Line 1: Ra agrees with Da (T2).
Line 23: Ra agrees with Cl,Je (T3/T1).

OA35: Sweete loyalty, the witness of my secret bliss
Line 5: Dd agrees with St,Bo,Da (T4/T2).
Line 11: Dd agrees with As,Qu (T3/T1).

OA38: Phoebus farewell, a sweeter Saint I serve
Line 3: Ra agrees with Da (T2).

OA45: My true love hath my hart, and I have his
Lines 2,5: agreements of Hy with text quoted in Puttenham.
Line 2: Hy agrees also with Cu (T1).
Line 12: Hy agrees with Ph (T2).

OA62: What toong can her perfections tell
Conflicting evidence, but agreement most frequent between Dd and T3 texts (Cl,Le,As) - see lines 46,64,95,105,130.

OA71: Yee Gote-heard Gods, that love the grassie mountaines
Conflicting evidence, but Ra generally agrees with Cu (T1) in varying combinations of other texts - see lines 2,11,16,20,24, 42,57,58,69.

(iii) Analysis of Relationships: (Important cases are underlined)

a) MS Rawl.Poet.85 (Ra)
   OA21: T1
   OA22: T2
   OA33: T1/T2/T3
   OA38: T2
   OA41: T2 (Ra also related to Dd)
   OA51: T1/P (Ra also related to Hy)
   OA71: T1

b) MS Harl.7392 (Hy)
   OA3: T3/T4
   OA45: T1/T2 (Hy also related to Fu)
   OA51: T1/P (Hy also related to Ra)
c) **MS Cambridge Dd5.75 (Dd)**
   
   OA2: T1
   
   OA3: T2
   
   OA35: T1/T2/T3/T4
   
   OA41: T2 (Dd related also to Ra)
   
   OA62: T3
   
   OA51: (Dd related also to Hn)
   
   d) **MS Arundel Harington (Hn)**
   
   OA51: T4 (Hn related also to Dd)
b) Poems from Certain Sonnets

(i) Ringler's arrangement of the CS MSS (derived from p.425):

Sidney's own papers  C'tess of Pembroke's  Greville's

Cl  Bo  St  Ba  Na  Fr  93  98  Cm  90

Of uncertain descent:

(Hn)  (Dd  Di  Ha  Pu)  lost ancestor

Ra  Bn  Hy  Fo

(ii) Examination of Collations of CS poems also in the miscellanies:

CS3: The fire to see my wrongs for anger burneth
[See Ringler's edition, p.136; additional variants given below]

9. Ales, all onely she no pitie taketh
   a louely (98,Bo)
   alonly (Dd,Hn)
   onely (Fn,Hy)

22. For hers am I, and death feares her displeasure
    I am hers (Hn)
    hers I am (Ra,Hy,Dd)

Collation:

Ra,Bn,Hy certainly share a common ancestor - see lines 2,8,9,10,13, 14,15,16,18,23. Sometimes they agree with readings in Fr,98,Bo (see lines 1,2,4), suggesting a descent either from Sidney's own papers or through the copy probably owned by the Countess of Pembroke.

Hn,Dd give little indication of relationship, though Hn agrees with the Ra,Bn,Hy group at lines 8,10, and Dd with the same group at line 22.

Pattern of variants is:

Fr
98
Bo
Dd  Hn  Ra
             Bn
             Hy
CS15: Like as the Dove which seeled up doth flie
[See Ringler's edition, p.144]

Collation:
Some agreement between Ma and Cl - see lines 9,11, and heading.

Pattern of variants:

```
  98  Cl
    Bo
      Na
```

CS16a: Prometheus when first from heaven hie (by Dyer)
[See Ringler's edition, p.144, and above, under Dyer, p.91]

Collation:
Some agreement between Ra,Hy,Fo, suggesting a common ancestor - see lines 5,11,12,14. An agreement between Cl and Ha at line 3, and between Fo and Hy at line 13.

Pattern of variants:

```
  98  Ra
    Bo
      Fo
    Cl  Hy
      Ha
```

CS16: A Satyre once did runne away for dread
[See Ringler's edition, p.145]

Collation:
Considerable agreement between Ra,Fo,Hy, indicating a common ancestor - see lines 2,5,7,9,10,11,13,14.

Pattern of variants:

```
  98  Ra
    Bo
      Fo
    Cl  Hy
      Ha
```
CS19: If I could thinke how these my thoughts to leave

[See Ringler's edition, p.147; another text is in MS Dyce 44
f.90v - it has several type-1 variants. Additional significant
variants are given below]

2. Or thinking still my thoughts might have good end:

an (Ra,Hy,Dy4)

14. With reason's strife, by senses overthrowne,

my (Ra,Hy)

selfe my sence is (Dy4)

Collation:

Few variants, but considerable agreement between Ra and Hy, indicating
a common ancestor - see lines 2,5,14. Dy4 agrees with Ra and Hy in
lines 2,14, suggesting a distant connection. Line 10 suggests a
relationship between Cl,St,Ra.

Pattern of Variants:

```
        98
       / \   
      Bo   Cl
     / \   / \  
 Ra   Hy Dy4
     St   Ma
```

CS22: Neere Milton sweete, huge heapes of stone are found

[See Ringler's edition, p.149]

Collation:

Some agreement between Ra and Ra - see lines 13,14,53; also between
Ra (or both Ra and Ja) and Cl - see lines 8,27,51.

Pattern of variants:

```
       98   
      / \   /
     Bo Ra Ra
     / \   / \
    98 98  98
```

GS23: Who hath his fancie pleased

[See Ringler's edition, p. 151]

Collation:

Few variants, but agreements between Ra and Hy show a common ancestor - see lines 14, 23, 24, 26, 32, 33; some connection also with Ha (see lines 11, 14, 25) and, more distantly, with Na (lines 25, 31).

Pattern of variants:

```
   98
  /   \
Bo   Ra
     /__
   Cl   Ha
        \
     Hy
```

GS30: Ring out your belles, let mourning sheves be spread

[See Ringler's edition, p. 159; additional variants given below]

11. Weepneighbours, weeppe, do you not heare it said, have you not hard (Ba, 'n, Ny)

31. Alas, I lie: rage hath this errour bred, wronge (Ba)

Collation:

Few variants, but Ba and Ny show some agreement, suggesting a common ancestor - see lines 8, 11, 37, 38, 39. Hn shows an agreement with Ba and Ny at line 11; with St at line 16; and with Dd at line 25.

Pattern of variants:

```
   98
  /   \
Cl   Ba
     /__
   St   Hn
        \
     Dd
         Hy
```
(iii) A possible composite stemma (showing the most frequent pattern of relationship emerging from an examination of the CS texts preserved in the IS miscellanies):

Sidney's own papers

- P
  - Fr 93 98
  - Bo St
  - Cl
    - Ha
      - (?Ha)
        - Ra Hy Fo En Ba

G
  - Cm 90

Line of descent still uncertain:
Hn, Dd, Di, Fu
c) Songs from *Astrophil and Stella*

(i) Ringler's stemma of the AS MSS (see p.455)

![Stemma diagram]

(ii) Examination of Collations of AS songs also in the miscellanies:

**ASviii:** In a grove most rich of shade  
[See Ringler's edition, p.217]

Collation: Ra, Ha agree at lines 3, 4, 17, 18, 26, 44, 75, 78, 79, 90, 95, 97, 103, 104 - suggests a common ancestor. Perhaps a connection with O1 (see lines 17, 30, 44).

**ASix:** Go my flocke, go get you hence  
[See Ringler's edition, p.221]

Collation: Dd agrees with O1 at lines 16, 31, 43.

**ASx:** O deare life, when shall it be  
[See Ringler's edition, p.225]

Collation: Ra agrees with Hn at lines 28, 39, 44, 45, 46, 47; Ra agrees with Bd at lines 3, 6. Hn agrees with O1 at lines 8, 43, 44.

(iii) Conclusion:

There is thus some indication that the miscellany texts of the songs could derive from Z (rather than O or X or Y as Ringler suggests). Certainly Ra's text of ASx descends from the same ancestor as Hn's text, and so from O1.
I: Table of Distribution of Texts

II: Texts and Collations:

a) Those eyes that hold the hand of every heart
b) On a hill there grows a flower
c) Sweet Phillis, if a silly swain
d) Sitting late with sorrow sleeping
e) In the merry month of May
f) Fair in a morn, (oh fairest morn, was never
   [morn so fair)
g) The air with sweet my senses doth delight
h) Some men will say there is a kind of muse
i) Come, younglings, come, that seem to make such moan
j) Who can delight in such a woeful sound
k) Pause awhile, my silly muse
Breton: Table of Distribution of Texts

The following table indicates the grouping of texts in the main Breton sources. Poems are given (by shortened first lines) in the order in which they occur in MS Add.34064, and other references are to item number in the other sources. In each case there is a very rough indication of the closeness of the texts to those in MS Add.34064. The table does not give all the sources of each poem - only those texts in the five main sources.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key</th>
<th>Reference</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A34</td>
<td>MS Add.34064 (The Cosens MS)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BBD</td>
<td>Brittons Bowre of Delights (1591)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AAD</td>
<td>The Arbor of amorous Deuises (1597)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EH</td>
<td>Englands Helicon (1600)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R85</td>
<td>MS Rawl.Poet.85</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

cl: the text is close to that in A34
va: the text has several variants
id: the text is identical to that in A34

Notes: Bracketed items indicate that a poem is in two parts. There are two texts of "Go muse unto the bower". "From the heavens" is ascribed in A34 "Edward Spencer" (sic).

The BBD text of "Some men will say" is only partial. It should be remembered that items 34-44 of the Arbor are direct reprints, in the same order, of items 11-20 of the Bowre.

"text" indicates that a textual collation of the poem is included in the following pages.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A34 item</th>
<th>BBD</th>
<th>AAD</th>
<th>EH</th>
<th>R85</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. When nature fell to study...............</td>
<td>5cl</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Good muse, rock me asleep</td>
<td>12cl</td>
<td>36cl</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. The pretty turtle dove</td>
<td>14cl</td>
<td>38cl</td>
<td>43va</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Go muse unto the bower</td>
<td>15va</td>
<td>39va</td>
<td>17va</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Never think upon annoy...............</td>
<td>17va</td>
<td>41va</td>
<td>46va</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. [From the heavens]</td>
<td>18va</td>
<td>42va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. If beauty did not blind</td>
<td>19va</td>
<td>43va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Poets come all</td>
<td>20va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. What ails mine eyes</td>
<td>21va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. When fate decreeth...................</td>
<td>22va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. The fields are green</td>
<td>23va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Oh eyes leave off</td>
<td>24va</td>
<td>40va</td>
<td>(text)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. Those eyes that hold</td>
<td>25va</td>
<td>41va</td>
<td>47va</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. On a hill there grows</td>
<td>26va</td>
<td>50cl</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. Fair, fairer than....................</td>
<td>27va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. Fast by a fountain</td>
<td>28va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. Sweet Phillis, if a</td>
<td>29va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. Deep lamenting</td>
<td>30va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19. A silly shepherd</td>
<td>31va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20. Sitting late..........................</td>
<td>32va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21. Whither will you</td>
<td>33va</td>
<td>41va</td>
<td>47va</td>
<td>(text)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22. Time is but short</td>
<td>34va</td>
<td>40va</td>
<td>(text)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23. Sorrow come sit</td>
<td>35va</td>
<td>41va</td>
<td>46va</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24. Grace, virtue, valour</td>
<td>36va</td>
<td>40va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25. Upon a dainty hill...................</td>
<td>37va</td>
<td>42va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26. In the merry month</td>
<td>38va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27. At my heart there is</td>
<td>39va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28. Who takes a friend</td>
<td>40va</td>
<td>33va</td>
<td>41va</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29. Fair in a morn</td>
<td>41va</td>
<td>33va</td>
<td>2va</td>
<td>(text)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30. Sweet Phillis is the..................</td>
<td>42va</td>
<td>2va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31. Let me go seek</td>
<td>43va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32. In time of yore</td>
<td>44va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Item</td>
<td>Line</td>
<td>BBD</td>
<td>AAD</td>
<td>EH</td>
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<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>----</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Poets lay down</td>
<td>20va</td>
<td>44va</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>The air with sweet</td>
<td>55va</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>In truth is trust</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>29va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Truth shows herself</td>
<td></td>
<td>21va</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Ah, poor conceit</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Some men will say</td>
<td>[23va]</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>Oh that desire could</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>If heaven and earth</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>When authors write</td>
<td></td>
<td>26va</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>All my senses stand</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>Will it never better</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Pause awhile my</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Look not too long</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>Perfection peerless</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>30al</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Pour down, poor eyes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>28id</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Coridon unhappy</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>Go muse unto thy bower</td>
<td></td>
<td>7 va</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Among the woes of those</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1 va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>From worldly cares</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
a) Those eyes that hold the hand of every heart

Those eyes that hold the hand of every heart,
Those hands that hold the heart of every eye,
That wit that goes beyond all nature's art,
That sense too deep for wisdom to descry,

That eye, that hand, that wit, that heavenly sense,
Doth only show my mistress' excellence.

Oh eyes that pierce into the hardest heart,
Oh hands that hold the highest hearts in thrall,
Oh wit that weighs the depth of all desert,
Oh sense that shows the secret sweet of all,

The heaven of heavens with heavenly powers preserve thee,
Love but thyself, and give me leave to serve thee.

To serve, to live, to look upon those eyes,
To look, to live, to kiss that heavenly hand,
To sound that wit that doth amaze the wise,
To know that sense no sense can understand,

To understand that all the world may know,
Such wit, such sense, eyes, hands, there are no mo.
a) Those eyes that hold the hand of every heart (Continued)

Texts: MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.24v (Copy Text) [R85]
MS Add.34064 f.7v [A34]
Brittons Bowre of Delights (1591) [Clv] [BBD]
The Phoenix Nest (1593) [Llv] [PN]
The Arbor of amorous Deuises (1597) [Flv] [AAD]

Heading: BBD,AAD head "A Sonet"

Note: BBD,AAD texts are inferior at line 15, breaking the rhyme.

Pattern of Variants:

[Diagram of text variants]
b) On a hill there grows a flower

On a hill there grows a flower,
   (Fair befall the dainty sweet)
By that flower there is a bower,
   Where the heavenly muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
   Fringed all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
   That did ever eye behold.

It is Phillis fair and bright,
   She that is the shepherds' joy,
She that Venus did despite,
   And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
   And the world desires to see,
This is ipsa quae, the which,
   There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?
   Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
   Though he thought to see no more?

Oh fair eyes yet let me see,
   One good look and I am gone;
Look on me for I am he,
   Thy poor silly Coridon.

8. did ever eye] ever eye did yet EH
14. And] That EH
b) On a hill there grows a flower (Continued)

Thou that art the shepherds' queen,
   Look upon thy silly swain!
By thy comfort have been seen,
   Dead men brought to life again.

Make him live that dying long,
   Never durst for comfort seek:
Thou shalt hear so sweet a song,
   Never shepherd sung the like.
c) **Sweet Phillis, if a silly swain**

Sweet Phillis, if a silly swain
   May sue to thee for grace,
See not thy loving shepherd slain
   With looking on thy face.

But think what power thou hast got
   Upon my flock and me:
Thou seest they now regard me not,
   But all do follow thee.

And if I have too far presumed
   With prying in thine eyes,
Yet let not comfort be consumed
   That in thy pity lies.

But as thou art that Phillis fair
   That Fortune favour gives,
So let not love die in despair
   That in thy favour lives.

The deer do brouse upon the briar,
   The birds do pick the cherries,
And will not Beauty grant Desire
   One handful of her berries?

\[9.\text{too}]so BBD, EH
\[16.\text{thy}]they BBD, EH
\[17.\text{brouse}]bruise BBD
\[18.\text{pick}]prick BBD
\[21.\text{so it be}]it be so EH\]
c) **Sweet Phillis, if a silly swain** (Continued)

If so it be that thou has sworn
That none shall look on thee,
Yet let me know thou dost not scorn
To cast a look on me.

But if thy beauty make thee proud,
Think then what is ordained:
The heavens have never yet allowed
That love should be disdained.

Then, lest the Fates that favour love
Should curse thee for unkind,
Let me report for thy behoof
The honour of thy mind.

Let Coridon with full content
Set down what he hath seen:
That Phillida with love's consent
Is sworn the shepherds' queen.

---

33.content\content BBD,EH
35.content\content BBD,EH

**Texts:**
- ES Add. 34064 f. 10 (Copy Text) [A34]
- Brittons Bowre of Delights (1591) [F4] [BBD]
- Englands Helicon (1600) [H3v] [EH]

**Ascriptions and Headings:**
- EH asc. "N. Breton"
- A34 heads "Choridons Supplication"
- BBD,EH head "Coridons supplication to Phillis"

**Form:**
- EH has 36 lines unbroken into stanzas
- A34,BBD have 4 x 8 + 4 lines

**Note:**
- A34 text is superior. EH probably taken from 1597 edition of BBD.
Sitting late with sorrow sleeping,
Where heart bled and eyes were weeping,
I might see from heaven descending,
Beauty mourning for love's ending,
When with hands most woeful wringing,
She entombed him with this singing:

"Muses now leave off inditing,
Poets all give over writing,
Nymphs come tear your tender hairs,
Shepherds all come shed your tears,
Cupid now is but a warling,
Death has wounded honour's darling.

"Cursed death and all too cruel,
Hast thou stolen mine only jewel?
Do the heavenly fates so spite me,
As on earth shall nought delight me,
But of such a joy bereave me,
As now love of life shall leave me?

1. sorrow]sorrows H69
2. bled]bleeds Dd5  eyes]eye H69  were]are Dd5
3. heaven]heavens A34; high H69
4. mourning]mourn Dd5
5. hands most]her hands H69  woeful]ruefully Dd5
7. now]all Dd5  leave off inditing]give over writing H69
8. all]now Dd5  give over writing]leave off inditing H69
11. warling]worlding R85  Cupid now is]Cupid's waxen H69
12. honour's]Venus' Dd5
16. As]That Dd5  shall]should H69
17. But]And H69  joy]love H69
18. now]no A34; H69  shall]should Dd5, H69  leave]please H69
d) **Sitting late with sorrow sleeping** (Continued)

"Go then flock, leave off your feeding,
All your life lies now a-bleeding;
When my shepherd did attend you,
Wolf nor tiger could offend you,
But now he is dead and gone,
I shall lose you, every one.

"Sorrows all come show your powers,
Earth give over bringing flowers,
Never trees now bear more fruit,
Let all singing birds be mute,
And of love no more be spoken,
For the heart of love is broken."

Therewithal as in a cloud,
She did all her shining shroud,
When sweet Phillis gave such groans
As did pierce the very stones,
That the earth with sorrow shaked,
And poor Coridon awaked.

19. Go] So R85 then] my Dd5, H69 leave off] then leave Dd5; go leave H69
20. lies now] now lies Dd5
21. When] While Dd5, H69
22. could] might H69
25. Sorrows] Muses Dd5 all] now H69
27. trees] tree H69 now] let H69; omits R85
29. of love no more] love no more Dd5; let no more of love H69
31. Therewithal] Therewithal R85; And with that H69
32. She] He R85 her] his R85 shining] shrining A34; singing Dd5
35. the] all the H69 sorrow] sorrows Dd5
36. poor] so poor R85; then poor H69 awaked] then awaked Dd5
d) **Sitting late with sorrow sleeping** (Continued)

**Texts:**
- MS Add.34064 f.12 (Copy Text) [A34]
- MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.14 [R85]
- MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.37v [Dd5]
- MS Harl.6910 f.146v [H69]

**Ascriptions:**
- R85 "Britton"
- H69 "La: R." (= Lady Rich?)

**Pattern of Variants:**

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   Dd5    H69
     /\     /
   R85  A34
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e) In the merry month of May

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing,
Forth the wood forsooth a-maying,
When anon by the wood side,
Where that May was in his pride,
I espied all alone
Phillida and Coridon.
Much ado there was, God wot:
He would love and she would not.
She said never man was true,
He said never false to you.
He said he had loved her long,
She said love could no no wrong.

2. In R85; On D57, M51, H39, S5A, CAB morning A52
lines 3-4 omitted in A52, D57, M51, M58, H39, HEE, EH, E5A, S5A, CAB
With I saw R85
4. the wood forsooth they went then on R85
5. Forth I waked by the woodside A52; Forth I walked the woods so wide D57, H39, CAB; Forth I walked the wood so wide M51, S5A; Forth I walked by the woodside M58, HEE, EH, E5A
When] And R85
Where as A52, M58, HEE his] her A52, D57, M51, E5A, S5A, CAB
8. Phillida] Philliday CAB and] with D57, M51, CAB
9. there was] they made R85 God] I H39
10. would love] could love D57, M51, H39, CAB; did love S5A
and] but D57, M51, H39, CAB would not] could not D57, M51, H39, S5A, CAB
11. His love he said was ever true D57, H39, CAB; He said his love was ever true M51, S5A never man was] man was never A52
12. Nor was mine e'er false to you D57, H39, CAB; She said none was false to you M51, S5A never] none was A52, M58, HEE, EH, E5A
14. could have] should have A52, R85, D57, M58, HEE, EH, E5A, CAB; should take M51, S5A; should do H39
Coridon would kiss her then —  
She said maids must kiss no men  
Till they did for good and all.  
Then she made the shepherd call  
All the heavens to witness truth,  
Never lived a truer youth.  
Then with many a pretty oath,  
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,  
Such as silly shepherds use  
When they do not love abuse,  
Love that had been long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded,  
And the maid with garlands gay  
Was made the Lady of the May.
e) In the merry month of May (Continued)

Texts: MS Add.34064 f.16 (Copy Text) [A34]
 MS Add.52585 f.57 [A52]
 MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.3 [R85]
 MS Don.c.57 f.77 [D57]
 MS Mus.b.l f.153 [Mb1]
 MS Mus.a.8 f.3v [Md8]
 MS Harl.3991 f.81v [H39]

The Honorable Entertainement ... at Eluetham [HEE]

(1591) [D2v]

Englands Helicon (1600) [D3] [EH]
East's Madrigals to 3,4,5 parts (1604) ii-iii [EaM]
Playford's Select Musical Ayres (1653) [2G2] [SMA]
John Wilson's Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads (1660) [Ilv] [CAB]

(Another, uncollated, in Edinburgh University Library, MS Dc 1.69 f.63v)

Form: A34,R85: 28 lines
 H39,HEE,EH,EaM: 26 lines
D57,Mb1,Md8,SMA,CAB: 4 x 6 + 2 lines
A52: 4 x 6, with last two lines of poem repeated
 as refrain after each stanza

Heading and Ascriptions:

R85 asc. "Britton"
EH asc. "N.Breton"
HEE heads "The Three Kings song, sung the third morning, under hir Majesties Gallerie window." (2nd edition)

Note: Musical settings in D57,Mb1,Md8,EaM,SMA,CAB

Pattern of Variants:
f) **Fair in a morn, (oh fairest morn, was never morn so fair,)**

Fair in a morn, (oh fairest morn, was never morn so fair,)
There shone a sun, yet not the sun that shineth in the air,
For of the earth and from the earth, yet not an earthly creature,
Did come this face - oh never face that carried such a feature:
Now on a hill (oh blessed hill, was never hill so blessed)
There stood a man: was never man for one man so distressed.
This man beheld - oh heavenly view that did such virtue give
As clears the blind and heals the lame and makes the dead men [live.
This man had hap - oh happy man, more happy none than he,
For none had hap to see the hap that he had hap to see.
This silly swain (and silly swains are men of meanest grace)
Had yet the grace (oh gracious grace) to hap on such a face.

1. fairest] fair R85 oh] the H69 never] ever FBA, WI
2. There ... that] When as the sun but not the same that FBA shone] shined R85 yet] though EH
3. For] But FBA of] omits EH and ... earth] no earthly sun FBA yet ... earthly] though not an earthly A34; and yet not earthly H69; was never such a EH; and yet no earthly FBA; yet not in earthly WI
4. Did ... this] There shone a H69, FBA oh] was EH, FBA that carried] did carry R85
5. Now on] Upon EH; And on FBA blessed hill] fairest hill FBA
6. one man] woman H69, EH; TI; no man FBA
7. oh] a H69, EH that] as H69 did] doth A34 virtue] virtues H69
8. heals] cures R85; helps EH men] man A34, EH; to H69
A34 reverses order of couplets lines 9-10 and 11-12
9. This] That H69 happy man] happy hap R85, H69 more happy none than] no man so happed as FBA; most happy man was WI
10. none] he EH, WI the] that H69 he had hap] none had hap EH, WI; he had happed FBA
11. And as he beheld, this man beheld, he saw so fair a face FBA silly] simple WI and silly] and simple R85C; WI swains]
swain R85 are men] or man R85
12. The which would daunt the fairest here and stain the bravest grace FBA gracious grace] gracious gift A34, WI; heavenly hap H69; gracious guest EH hap] gaze A34
f) *Fair in a morn* (Continued)

He pity cried, and pity came and pitied so his pain,
As dying, would not let him die, but gave him life again.
For joy whereof he made such mirth as all the woods did ring,
And Pan with all his swains came forth to hear the shepherd [sing.

But such a song sung never was, nor will be sung again,
Of Phillida the shepherds' queen and Coridon the swain.

The Song

Sweet Phillis is the shepherds' queen, was never such a queen as [she,
And Coridon the only swain, was never such a swain as he. 20
Sweet Phillis hath the fairest face that ever yet did eye [behold,
And Coridon the constant'f faith that ever yet had lamb in [fold.
f) Fair in a morn (Continued)

Fair Phillis hath the finest wit as ever yet the world did breed,
And Coridon the truest heart that ever yet wore shepherd's weed.
Sweet Phillis is the only sweet that ever yet the earth did yield,
And Coridon the kindest swain that ever yet did keep the field.

Sweet Philomel is Phillis' bird, though Coridon be he that caught her,
And Coridon doth hear her sing, though Phillida be she that taught her.
The little lambs are Phillis' loves, yet Coridon is he that feeds them,
And gardens sweet are Phillis' grounds, yet Coridon is he that weeds them.

EH omits lines 23 & 24

23. finest] fairest A34 as] that A34, WI yet] omits WI
24. truest heart] constant faith R85 yet] omits WI
25. is] omits WI only] sweetest EH yet] omits WI
26. yet] omits WI did keep the] kept lambs in EH
27. Sweet Philomel] Sweet Philomen A34; Sphilomela Dd5
though] but R85; yet A34, WI be] is R85, WI; was A34 caught] taught WI
28. doth] did Dd5 though] but R85 be] is R85
29. loves] love A34, EH, WI yet] though EH, WI is] be WI
30. And] The Dd5 sweet] fair EH grounds] ground EH
yet] though EH, WI is] be EH, WI weeds] feeds WI
And gardens sweet are Phillis' grounds] Sweet are Phillis' groves WI
f) Fair in a morn (Continued)

Poor Coridon doth keep the fields, though Phillida be she
[that owes them,
And Phillida doth walk the meads, but Coridon is he that
[mows them.
Since then that Phillis only is the only shepherd's only
[queen,
And Coridon the only swain that only hath her shepherd been,
Though Phillis keep her bower of state, shall Coridon consume
[away?
No shepherd, no, work out the week, and Sunday shall be holiday.

EH reverses order of lines 29-30 & 31-32
WI reverses order of lines 31 & 32

31. owes] sows Dd5
32. walk] make Dd5 but] yet A34; though EH, WI is] be EH, WI
mows] owes WI
33. Phillis only] only Phillis R85; Phillis WI the only] the WI
only queen] and only queen Dd5
34. he] A34; a Dd5
34. Oh happy Coridon to whom so true hath Phillis been WI
36. no] go A34, Dd5 shall] will A34

Texts: MS Add. 34064 f. 17v (Copy Text) [A34]
MS Rawl. Poet. 85 f. lv [R85]
MS Harl. 6910 f. 140 [R69]
MS Cambridge Dd5. 75 f. 38v [Dd5]
Englands Helicon (1600) [G4] [EH]
Morley's First Booke of Ayres (1600) xiii [FBA]
Wits Interpreter (1655) [HI] [WI]

Ascriptions and Headings:

R85 asc. "Britton"
EH asc. "N. Breton" and heads "Astrophell his song of Phillida and Coridon"
f) *Fair in a morn* (Continued)

**Form:** A34, R85: 18 + 18 lines
EH: 36 lines
H69: 18 lines (Omits lines 19-36)
Dd5: 18 lines (Omits lines 1-18)
WI: 16 + 16 lines
FBA: 4 x 4 lines (Omits lines 19-36)

**Notes:** R85 has an altered reading, cited R85C after alteration.
Evidence of variants is very conflicting.
g) The air with sweet my senses doth delight

The air with sweet my senses doth delight,
The earth with flowers doth glad my heavy eye,
The fire with warmth revives my dying sprite,
The water cools that is too hot and dry;

The air, the earth, the water and the fire
All do me good - what can I more desire?

Oh no, the air infected I do find,
The earth's fair flowers do wither and decay,
The fire so hot inflames the frozen mind,
And water washes heat and all away;

The air, the earth, fire, water all annoy me:
How can it be but they must all destroy me?
g) The air with sweet (Continued)

Sweet air, do yet awhile thy sweetness hold,
Earth, let thy flowers not fall away in prime,
Fire do not burn, my heart is not a-cold,
Water, dry up until another time;
   Oh air, oh earth, fire, water, hear my prayer,
   Or slay me, oh fire, water, earth or air!

Hark in the air what deadly thunder threateth!
See on the earth how every flower falleth!
Oh, with the fire how every sinew sweateth!
And how the water panting hearts appalleth!
   The air, the earth, fire, water, all do grieve me;
   Heavens show your power yet some way to relieve me!
g) The air with sweet (Continued)

This is not air that every creature feedeth,
Nor this the earth where every flower groweth,
Nor this the fire that flame and fury breedeth,
Nor this the water that both ebbs and floweth;
These elements are within a world enclosed,
Where happy hearts have heavenly rest reposed.

Texts: MS Harl.7392 f.68v (Copy Text) [H73]
MS Harl.6910 f.148v [H69]
MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.10 [R85]
MS Add.34064 f.19v [A34]
Britton's Bowre of Delights (1591) [G3] [BED]
Fry's Pieces of Ancient Poetry (1814) p.8 [PAP]

Heads: A34: "Quatuor elementa"
BBD: "Of the foure Elementes"

Notes: Uncollated text in MS Folger V.a.339 f.186.
PAP is printed from a MS written in the time of Charles II, but containing mainly Elizabethan matter.

Pattern of Variants:
Some men will say there is a kind of Muse
That helps the mind of each man to indite,
And some will say (that of these Muses use)
There are but nine that ever used to write;
   Now of these nine, if I have hit on one,
   I muse what Muse 'tis I have hit upon.

Some poets write there is a heavenly hill
Where Pallas keeps, and it Parnassus hight;
There Muses sit, forsooth, and cut the quill
That, being framed, doth hidden fancies write;
   But all these dames divine conceits do sing,
   And all their pens be of a Phoenix wing.
h) Some men will say there is a kind of Muse (Continued)

Believe me now, I never saw the place,
Unless in sleep I dreamed of such a thing,
I never viewed fair Pallas in the face,
Nor never yet could hear the Muses sing,
Whereby to frame a fancy in her kind;
Oh no, my Muse is of another mind.

From Helicon? no no, from Hell she came,
To write of woes and miseries she hight.
Not Pallas but Alas her lady's name,
Who never calls for ditties of delight.
Her pen is pain, and all her matter moan,
And panting hearts she paints her mind upon.

A heart, not harp, is all her instrument,
Whose weakened strings all out of tune she strains,
And then she strikes a dump of discontent,
Till every string be plucked in two with pains;
Then in a rage she claps it up in case,
That you may see her instrument's disgrace.

13. Believe me now]But as for me A34
14. Unless]Except A34
15. Fair]dame A34
16. Never]ever H73, A34 the]her A34
17. In her]after H69; in his H73; in such A34
24. Mind]hearts H73
25. Not]and not a R85
26. She]so H73
28. In]a A34
29. Then in a]Lo then in H73, A34
30. That you may see]Lest you might see H73; That none may see A34
h) Some men will say there is a kind of Muse (Continued)

Her music is in sum but sorrow's song,
Where discord yields a sound of small delight;
The ditty is: "O life that lasts too long,
To see desire thus crossed with despite.

No faith on earth; alas, I know no friend,"

So with a sigh she makes a solemn end.

Unpleasant is the harmony, God knows,
When out of tune is almost every string;
The sound unsweet that all of sorrow grows,
And sad the Muse that so is forced to sing.

Yet some do sing that else for woe would cry;
So doth my Muse, and so, I swear, do I.

H73 reverses order of stanzas 6 & 7

31. music] musing A34
32. discord yields] discords yield H73, A34
33. is] this H73, A34 too] so R85
34. thus] so A34
35. makes] make R85

A34 inserts an extra stanza after stanza 6

37. Unpleasant is] Harsh is alas A34
38. out of tune is almost] almost out of tune is H73
39. sorrow] sorrows H73
40. the] that H69
41. Yet some] But soon A34 else for woe] but for shame A34
42. I swear] indeed H69

Texts: MS Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 47 (Copy Text) [R85]
MS Harl. 6910 f. 147v [H69]
MS Harl. 7392 f. 76v [H73]
MS Add. 34064 f. 20v [A34]
Come, younglings, come, that seem to make such moan
About a thing of nothing, God he knows;
With sighs and sobs and many a grievous groan,
And trickling tears that secret sorrow shows -
   Leave, leave to feign, and here behold indeed
   The only man may make your hearts to bleed.

Whose state to tell - no, never tongue can tell;
Whose woes are such - oh no, there are none such;
Whose hap so hard - nay rather half a hell;
Whose grief too much - yea, God he knows too much;
   Whose woeful state and grievous hap (alas)
   The world may see is such as never was.

Good nature weeps to see herself abused,
Ill fortune shows her fury in her face,
Poor reason pines to see herself refused,
And duty dies to see his sore disgrace,
   Hope hangs the head to see despair so near,
   And what but death can end this heavy cheer?

Oh cursed cares, that never can be known,
Dole worse than death, when never tongue can tell it,
The hurt is hid, although the sorrow shown,
Such is my pain, no pleasure can expel it;
   In sum I see I am ordained, I,
   To live in dole and so in sorrow die.
i) Come, younglings, come, that seem to make such moan (Continued)

Behold each tear, no token of a toy,
But torments such as tear my heart asunder,
Each sobbing sigh a sign of such annoy,
That how I live, believe me, 'tis a wonder;
   Each groan a gripe that makes me gasp for breath,
   And every strain a bitter pang of death.

Lo thus I live, but looking still to die,
And still I look, but still I see in vain,
And still in vain, alas, I lie and cry,
And still I cry, but have no ease of pain;
   So still in pain I live, look, lie and cry,
   When hope will help, or death will let me die.

Sometime I sleep - a slumber, not a sleep,
And then I dream - God knows, of no delight,
But of such woes as makes me lie and weep
Until I wake in such a piteous plight,
   As who beheld me, sleeping or awaking,
   Would say my heart were in a heavy taking.

Look, as the dew doth lie upon the ground,
So sits the sweat of sorrow on my face;
Oh deadly dart, that struck so deep a wound!
Oh hateful hap, to hit in such a place!
   The heart is hurt and bleeds the body over,
   Yet cannot die, nor ever health recover.
ii) Come, younglings, come, that seem to make such moan (Continued)

Then he or she that hath a happy hand
To help a heart that hath no hope to live,
Come, come with speed, and do not staying stand,
But of no one can any comfort give:

Run to the Church and bid the sexton toll
A solemn knell, yet for a silly soul.

Mark how it sounds that sorrow lasteth long:
Long, long; long, long; long, long; and longer yet.
Oh cruel death, thou dost me double wrong
To let me lie so long in such a fit!

Yet when I die, write, neighbours, where I lie:
"Long was I dead, ere death would let me die."
Who can delight in such a woeful sound,
Or loves to hear a lay of deep lament?
What note is sweet, when grief is all the ground?
Discords can yield but only discontent,
   The rest is wrong that strains each string too far,
   And striifes the stops that give each stroke a jar.

Harsh is, alas, the harmony, God knows,
When out of tune is almost every string,
The sound unsweet that all of sorrow grows,
And sad the Muse that so is forced to sing.
   But some do sing that but for shame would cry;
   So doth my Muse, and so, I swear, do I.

Good nature weeps to see herself abused,
Ill fortune shows her fury in her face,
Poor reason pines to see himself refused,
And duty dies to see his sore disgrace,
   Hope hangs the head to see despair so near,
   And what but death can end this heavy cheer?
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Who can delight in such a woeful sound (Continued)

Behold each tear, no token of a toy,
But torments such as tear my heart asunder,
Each sobbing sigh a sign of such annoy,
As how I live, believe me, 'tis a wonder;
Each groan a gripe that makes me gasp for breath,
And every strain a bitter pang of death.

Lo thus I live, but looking still to die,
And still I look, but still I see in vain,
And still in vain, alas, I lie and cry,
And still I cry, but have no ease of pain;
So still in pain I live, look, lie and cry,
When hope will help, or death will let me die.

(PN inserts an extra stanza between stanzas 3 & 4)

20. torments] torment A34, BBD
22. As] That PN: 'tis] till A34

30. will ... will] would ... would PN

Texts: MS Add. 34064 f. 20v [A34]
Britton's Bowre of Delights (1591)[BBD]
The Phoenix Nest (1593)[BBD][partial text] [PN]

Heads: "Of a weary life" BBD

PN text has stanzas 3, 4 & 5 as stanzas 3, 5 & 6 (respectively) of a long poem beginning "Come, younglings, come ..." and headed "A most excellent passion set downe by N.B. Gent."

A34 text includes as stanzas 7-11 of "Some men will say ...", other texts of which have only stanza 2 ("Harsh is alas ...") as final stanza.
k) **Pause awhile, my silly muse**

Pause awhile, my silly muse,  
Let me rest for I am weary;  
All the music thou canst use  
Cannot make thy master merry,  
For what heart can hold up head,  
When his joy of life is dead?

See how Phillis, fair and bright,  
Beauty's pride and virtue's pleasure,  
Half deprived of her light,  
Sits and sorrows out of measure,  
And when she is woe-begone,  
Wellaway poor Coridon!

Well away and yet too near,  
All too near is such a sorrow,  
In which darkness doth appear  
Night, that never looks for morrow,  
For while she doth hang the head,  
Coridon can be but dead.

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1. silly]pretty A34  
6. his]the A34  
11. when]whenas R85  
lines 13-18 (stanza 3) omitted in A34
k) Pause awhile, my silly muse (Continued)

Bid my Phillis once to cease
Ever mourning, never ending,
Reason shall my grief release,
Which else hopes of no amending,
   For in her doth only lie
   That must make me live or die.

And therefore let this suffice,
Whilst thou seest my Phillis sad,
But in vain thou dost devise
How my comfort may be glad,
For but in her joy or grief
Lies my death or my relief:
   In her sorrow is my hell;
   Bid her laugh, and I am well.
ACCESSORIES TO CHAPTER 11

PERDINANDO STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY

Texts of Poems:

a) My Mistress in her breast doth wear
b) A restless life by loss of that I love
c) There was a shepherd that did live
a) **My Mistress in her breast doth wear**

My Mistress in her breast doth wear
Two apples bright that shine,
And eke those apples strawberries bear,
In bosom hers divine.

Her goddess breasts for apples go,
Her nipples be the berries,
The one doth shine as white as snow,
The other as red as cherries.

Love came and sucked, and I did see
The beauty of her breast;
Yea happy I, but happiest he
That found such place of rest.

But yet unhappy Mistress you,
That suffered thus the blind
To suck the sap that's justly due
For an unspotted mind.

For love is but a sharp delight,
A life that death doth urge,
A sea of tears, of noble wits
An everlasting scourge,

A glass for fools to look into,
A labyrinth of smart,
A deadly wound which pierceth through
The sinews of the heart,
a) My Mistress in her breast doth wear (Continued)

A youth whose tender childish head
   His mother's hand hath bound,
An angry boy, in all the world
   His like may not be found.

Regard, sweet Mistress then, his fault,
   And lo, in my behove
Some difference make betwixt a man,
   And such a child as love.

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Text: MS Rawl.Poet.35 f.76v ascr. "L: Str<ra>nge;"
(Poem has later been scored through, and a portion of the ascription is missing.)

Cf: Timothy Kendall's *Flowers of epigrammes* (1577) [S2v]:
Translated out of an Italian writer

Lycoris in her bosome beares,
   two Apples faire that shine:
Againe two strawberries she beares,
   in bosom hers deuine.
Her bourly breastes two apples be,
   her nipples be two berries:
Her apples shine as white as snowe,
   Her nipples red as cherries.
Loue came and suckt her tender brests
   And said, now milke farewell:
My mothers brests with milke do strout,
   but these with Noctal swell.
b) **A restless life by loss of that I love**

A restless life by loss of that I love  
I do endure, whose torment none can tell,  
A graved soul, as well these lines may prove,  
Desiring death, but speeds not half so well;  
A mazed mind wherein affection dies,  
A wounded heart that still for mercy cries.

A woeful man in prison, bound by grief,  
Ransacked by love, condemned by disdain,  
Awaiting death yet finds no such relief,  
But needs must live to linger out in pain;  
Whose terror none but I myself can show,  
That do the terror best of any know.

Let this suffice to give the world a guess  
Of my estate, of whence and what I am,  
And let these lines to my last love express  
When first, and how for what these torments came;  
And if that this move not in thee relent,  
Then kill the heart which conquered, dies content.

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Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.32v, asc. "Ferd. Strange."
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c) There was a shepherd that did live

There was a shepherd that did live,
   And held his thoughts as high
As did the mounts whereon his sheep
   Did hourly feed him by.

He in his youth, his tender youth,
   That was unapt to keep
Or hopes or fears, or loves or cares,
   Or thoughts but of his sheep,

Did with his dog, as shepherds do,
   (For shepherds fail in wit) 10
Devote him sports, though foolish sports,
   Yet sports for shepherds fit.

Who free from cares, his only care
   Was where his flock did go,
And that was much to him that knew
   No other cares but so.

This boy, which yet was but a boy
   And so desires were hid,
Did grow a man, and men must love,
   And love the shepherd did.

He loved much - none can too much
   Love one so high divine
As but herself was never none
   More fair, more sweet, more fine.

One day, as young men have such days
   When love the thought doth thrill,
Since wishes be but bare desires
   Of things not got withal .

And he had wished oft and still,
   And every wish in vain
And but to wish gave little ease,
   Nor never endeth pain,
c) **There was a shepherd that did live** (Continued)

He vowed by his shepherd's weed,
(An oath which shepherds keep)
That he would follow Phillis' love
   Before a flock of sheep.

So from his sheep, his gentle sheep,
   Ungently he did go,
Not caring whose cares might them keep,
   Or cared for aye or no,

Leaving the plains, the plains whereon
   They played and hourly fed,
The plains to them, they to the plains,
   From plains and them he fled.

 Yet fled he not, but went away
   As one that had free scope,
Oft loath to leave, and yet would leave
   His quiet for his hope.

But leave he did his snow-white flock,
   To seek a nymph as fair
As is the dew-besprinkled rose,
   Or brightness of the air.

And first he sought the rivers sweet,
   Whose runnings everywhere
In silent murmur did complain
   That Phillis was not there.

And as he saw the fishes leap
   Before him for the fly,
So did the shepherd's heart for hope
   That Phillis should be nigh.

But finding that his hopes were vain,
   And but as dreams to him,
He leaned unto a tree that grew
   Fast by the river's brim,
c) There was a shepherd that did live (Continued)

And there he writ his fancy's thought,
   (Love is a sweet entice,
   'Gainst whom the wisest wits as yet
   Have never found device.)

And thus he left the streams to hide
   The kisses they did hold,
And went away as who should say
   Love cannot be controlled.

His thoughts were swifter than his feet,
   Yet they did slowness shun,
But men's desires have wings to fly,
   Whose legs can only run.

Lo thus drawn on by speedy pace,
   Led forth with Phillis' fame,
Unto a wood that grew thereby
   The gentle shepherd came,

Where he, approaching shady groves,
   Sweet groves for moonshine night,
Whereas the sun was barred his force,
   But not debarred his light,

Whereas the birds, the pretty birds,
   That or could chirp or sing,
In comfort of well-tuned notes
   Did make the woods to ring.

Even double pleased in the place,
   So long he there did stay,
As night grew on which forced him
   To tarry for the day,

When not a bird stirred in a bush,
   But still the shepherd deemed
The sweet commander of his thoughts
   Was nearer than she seemed.
Thus weary with his former toil,
He could not further go,
But rested there, as they do rest
Whom love possesseth so.

Possessed he was with thoughts of love,
High thoughts for shepherd's breast,
Were not there shepherds in their love
As well as monarchs blest.

Blessed he was, but 'twas in thoughts,
And thoughts be blessings hid,
And hidden blessings are no bliss,
And then he slumber did,

Whom length of time and high desires
In such a dump had cast,
As ravished with his thoughts he slept,
As he had slept his last.

But as all quiets have their dead,
And every sleep his wake,
Now here to hope, now there to fear,
Now fancy, then forsake,

So had the shepherd restless dreams
Amid his time or rest,
Which forced him to wake for fear,
And prove his dreams a jest.

And though that fear be nothing else
But as the fearful deem,
Yet waking, every bush to him
A savage beast doth seem,

Which made him start, as men do start
Whose resolutions breed
A quickness, yet a carelessness
Of that which may succeed.
c) There was a shepherd that did live  (Continued)

Frighted he was, but not afraid,
   For love makes cowards men,
And so the bushes seemed themselves,
   And were but bushes then,

Which his faint eyes did quickly find
   Filled full with faithful streams,
And so he laid him by his dog
   That barked not at his dreams,

And there he rested till the day,
   And only said thus much,
"My dog is happier than myself,
   Whom these cares cannot touch."

Text: Grose's Antiquarian Repertory, iii (1780) p.134
Ascription: "Ferdinando, Earl of Derby"
ACCESSORIES TO CHAPTER 12

Selected Poems by WILLIAM PAGET
   GEORGE BERKELLY
   HENRY STANFORD

Texts are arranged in the order in which they appear in MS Cambridge Dd5.75 - see the full list of contents in the Commentary on this portion of the MS in Vol.1, page 304. Roughly half the items are transcribed in the following pages, chosen to give a representative selection from the works of each of the three writers, and as a basis for the discussion in Vol.1, pages 285 ff.

The poems transcribed are those numbered in the Commentary as follows: 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9,
   10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18,
   22, 23, 25, 29,
   33, 35, 39,
   43, 44, 47,
   51, 53, 55, 59,
   60, 61, 64, 65, 69,
   70, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78.
a new yeres gift

Yf Momus wish had taken place, that to eche mortall mynd,
A dore or window had byn made, therbie his thoughtes to fynd

Good Adam then you should haue seene, the mynd which I you bear
more fraught with loue then Cresus bagges, with worldly pelf ere were

But sithe ther can no suche like way, be found or eke assigned
for to conveighe the eyes into, the caban of the mynd
I must contented be in wordes, to shew my loving hert

Which so is settled in good will, that it shall never start
As long as either I my self, shall able be to know
or that with bellowes of my longes, my vitall breath shall blow.

As dutie therfore doth me bynd in this beginning year
I wishe vnto your ladiship, all ioye & happie chear
Suche as the flattering nurse doth wish wher babe she holdes in lap
and feedes her little tender impe, with sweete & sugred pappe.

God graunt you may in yeres outlyue, the old & aeged Greeke

And eke obtayn at fortunes handes, the thinges that you most seeke
I wishe to you as many ioyes, as leaves from trees do fall
When frostie winter ginne to bite, & nippes the roote & all
As many pleasures do I wish, as birdes to vs repair
from frostie Scythian land when cold, dothe make them seeke warme ayr

As many contentations as, be waves in Africke sea
when roughe Orion hides himself, & lettes the wyndes play
[1] (Continued)

As many sportes as stalkes of corne, be parched in the
[sonne
In fruictfull fieldes of Licia land, or wher that Herme
[dothe run.
And that when you haue traced the pathe, of this vnquiet
[life
You may in ioye for aye remayn, wher is no worldly strife
Accept of thes rude verses which
young wilkin doth you send
As messengers of his good will
& so he makes an end

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.57v
[2] 1581 A newyeres gift

The tyme is ronne about & Phebus golden sphere
by revolution iust beginneth I hope a happie year
And Ianus doble faced doth now put vs in mynd
of tyme that is past & for to wishe good successe to our
[frend]
And all both riche & poore prepare giftes to present
to thos to whom in hart they ar & goodwill frendly bent
The countrie farme he his hennes & capons sends
t[lad]
And maides & wyves suche giftes provides as fortune to them
[leandes]
The citisens which haue of worldly welthe no lacke
provyde for to present ther frendes with wares of pedlars packe
The little wanton boy & pretie Mopsie mayd
present som comfitses or somm toye to make ther parentes glad
The coart now swymmes in sylke, & Monsieur playes his part
And lord of fraunce & English dames do stryue to shew their art
Who shall to frend present, the thing of greatest price
or may by gallant gift advance, himself in bravest wise
Ther brodered purses flie, with store of pelf well fraught
& plate of silver & of gold, & velvetes derely bought
The Indian precious pearl & Jewels passing brave
are ther presented for to shew, what mynd the givers haue
Which thing when I do thinke, yt makes my hart full sad
that I for you my Grandam dear, no gift can get (though bad)
for thoughge I be a boy, in yeres & wit a child
yet none in dutie doth me passe, yf I be not beguiled
[2] (Continued)

The countrie farmers giftes, are sent for privy gayne
that they therbie ther landlordes grace, & favour may retayn
The wafers which are sent, of wyves & maydes to frendes
are rather thinges of course & vse, then signes of loving

The citisen hathe lerned, to flatter & speake fair
his newyeres giftes are but a bait, to vtter well his warre
Although the little child, with no dissembling is clad
yet for to bear a great good will, his yong wittes are to bad
The court the place is thought, wher flatterie cheif doth raig
I dare say somwhat wish ther giftes, might brede to frendes

But I my ladie dear, & Grandham most beloved
do beare to you suche great good, will as seldom hath byn

I thinke yf Homer lyved, with streames of golden speache
he could not to my loving mynd, with all his witt now reache
nor Tullie with his skill & lerned sugred worke
could half expresse the dutie which, within my mynd doth lurke
My loue is pure & true, I never lerned to flatter
nor never tyme or thing shall cause, yt for to moue or totter
Since then the case thus standes, & that no store I have
of pedlars ware or parfumed gloves, which me from shame might save
lest that I might now seme, more rude then clounishe swayn
yf that I nothing should present, which so much bound remayn
In verses thes I gyue, my hart & willing mynd
Which for to dwell alwayes with you yt fullie now I bynd
before that I do shrinke or from this promise swarve
the rockes shall swyme in toppes of seas, & meat shall make men
Trent shall I say before, run over Scowfill hill
& mountes shall moue out of ther place, & run the seas vntill
And monsters vncoouthe strange, shall yoyn in league of loue
before that any worldly thing do cause my mynd to moue
for tripping stag shall chuse, the tigre for his make 55
And doue the Eagle for his fear, as then shall not forsake
nor seelie shepe the paw, of lion feirce shall fear
And clyning goat in salt seas foames, to swym then we shall hear
before that I forget, what dutie that I owe
or cease with wordes or thoughtes or deedes, yt alwayes forth to
Receauue for new yeres gift, this shew of loving mynd 60
& in all dutie & good will, me slacke you shall not fynd
I pray almightie god, which rules the golden sphear
to graunt to you all happines, & many a merye year
And that when you shall passe, out of this vaile of payn 65
you may with him in cristall skyes, alwayes in pleasure raigne.

Your little sonne Will Paget doth
thes verses to you send
Which in good will gives place to none
& thus he makes an end. 68.

Text: MS Cambridge Bd5.75 ff.1 (lines 41-68) and 57 (lines 1-40)
Although thou art not sprung of princes as I hear
yet sure thie bewtie doth deserve a prince to be thie

What face more worthie is to wear the golden crown
What countenance a royall court more better may becom
the roses do not match thie pretie lippes most sweete
nor yet the snow thie necke doth passe althoughe yt
[be most whight]
The violettes do gue place to shining hear of thine
and twinkleing starres to thie clear eyes ther glorie
[do resign
how iust proportion both, thie browes betwene them beares
What modestie can ther be more then in thie cheekes appeares
An equall mixture is of white & [purple] red
/cherie.comlie/
for nether haue they to much bloud nor yet are pale
[as lead
thie pretie fingers passe Auroraes though most pure
thie streight & stately corps excelles Dianaes I am sure
thou dost surpasse thie sexe.

14.
The marigold all flowers doth passe in glittering glorious hew
And eke in sweete & pleasanta smell yt giveth place to few
although the crimsen roses fair & gilliflowers most braue
do vaunt & bost in orient hue, yet no such sweete they haue
This flower with phebus glorious beames doth turn in evry place from whence yt takes such pleasanta light that none can yt [disgrace
Yf that my judgment currant were & that my best might stand
this flower should be preferred before all other in this land
let other men place their delight in violete purple blew
in pances or in rosmary or others fresh of hue
yet none shall wyn my hart but this which doth surpasse them [all
as farre as phebus lamp surmountes a little candle small /beames/
Yf that this flower in presence be yt doth myn eye so please
That I the ioifull sight therof for no on thing would lease
the fragraunt swetnes doth delight so much my sence & mynd
that I me thinkes all pleasures ther & worldly ioyes do fynd
O pereles flower of princely hue all good I wish to the
And that with heat of sonne nor frost thou never parched be
but that/thie/pleasaunt colours fresh for ever thou mayest kepe
and that for thie decay or harme we haue no cause to wepe
Yf for my self now I should wish the greatest & best good hap
Yt should be this the for to haue my sweete flower in my lap.
question.

fayr courteous dame I the beseech this question to vnfold
and tell to me what knight he is which the in armes doth hold.
and what are yonder yonkers thre which hither com apace
which do resemble the somewhat in countenance & face.

Answer

The first good syr my vncl[e is, on fathers syde doubtles
the second on my mothers syde my vncl[e is no les
the third is on my bodie born myn own & naturall child
& all are sonses vn[te this knight or els he is beguild.
& all are born in wedlocke true without all breach of law
no swarving from the common course the breadth of hear or straw.

resolution.

Suppose that Benet for his wife a [lustie] widow/braue/hathe
which by a former husband had on william to her sonne
& he on her begot also a lustie gallaunt boye
which cleped was Antonio his mothers only ioye
& when that fates his former wife from benet had bereft
an other widow then he toke which had a daughter left
by husband which before she had men Catherine her did call.
of this same widow he beget a sonne which clept was Paul.
now eldest sonne of former wife which william had to name
did match himself with Catheryn a fair & comly dame
& of her this same william a daughter did beget
which frauncesse hight & maried was, to him which called was
of frauncesse Benet did beget a boy which Robert hight
which proved in course of tyme to be a braue & worthie wight
The aeged knight which did imbrace the fair & comly dame
Syr Benet hight his ladie fair dame frauncesse had to name
Antonio uncle is doubtles to her by fathers side
& Paul by mother uncle is this case is clearly tried
to have a sonne which Robert hight is fallen vnto her lot
& all these thre in wedlocke are of Benet right begot
without all filthy stayn or spotte of Incest as I weene
which once my resolution skanned most playnly may be seene.

Text: NS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.3
Marginal diagram:

On brother by my fathers side, I haue, the truth to show
an other by my mother side my brother is also
The third is of my body born, & lawfully begotte
& all be sonses to husband myn without all manner spotte
of filthie crime or Incest vile as playnly I can prowe
although to you at first yt may somm admiration moue.
The on is my brother by my fathers syde the truth to show
the other by my mothers side is my brother also
the third is my own sonne lawfully begotte
& all sonnes to my husband that sleepes on my lap
without hurt of lignage in any degree
shew me by reason how this may be.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.3v

In sign that phebus now: his course & race hath ronne
& proofe that Ioifull Ianus hath: an other year begonne
As Herault of my hart least that I seme vnkynd
these verses rude & harsh, to you as newyeres gift I send
for what? shall other men? ther frendes with giftes present
Shall Tib & Thom & Colin Clout: by giftes shew how they ar [bent
And I like lumpish swaun: [ceasse my good will to show] 5
/of good will make no show/
to you my dear & loving Aunt: to whom so much I ow
nay then I might be thought: t'haue suckt somm tigres teat
& in the desert savage woodes: t'haue had my dwelling seat
for yf that [loue bestowed]: require like loue agayn
/good will born/
t[o] haue [loved me most entirely well]: you haue showed by 10
/borne me most entire good will/[proofe most playn
Yf band of kyndred do: a faithfull hart require
[ther nedes no more] you are known to be the sister to my syre
/I nede no more/
Yf [benefites] bestowed [require] a gratfull mynd 15
/courtesies/ /deserue/
you haue don ynough to linke me fast & ever for to bynd
yf long acquayntaunce breede: loue which is like to last
with you the halfe of all my [tyme] I thinke now I haue [placed]
/life/ /passed/
Sith then so many knottes: me fast to you haue tied
Shall I [be found in league of loue vnwitting] for to byde 20
/forget in league of loue & dutie/
nay first all natures workes shall topsie turvie turne
the fier shall freese, the earth shall sinke, the brinishe seas
[shall burne
the ryvers shall retyre: into ther springes agayn.
and heaven & all shall be resolved into old chaos playn.
& therfore this newyere: to shew my myndfull mynd
I wish that you all pleasures may: & wished ioyes now fynd.
more then ther are tennefold: bright starres in welkyn clear
or names or kyndes of thinges in th'world: or minutes in a
more then ther colours are or flowres which decke the grounde
more then of golden girles ther may, in any place be founde
more then ther fishes swimme, or birdes in ayr do flie
more then ther fethers are of [burdes]: or shippes at anchore
more then ther are in heaven of sayntes & happie wightes
more then ther tormentes are in hell: or store of develish spirites
And that when you haue lived: long tyme [in ioye &] blisse


to lyue in heaven eternally, you never fayl nor misse
to shew his loving mynd
your nephew hath begonne
which shall continew fast & firm
till lunaes date be donne.

38.
by newyeres gift to seperate, you twayn which so are knit
In bloud in mynd in all respectes, I thinke yt farre vnfit
by blood & birth you sisters are in mynd most loving frendes
In bewtie rare such paragons, as seldom nature sendes
In wit in favour & good grace, sure of somm phænix kynd
I thinke such two could scarce be found, from Orcades to

Your heavenly hew most perfect is, your features passing

for to adorn your face, ye haue stolen from Cupid both his eyen
no marvell now yf that to him no sight at all be left
since you his eyes as twinkling starres from him haue quite

In modest gentle haviour myld of all you bear the bel
In courtesie & virtue rare, your sexe you do excell
your parentes happie are no doubt which haue such daughters

I thinke when you cam to this world somm golden sterres did
your kinsmen happie are by you, & I among the rest
but happiest he whom ye shall demean, meete to be loved best
yf that my fancie I may speake & seeke to fordge no lie
his happines except for kyn I surely should envye.
you bothe I now salute & do from god all goodnes craue
yt greves me that for golden maydes, no golden giftes I haue
what then? wher welth & giftes do vant, shall frendship

then farewell virtue & good mynd, yf all in money li<es>
but what? is this enough to say, that I you both haue loved?
In truth he is but a lumpish swayn which therto is most moved
but this much I may truly say I loue ye passing well
& will do still as long as life, in lymmes of myn shall dwell
both in my tender childish yeares, when first I did begin
& when the dounish mossie hear doth crepe vppon my chyn
& also in more stayed aege when youthly trickes are fled
& when that hore & sylver heares haue covered my hed
yf I be found at any tyme from this mynd for to stray
I pray the Goddes I gyven be to lions fierce a pray
or that the birdes of Caucasus, my lymmes in peices tear
Or that I drenched be in seas & never more appeare
or els by Diomedes stedes I be devourd & rent
& stigian Curre my ghost in hell for ever may torment
God graunt you both to lyue in ioye, full many & mery a yere
& shortly each of you to haue a wished loving fere
ye debtours are vnto vs all till you soms children bring
& by that meanes do seke to encrease the number of our kyn
me thinkes yt would my hart rejoice to see placed in your lap
soms little Impes whom I might feed, with sweete & sugred pap
with whom I dallie might & sport these tedious wynter nightes
yf they be like ther mothers sure, they must be pretie sprightes.
And after long expense of yeares & blessed happie dayes
ye primerose maydes may rest, with him, which heavenly
scepter swayes
your Cosyn to you chained & tied, as far as in him lies
or els I wish the Eagles may, pec & pull out his eyes.

48.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.4v
When men to catche the fleeting fish, shall angle in the ayre & in the sea with houndes shall hunt, the swift & fearfull hare
When boistrous club of Hercules, a tender babe shall vse & frogges the muddie moorish groundes t'enhabite shall refuse When fish shall quight forget to cut with finnes the sylver streams & duskish candle shall appear more bright, then phebus beames When lumpish asse with winges as bird shall skale the lofty skyes & nightingales in sylver tunes gyue place to chattering pies When that th'vnweldie Camel shall a lustie galiard daunce & saddled Ox with man on backe as palfrey braue shall praunce When learned Pallas must be taught of grosse & filthy sow & men with yoked foxes shall begin ther land to plow When selie Asse shalbe content for meat hard bones to gnaw & greedie dogges shall fill ther paunche, with hey & eke with straw When glittering starres shall wanting be on skies which are most pure & Emeraud in brightest day shall seeme a stone obscure When men with hatchetes open dores & keyes do cleaue the logges & hunt the hare with Oxen slow as yf yt were with dogges dear Grandame then & not before will I be found vnkynd both nature & your benefites, therto me fully bynd As long as life in lymmes shall lodge & breath my longes shall blow
To satisfie your mynd & will my care I will bestow both tymes & yeares do flete & passe & all things els decay but day by day my loue to you ytself shall more bewray
It is an use this day to frendes somm newyeres gift to send which custom though I greatly like & highly do commend yet for no custome I [do] write nor yet my skyll to show /now/

but for a pawn & pledge of zeal & dutie which I ow
In stede of capons Turkeys & fat Swannes which now are sent from frend to frend in token of good frendship which is ment
In stede of gold & Orient pearle & other costly ware
I forced am to wish you well in wordes both rude & bare
not Cresus bagges haue I in store nor Coffers fraught with gold nor costly robes nor Curious sylkes which derely must be sold.
but mynd with dutie as full fraught although I say yt my self as ever merchauttes cofers were with store of worldly pelf which thing that yt to you might be more fully now displayed
I wish into my brest your eyes might be by art conveighed y'would marvel I am sure to see, in roome so streight to lie such heapes of loue & dutie both as their you might espie.
from bottom therfore of my hart & with unfaigned [mynd] loue I wishe you madame this new year, all ioy & good may proue
And as the pleasaunt Cherefull sunne, which from vs far was gon hath turned his chariot & begines vs now to looke vpon & with his golden heavenly beames doth make all creatures glad which by his absence were before as yt were with sorrow clad & as the sonne of god did chuse, this drousie drouping tyme when as into this world he camm to raunsomm vs from crime to shew to vs & signifie that as the year begonne as then to grow more temperate b'approching of the sonne
So this same sonne of righteousnes by lightening of our mynd would chase away all mystes & cloudes, which yt before did blynd & eke restore the golden world, by virtue of his might
wher golden virtue should prevayl & put all syn to flight
So Madame now the deadest tyme of wynter being past
I wish all comfort & all ioye most fullie you may tast
that having spent your aeged dayes in blessed happie sort
you may at last arryue vnto the haven & eke the port
of everlasting blessednes for ay ther to enioye
more [blessed] stay then I can tell without greife or annoy
/happie/
your little sonne for ever prest & to your service bent
or els I wish the savage beastes his corps in peices rent.

62.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.5
A little map may represent the earth & eke the skies
A little picture may expresse mans bignes & his sise
A little counter standeth for somtymes an hundred pound
A little sphere or globe shewes forth the world in compass round
Even so somtymes a little gift shewes what the wynd entendes
As well as gold & precious pearl which India to vs sendes
my gift is small I do confesse yet such as now I haue
which yt serue t'expresse my wynd, tis all that I doe craue
which is that I not only wish a pleasaunt happie year
but long continuance of all ioye to you & eke your fere
that when that ye shall linked be in Himeneus bandes
ye may the fruictes of frendship reap, which passe both goodes
[&: landes]
& comfort haue of little Impes, which myndes in loue fast ties
& after golden happie dayes, may scale the cristall skyes
dame nature she hath made your fere & fortune you my frend
I loue ye both & will do still till death my dayes shall end.

Text: I.3 Cambridge Dd5.75 f.6
anno 1583. Calendis Ianuarii

In tyme the vnruuly Steere is made to draw the heavy plow & necke of his to croked yooke in tyme is taught to bow
In tyme the horse of stomacke stoute vnto the bridle yeldes & quietly in champing mouth the girding bit he feeles
In tyme the lion feirce is tamed, his angrie moode is gon which erst did make those for to quake, which him did looke vppon
The Elephant in tyme dothe learn his maister to obey & thinkes his service for to be but as a sport & play
Tyme makes the grapes to swell with iuice, & so doth fill the skyn that they are like to burst with wyn which is contayned within
Tyme brings the corn sowed in the ground vnto a ripened stalke & makes the sourre & bitter fruiites an other tast to take
Tyme weares the share of furrowing plow, & flintes consumeth quight the diamond most hard & stronge can not resist his might
Tyme doth asswage & mollifie the feirce & angrie mynd
Tyme easeth greif & comfort gyues, to pensiue men I fynd
Long tyme therefore is wont to make, all worldly thinges to chaunge
But yet my loue & mynd to you, yt cannot make to raunge for sooner shall I quight forget the name to me assignd then that the loue which you me bear can slipp out of my mynd & sowle of myn shall leave my corpse & wander forth abroad before that I vnmyndfull be of courtesies bestowed
This newyeres tyde because I want somm gift to show my mynd lo madame here I gyue my self & fully do me bynd to serue at all assayes & tymes, in such sort as I can
Yf I may stand you in any stede, vse me as twere your man your welfare I do wish & will I dare say no man more my prayer is to god on highe, therof to send you store god ease your greif & graunt you may all worldly comfort tast
& after fading brittle ioyes, haue those which ever last.

Although my mynd be out of tune not apt in verse t'endight yet dutie forced me thus much, in ragged ryme to wright

32.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.6
anno 1583. Calendis Ianuarii

Myn Alderleivest lady deere whom nature hath decreed
to be the autour of my life & succour in my neede
And perfect loue & kindnes born, haue made my greatest frend
to whom the part of parentes now crosse fortune hath assigned
Fayn would I this new year in verse, somm shew of dutie make
but that my crazed wittes refuse therin ther paynes to take
And senses dulled with greif & care admitte no sport nor game
a verse requiers a quiet mynd my wittes are out of frame
Alas how can I tune my verse or sing a cherefull song
Synce that my dearest cheifest frend I misse now all to long
the staffe of my estate & life, the comfort of my woes
the patrone of my studie and, my rampier from my foes
The guider of my muse and verse, the ground of all my ioye
Whose presence was my comfort & his absence my annoye
but sith that present tyme requiers somm token of good will
and that no other gift I haue then practise of my quill
althoughhe my muse being cloyed with cares, all pleasure doth
& that her musicke is out of tune, & notes do fowly iarre
yet dutie now doth her constrayn a while to lay asyde
her pensiue thoughtes & you to wish a happie new yeres tyde
God graunt y'a mery year & tyme, god graunt y'a happie age
and when his will & pleasure is your sorrowes to asswage
he which no power & might doth want vs from our graue to rayse
to cure our griefes & ease our payn no doubt hath many wayes
God send you ioye & comfort of your impes & children all
& that ther childrens children to twice Grandame you may call
god graunt you for to lyue to see the little pretie mayd
which now in cradle wrapt in bandes, as prisoner is layd
In marriage well bestowed & linckt to bring a pretie boye which may his mothers comfort be & eke to you a ioye and that when natures doome is com to which all subiect are from which no force nor engyn can vs keepe or els debarre repleat with comfort every waye, your own may close your eyes & ghost of yours most cherefully may skale the cristall skyes for me I swere no dutie shall be wanting on my part vntill that grisly death with dart shall peirce my tender hart vntill that water wanting be in clear & cristall streames & heavens & skyes shall be bereft of golden phebus beames vntill that earth shall cease to breede the strong & sturdie oke & little pigme shall withstand the force of Herckles stroke for want of newyeres giftes of which god knowes I haue no store Dere Grandame here my mynd & hart I gyue what will you more.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.6v
A paper I do send as Herault of my hart
I would the half of my conceipt to you yt could impart
but greif hath so appald my carefull pensyue hed
that I as lumpish am to write, as yt I were of lead
yt that I curraunt were, & mynd were free from care
no better theme would I desire, then this perfections rare
nor muse then should I nede my wittes for to enspire
A hevenlier creature then thy self I never would desire
but sith that nether tyme nor leysure me dothe serue
to prynt thy virtues in such sort as they do well deserue
I the salute & wish as many happie dayes
as ther be sandes vpon the shore or egges which fishes layes
or rowres in pleasauent spring or stalkes of corn which grow
in sommer tyme or Autumnne fruictes or winter flakes of snow.
And when thou married art which tyme is near I guesse
thou mayst all comfort feel & tast & wished ioyes possesse
And loving husband haue with children of his name
which by resemblaunce of ther face may shew from whenc they came
for me I never can forget of the to thinke
although of drousie Lethe floud I were compeld to drinke
The ryvers shall retyre into ther springes agayn
& phebus backe into the East shall dryue his golden wayn
the earth bedect with starres the heaven out with the plow
the water fire shall yeld & from the fier shall water flow.
all things to natures best shall arsie versie turn
nor any part of all the world his right course forth shall
[runn
The doves shall leave to haunt the toppes of stately bowres
the beastes_ ther caves the shepe ther grasse didopper raynie
[showres
before that I do leaue to beare for you that mynd
that ever loving cosyn yet in kinsman true did fynd
not only this new yere I wish to the good hap
but all that ever any had which sate in fortunes lap.
Adieu my most beloved for I must goe my wayes
yf I may stand the in any stede, vse me at all assayes.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.7
Epigram on a Sepulchre Dnae Lee

If passing by this place thou dost desire to know what corps here shrined in marble lie the sum of that which now thou dost require this slender verse shall soon to the describe

Entombed here doth rest a worthy dame Extract & born of noble house & blood Her sire Lord Paget hight of worthy fame Whose virtues cannot sink in Lethe floud

Two brethren had she Barons of this Realm Her fear a knight which Henry Lea was called [A knight her fear Syr Henry Lea he hight] To whom she bore three Imps which had to name Ichon Harry Mary /sone by death appa†/ [slain by fortunes spight]

First two being young which caused /her for to/ mone [their parentes] The third in flower & prime of all her years. All three /do rest with-/ in this marble stone [enclosed lie]/vnder/ By which the fickleness of worldly ioyes appears

[I need not here blase forth this ladies praise She lyved to die & died to lyue agayn. Her helping hand was prest at all assays For in her brest the fear of god did raign]

[Her modest life I ned not here to show Nor other gifts in which she did abound Those can report which somtymes her did know Before that death her with his dart did wound.]
Vf. /good frend/ sticke not to strew with crimson flowres

this marble stone wherein her cindres rest
for certes her ghost lyues with the heavenly powers
& guerdon hath of virtuous life possest.

24.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.7v

Yf passing by this place thou doe desire
To knowe what corpse here shrynđ in marble lie
The somme of that which now thov dost require
This sclender verse shall sone to the descrive
Entombed here doth rest a worthie dame
Extract and born of noble house and blovd
Her sire Lord Paget hight of worthie fame
Whose virtues cannot sinke in Lethe floyd
Two brethren had she Barons of this realme
A knight her feere Sir Henry Lee he hight
To whom she bare thre impes which had to name
John Henry Mary slayn by fortvnes spight
First two being yong which cavsed ther parents mone
The third in flower and prime of all her yeares
All thre do rest within this marble stone
By which the ficklenes of worldly ioyes appeares
Good frend sticke not to strew with crimson flowers
This marble stone wherein her cindres rest
For svre her ghost lyues with the heavenly powers
And guerdon hathe of virtuovs life possest.

(1584)

The virtuous lady Lee Sir Henry Lee his wife
vnder this stone doth lie interred bereft of erthly life
whose body though yt be by mortall fate possest
her ghost no doubt ascended is into the place of rest
three children in her life she had & held most deere
which having ronne ther race do rest with ther mother here.
Attending for the daye when as the elect shall rise
& lyue with god & all his sayntes in ioye that never dies

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.7v
Marginal Note: "Lillye"
The earth no worse a monster bredes
    then is a thankles man
this saying of the wise doth make
    me fear because I can
devise no meanes to shew my mynd
    as dutie would require
my will is prest & ready bent
    but styll I stick ithe mire
for wher that force & strenghe doth want
    ther will is but a thrall
My mynd is bent to play his part
    but power I'aue none at all
Yf that the goddes bring Crœsus welthe
    or Crœsus had me sent
I might haue shewed by golden giftes
    how that my will were bent
Yf that the strenghe of Hercules
    to me by lot befell
A champion then you should me haue
    your enymies to quell
Yf in the court with prince in grace
    and favour that I were
as servaunt then you mighe me vse
    your suites for to preserve
Yf golden giftes of learned lore
    and wisdomes skyll I had
As counseillour I might you serue
    thoughe I be but a lad
Yf flowingwayne of eloquence
    in me ther did abound
I might at least in wordes my mynd
& your desertes forth sound
But since these rare & precious giftes
beyond my forces goe
I am compeld this new yeres tyde

to imitate the crow
Which did salute the emperour
withe Chaire Cesar once
Loo Madame here like stuffe you see
proceeding from my sconce.
But though that wordes be rude & playn
yet good will is no skant
as long as life in limmes shall lodge
therof shalbe no want
And therfore now this newyeres tyde
as little crow I craue
of god that you such happines
as you would wish might haue
And yt that any clowdes of care
your sense & mynd oppresse
by present comfort & good hap
all greif may quight surcease
beleue me madame as that peace
dothe bloudye warres ensue
and after mistie darkesom night
Syr phebus beames renew
So after irksom pensiue greifes
great ioye receaue we shall
for wiseman say our life is mixt
with honie & with gall
no daye we see so moist & wet
   with sothern watry showres
as that the rayn withouten ceasse
   continually down powres
nor any feild so barrayn is
   that ther may not be found
amid the thistles & the weedes
   somm holsom herb othe ground
nor fortune hath for any on
   pilles of such bitter tast
but that somm ease & comfort bothe
   doth alwayes comm at last
Yf that abilitie would serue
   for me to helpe herin
you might be sure I would yt racke
   vnto the highest pinne
nor this which now I say & vow,
   procedes from childish mynd
But from affection to the whiche
   your benefittes me bynd
As long as Thracians fight with dartes
   & Scythes shall use ther bowes
& Ganges shalbe parched with heat
   & Ister overfrose
as long as hilles shall bring forth okes
   & grass in medowes grow
as long as Temmes with cristall streames
   his banokes shall overflow
You shall me fynd in dutie &
   good will to none to yeld
I shall rejoice to do you good

as on which winnes a feild

God grant you in this world to have

what heart you best desire

and afterward to heavenly ioyes

& blisse you may aspire

Accept of this roughe filed verse

which nether poete skyll

nor Muses learned lore hathe framd

but only mere good wyll

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.8

Ascription: "qd fyrkyns the Ierkinmaker in St. Martyns"
In yong & tender aege in youthfull yeares
in aeged dayes when snow white heares appeares
in luckie state when fortune hap doth lend
& when she frownes & miserie doth send
by day when that the glittering sun doth glide
by night when that the golden mone dothe slyde
In summer when that every bush is grene
in winter when great tempestes are most seene
& when in helthfull state my limmes shall rest
& when with sicknes I shalbe opprest
in happie dayes when cruell warres do cease
in blustering stormes when men flie ioyfull peace
in surging seas & in the sinking send
in safer coast when I shalbe on land
in all this chaunge of fortune & of state
In dutie & good will Ile not be late
nor ever I this promise will forget
till cruell death my vitall breath shall let
good Aunt this new year this to you I send
Desiring god you store of ioyes to lend
as many as ther starres in heaven do slyde
When golden phebe his chariot gynnes to hide
& when this vale of miserie is past
you maye then skale the loftie skies at last.
[23] anno 1585 Calendis Ianuarii

In greene & childish aege in lustie yeares in latter tyme when sylver heares appeares whilst that a batchiler you do me see whilst that to wife fast yoked I shalbe Yf fortune smile on me with cheerfull face or yf she lowre & put me to disgrace. Whilst that in countrie soyl I stay at home or els in forreyn landes abroad do rome whither in peace or quiet rest I lyue or els by martiaall feates do praise atcheiue whither on land with wife at home I stay or else in vertrous sort do sulke the sea. by daye when phebus glorious beames appear by night when foggie mistes do clowde the ayr. In sommer when the cherefull dayes vs please by winter when that stormes do tosse the seas when that in happie health I do remayn or else by force of sicknes pyne in payn in mirth in greife what chaunce so ever fall good aunt I am yours my faith shall never quail. this new yerres day as token of my hart this my conceipt to you I do impart: wishing to you as many happie dayes as motes are seene in golden phebus rayes. or chirping birdes on sprayes in pleasaut spring withe pretie tunes melodiously do sing. & when from here at last your sowle shall flie yt may in cherefull sort streict perce the skye.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.11v
Ascription: "qd firkins"
A Vow to serve faithfully

In green and growing age, in lustie yeeres,
In latter days when siluer bush appeares:
In good and gladsome hap when Fortune serues,
In lowring luck when good aduenture swerues
By day when Phoebus shewes his princely pride,
By night when golden Starres in Skies do glide,
In Winter when the growes haue lost their greene
In Sommer when the longest dayes are seene,
In happie helth when sicklesse limmes haue lyfe,
In griefull state, amids my dolours ryfe,
In pleasant peace when Trumpets are away,
In wreakfull warre when Mars doth beare the sway,
In perillous goulfe amid the sinking sande,
In safer soyle and in the stable lande.
When so you laugh, or else with grimmer grace
You beare your faithfull Friend vnfriendly face,
In good report and time of worser fame,
I will be yours, yea though I loose the game.
Carmen sepulchro Thomae Tallis in re musica peritissimi incisu

Entombed her doth lie a worthie wight
who long tyme did in musicke bear the bell
His name to say yt Thomas Tallis hight
In modest virtuous life he did excell.

And servd long tyme in Chapple with great praise
four soveraignes raignes (a thing not often seen)
I mean King Henry & prince edwardes dayes
In tyme of Marie & our gratious Quene

He maried was thoughe children he had none
& lyvd in loue & liking thirtie yeares
with loyall spouse whose name yclypt was Ione
who here entombd him companie now beares.

As he had lyvd so also did he die
in patient quiet sort (o happie man)
to god full oft for mercie did he crie
wherefore he lyves let death do what he can.

He died the year fiue hundred eightie fyue
on thousand and synce Christ tooke mortall weede
his fame no doubt for musickes skyll shall lyue
thoughe sisters three haue cut his fatall thred.

Decembris Die

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.12v
(i) of an a.b.c.
This a.b.c. you do read
but little do prevail
Wales that you take heede
well whipt shalbe your tail.

(ii) of a torn globe
This globe to vs you see
the world doth represent
but yt I know not how
is pitifully rent.

(iii) of the Chimney
This Chimney to this Chamber is
more worth then gold
for we this winter lacking yt
oft tymes should be a cold

(iv) of the bed
This bed may well be cald
the place of quiet rest
for Robin Carey without care
roostes ther as bird in nest

(v) of the glasse
This glasse the outward shapes
of creatures doth display
I would the affections of the mynd
to vs yt could bewray.
(vi) of the fiershovell
A fiershovell doth [belong]
belong to Vulcans art
& therfore yt from chimney doth
but seldom tymes depart.

(vii) of ovides metamorphosis
This booke good matter doth
in yt contain I know
I would the half therof to you
I able were to show.

(viii) of a rushe taken to make a knot
This rushe I take in hand
 to make a true loves knot
although true meaning & good loue
is seldom seene god wot

(ix) of the table
A table for a chamber is
nedefull at every cast
yt serves vs for to write theron
& eke to break our fast

(x) of the window
This window dothe to vs
the north directly show
& through the same the blustering blasts
of Boreas often blow.
of a brushe
This brushe doth serve to kepe
our garmentes net & clean
see that thou kepe thie soule also
from sin & eke from stayn.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.14
I am ashamed my name to tell

to feel & see I'm nothing but

great mouth but no red lips nor teeth

all black about & near the seat.

Suche heat within somtymes I taste

that frothe & some I through do cast

of some base wenche they think me to be

sithe each on seekes to fish in me.
A goodlie thing in vs ther lies
which speaks & feeles heares sees & goes
hathe senses none & yet is wise
no hedd no tongue no hand no toes
with vs yt rouste & eache thing sees
yt loues & beares vs great good will
yt lyves & never life can leese
yt once is born & dureth still
Enclosd betweene two walles I first was born
& after that my self brought fourth a child
as big (a wretch) as is somm grain of corn
who me devourd as Canniball thates wild.
ah wretched froward fortune that I haue
a mother not allowed to lyue as slau.

Text: MS Cambridge Ed5.75 f.15
Cf: Les Facecieuses Nuits (1596) [C4]

To purchase peace at those fayre eyes of thyne.
A thousand tymes o thou my sweetest foe
[to purchase peace at those fair eyes of thyne]
I gaue my hart but thou with mynd dyvyne
vouchsafedst not to bend thy lookes so low.
Yet yt to haue yt other dame aspire
she hopes in vaym & is deceaued quight
for I do skorn what fittes not thy desire
and can not ioy in any other wight
now yt I dryue yt from me & you skorn.
in this exile. yt comfort for to gyue.
to be alone or [fолovr] /serue an/ others [call] turne.
yt cannot but must cease to ioy & lyue.
thinke what remorse ought both our myndes to moue.
but cheifly yours since you yt did so loue.

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Text: 1S Cambridge Dd5.75 f.15v

Cf: Il Petrarca, di nuouo ristampato, Et diligentemente corretto. In Venetia ... MDLXV, [Bl2v]

Sonetto XIX

I'ille fiate, o dolce mia Guerrera;
Per hauer co'egli occhi vostrì pace;
V'haggio proferto il cor, m'a voi non piace
Mirar si basso con la mente altera;
E se di lui fors'altra donna spera;
Vive in speranza debile, e fallace;
Mio; perch'è sdegno ciò, ch'a voi dispiace
Esser non può già mai così, com'era.
Hor s'io lo scaccio, & e'non troua in voi
Nell'essilio infelice alcun soccorso;
Nè sa star sol, nè gire, ou'altr'il chiama;
Foria smarrrire il suo natural corso;
Che grave colpa fia d'ambeduoi noi,
Et tanto più di voi, quanto più v'ama.
To Mrs. Elizabeth Carey sending <poppellimer his freme historie> for a newyeres gift. 1595.

Goe booke as token to my mistris deere

tell her from me I wishe her all such good
for ay not only for this now new yeare
that erst had any who in fauour stood

And yf she daign to looke in thie recordes
& looke she will for lettres she doth loue
tell her the famous dedes of noble lordes
suche as her Impes are like in tyme to proue

And for her swain, somtymes thy maister say
he wilbe hers as long as life shall last
& for her happie state will alwayes pray
till deathe his spirites & vitall powres shall wast

Loo this is all saue that I wishe that she
only vouchsaufe for to accept of the
Loe here in signe of service which is due
and of the loue & dutie which I beare
this little booke & verse I send to you
as token small in this beginning yeare.
By which I wishe your ladiship such hap
with golden dayes of all ease & content
as erst had any lull'd in fortunes lap
or that ther tyme in ioifullst wise haue spent
And that you liue as many happie dayes
as whilom did the prophetesse of Cume
to see your Impes the Barclays name to raise
& fair Theophile a grandame to becomme
For me althoughe of Lethe I should drincke
yet never can I leaue of you to thinke.
To the lady Hunsdon 1609, homer giuen

Thrice honourd dame: yf I a gift estem'd
of value rich as token this new yeare
of zeale, should send I might perhaps bee dem'd
to Athens owles or pottes to same to beare
A little mappe the world doth represent
& counter may stand for an hundred pound
a little gift may shew good meaning ment
as well as what in India may be found
In stede of pearle or riche peruvian care
for new yeares gift I send a little booke
of proffit & delight therin is store
yf that your honour daign therin to looke
As duty bindes, my wishes still shall craue
that you long life & comfortes all may haue
To ye the [sic] Lady Hunsdon. 1612.
Brittaines Troy sent

A new yeares gift receaue thrice honourd dame
this booke as pledge of duty which I ow
my mynde you wishethe all the good it can
although meanes want to make therof a show

This booke may yeld both proffit & delight
when you doe seeke to passe the tedious tyme
yf you pervse it in som winter night
you may old Troiane tales here reade in rime
And eke the storie since the worldes creation
of heathen & our famous christian kinges
of ancient Brittons & ther life & fashion
whose fame & honour through the world now ringes
And since we are new Brittons made in dede
it will delight old Brittons actes to rede.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.16v
George to Sr John Millesant. 1610.

My knight as many happie happes I wishe the this new yeare
as golden starres in frostie night in welkin doe appeare
as crimson deinty kernels be in appels to be founde
which trees that planted are do yelde in riche Iberian grounde
as france giues grapes, as ripened cornes appeare in Draiton
when from the lion Phebus skippes, to see Astrea mild
as Honicombes on Hybla hill, & oliues sybill sendes
as deinty pepins kentishe soil to cheapside market yeldes
accept these wishes as a gift & loue me yf you please
and I to loue & wishe you well do vow never to cease.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.17
[59] George Berkley to Ann Fitche. 1610.

My fitche I wishe the store of heauenly grace
and husband to supplie thie Robins place
My loue to the shall last till sun run East
as erst he did when he did shun Thiestes feast

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.17v
George to the same. 1611.

My Nan although I have scarce tyme, allotted to indight yet loue & long acquaintance makes me somewhat for to write all hail therfore I send to the & wishe the well to fare that thou maist many new yeares liue, without all carte & care & comfort haue of little moll who the a Grandame make & eke a louing fere obtain late husbandes place to take I will not leaue to loue the still for changeling I am none my wordes & deedes I the assure will still agree in on

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.17v
The doues shall leave to haunt the stately bowres/towres/
and ducks shall not delight in raynie showres
wild beasts shall leave their pennes & sheepe to graze
& Titan shall not shine with golden rays
before that love deer Grandame from me part
which I you ow by dutie & desert
This newyeares tyde because no other gift I fynde
a paper I you send as herald of my mynde
God send you all content & many a happy yeare
& when this life shall fade to sit in heavenly quire
[64.] George Berckley to his Grandfather. 1610.

Trice honourd lord the prop & cheifest stay
   of my poore state & of my tender yeares
my duty biddes me this same new yeares day
   to shew my mynd & to congratulate.
An asse did speake as scripture dothe vs show
King Crasus son born dumb being moud did speake
   Augustus was saluted by a crow
No meruail then yf that I silence breake
   All hail deere Grandsire & long liue in ioy
   Yf I deserue then count me still your boy.
Last newyeares day I wish'd the well & now doe wishe againe
my knight & yow thie faithfull freind, for ay still to remaine
As long as fine Italian shall loue a flattering punke
the spaniard shalbe vanting proud, the Germain beastly drunke
As long as Switzers fight with pikes, & frenchmen with long
[speares]
And Pygmees shall assault the cranes, & moscouites white beares
As long as courtly dames shall were braue gownes with hanging
[sleues]
& faire yong wenches shalbe proud & borderers be theues
as long as Greekes carouse & lie, & Turkes will Cristians hate
as long as Moores perfidious proue & pettifoggers prate
as long as faithles Iewes shalbe to other nations thrall
& Englishmen their swaggering good fellowship shall call
I will the loue & therupon, this newyeares gift I send
loue me againe as I doe the & so I make an end

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.18
having no other gift right noble dame
to testify my mynde this booke I send
the autour when he liued did beare your name
& for to honour ladies this he penned
here may you reade in sugred verse set out
the praises of Belphebe worthie Queene
& faery landes adventures all about
with other exploits worthie to be seen
here Georges holines may vs direct
to conquer all the monstrous shapes of sin
& Guions temperance make vs suspect
the sugred baies of pleasures wanton ginnes
Daign it to reade & reape such fruictes it beares
I still will wishe you long & happie yeares
What Cambden wrote for profit & delight
of Brittishe Isles of blessinges which haue store
in latian language for each learned sprite
to reape such fruictes as passe peruuian oare
This Holland hath at suite of learned dame
with paine translated into our vulgar speache
his care of common good deserues that fame
which unto late posterity shall [recke] stretche
Wherfore all worthie wightes which doe take pleasure,
to know the stories of ther countrie [deere] sweet
ought kindly to accept this so greate treasure
& yeld such thanckes to th'autoeur as is meete
I like his pen & iudgement eke no lesse
for making choise of such a patronesse
George again to his sister

Sweete sister you are riche, in golden of grace
in bewty also you are riche & lineamentes of face
in birth & kindred riche, in wit & learning rare
O would to god I worthy were, with you ther to compare
In flowre of youth you are riche, in tall & goodly stature
In temperance & modesty & gentlenes of nature
It grieues me for to see you riche in so great store
of other thinges but state of health, this tyme to be so poore
Modern phisitions say as Chapman doth relate
The agew from Hungaria cam which gaue our prince the mate
let that be as it may yf I my mind may tell
I think these pale diseases com from vgly pit of hell
And thither they return, yf patientes will vse glee
For Diet: Quiet: merry mynde doth make them hence to flee
procure for to be strong & loue me as before
And I a brother kynd wilbe both now & euer more.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.19v
*g... (line 1): blotted in the text - perhaps "glow"?
[75] George to Mrs Caeue his mother [sic] wayting woman

My caue I wishe the this new yeare suche fortune & suche hap
As they do vse to proue which sit in lady fortunes lap
long life & store of worldly wealth, & husband the to loue
of whom thou must haue store of brattes & ioyes of wedlock proue
Thie name I trow a sentence is, & willes the to take hede
Ile des Kant of yt by thy leaue, for yt may profite brede
Take (hede*) you be not made I say with flattring speaches drunke
For fawning smiling speache hath made, an honest wenche a punke
Take hede thou be not led with gaine for couetise is a vice
and gold of honest wenche hath made full oft a Cockatrice
Take hede thou be not arrogant, for that will the disgrace
A proud & haughty carriage marrs full oft a pleasing face
Take hede of Anger it becommes, feirce beastes & vgly creatures
more then thy milde & gentle sex, which hath so goodly features
But I surcease for see thy name, doth yeald to large a theame
my only purpose was to tell how much I the esteme
liue happie I will the regard & wishe the as my freinde
Doe thou the like yt so thou please, & thus I make an ende.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.20
*hede (line 7): emendation, omitted in text.
To his sisters Gentlewoman Mrs Powel

My powel I this newyeares tyde doe wishe to the good hap
for old acquaintance I the knew when I did feede on pap
I knew the fore I did begin to sow my wildest oates
I knew the when I romed about like wenche in my long coates
I knew the when vneath I could out of my bed arise
I knew the when a bunting boy, I hunted after flies
Seuen yeares I trow I haue the known since that I first began
When I looke back I meruail muche I am not yet a man
But man or boy I am to the on which doth wishe the well
And mynde so to continew still, this newyeares day farewell.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.20
H. Stanford to Lady Berkley. 1612.

My dearest dame this history I send
as newyeares guift & paion of mindfull mynd
Yf you in reading daign some howres to spend
a world of pleasing proffit you shall fynde
A story is a treasury of witt
and truly called the register of fame
no reading can your ladiship more fit
whose virtues haue procured so good a name
I wish you all good fortunes suitable
to the rare worth of your most sincere brest
long life & comfortes never mutable
and this new yeare & euer to be blest
Althoughe the gowte distable ioyntes and handes
My mynde is yours in more, then Gordian bandes.

Text: MS Cambridge Dd5.75 f.20
H. Stanford to Mrs Theophila Berkelay. 1612.

for newyeares guift accept this little booke
fayre nymphe althoughe it make no show of price
no doubt I make youe daign theron to looke
for you in wit with mother sympathize
Here Bertas doth in sugred verse indight
the rarest worckes of godes creation
his verse & language surely will delight
and proffit yeld with virtuous contentation
As I from cradle you haue wished well
so do I now & will continew euer
procede in virtue wherein you excell
and in your studies feare not to perseuer
No ornament can better fit a grace
then mongst the muses for to haue a place.
ACCESSORIES TO CHAPTER 13

SECTION I: MS RAWL.POET.85

The Poems of JOHN FINNET
ROBERT MILLS
JAMES RESHOULDE

Texts are arranged in the order in which they appear in the MS - see the preliminary list of the contents of the two main groups of items with Cambridge associations. Numbers in square brackets refer to item numbers covering the MS as a whole. Entries in the preliminary list marked with an asterisk are those for which transcriptions are given in the following pages.
Group One: ff.36v-43v

* 50. Farwell good harte thoughke place vs parte 
   [f.36v; ascribed "R.M." (Robert Mills).
   Poem is deleted and added again on f.54v:
   a marginal note reads "vid.pag.75" (i.e. f.54v).]

* 51. Ad te saepe venit mea chartula (Finnett)
   [f.37; headed "R.V. ad amicum I.F." and
   ascribed "Robertus Ylls".]

* 52. Cum mea (mi Finnett) mors vitae tempora finit
   [f.37; ascribed "Robertus Ylls".]

53. Etsi faeminilis pudor...
   [f.37v; headed "Oratio Illustrissimae reginae
   Elisabethae apud Cantabrigienses in Eccles.
   beatae Maria habita" and ascribed "E.Regina."
   Latin speech, made in 1564.]

54. Qui male agunt...
   [f.38v; headed "Oratio sereniss: Reginae Elisabethae
   Acadamiae Oxoniensi habita" and ascribed "El.Reg."
   Latin speech, made in 1566.]

* 55. Mars with thy warres
   [f.39av; Latin couplet with English translation,
   both deleted. Deleted ascription, perhaps "I.F."]

* 56. Tho stryues oft, to be seated alofte
   [f.39av; Latin couplet with English translation
   in hexameters. Deleted ascription, perhaps "I.F."]

57. Deuode my tymes and race my wretched howres
   [f.40; ascribed "Mr Dier".]

58. Pertur in conuluius vinus, vina venirent
   [f.41v; headed "Epotandi verba": Latin drinking
   song - from the medieval Confessio Gollae.

* 59. Finnet, Amice, vale, fugit hinc tus ecce (Robertus:
   [f.41v; headed "An (ultimum vale) to his freinde
   (wrytten one the backsyde of the Sheephards Kalender)
   att his departure from Cambridge: by Roberte Ylls:"]
   and ascribed "R.M."]

60. Onlye ioy now here you are
   [f.42; headed "A song" and ascribed "S.P.S." (i.e.
   Sidney). The 4th song from Astrophil and Stella.]
61. **Physyck begynnith fyrst with phy**
   [f.43; deleted poem, identified by Cummings as
   in part an English rendering of the 11th century
   *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*.]

62. **Late suppers and wyne I did forbeare**
   [f.43v; headed "Galen beyng asked howe he preserued
   his lyfe so longe Made thys awnswere."
   *^a^e suppers and wyne I did forbeare*
   *^e suppers and wyne I did forbeare*
   *^e suppers and wyne I did forbeare*]

63. **Serua mensuram / Habe curam / & eris diues**
   [f.43v; Latin distichs.]

**Group Two: ff.53v-85v**

* 78. **As a freende, frendlyke: to a freend fare absent**
   [f.53v; headed "Tacobus Reshoulde Amico suo T.K.
   Carmina Saphica." and ascribed "Iames Reshoulde,
   Suffolk".]

* 79. **Farewell good harte thoughte place vs parte**
   [f.54v; headed "R.: farwell to his freend [I.F.]
   and ascribed "R.V." (i.e. Robert Vills). Copied
   from f.56v - see above, item 50.]

* 80. **As palme tree prest doth < ... > springe alofte**
   [f.54v; deleted poem, headed "I.F. to his freend
   Iames Reshoulde". Ascription is illegible.]

* 81. **The scourge of lyfe and deaths extreame disgrace**
   [-84. [f.55; headed "These 4 sonnets followinge wer made
   by Sr.P.Sidney when his Ladye hacld a payne /the
   small poxe/ in her face". The other three sonnets
   follow, ascribed "Sr.P.S.". See Certain Sonnets 8-11.]

* 85. **Dudleio simul ac puerua de sanguine nasci**
   [f.56v; Latin poem, headed "In Obitu: honoraliss:
   viri: Dudlaei infantis" - on the death of Leicester's
   son in 1584.]

* 86. **Anni parte Florida coelo puriore**
   [f.57v; Latin poem, headed "Philis et Flora" -
   12th century Goliardic verse.]

* 87. **A certayne man vpon a tyme**
   [f.64; ascribed "Iames Reshoulde" (partly erased).]

* 88. **Troianus Paris et Troianus origine Farrye**
   [f.65; Latin poem, headed "Verses made vpon Dr
   Farrye the traytor" and ascribed "R.H." On the
   execution of Farrye in March 1585."
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89. *My earthly moulde doth melt in watry teares*

[f.65v; two short fragments, unascribed, from longer poems by Sidney, one from *The Old Arcadia* and one from *Certain Sonnets.*]

90. *Ite procul tetreci perfricta fronte Catones*

[f.65v; Latin poem, headed "Verses made and written by Mr Ed. Chapman in the beginninge of a booke" and ascribed "Mr Chapman"][f.65v; two short fragments, unascribed, from longer poems by Sidney, one from *The Old Arcadia* and one from *Certain Sonnets.*]

91. *My masters you that reed my ryme*

[f.66; headed "Libell agaynst Bashe". Written about Edward Bashe, Surveyor-General of Victuals for the Navy, referring to events in c.1571-2.]

92. *And thynk you I haue noughte a loade*

[f.72v; headed "The Libell of Oxenforde", with marginal notes, one ascribing the poem to "Buckley". Refers to events at Oxford, c.1564-5.]

93. *Cease fond desyre to wishe me better happ*

[f.76]

94. *My Mistress in hir brest dothe were*

[f.76v; deleted poem, ascribed "L: Strange" (partly deleted).]

95. *Bathed I haue too longe (sweet freende) my ladye Thalia*

[f.77v; headed "Rob: Kylls: to his freend: I. Finnett: Car: Hex:" and ascribed "from Stamforde: Robert Mills". In English hexameters.]

96. *Neptune of whurlynge windes and huge waues terible Empror*

[f.78v; headed "I are the water:" and ascribed "Rob: Mills:". In English quantitatives, with a prose preface.]

97. *In pryme of sommer when: as all in a gyere furye*

[f.81; headed "Ouids Corinna 1: lib. Amorum translated Para: into Englishe Hex: by the forsaide Roberte Kylls:" and ascribed "Rob: Mills:" In English hexameters.]

98. *In flowed Meades as late I walke in keve*

[f.82; headed "A song in prayse of peace by the same author R:Ϣ:" and ascribed "Rob: lills:" Marginal note "the townesmen of Stamforde where the Author taught his schoole." Poem refers to municipal quarrels in Stamford (Lincs.), 1588-9.]
I passynge spyde a passinge flowre to eye
[f.83; headed "To a feyned feyless and
ungratefull frende by the author aforseyd:" and ascribed "Rob: Hills:"]

Forsaken fyrst and now forgotten quyte
[f.83v; deleted poem, unfinished.]

Geue not thy gyffts to aged men
[f.83v; aphoristic quatrain.]

A Herd, a swayne, a Martiall knyghte
[f.33v; Latin couplet and English translation.]

Passions unfoulded save unfaygnedlye
[f.34; last 8 lines of a poem written in 6 line stanzas, lacking the beginning; has the refrain, "And I must dye and knowe no remedye". Deleted ascription, perhaps "I.F."]

Are women so natr.de
[f.34; ascribed "I.F."]

Sweet Phillis venus sweetynge was, was none so swete as she
[f.84v; headed "Verses made in manner of argument vpon 11: lamentationse of Amintas:" and ascription torn off. English hexameters in imitation of those of Abraham Fraunce.]

What can, I praye thee, tell me (swete Echo) lerne me
[to loue
[f.35; deleted heading "Eccho made in imitatione of Sr P: Sidneys eccho goinge before pagi:5:" - "pagi:5:" is no longer part of the IS, but apparently contained a copy of Sidney's "Fair rocks, goody rivers ..." from the Old Arcadia. Ascribed "I.Resoulde Cantabrig." In English hexameters.]

When Phoebeus Daphne longe had woed
[f.106v; headed "The Inventiones of the 9: Muses" and ascribed "R. Hills. Cantab:""]]
Farwell good harte thoughe place vs parte
   It is fortune forceth so
Thoughhe bodyes bothe be sondred lothe
   Yet myndes together goe
Sweet do not shrink, styll one me thynk
   Tyll death deuyde our loue
Then both to haue, God graunt, on graue
   And both lyke place aboue.

Texts: MS Rawl. Poet. 85 ff. 36v (deleted) and 54v
Ascribed: "R.M."
Headed on f. 54v: "R:M: farwell to his freend [I.F.]

[51] R.M. ad amicum. I.F.

Ad te saepe venit mea chartula (Finnett).
   Ad te saepe venit cor (peramice) meum.
Hanc tu saepe vides, hanc et persaepe revoluis:
   Vidisti numquam cor (peramice) meum.
Immo simul veniunt, tum cor, tum chartula nostra
   Inclusum charta cor latitare puta.
Ambo videre potes, maculis mea charta notatis
   Prouenit et purum cor tibi (chare) meum
Tu quoque cum chartis cordis coniungito chordas
   Cor duo sic vnum corpora rite regat.

Text: MS Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 37v
Ascribed: "Robertus Nylls"
[52]

Cum mea (mi Pinnett) mors vitae tempora finit.

Cessabo Pylades, non prius, esse tuus.

[55]

[Quid mihi cum bellis ...]  (smudged)

[Ang: Mars with thy warrs  (deleted)
Mars with thy iarrs
Mars with thy feerce alarmes
Merce thy wayes hence
And leaue me my wenche
For (< ? battle> in my armes]
Qui supra posse sursum tendit
Infra nolle post descendit
Ang: Who styues oft,
Hexam: to be seated alofte,
    in place where he should not:
shall by a mischance
(downe with a vengance)
fall wher he would not:

Text: MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.39v
Ascription: "[I.P.]" (deleted)
(Text has here been rearranged in form from a couplet of two long lines)

An (ultim\_ vale) to his freende (wrytten one the backsyde of the Sheephards Kalender)
att his departure from Cambridge: by
Roberte Lills:

Finnet, Amice, vale, fugit hinc tuus ecce (Robertus:
Cor tamen bic tecum linquit, amice, suum:
Corpus abest, cor, amice, manet; cor, amice, manebit.
Et maneat mecum cor, peramice tuum:

Text: MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.41v
Ascription: "R:N:"
[78] Iacobus Reshoulde Amico suo T.M.

Carmina Saphica.

As a freende, freendlyke: to a freend fare absent
I thy frende freendlyke, to the send a presente
That we freends frenedlyke, maye abyde I' freendshipp
Freendly together.

Thyne I am euer if I be myne owne freende
Thyne I am euer to my selfe ap[pe][a]reth.
Thou, to me therfor, to be well beloued
Playnly ap[p][e][a]reth.

If I am euer (as I haue professsed)
Thyne: be thou euer than I do request the
Such as I euer by my deeds approue me
And by my vertues

Nowe my selfe euer to my selfe auoucheth
That thi selfe euer is an other my selfe
To thy selfe therfor as an alter Idem
I do co[m]mande me

And if I neuer froe my selfe maye alter
Or my selfe neuer froe my selfe maye wander
Than resolue thy selfe, to my selfe be faythles
That will I neauer

But my fayth, I sweare, do I geue for euer
And my truth I pledge to the nowe and euer
That my fayth and truth to the shall indure: for
Euer [and] euer.
As my faith therefore to the shall indure aye,
And my truth lykewyse: so do thou indeauor
That thy faith and truth to me may be sure: for
Euer [and] euer

Since I am, Semper (to my pow[e]re) Amicus
Though[e] I be, Semper, very pore, Amice
Yet do thou sempèr to me deale Amice
Sicut Amico.

Saepiùs (Semper) to my penn incurreth
Saepiùs (Semper) to myne eyes ap[p]eereth
Saepiùs (Semper) to myne eares resoundethe
Seueral[1] Echoes

Semper idem, thus do I wryte Eidem
Semper idem, thus do I wishe Eidem
Cantilenam, thus do I singe Eandem
Semper eidem

As I am (sweet freinde) to the semper idem
So be thou (sweet freende) to me semper idem
That we both (swett freend) may be Semper idem
Fond of eche other
As a freend, frendlyke I begann my freende. Eccho. ende
So (my freend) frendlyke do I tak my leaue. E: leaue
Therfore (Freend) frendlyk bid I the farwell. E: well
Till we do meet. E: meete.
[I.F. to his freend James Reshoulde] (deleted)

As palme tree prest doth \(\ldots\) springe alofte
As camomell downe treden doth growe the more
So absence greeuethe faythfull freendes full oft
But presence brings in salues vnto theire sore

Then let my Resoulde be resolu'd still to remayne
A freend to \(\ldots\) whyll the fates his end ordayne.]

Text: MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.54v (deleted)
Ascription: (deleted)
A certayne man vpon a tym
  Whose harte was set on fyre
The freendshipp of a worthye wenche
  Forsothe he did desyre
By lott and loue he gann to proue
  His purpose to possess
But tyme and place denied his corse
  His ioyes were so muche less

It chaunced so the mother to knowe
  No whit of all this matter
Vpon a daye to sporte and playe
  Out of the towne he gatt her

When she came home she gann to frowne
  Her daughter looked so straunge
Why daughter (quoth she) what ayleth the?
  Thy colour begins to chaunge

Forsoth deere mother it is none other
  But since you went awaye
The mann you knowe the truthe to showe
  Came hether and found me playe
The mother than reuylde the young man
  And sayde he shoulde not haue hir
Good wyfe (quoth he) if she be not for me
  Take you hir and so god saue hir
[87] (Continued)

It chaunced than the sayd young man
   To marrye an other mayde
And one a tyme to make vp my ryme
   Thus vnto his wyfe he sayde

You knowe suche a mayde: ye marrye she sayde
   Marke one than well (quoth he)
Before I was wedd, hir maydenhed
   For loue she bestowed on me
And by and by she did descraye
   The matter vnto hir mother
Who gaue hir leaue me to deceuye
   And marrye vnto an other
The wyfe lyke a shrowe made awnswere thoe
   O lorde, what a foole was she?
A freend of myne an hundred tyme
   Had lyke pastyme with me
Yet I neauer toulde nor neuer woulde
   Hir housbande hearinge thys
Was nypte one the heade as a mann halfe dead;
   You may see what fortune is.

Text: MS Rawl.Poet.25 f.64
Ascription: "James {Res> houlde" (partly erased)
Rob: Mylls: to his freend: I. Finnett:

Car: Hex:

Bathed I haue too longe (sweet freend) my ladye Thalia:
Midste Lethe, where werye witts she refresht, she renewde
[she reuiued
Ther she refrest, she renewd, she reuyude, inspirde
[from Apollo
Thus (as dutye requyres) (sweet freend) the now she
[salutethe.
As water hastethe apace, and posts as swifte as a swallowe
Which, very long, cloase bankes in bondes haue heald like
[a captiue
As fyre flamethe amayne which longe hath smouldred in ashes
So my loue (my loue) which tyme which place hath adumbred
Shynet the afresh att last and synges a freendly Placebo:
Still Coridon his Alexis mournes, still Phillis Amintas
Still Hilas Alcmenides, still Gallus lovely lycoris
Still still mourne I the want of my prety pinckanye Finnett
Look how Penelope pyned for subtyle Vlisses
Look how Flora gapes in a draughte for moysture of Iris
Looke how a wretche exylde from natyue country lamentethe
So with a sea of syghes sobb I for Finnet his absence:
So with a world of woaes wishe Finnet I happily present
So with loss of lyfe I wayll his unhappy diuorcement
O what playes meriments, conceytes, and pleasure abounded?
O what Musicale arte? and how manye plausible Antiques?
Neuer a day did pass but good recreatione used
Neuer a nyghte did pass but we good company haunted
Neuer an howre did pass but some toy still we deuysed
(1) See how I sitt in royall chayre enthroned empror:
Se how I frowne lyke a prince gaynst Lord Terminus Ireful:
Se how I smyll to see the Iestes of merye Doleta:
Goulden days when Lord Non Terminus highly triumphed

(2) Now for a scepter I wott I sway a twygg to my subiects
A Ferula for a sword a bald gresy nighte capp
Like to Dionisius throwne downe from throane to a threshold 30
Toyes ar anoyes, displeasures oft accompany pleasures.
Thus as sheep chewe cudd of meat very lately digested
So with fancyes I feed which cannot agayne be recalled
Yet thy pryme sawretbe (swete freend) vnblasted of Auster
Fall of leafe as yet prunes not thy lusty Iuentus:
Sound in bodye for healtthe and safe in mynd without
Liue then as erste thou lyuste, (my owne Harte) as longe
Thatt when Parcas agree (Tua fila rescindere vitae)
Thou mayst lyue then aboue partaker of heaunlye (Venite:)

Text: MS Rawl.Foet.85 f.77v
Ascription: "From Stamforde: Robert Hills"
Marginal Notes: (1)(line 24) "certayne showes of his owne makynge
wherein himselfe was principall actor"
(2)(line 28) "beinge schoole maister at Stamforde"
[98] Ware the water:

Written vpon this occasion a certayne companye of youthes (schollers in Cambridge) rowinge downe the ryuer on daye in a boate for their pleasure the boate chaunced by mischaunce to be torned ouer wherby some were in dawnger of drownynge and amongste the reste the forsayde author Robert Kylls /one of that companye/ (not one of them that had escaped dryest) hauinge matter enoughe herebye offered vpon the request of his freend I.F. aforesyde, inueyghed agaynste the waters as folowethe:

Neptune of whurlynge windes and huge waues terible Empror Whoe floates in Oceanus one Dolphin dayntily mounted Pardon if oughte enforce me renounce thy watery Dukdomes And Thetis empress of all wherof thy Neptune is empror Whose lapp euery nyght Phoebus thy concubine hauntethe Pardon if oughte enforce me renounce thy watery countryes Naiades and Syrens whose sugred harmony chauntethe Whoe serve him and hir in courte lyke ladyes of honour Pardon if oughte enforce me reuille your waterye chambers Ware the water water oft bringes woe thryse woe to the

Wher water is most slowe where streames ar slyly the [stillest
Ther water is most stronge ther strems be the sor'st be [the deepest
Wher water is most calme ther a rocke ofte priuily lurckethe Wher bankes are most greene ther a snake vnwarely stingethe Tyde, when it ebbs faylles one, when tyde flowes farethe [an other
Ware the water water oft bringes woe thryse woe to the [waters:
(Continued)

Madd of / a / frensy be these which taste of testy Lethargus
Dronke one a dropsye be those which taste luyncestius humors
Clitorius, whome Bacchus abhors, breeds death to the wine

And Athamanis in heat consumes wood quckly to cynders
From springes springe these ills, thus ill qualéfye be

W ate the waters water ofte brings woe thryse woe to the waters:

If water had not bene well had bene louely leander
And Hero (0 the water that drenchte her louely Leander)
Into waters Phaeton downe fell and dyed where he downe fell
Icarus in the waters lyghted but laye where he lyghted
Waters still many dropps not a dropp of mercye bestillinge
W ate the water water oft bringe woe thryse woe to the waters:

Waters wer pitiless when Arion pytty requested
Dolphins healpe was at hand or Arion had dyed helpless
Polyonates diamond had sonke in gredy Charibdis
Had not a seely fyshe restorde th'owne kyndly to th'owner
Thus pitts are pitts are pitiless and streames extrem to

W ate the water water oft bringe woe thryse woe to the waters:

(1) 

Prettye pagraue what mentste thou amydst mayne flods to
Ah what mentst thou amidst the whurlyngwaues, weeds to be

For loue, alas, thou clensde the waters of hurteful anoyance
Butt water, ahe the water, for good, badd hardly repayed
Fyre no mercye afordès, no mercye water afordeth

W ate the water water oft brynges woe thryse woe to the waters:
Waterye Nymphs which all in a rowe daunce round by the
waters
Deemynge your Paradyse for pleasure past any compare
Listen awhyll to a trouth (would gods itt had bene a fable)
Which makes me not brook your brookes nor watery lodgings
Butt still makes me resound att euery lyne lyke an Echo
Wære the water water ofte bringes woe thryse woe to the
waters:

Sences latelye bedulde, and haulfe throughge depe study
sensless
Longde /abroad/ by repaste theyr vitall sprites to recouer
As tyred Heefer /repyare/ which sone vnyoaked, hyghes hoamwarde
Then then I hasted amayne to whett my witt by the waters
But mayne haste made waste and causde this sorofull heyho
Wære the water water ofte bringes woe thryse woe to the
waters:

Sweete freendes, nay weete frendes, my repast with company
graced
Like myndes lyke fortune, my mishapp all equally tasted
All one a rowe one afloate in a boate most royally tylled
Luche lyke Vlisses troupe, couchte cloase in huge Troiane
engine
Shott Cames=bridge one a slawnt, and scourde in a brauery
flauntynge
Wære the water water oft brynges woe thryse woe to the waters:

Suche witye iests we did vse as gybyngue vulcane had vsed
Suche prety quipps we did vse as snarlynge Tymon had vsed
Suche mirth Diogenes not more mirthe vsed in Athens
Suche mery toys yea suche verye ioyes in a cholerike anger
(2) Our Palinurus abhorde, chauntynge thys ditty to often
Wære the water water ofte brynges wo thryse woe to the waters:
Still we refuse to be still accounting pleasure a treasure
And had bene no less but that we passed a measure
For then amidste our mirth (fayre dayes oft alter at eueninge)
And when fructes be ripest more certayne danger aprocheth
We then amidste all mirth bengn to recorde, to remmber,
Wore the water water oft bringes woe thryste woe to the [waters:

Then did aryse a storme, then fearde we mad AEolus anger
Then did aryse a warre then fearde we Neptune his anger
Then iocunde gladnes was turnde to melancholye sadnes
All do begin to sturr as peolple sturr att a scarefyce
All cryed healpe Palinure cryed healp att this sad alarum
Wore the water water oft bringes woe thryste woe to the waters:

When all healped amayne (god wott) none could be yet healped

Winedes rored and waues swelld pore bote but thryste wo the poore boyes
Tragedye now beginns windes, waues both sworne to do mischefe
Our selye coreke ouerhaylde and our sely corps ouerhoysed:
Then we with our Palinurus came playntely thus to the [mermaids
Wore the water water ofte brynges woe thryste woe to the [waters:
Walke by the lande, earthe faylls not afoote, loue Terra [thy Mother

Buyld not one yse nor sands, trust me trust not to the waters
Lett Mars haue thyne honour, lett be Bellona thy laystress
Dy rather in deepe bloude than dye so blyndly by waters

(4) Iordan scarcelye frequent, Paradyse more scarcelye [frequentygne

Ware the water water ofte brings woe thryse woe to the [waters:

Text: MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.78v
Ascription: "Rob: Mills:"
Marginal Notes: (1)(line 35) "one that was drowned in the ryuer att Cambrydg with ventrynge to fare to plucke vp weeds"
(2)(line 63) "taken here for the boy that rowde the boat:"
(3)(line 78) "two or three of his schollers which were in the bote who were lyke to be drounde"
(4)(line 87) "two swimming places in Camb:"
In pryme of sommer when: as all in a fyere furye
Phoebus midd waye at home in skyes was at hott'st,
[was at hygheste
Downe one a bedd of Downe I lymmes verye werrye reposed
Windowes partely shut vp and casements partely set openn
Yellded a lyghte lyke woods whose shades do resemble a twylyghte
When Tytan is close couchte in lapp of watery Thetis
When ne daye ne nyghte Aurora remaynes in a dawnynge
Suche tyme a Lass lykes alone which makes not strange in a corner,
And coye blushfull shame doth allwayes couet a couer
Thus as I pausde in a muse drownde in phantastical humors
See my Corinna by chaunce (in face in grace lyke a goddess
Vaylde in a mantell lose which /wyndes/ displayed about her
Goulden locks which lay fayre playted on Ivory showlders)
Stepte vnawares to my syde (good Gods how I blust when I sawe _[her]
Stately she stepte to my syde lyke Lais loude of a thousande
Stately she stepte to my syde lyke princely Symiramis Empress
Faste her I caught by the gowne (it was not amiss to be doynge)
Butt she resisted awylle scarce pleasd that I should be so doynge
Yett she resisted as one carynge /not/ muche for a conquest
And, not agaynst hir will, me the victory gently resygned
As she before me stood starcke nakde: subject to that obiecte
Downe froe the hyg'ste to the low'st cleane throwgh I found not [a blemishe
Oh whatt fayre shoulders what wel fram'de armes was I fingring
Oh with how easy an hand her milke whyte papps was I pressinye
Oh what a wombe as playne as a dye, what a brest was I tickyng
Oh whatt a manly syde what a youthfull thyghe was I ticklyng
Euery parte shal I touche? peerless be the parts which I touched
Thus many louely delays forecast in stead of a preface
Naked I her vouchsafe: solacing both sweetly together
Gess the sequell that luste; both in security rested
Suche many dayes o suche manye noones Ioue grante to befall me.
A songe in the prayse of peace by the same author:  

In flowred Meades as late I walkte in Maye  
With curled noates and sugred voyce amayne  
Sweet Philomel pearchte soale vpon a baye  
The prayse of peace to chaunte, herselue did straunge:  
With hey nonne no Peace, Peace nonne no Hey:  
Where peace is perpetuall blest is that cyttye  

Where welcome peace hath bylte her sacred bowre  
Ther wantes no wealth nor any bliss besyde  
When blody Mars with knytted browes doth lowre  
Welthe goe to wracke and all to noughte doth slyde  
With hey nonne no Peace: &c  

A sheafe of shaftes vnited, is most stronge  
Yet seuered one from one do quickly breake  
So vnity preserues the cyttye longe  
When discorde strayght doth make the people weake  
With hey nonne no peace: &c  

Birdes of one kynd together flocke like doues  
Like loues his lyke, for nature framde itt so  
That greater ioye than when man mankynd loues  
And lyke good freends vse hand in hand to goe  
With hey nonne no peace: &c  

Theras keene weeds and rasynge brambles springe  
Few flowres, small fruyte, and no increase is founde  
Ther stryfe is ryfe wheer Irys leause her stinge  
There vertues seedes ar choakte and peace quite drownde  
With Hei nonne no peace: &c
Thus satt philomela Harpinge of peace
Redoublynge /nought/ but peace with warblynge voyce

(1) Loue grant your Iarrs, Stamfordians, to surcease
And of this peace to send a wellcom choyce

Vith hei nonne no peace, peace nonne no hei
Wher peace is perpetuall blest is that citty:
To a feynged faythless and vngratefull frende by the author aforsayd:

I passynge spyde a passinge flowre to eye
Whose heauenlyke hew hayld me hir prime to plucke
Butt ah when I her sweet perfumes should trye
I stinged was, such was my peruerse lucke
  A faynged freend lyke to a paynted flowre
  Whose wordes are sweet whose workes are twyse as sowre

One Christall yse (to syghte congealed stronge)
As late I walke full nyce as harte could thynke
They crakt I slypte me thought I had great wronge
that wher I grounded trust there grownd should shrinke
  A fyckle freend is lyke to bryckle yse
  Once he keeps trouthe but sayles if trye him twyse

A tender snake halfe dead I wis for could
I lately fownde and broughte her home to fyre
But she reuyude, alas, waxte ouerbolde
And by sharpe stinge repayde my courteous hyre
  A faynged faythless and vngratefull freende
  lyke flowre, yse, snake, are hurtefull in the ende:

Text:  MS Rawl.Poet.85, f.83
Ascription:  "Rob: Mills:"
[102]

Forsaken first and now forgotten quyte
where is thy faith thou swearest so ofte to me
that sooner should the cleere sone lose his lyght
Then thou wouldst fallse thy faith and vntrwe be
   By this I see that women be vntrwe
   And love to change ...] (deleted - unfinished)

[103]

Geue not thy guys to aged menn
   To boyes ne women kynde
For age doth dote, and boyes forgett,
   And women change their mynde:

Text: MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.83v
Pastor, arator, eques, paui, colui, supersavi, Capras, Rus, hostes, fronde, ligone, manu:

A Herd, a swayne, a Martiall knyghte
I fillde, I tyllde, I putt to flyghte
My goates, my grounde, my foes in fyghte
With bowes, with plowes, with manly myghte:

Text: MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.83v

Cf: (i) I sheppard I plowman I horsseman light
have fedd have plowed have putto flight
my goates my groundes my foes in feild
With bowes with plowes with speare & sheild.

(ii) A hearde a Swaine a noble Knight
I fed I tild I did subdue
my goates my groundes my foes by fighte
with bowes with plowes these hands them slue.

Text: MS Harl.7392 f.61
Ascriptions: (i) "Saintlowe Knyuetowne"
(ii) [deleted]

(iii) A heard, a hind, a knight,
I fedd, I tild, I foylde
my flock, my feeld, my foes
With bughes, with plows, with bloes.

Text: MS Marsh Z3.5.21 f.20
(iv) A goteheard, plowman, knight, 
my goates, my fields, my foes 
I fed, I tild, I kild, 
with bowes, with plowes, with blowes.

Text: Fraunce's *Arcadian Rhetorike* (?1588) [El]
Passions vnfoulded saye vnfaygnedlye
That I [poore soule] must dye [saue]/and knowes no/remedye

Butt ere I dye see how I do adore her
She is my sayncte, the Alter is my Loue
Wheron selfwerynge syghes fume vp befor her
In steed of frankinsence her herte to moue
The preest is Death, the sacrifice am I
And I [poore soull] must dye [saue]/and know no/remedye

(First portion of the poem is missing, as a page has been torn out between ff.83 and 84. F.83v has the catchwords "When Aprills", referring to the opening lines of a lost poem on the missing page.)

Are Women so namde
As creatures framde
To be a woe to man?
My Mistres sayes no -
Should I saye so?
Beshrowe me than:

(Deleted, then added again)
Verses made in manner of argument vpon lamentationse of Amintas:

Sweet Phillis venus sweetyng was, was none so swete as she:
Amintas Cupids darlynge to: was none so dere as he:
Sweet Phillis kepte sheep one a downe was neuer downe so freended:
Amintas helpte her tende her sheep, were neuer sheep so tended
Sweet Phillis lykte Amintas thoe, and would not be remoued
Amintas loued Phillis so, as none could more be loued
Sweet Phillis flowing garlands made and badd Amintas were them
Amintas tender lambkins had to Phillis did he bere them:
Sweet Phillis where she kepte her sheep the groaues and grondes [she graced:
Amintas in those groaues and groundes sweet Phillis ofte embraced:
Sweet Phill: plyght her fayght and trouth the shepherd should [her wedd:
Amintas mynd clogde with despayre, with hope herof was fedd:
Sweet Phill: naythles was beguyld, death had the baynes forbydden
Amintas hope quyte dashte, despayre no longer coulde lye hidden
Sweet Phill: thus in freshest pryme of loue and lyfe bereuad
Amintas lefte disconsolate of loue and lyfe deceued.
Sweet Phillis dayes eleuen was dead, eleuen dayes so remaynge
Amintas dayes eleuen complaynd the 'leuenth day dyde complayng
Sweet Phill: soull (o happy soull) the Elysean feelds contained
Amintas corps o haples corps, a flowre with blood distayned:

Text: MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.84v
Ascription: [torn off - possibly "I.F."]
What can, I pray thee, tell me (swete Echo) lerne me to loue? Ec: loue
How maye I fynde a loue to my mynde if I chance to go looke? Ec: looke.
Wher shal I look to spye one I lyke if I charelye seeke? Ec: seeke:
If that I seeke and see one I lyke what then shall I woe? Ec: woe:
Which is the waye my loue to bewraye and come to ha' speeche? Ec: speeche
How maye I speake To worke suche a feate her fancye to soothe? Ec: soothe:
What doth abyde if speech be denyde to shewe what I thynke? Ec: Inke:
How maye I wryte her mynde to delyghte and brynge to my lure? Ec: your ure:
What if I' case my byrth be to base, her loue to deserue? Ec: scru:
Thynke ye the gaynes will quytt the paynes if I happily trie? Ec: I:
Then perauentur wil I adventure sone so to doe: Ec: doe:

Text: MS Raw1.Poet.85 f.85
Ascription: "I Resoule Cantabrig."
[131] The Inuentiones of the .9. Muses:

When Phoebus Daphne longe had woed
And saw in (Nay) she stifflye stoode
Inwrapped in hope to wyne her herte
He found this feate by subtyll arte

He call'd his brood the luses nyne
And charging all to make them fyne
Bad all their fauours to present
To cause his Daphne to relent

1: Graue Clio wayeing vertues fame
Bequethes a storye to this Dame
Wherin Warrs, pomps, and triumphes rynge
Of Pryam and of many a kynge

2: Melpomene cladd in mournyng weed
Causde with (alas) her herte to bleed
She treates of death in tragicall verse
Where every lyne lamentes a herse:

3: Then comes Thalia wanton lass
And shewes to Daphne a comicall glass
Where Pleautus 'repte his louelye pranckes
And Terence lernde his Parasytes cranckes

4: Euterpe deckt in garlonds gaye
Trypps one her too whilles pype doth playe
In Daphnes lapp her pype she layde
Wherone before she dauncying playde:
3: Which doth not next Terpsichore lyke
Whiche doth so trimm her Citarenn stryke
Her Siluer strynges effæminates all
Which do attende her chauntyng call:

5: Then Erato scornynge to be slacke
Hyghes one with trynketts at her back
Therwithe she did Geometrye frame
Whiche art desplayde her flyeng fame

7: Calliope braggd muche of her quyll
Wherewith she letters pryntes att will
In them she lernyng wyselye framde
Ore else she onlye had bene blamde

8: Vrania gazde one heauens bryght
Bespangled all with starrs of lyght
She gaue a Globe, she spak of Sphaeres
And taughte how Atlas heauen beres

9: Last masked in Polynmeia wyse
She gestures shewes with voyce and eyes
She pleades in Rethorick Phoebus cause
And hauyng wonn she made a pause.

Now Daphne smylde and Phoebus laughte
She gaue her (Placet), to his thought
This sight the Muses gladsome made
Both sweetly slepte in Lawrells shade:

Text: MS Rawl.Poet.85 f.106v
Ascription: "R: Hills Cantab:"
SECTION II: MS HARL.7392

The Poems Associated with HUMFREY CONINGSBY
ROBERT ALLOTT
"IOH.ED."
and Others

Texts are arranged in the order in which they appear in the MS, as indicated in the preliminary list showing the grouping of items. Most entries in the MS were numbered by the compiler, but those left unnumbered are here numbered in square brackets.
To lodge Delight on Fancies single sight
[f.53v; deleted poem, subscribed "Forme Nulla Fides" and "H.C. to Q.R."

Care is the Gate, that openeth to my Hart
[f.54; deleted poem, subscribed "Contra fatum nisi fatuum" and "H.C. of C.G. RTTFOF"

I am a post in hoist with speede
[f.54v; headed "Cambridge Libell", with marginal notes identifying characters

The Field a Fart durty, a Gybet crosse corded
[f.59; poem about "The Buttons and theyr fellow players"

Pastor, arator, eques, paui, colui, superaui
[f.61; Latin couplet with two English translations, one ascribed "Saintlowe Knyvetowne" - see above, page 367

I wyll forget that ere I saw thy Face
[f.64v; ascribed "I.Ed."]

To Deathe? no, no, vnto eternall lyfe
[f.65; ascribed "I.Ed."]

In verse to vaunt my Ladies Grace
[f.67; ascribed "Ioh.Ed."]
121. **Pallas, Iuno, Venus, on bushy Ida mounte**
[f.72v; headed "A new Yeres Gift wyth a golden Ball" and ascribed "I.E."]

121b. **Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonella sinistro**
[f.72v; Latin epigram with English translation, ascribed "I.E."]

124. **Iuno now at Samos must not stay**
[f.73v; ascribed "I.E."]

125. **Est Venus in Vultu, docte tibi Pallas in ore**
[f.73v; Latin epigram with English translation, ascribed "I.E."]

131. **Unfrindly hauest thou me in such a sort**
[f.77; ascribed "R.Allott"]

132. **Fancies they are that trouble my mind**
[f.77v; ascribed "R.A"]

133. **O mildred if thou dost returne**
[f.77v; ascribed "R.Allott", "Incerti Authoris"]

134. **In everything my love & love agree**
[f.77v; odd couplet]

135. **Thou sacred monarche of that holy traine**
[f.78; headed "Ad Appollinem et Iusas Ode/" and ascribed "Robert Allott." ]
86. Being asked how he lik'd, he wrote

To lodge Delight on Fancies single sight
   Or build my Hope on Beuty's synking Sandes
Were to submit my lynde to Fortunes spight
   And snare my selfe with Cares in Cupids bandes.
And what altho'ghe dame Beuty bid do soe;
   Vertu forbyds & bids suche baytes forgoe.

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

Whereon but vayne can Venus make her Vaunt?
   Alluringe lookes ar all but triflyng toyes.
Suche symple Showes no wyse mans Hart can daunt
   Bables for Fookes & Maygames made for Boyes.
Not every one that lyst to Loke dothe Lyke
   Some smile to see that bredes theyr most mislyke
   Forme Nulla Fides.

Text: MS Harl.7392 f.53v (later scored through)
Ascription: "H.C. to C.R." (later deleted)
87. 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,
Increase my Cares, but no relyef will lend.
Consumed thus with Cares in carefull stryfe,
In Feares and Teares I leade my loathed lyfe.

Not Lyfe, but Death; nor yet desired Death
And yet such Deathe as dauntes to Death my Ioyes
As kils my Hart but can not stop my Breath,
Wyth endles Cares augmentinge myne Annoyes
So have the Fates Long to (I feare) fore-sworne,
Ly self to suche mysfortune to be borne.

I can not pen, that can not be expreste
I neede not fayne I feele my Griefes to greate
I caste of woes and wishe they were redreste
But thats but Wynde & cannot coole suche heate
I cast the worst and styll do hope the best,
And so wythe Cares content perforce I rest.

Contra fatum niti fatuum.
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
I wyll forgett thou wynst the golden Ball.

I wyll forgett thy forehead featly framde
    I will forgett thy Christall eyen so cleare
I wyll forgett that no part may be blamde
    I wyll forgett that thou hadst nere thy peere
I wyll forgett vermylion is thy Hew,
    I wyll forgett there is no Queene but you.

I wyll forgett thy dimpled Chyn so fine
    I wyll forget those paps so swanny whyte
I wyll forgett those rare lyke brestes of thyne
    I wyll forgett thou art my chief 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 sighte,
I wyll forgett throughout the world so wyde,
    I wyll forgett nones beuty halif so bryght.
I wyll forgett thou staynest the brightest starre,
I wyll forgett thou passest Cynthia ferre.
I wyll forgett that features not thy Pheare
    I wyll forgett thy Bewty dymmes the sunne,
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.

And then,
I wyll forgett whence grew my wythered stalke,
    I wyll forgett to care, to drynke or sleepe
I wyll forgett to see, to speake, or walke,
    I wyll forgett to Mounre, to Lawghe, to keepe,
I wyll forgett to heare, to feele, or taste,
I wyll forgett my Lyfe and all at lasts./

And Now,
I wyll forgett the Place where thou dost dwell,
I wyll forgett thy self & so farewell./

Only your Serv:
    though not your only serv:

Text: I.S Harl.7392 f.64v
Ascription: "I.Ed."

Variants in Brittons Bowre of Delights (1591) [F2], headed "A pleasant sonet":
1.8.eyes [eyes BBD]
1.12.young [yaint BBD; you] thou BBD
11.14-19 omitted in BBD
1.20.see [seemly BBD]
1.25.feature [feature is BBD]
1.27.that hue not BBD
1.31.when BBD
1.32.care [eate BBD]
1.33.to walke [to walke BBD]
BBD also omits closing tag and ascription.
To Deathe? no, no, vnto eternall lyfe,
Wyth speed I go, Lord IESVS be my Guyde
Farewell thow world, the master of all Stryfe
And welcom, world, that ever doth abyde
Farewell all cares, that long have crusht my mynde
And welcom 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.
Farewell all thynges that make apparaunce playne,
Desire, vnrest, & Pleasure was but vayne.

Welcom at last the long desired Ioy,
Welcom the Ioy that leades to happy lyfe,
Welcom the Lyfe that tasteth nonne Annoy
And welcom Ioy, free from all mortall stryfe,
Welcom the blysse that never Tongue could tell
Welcom, that Heart wher I do hope to dwell.
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
Then Pen, or Tongue can tell indeede.

Hellen for Bewty did surpas,
   Venus they say did her disgrace,
Much did they gayne but one alas,
   Far from the feature of her face.
Rare her Bewty, brave her Cheere,
In all the world restes none her Peere.
A new Yeres Gift wyth a golden Ball.

Pallas, Iuno, Venus, on bushy Ida mounte

The wisest, stateliest, & fairest of accounte,
Longest whom did love, send down a golden Ball,
Wheron was writt give this the fayrst of all.

Paris was Judge & Iuno kingdomes profered

Pallas wisdom; & Venus beauty offred.

But Paris nought could in a kyngdom fynde,
Nor wisdome recked, to beauty beringe mynde.

But had yourself byn present there in place,
In whom ther restes stately Queene Iunos grace,

And wisdom more then Pallas ere possest,
In Beauty not inferiour to the best,
Venus had fayled, & you had gaynd the Ball

For you alone have more then they had all.

And though you wer not then a Goddesse there,
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.

Subject only to yoreself

Text: MS Harl.7392 f.72v
Ascription: "I.E."
Cf: "Pallas, Iuno, Venus, Troiane in culmine montis"
Latin poem, ascribed "Io.Woodford" in lusa
Hospitalis Ecclesiae Christi Oxon. (1605)[D4].
[121b]

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonella sinistro
   Et potius est forma vincere vterque Deos
Parve puer Lumen, quod habes concede sorori
   Sic in secus Amor sic erit ille Venus.

Leonell of Eyes the lefte, had given for bodily light,
The Gods did graunt to Acon so that he should have the ryght.
For Beawty Acon myght 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,
So shall she Venus countpted be, & thou God Cupid blinde.
Iuno now at Samos must not stay,
   Venus from Troy towne packe her hence apace,
Diana she from Delphos take her way,
   Judith must posses the queenly place.
The gods themselves do not posses a place,
   Halfe worthy that beesemes my mistres grace.
Hellen to Paris was the pereles pere,
   Venus to Mars did bring his chief delight,
Lynerva for her vertue was held most deere,
   Medea was the fairest in Iasons sight.
Rarer then these or any that lyves this day
Is mistres myne whose Beawty beares the sway.
Est Venus in Vultu, doce tibi Pallas in ore
Presidet & digitis clarus Apollo Venit.
Mercurius Linguam moderatur Cynthia mores,
O Dea digne Deo, dignaque Iuno Iove

In face the Fayrest Goddes lyke,
In prudence Pallas past,
On warbling Lute her fingers can
As did Apollos Past;

The wisest God did not excell,
Ne Cynthea overcame,
A Goddes well besemde a God,
Deservinge Iunos name.
388

[131] A passion

Unfrindly hauest 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 successive hap
But thou on craggy created rocks dost sitt
And vnder shrouded art the hardest okes
Thy marble hart bound in with ribbs of steele
Neclegteth plaintive please & pleading plaints
  Rocks rue, ice melts, steele weares, stones wast, okes fall
  Yet cruell thou no pitty hast at all.

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
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 shouldst leave such heat behind.

Text: 1S Harl.7392 f.77
Ascription: "R. Allott"
[132]

Fancies they are that trouble my mind
And breed such warre no peace I can find
  I sigh both day and night
Who in this wofull plight
  Do find my ioies opprest
In love there is no rest

Plesaunt desires do poyson my hart
Whose holy fier wholy doth cause my smart
  Alas I sigh & wepe
I breake full many a sleepe
Inforst to prove
How great a god is love.

Text: MS Harl.7392 f.77v
Ascription: "R A"
O mildred if thou dost returne
   to me thy spouse againe
Then good thou art then more then good
   my only sister then
But if thou him detaine
   or it to the seas assigne
Then ill thou art then worse then ill
   no sister then of mine/

If thou my noble suit regard
   or to my plaints attend
Then faire thou art then twise so faire
   my only goddesse then
But if thou hold my suit in scorne
   & wilt not sett me fre
Then foule thou art then twise so foule
   No goddesse then for me/

In everything my love & love agree
Save that love gentle is but cruell she/
Ad Appollinem et Musas Ode

Thou sacred monarch of that holy traine,
Which make the Æonian springs thy praise resound,
With ragelesse fury perce his dulled braine,
that dares not tread vpon thy fyery ground.
Sweet Phoebus deigne to give this gentle wound
And you faire ladies of that holy lake,
With iuice devine my thirsty hed aslake.

But wretched man (unhappy muse therby)
My ernest suit bears backe the empty aire
Nor he nor they regard thy needfull crie
but suffer me to languish in dispaire
Can anger bide in him or you so faire

What crime what fault o phoebus have I donne?
that vnprovoakt thou dost thy vassal shunne?

Have I not song thy praises every deele
thy haughty courage & thy conquering armes
That vanquisht Python with thy fethered steele
But couldst not master Cupids winged charmes
When dainty Daphne stird vp new alarmes
Yet couldst thou well but that thou willing was
So faire a frame should not vntouched passe.

Have I presumed to pace you secret shade
or quench my thirst at your forbidden spring?
O nimphes devine; o no such fault is made
A thousand humble thoughts can witness bring
Your simple swaine is giltles of that thing
Me list not so vncourteously to deale
With you the authore of my witty weale.
Then gentle god renew thy wonted grace
And powre new source into my withered braine,
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/
This Index gathers together and consolidates information about poems in the cluster of texts circulating in manuscript in the 1580s and 1590s. Its limits are outlined in Volume 1, Chapter 2. Its basis is the full contents of the two most important MSS under discussion, MSS Rawl. Poet.85 and Harl.7392; in addition it includes the contents of selected sections of three of the other four MSS — MSS Folger V.a.89, ff.6-18v (omitting the John Bentley poems on ff.1-5); Cambridge Dd.75, ff.25-47 (omitting some short pieces on f.32 — see the discussion in Vol.1, Chapter 2); Marsh Z.5.21, ff.1-34 (the poetic section at the start of the miscellany). The Arundel-Harington MS has been indexed only where it shares poems with any of the other MSS, as it has been printed, annotated and indexed in full by Miss Hughey.

The Index is arranged as follows:

1) The first line of the item, in modern spelling (except in the case of some items in languages other than English).
2) The number of lines or stanzas: [3 x 4] indicates a poem of three four-line stanzas; [12 long lines] indicates a poem written in longer lines than the first-line entry indicates.
3) The author (Au:), where this can be determined, preceded by a question mark if the identification is in doubt or not fully established.
4) Texts of the poem in manuscripts of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, together with any ascriptions, (Ascr:).
5) Printed texts (Pr:) from the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, (and in some cases later printed texts).
6) Selected headings (heads:), subscriptions (subscr:), marginal notes (margin:), translated versions (transl:), comments and notes of interest.

References are also given to recent modern editions:
Grundy: Joan Grundy's The Poems of Henry Constable, (Liverpool 1960)
Hughey: Ruth Hughey's The Arundel-Harington MS (Ohio, 1960)
Latham: Agnes Latham's The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh (1952)
Sandison: Helen Sandison's The Poems of Sir Arthur Gorges (Oxford, 1953)

Entries preceded by an asterisk have texts or transcriptions in Volume 2. References in early printed texts are given either by signatures or by item numbers in works like the song books. Constable's sonnets in TS Dyce 44 are referred to according to the scheme of divisions and subdivisions in that MS.
The lists of manuscript and printed texts make no claim to completeness: many items are almost certain to be preserved in texts other than those mentioned here. In particular, I have not seen any of the American manuscripts (except MS Folger V.a.89 on microfilm) or checked for other texts in America. I have, however, included all manuscript texts in the Bodleian Library (whose recently published First Line Index of Manuscript Poetry, edited by Miss M. Crum, has proved invaluable), and texts from the song books included in Sternfeld and Greer's revised edition of English Madrigal Verse (Oxford 1967).

A note on Folger MSS: These manuscripts have recently been reclassified, and for convenience, both the old and the new call numbers are listed below. (I am indebted to Mrs Laetitia Yeandle of the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, for this information):

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<tr>
<td>H.b.1</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
A1: *A certain man upon a time*  

[11 x 4]  

Au: James Reshoulde  

Res: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 64  ascr. James (Res) houlde  

(See Volume 2, p. 352)  

A2: A day, a night, an hour of sweet content  

[6 lines]  

Au: ? Thomas Campion  

Res: Harl. 6910 f. 156v  

Harl. 7392 f. 78v  ascr. I.I.  

Pr: Astrophel & Stella (1591) [K4] ascr. "Content"  

A3: A hapless man of late whom love had plunged in fears  

[30 lines]  

Au: Sir Arthur Gorges [Sandison no. 39]  

Res: Egerton 3165 f. 33v  

Cambridge Dd. 5. 75 f. 39  

A4: A heart I have, a heart I crave  

[8 lines]  

Res: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 105v  

[A herd, a hind, a knight  

A herd, a swain, a martial knight]  

See Pastor, arator, eques (P5)  

A5: A little fire doth make the faggot burn  

[6 lines]  

Res: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 114v  

Pr: Britton's Bowre of Delights (1591) [F1v] heads "A Metaphor"  

[Bowre continues with C9 as stanza 2]  

A6: A man of late was put to death  

[20 lines]  

Res: Harl. 73. 5. 21 f. 11  

Harl. 6910 f. 158  

[Variant version of A15]  

A7: *A restless life by loss of that I love*  

[3 x 6]  

Au: ? Ferdinando Stanley, Earl of Derby  

Res: Cambridge Dd. 5. 75 f. 32v  ascr. Ferd. Strange.  

(See Volume 2, p. 114)  

A8: A satyr once did run away for dread  

[sonnet]  

Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler C3. 16]  

Res: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 8v  ascr. S.P.S.  

Harl. 7392 f. 25  ascr. SY.  

Folger V.a. 89 f. 14  ascr. S.P. Sidney  

F. Museo 37 f. 237v  

Pr: Arcadia (1593) [2B5v]  

Englands Heliicon (1600) [2B2v] ascr. S. Phil. Sidney  

Ford's First Set of English Madrigals (1613) vii  

[Other texts - see Ringler; Answer to Dyer's "Prometheus", P. 12]
A9: *A secret murder hath been done of late
[sonnet]
IS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.108v ascr. Goss. [?]
Fr: The Phoenix Nest (1593)[K3v]
[See Volume 2, p.184]

A10: A sickness seldom seen
[4 lines] [Deleted poem]
IS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.91

A11: A silly John surprised with joy
FSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.36
I'alone 19 p.50 ascr. J. Deane
Eng.Poet.f.9 p.50
Jones 27* f.18v
[In some texts, "Ah, silly John ..."]

A12: A thief condemned to die
[28 lines] Au: Geoffrey Whitney
FSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.100
Rawl.Poet.85 f.46v
Fr: Whitney's A Choice of Emblemes (1586)[V2]

A13: A thief was hanged of late you heard
[5 x 4]
IS: Folger V.a.89 f.11v
[Variant version of A6]

A14: A wretch I live yet have the world at will
[4 x 6]
IS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.47

A15: *Ad te saepe venit mea chartula (\lambda\Pi\gamma\varepsilon\eta\iota\varsigma \Pi\iota\varsigma\upsilon\varsigma) [10 lines Latin] Au: Robert Ylls
IS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.37 ascr. Robertus Ylls
Heads: "RM ad amicum I.P."
[See Vol.2, p.345]

A16: Adieu Desire and be content
[12 lines]
IS: Harl.7392 f.42

A17: Adieu Pologne. adieu terres desertes
[9 x 6 French]
IS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.33v
[Ah, silly John, surprised with joy]
see A silly John ... (All)
A18: Alas when shall I joy, when shall my woeful heart
[5 x 4]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.43v
Margin: "the dolefull bell yt systers larus ringes" (?)

A19: All in a sunshine day withouten cloud
[21 x 6]
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.85v ascr. Incertus author

A20: *Amarillis was full fair
[43 x 4]
Au: Sir Edward Dyer
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.99 ascr. E.Dier
Harl.7392 f.15 ascr. Dyer
Marsh 23.5.21 f.15 ascr. G.Dier
Tanner 306 f.174
[See Volume 2, p.48]

A21: Amongst the woes of those unhappy wights
[61 x 6]
Au: Nicholas Breton
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.27 ascr. BRITON on S.P.S.
Add.34064 f.41 heads. Amoris Lachrimae
Dr Farmer Chetham, p.166 ascr. Dyer
Pr: Britton's Bower of Delights (1591)[A3]
Heads: in Rawl.: "Amoris lachrimae on the death of Sr.P.Sidneye''
in Chetham: "An Epitaph composed by Sr.Edward Dyer
of Sr.Phillip Sidney. Amoris Lachrimae"
in Bower: "A most singular and sweet Discourse of the
life and death of S.P.S. Knight"
Subscr.: in Add.: "Amoris Lachrimae for the death of Sr.Phillip
Sidney"
[Note: Acknowledged by Breton in The Pilgrimage to Paradise
(1592), preface; Chetham has some different stanzas.]

A22: Amongst the wilful wayward sort
[5 x 8]
MS: Harl.7392 f.44v ascr. [H.C.](deleted)

A23: An end (quoth she) for fear of afterclaps
[8 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f.21v

A24: And have I heard her say, "O cruel pain"
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.56 ascr. Sr.P.S.
e Luso 37 f.245v
Pr: Constable's Diana (1594)[C5]
Arcadia (1598)[2Rhv]
[Fourth sonnet of a set: see "The scourge of life" (T34);
other Sidney texts, see Ringler.]
A25: And think you I have nought a load
[41 x 4] Au: Thomas Buckley

MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.72v ascr. Buckley (see stanza 38)
Rawl.Poet.172 f.16
Rawl.Poet.212 f.116 ascr. Buckley
Marsh 23.5.21 f.7
Arundel-Harington, no.181
Rosenbach 186 p.82
Tanner 465 f.105 heads "Mr Buckleys Libell of Oxon: made about the yeare 1564."

[The Oxford Libel: Rawl.172 starts "What new, John o'dogs ..."; copies are different lengths and some have marginal notes.
See Hughey ii, p.276.]

A26: Anni parte Florida coelo puriore
[76 x 4 Latin]

MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.57v
Harl.976 f.115v

Pr: Chapman, Quid Quod Banquet of Sense (1595)[I2v]
T.:right, Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Kapes
Camden Soc.xix (1841) p.258

[Medieval goliardic poem: translations in Chapman [G2] and by R.S., Phyllis and Flora (1598).]

A27: Are dreams but toys to toss in idle brain?
[12 long lines]

MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.38v

A28: *Are women so named
[6 lines] Au: ? John Finnet

MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.84 ascr. I.F. (?) - deleted
[See Volume 2, p.349]

A29: *As a friend, friendlike, to a friend far absent
[12 x 4] Au: James Reshoulde

MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.53v ascr. James Reshoulde Suffolk
Heads: "Iacobus Reshould Amico Suo T.I. Carmina Saphica."
[See Volume 2, p.348]

A30: As in the night we see the sparks revived
[8 lines]

MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.30v

Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1588) vi

A31: *[As palm down prest ...]
[6 lines deleted] Au: ? John Finnet

MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.54v
Heads: "I.F. to his freend Iames Reshoulde" [deleted]
[See Volume 2, p.351]
A32: *As rare to hear, as seldom to be seen
[12 lines]  Au: Sir Edward Dyer
FSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 7v ascr. Mr Dyer
Harl. 7392 f. 23 ascr. Dy.
Harl. 6910 f. 173
Folger V.a. 89 f. 11
Fr: The Phoenix Nest (1593) [L2]
[See Volume 2, p. 59]

A33: As the dial hand tells o'er
[9 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd. 5. 75 f. 46
Heads: "to ye 0. by ye players 1598"

A34: As women have faces to set men on fire
[6 lines deleted]
LS: Harl. 7392 f. 41
Subscr: "Futuris gaudeo | Praesentia contemno"

A35: *As you came from the holy land
FSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 123 ascr. Sr. R.
Huntington BN 198 ii [See HL iv, 1940, p. 473]
Fr: Percy's Ballad FSS (1866) iii, p. 471
The Garland of Good Will (1631) [G5v]
[See Volume 2, p. 185]

A36: At length comes oft too late
[4 x 4]
FSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 113
Add. 34064 f. 140v
Eng. Poet. c. 50 f. 126
Heads in Rawl.: "Vpon this poesy Tandem Si"

A37: At my heart there is a pain
[9 x 4]  Au: ? Nicholas Breton
FSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 25v ascr. S. P. S.
Add. 34064 f. 16v
[See Ringler AT. 5]

B1: Babes that be born adventure stripes for play
[6 lines deleted]
LS: Harl. 7392 f. 61 ascr. [HC] (deleted)

B2: *Bathed I have too long (sweet friend) my lady Thalia
[39 lines]  Au: Robert Hills
LS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 77v ascr. from Stamforde: Robert Hills
[See Volume 2, p. 154]
**Before I die, fair dame, of me receive my last adieu**

[50 lines]  
Au: Sir Edward Dyer  
MS: Harl.7392 f.22v ascr. DY.  
Fr: extract in *The Arte of English Poesie (1589)* [V1]  
[See Volume 2, p. 61]  

**Behold the blast that blows**

[32 lines]  
Au: ? William Hunnis  
MS: Harl.7392 f.30v ascr. Ballet. R.N. (? later)  
Fr: *The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576)* No. 5 ascr. D.S.  
(1st edition) and to Hunnis in subsequent editions.  

Heads in Paradise: "Our pleasures are vanities"

**Bloome of the rose, I hope those hands to kiss**

[sonnet]  
Au: Henry Constable [Grundy p.140]  
MS: Marsh 23,5,21 f.27  
Dyce 4,4 (II,1,4)  

Heads in Marsh: "To the Kinge of Scotts."

**But this and then no more, it is my last and all**

[30 lines]  
Au: Sir Arthur Gorges [Sandison no. 25]  
MS: Egerton 3165 f.19  
Harl.7392 f.27v ascr. GOR.  
Fr: Barley’s New Book of Tabliture (1596) [Dlv] (2 lines)  
*The Arte of English Poesie (1589)*: [2A2v] lines 19-20,  
5-7, ascr. Dier; [2D2] lines 29-30, unascribed.

**By due deserts deem all my deeds which showeth every fruit**

[14 lines]  
MS: Folger V.a.89 f.12v  

**Calling to mind, mine eye long went about**

[3 x 6]  
Au: Sir Walter Ralegh [Latham IX]  
MS: Cambridge Dd5,75 f.27 ascr. W.R.  
Rawl.Poet.31 f.2  
Rawl.Poet.84 f.58  
Rawl.Poet.85 f.104v  
Rawl.Poet.153 f.20  
Harl.4064 f.232  
Harl.6791 f.142v  
Harl.7392 f.36v ascr. RA.  
Add.15227 f.86v ascr. Sr. Walt. Raleigh  
Ashmole 781 p.138 ascr. Sr. a.Raleigh  
Stowe 962 f.85v ascr. Sir Walter Rawlyegh  
Rosenbach 192 p.106  
Folger V.a.89 f.12  
Folger V.a.103 f.57 ascr. Sr. R;  
Folger V.a.162 f.89
Pr: extract in The Arte of English Foesie (1589) ascr. to Ralegh
The Phoenix Nest (1593) ascr. to Ralegh
Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter (1655) ascr. to Ralegh
Oldys's Life of Ralegh (1736) p. iv, ascr. to Ralegh
[See Volume 2, p. 189]

C2: *Care is the Gate that openeth to my Heart
LS: Harl. 7392 f. 54 ascr. H.C. of C.G.
Heads: "In Passione Melancholica"
Subscr: "Contra fatum niti fatuum" RDTFOF
[See Volume 2, p. 379]

C3: Cease fond desire to wish me better hap
[5 x 6]
LS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 76

C4: Change thy mind since she doth change
LS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 125
Rawl. Poet. 148 f. 67
Pr: R. Dowland's A Musical Banquet (1610) ii ascr. to Essex
Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter (1655) [P4]

C5: Come Charon, come with speed
[28 lines dialogue]
LS: Harl. 7392 f. 27 heads "Futuris gaudeo, prae sentia contemno"
Pr: The Arbor of amorous Deuises (1597) [D3], heads "A dialogue between Caron and Amator"

C6: Come gentle herdman, sit with me
[30 lines] Au: Sir Arthur Gorges [Sandison no. 98]
LS: Egerton 3165 f. 101v
Cambridge Dd. 5.75 f. 41v
Add. 15117 f. 10v (with music)
Pr: A Poetical Rapsody (1602) [C8] ascr. Ignoto
Heads: Cambridge LS "between a sheapheard & a heardman an eglogue" Rapsody: "Eclogue"
[Come hither sheapherd swein]
see when wert thou born, Desire? (v31)

C7: Come sorrow come, sit down and mourn with me
[22 lines]
LS: Harl. 7392 f. 32 ascr. R.P.
Cambridge Dd. 5.75 f. 26 (18 lines)
Pr: T. Horley - The First Booke of Ayres (1600) xii (18 lines)
C8: Come sweet delight and comfort careful mind
[3 x 6]
MS: Folger V.a.39 f.10v
[Come younglings come, that seem to make such moan]
see Some men will say there is a kind of muse (S17)

C9: Conceit is quick, would so were sweet content
[6 lines]
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.103v
Fr: Brittons Bowre of Delights (1591)[F2]
[Second stanza of A5 in Bowre]

C10: Content above from God is sent
[10 lines]
MS: Folger V.a.39 f.13

C11: Content is turned to malcontent, I see
[6 lines]
LS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.35v

C12: *Cum mea (mi Finnett) mors vitae tempora finit
[Latin couplet] Au: Robert Hils
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.37 ascr. Robertus Hylis
[See Volume 2, p. 346]

D1: Deep lamenting loss of treasure
[5 x 6] Au: Nicholas Breton
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.26v ascr. Britton one S.P.S.
Add.34064 f.10v
Heads in Add.: "Sr. Ph: Sydneys Epitaph"

D2: Desire hath no rest in some desired things
[6 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f.43v

D3: Die, die desire and bid delight adieu
[5 x 8]
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.49v
Harl.3910 f.24v
Harl.6910 f.165
Harl.7592 f.28v
Marsh 23.5.21 f.23
Eng.Poet.d.3 ff.2&36 [8 x 8]
Add.38823 f.57 [8 x 8]
Heads in Harl.3910: "A farewell to desire given by J.T."
[Marginal notes in Harl.7392. C.f. Add.22601 f.22:
"Fie, fie desire ..."]
D4: 

Distressed man, what kind of thing is love?  
[3 x 6]  
[403]  

KS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 90  

D5:  

*Divide my times and rate my wretched hours  
[411]  

Au: Sir Edward Dyer  

NSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 40 ascr. Ir Dier  
Harl. 7392 f. 69v ascr. Dier  

Fr: The Phoenix Nest (1593) [N4v]  
[See Volume 2, p. 63]  

[Do I see God's most holy word] see 015  

D6:  

Draco maximus et fidelis cum potentissimo suo brachio  
[5 lines Latin, 6 English]  

Transl: The faithful Drake most great of might  

IS: Cambridge D45.75 f. 32v  

Margin: "del. by h.r. h. (to my lord) Cham. (to?)  
be del. to (her?) maestie." (partly obscured)  

D7:  

Draw home betime ere youth take leave  
[61 long lines]  

Au: Thomas Churchyard  

IS: Cambridge D45.75 f. 43  

Fr: A pleaseaunte laborinth called Churchyardes Chance (1580) [K2v]  

D8:  

Dudleio simul ac puerè de sanguine nasci  
[58 lines Latin]  

IS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 56v heads "In obitu honorabiliss: viri:  
Dudleei infantis"  

[Note: On the death of Leicester's son in 1584]  

D9:  

Duret sacra ignis cui dat primordia caelù  
[Latin couplet]  

IS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 90  

E1:  

*Est Venus in vultu docto tibi Pallas in ore  
[4 lines Latin, 8 English]  

Transl: In face the fairest goddess like  

IS: Harl. 7392 f. 73v ascr: I.I.  
[See Volume 2, p. 857]  

[Alci faeminilis pudor ...] see 016  

F1:  

Fear would I, but I dare not  
[8 x 4 + 2]  

Au: ? Sir Edward Dyer  

NSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 43v ascr. W.R.[later?]  
Harl. 6910 f. 14  
Harl. 7392 f. 22  
ascr. DY. heads: "Perenda Natura"  
[See Volume 2, p. 67]
F2: Fain would I kiss those lips
[4 lines]
MS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 12

F3: Fair by inheritance, whom born we see
[Sonnet] Au: Henry Constable (Grundy p. 157)
LSS: Marsh 23.5.24 f. 28 ascr. H. C.
Harington no. 210
Dyce 44 (ii, iii, 6)
Ashmole 38 p. 52
Pr: Constable's Diana (1592) [D3]; (1594) [F6v]
Heads in Marsh: "A sonnet in manner of calculation on ye
nativitie of a yonge ladye borne on a friday, in
this yeare. 1588."
in Arundel: "The Calculation of the nativity of the
daughter of my Lady Rich borne on a fryday Anno do: 1588:'
in Arundel no. 10 of a series headed "Sir Henry Conestables
sonets to the Lady Ritche. 1589."

F4: Fair, fairer than the fairest
[20 lines] Au: Nicholas Breton
Add. 34064 f. 8v

F5: *Fair in a morn, o fairest morn, was never morn so fair
[18 lines] Au: Nicholas Breton
Add. 34064 f. 17v
Harl. 6910 f. 140
"Astrophell his song of Phillida and Cordun"
T. Horley's First Booke of Ayres (1600) xiii
Cotgrave's his Interpreter (1655) [H1]
[Followed by the song "Sweet Phillis is the shepherds' queen"
(324). See Volume 2, p. 152]

F6: *False love, desire and beauty frail, adieu
[couplet] Au: Sir Walter Raleigh
MS: Harl. 7392 f. 28
[Final couplet of "Farewell false love" - F11]

F7: False love now shoot and spare not
[11 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd. 5. 75 f. 30
Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1588) iv
F8: False the report and unjust is the blame
MSS: Harl.7392 f.34v

Pr: Constable's Diana (1592)[C3]; (1594)[B4]
[All except Harl begin "Falsely doth envy of your praises blame";
See note on F3.]

F9: *Fancies they are that trouble my mind
MSS: Harl.7392 f.77v ascr. R.A

F10: *Fancy farewell, that fed my fond delight
MSS: Harl.6910 f.472v

F11: *Farewell false love, thou oracle of lies
MSS: Rawl.Poet.65 f.48

F12: *Farewell good heart, though place us part
[8 lines]  Au: Robert Lills
MSS: Rawl.Poet.65 f.36v [deleted] and f.34v ascr. R.N.
Heads: [f.54v] "R.N.:ferrwell to his freend (I.F.)"
(partially deleted)

F13: Farewell since I must want of force
[2 x 8]
MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.44

F14: East ran the sun from fiery east to west
[5 x 6]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.65 f.32 ascr. "Morando morior"
Heads: "A passion"
406

F15: Furtur in conviviis vinus, vina venirent
[4 x 4 Latin]
MSS: Rawl.Poe.85 f.41v heads "Epotandi verba"
Sloane 2593 f.31
Fr: Wright's Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter
Maps, Camden Soc.xix (1841) p.xlv
[Note: Sloane and Wright have variant form, beginning
"Teum est propositum in taberna mori": part of the
medieval Confessio Goliae made into a Renaissance drinking
song.]

F16: Finding these beams which I must ever love
[sonnet] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler CS.21]
MSS: Rawl.Poe.85 f.12 ascr. Mr Nowell
e Museo 37 f.239v
Fr: Arcadia (1598)[2S1]
[Other texts - see Ringler]

F17: Finnit, amico, vale, fugit hinc tuus ecce Robertus:
[4 lines Latin] Au: Robert Mills
MSS: Rawl.Poe.85 f.41v ascr. RM:
Heads: "An (ultimu vale) to his freinde (wrytten one the
backysde of the Sheephards Kalender) att his departure
from Cambridge: by Roberte Mills:"
[See Volume 2, p.547]

F18: Forsaken first and now forgotten quite
[6 lines: deleted]
MSS: Rawl.Poe.85 f.83v
[See Volume 2, p.345]

F19: Fortune hath taken thee away, my love
[6 x 4] Au: Sir Walter Ralegh
MSS: Marsh 23.5.21 f.30v
Phillipps 3062 [See Cakeshott's The Queen and the Poet
(1960) plate viii]
Fr: Extracts in The Arte of English Poesie (1589)[Z1,Z2,2A3]
ascr. to Ralegh.
[See Volume 2, p.47]

F20: From what part of the heaven, from what example brought
[6 lines]
MSS: Cambridge Dd5.75 f.31
Fr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1586) xiii-xiv

G1: Give not thy gifts to aged men
[4 lines]
MSS: Rawl.Poe.85 f.83v
[See Volume 2, p.346]
G2:  
Go, my flock, go get you hence  
[10 x 5]  
Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler AS ix]  
MS: Cambridge Dd5.75 f.47  
Pr: Astrophel & Stella (1591)[H2]; (1598)[3A3v]  
R. Dowland's Musickall Banquet (1610) iv  
[Other Sidney texts: see Ringler]

H1:  
Hard is his hap who leads his life by loss  
[6 lines]  
IS: Folger V.a.89 f.16v

H2:  
* He that his mirth hath lost  
[40 x 4]  
Au: Sir Edward Dyer  
MS: Rowl.Poet.85 f.109 ascr. E.Dier  
Harl.6910 f.159  
Harl.7392 f.12 ascr. Dier, heads Ferendo vinces  
Cambridge Dd5.75 f.25  
Cambridge Kk5.30 f.5 heads Inglishe Dyare  
Marsh 23.5.21 f.11v  
Arundel-Harington, no.149 ascr. E D  
Ashmole 781 p.140 ascr. Sr Ed. Dyer  
Tanner 306 f.173 ascr. Dier  
Huntington HM 198 ii f.43  
Pr: Poems of Pembroke and Ruddier (1660) p.29  
Subscr. in Rowl. & Marsh "Miseref est fruisse"  
[Acknowledged by Dyer in stanza 39: "Die ere thou let his name be known". Imitated by Greville (Caelica lxxxiii) and Southwell (ed.McDonald and Brown p.36), and answered by James Murray in Cambridge Kk5.30 f.6: "murrayis Dyare". See Volume 2, p.72.]

H3:  
He that spareth for to speak oft wanteth his intent  
[4 lines]  
IS: Harl.7392 f.59v  
Add.38823 f.48  
Egerton 2642 f.256v

H4:  
Hence burning sighs which sparkle from desire  
[3 x 6]  
Au: George Whetstone  
[Continued on f.20v: "Her will be done" - see H7]  
Pr: Whetstone's An Heptameron of Civil Discourses (1582)[G3v]

H5:  
Henricus 8 natus annos 18  
[15 lines Latin prose]  
IS: Marsh 23.5.21 f.3]
H6: *Her face, her tongue, her wit
[6 x 4] Au: Sir Arthur Gorges [Sandison no. 79]

MSS: Harl. 7392 f. 66v ascr. Raley [later]
Cambridge Dd. 5. 75 f. 36
Egerton 3165 f. 61
Rawl. Poet. 117 ff. 161 & 168v (2 x 4)
Corpus Christi 328 f. 74v (1 x 4)
Add. 15227 f. 84v
Add. 22118 f. 34 (2 x 4)
Moulton Commonplace Book (1 x 4)

Pr: Brittons Bowre of Delights (1591) [F4v]
The Phoenix Nest (1593) [K4] heads "A Reporting Sonnet" (4 x 4)
Barley's New Book of Tabliture (1596) iii
A Poetical Rhapsody (1602) [I1]
Vits Recreations (1641) [Tlv] (2 x 4)
Kusophilus' Card of Courtship (1653) (1 x 4)
Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter (1655) [G7v]
Le Prince d'Amour (1660) [K2] ascr. W. R. (4 x 4)
heads "The Lovers Maze"

[In some texts, begins "Your face ... etc": see Volume 2, p. 217]

H7: Her will be done, but I have sworn to love
[6 lines] Au: George Whetstone

MSS: Harl. 7392 f. 20v ascr. Ti. So.

Pr: Whetstone's Heptameron of Civil Discourses (1582) [G3v]
[Last stanza of "Hence burning sighs - H4]

H8: Here lies interred to make worms' meat
[12 lines]

MSS: Cambridge Dd. 5. 75 f. 33
Ashmole 38 p. 182
Rawl. Poet. 155 p. 70
Tanner 299 f. 42

Pr: F. Osborne's Historical memories on ... King James (1658) p. 87
Heads in Ashmole: "On Sr Robert Siscell Late Earle of Salisbury this Inuictiue Epitaph was wrighten by an
unknown person".
[Cecil died in May 1612]

H9: How can the feeble fort but yield at last
[5 x 6]

MSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 114 ascr. Mrs. M: R:
Harl. 7392 f. 71
Rosenbach 186 p. 60 ascr. P. Sydney.
H10: How can the tree but waste and wither quite

Au: Lord Vaux

MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.44
Cambridge Lute Dd.4.23
Harl.6910 f.168v
Add.24665 f.27v

Fr: The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576) no.71 ascr. L. Vaux
Barley's New Book of Tabliture (1596) vii

Heads in Paradise: "No pleasure without some pain"

H11: How durst a silly painter undertake

Au: Sir Arthur Gorges [Sandison no.72]

MSS: Egerton 3165 f.57
Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.38

H12: How is my sun, whose beams are shining bright

Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA.42]

MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.26v [8 lines]
Museo 37 f.104

Fr: Arcadia (1598)[2Flv]
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]

I1: I always would yet have no will

MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.26

I2: I am a post in hoist with speed

Au: ? Stephen Vallenger

MSS: Harl.7392 f.55v
Arundel-Harington, no.180 (lacks stanzas 1-5)
Heads in Harl. "Cambridge Libell" and attributes to Vallenger in final stanza.

[Probably the Calendar of Cambridge cuckoldless mentioned in Return from Parnassus (ed. Leishman, p.247). See Hushey ii,p.261; on Vallenger, see A.Petti in Recusant History vi (1961-2) p.246]

I3: I faint with fear, I blush for shame

MSS: Harl.7392 f.24v ascr. Ty.S.

I4: I have no joy but dream of joy

Au: ? Francis Kinwelmarsh

MSS: Marsh 23.5.21 f.29v
Fr: The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576) no.75 ascr. F.K.
Heads in Paradise: "A louers joy"

I5: I heard a herman once compare

MSS: Harl.7392 f.42
I6: I heard a voice and wished for a sight

[MSS: Harl.7392 f.67v
Rawl.Poet.85 f.45v
Rawl.Poet.148 f.67v
Arundel Harington no.187
Pr: Bateson's Second Set of Madrigals (1618) xviii]

[In some texts, begins "I heard a noise ..."]

[Libel on Eaeshe]

See my masters, you that read my rhyme (M17)

I7: I know not why a fruitless rhyme in print

[MS: Cambridge Dd5.75 f.34 heads "Mar Martin. Mar Larmartin."
Pr: Marre Ver-Martir (?1590) [A5]

I8: I live in bliss, yet taste no joy

[MS: Harl.7392 f.31 ascr. "L.Con. de E.& L." [?]

I9: I lived once loved and swam in sweet delight

[5 lines]

I10: I longed long my love to please

[5 lines]

I11: I love a life to live in love

[4 lines]

I12: I muse what jealous; did thee move

[3 x 3 long lines]

I13: I often wish it were not done

[5 x 6]

I14: "I passing spied a passing flower to eye

[Au: Robert Hills]

Heads: "To a feygned feythless and vgratefull frende by
the author aforesaid:" [ie: Robert Hills]

[See Volume 2, p.365]
I15: I pray the book when I am gone
[4 lines]
MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.27

I16: I said and swore that I would never love
[4 x 6]
MSS: Harl.7392 f.26 ascr. M.S.
Rawl.Poet.85 f.93
Rawl.Poet.172 f.7
Folger V.a.89 f.18

I17: I saw a hill upon a day lift up above the air
[4 lines] Au: Bartholomew Yong
MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.46
Pr: Yong's translation of Gil Polo's Enamoured Diana (1598)[2R5v]

I18: I saw a spider draw her thread, to whom I said within my thought
[7 lines]
MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.41

I19: I saw my lady weeping and love did languish
[7 lines]
MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.31v
Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1588) xxiii-xxiv

I20: I saw of late a lady wear a shoe
[3 x 6] Au: Sir Arthur Gorges [Sandison no.8]
MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.36
Egerton 3165 f.6v

[I shepherd, I ploughmen, I horseman light]
See Pastor, arator, eques (F5)

I21: *I will forget that e' er I saw thy face
[6 x 6 + 2]
MSS: Harl.7392 f.64v ascr. I.Ed.
Fr: Britton's Boare of Delights (1591)[F2]
Subscr. in Harl: "only your serv: though not your only serv:"
[See Volume 2, p.380]

I22: *I would it were not as it is
[8 x 6] Au: Sir Edward Dyer
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.6 ascr. Jr. Dier
Harl.6910 f.149v [9 x 6]
Harl.7392 f.23v ascr. DY.
Folger V.a.89 f.6 ascr. dyer
Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.43v [9 x 6]
[See Volume 2, p.86]
If all be true that lawyers say
[6 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.35
Fr: Warre Mar-Martin (?1590)[A4]

If buss be fetor and Bess be fetid
[couplet]
MS: Harl.7392 f.71

If care enforce complaint, why do I hide my woe
[34 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f.46v ascr. H.C. [deleted]

If ever honest mind might gain
[10 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f.60v ascr. I.F. [later]

If former good could answer present ill
[3 x 4]
Au: Sir Henry Goodyer

If fortune may enforce the careful heart to cry
[8 x 15]
MS: Harl.7392 f.49 ascr. Ballet RC.500
Fr: The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576) no.42
Heads: In Harl. "diligentes me deligo"
in PDD: "Oppressed with sorrowe, he wysheth death"

If I could think how these my thoughts to leave
[3 x 6]
Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringerl CS.19]

If painful nature bent with ready will
[sonnet]
MS: Harl.7392 f.73 ascr. EN.
If tales be true and poets tell no lies

If that the inward grief which festers in my mind

If wishing might as well obtain

*If women could be fair and yet not fond

In a grove most rich of shade

In choice of friends what choice had I
In Eden grew many a pleasant spring

[sonnet]

Au: Henry Constable [Grundy p.181]

MS: Marsh Z3.5.21 f.26v

Heads: "To the same ladys in imitation of Petrarch, rimeinge
only with two wordes in eight significations."

[The ladies are the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick - see
"Ye sister muses do not ye repine" (Y3)]

In every place I find my grief and anguish

[8 lines]

MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.31

Fr: Nicholas Yonge's *Lusica Transalpina* (1588) xv

*In everything my love and love agree

[couplet]

MS: Harl.7392 f.77v

[See Volume 2, p.390]

[In face the fairest goddes like]

see Est Venus in vultu (E1)

In flowred meads as late I walked in May

[6 x 6]

Au: Robert Hills

MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.82 ascr. Rob. Hills:

Heads: "A songe in the praise of peace by the same author R:N;"

[See Volume 2, p.363]

In Libya land as stories tell was bred and born

[56 lines]

MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.4v

In Peascod time, when hound to horn

[124 lines]

Au: ? Thomas Churchyard

MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.51

Harl.7392 f.51 [56 lines, differing] ascr. L.Ox. [later]

Pr: A pleasante laborinth called Churchyardes Chance (1580)[D1]

Englands Helicon (1600) ascr. "Ignoto" [Z3]

[See Volume 2, p.158]

In prime of summer whenas all in a fiery fury

[54 lines]

Au: Robert Hills

MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.81 ascr. Rob. Hills:

Heads: "Quids Corinna I: lib Amoru translated Para: into
    Englishe Hex: by the forsaide Roberte Hylls;"

[See Volume 2, p.361]
In the merry month of May

MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.3 ascr. Briton

Add.34064 f.16
Add.52585 f.57
Don.c.57 f.77
Mus.b.1 f.153
Mus.d.8 f.3v
Harl.3991 f.81v

Edinburgh Univ.Lib. Do 1.69 f.63v

Pr: The Honorable Entertainment given to the Queen's Majesty . . . at Eltham . . . (1591) [D2v]

Englands Helicon (1600) [D3] ascr. N.Breton
East's Madrigals to 3, 4, 5 parts (1604) ii-iii
Playford's Select Musical Ayres (1653) [262]
John Wilson's Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads (1660) [I1v]

Heads in Entertainment: "The Three Men's song, sung the third morning, under his Majesty's Gallery window"
in Helicon: "Phillida and Coridon"

[Versions differ in length, and some have musical settings]
[See J.P. Cutts in Renaissance News xv (1962) p.2; see Volume 2, p.149]

In time I may the fruit assay

MSS: Harl.7392 f.35v

In vain he seeks for beauty that excelleth

MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.30v

Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1588) vii

In verse to vaunt my lady's grace


[See Volume 2, p.383]

It was an old saying of Sir John Kettel's

MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.50v

Ita procul tetroci perfricta fronte Catones

MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.65v ascr. qt. Mr. Chapman

Heads: "Verses made and written by Mr. Ed: Chapman in the beginnings of a booke."

[On Chapman, see Cummings p.512 and Volume 1, p.357]
Joy so delights my heart and so relieves me

Juno now at Samos must not stay

Knowledge doth much in care of most content

Lady farewell whom I in silence serve

Lady in beauty and in favour rare

Lady that hand of plenty that gave unto the needful

Lady your look so gentle so to my heart deep sinketh
L5: Late suppers and wine I did forbear
[4 lines]
Heads: "Gallen beynge asked how he preserued his lyfe so longe
made thys awnswere."
[Cf. "Late eating and drinking I do forbear": MS Rawl. Poet. 148
f. 110, headed "The olde L:Marques (beinge L: Thesaurer of th'age
of 94) his sayinge." [i.e. William Paulett, Marquis of Winchester]
[Leonell of eyes the left had given for bodily light]
See Lumine Aeon dextro (L15)

L6: Like as from heaven the dew full softly showring
[6 lines]
Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1568) xxiv

L7: Like as the dove which seeled up doth fly
Heads in Marsh: "Vppo the devise of a seeled Doue with these
of Petrarch; non mj vuol suo, et no mj trahe d'Impaccio."
[Other texts—see Ringler]

L8: Like Tantalus my pain doth last
[4 x 6]

L9: Like those sick folk in whom strange humours flow
[6 lines] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler CA.41]
Heads: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 21v
Cambridge Dd. 5. 75 f. 26v
Pr: Arcadia (1598) [2F1v]
[Other texts—see Ringler]
Like to a hermit poor in place obscure


MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.25v
Arundel-Harington, no.194
Harl.6910 f.139v
Add.38823 f.56v
Drexel 4257, no.15
Folger V.a.169 f.10

Pr: Britton's Bowre of Delights (1591)[B4v]
The Phoenix Nest (1593)[K3]
Ferrabosco's Ayres (1609) i
Today a man Tomorrow none ... (1644)[A4v] ascr. Walter

Academy of Complements (1650)[L1]
Select Musicall Ayres (1652)[B1]
A Clifford's Tixall Poetry (1815) p.115

[Versions differ: see Volume 2, p.100]

Liquid and watery pearls love wept full kindly
[4 lines]

MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.31v
Ius.f.20 f.29v

Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Lusica Transalpina (1588) xxxi

Lo how, for whom and whose I live
[16 lines]

MSS: Harl.7392 f.34 ascr. H.C.

Lock up, fair lids, the treasure of my heart
[sonnet] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA.51]

MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.9 ascr. S.P.S.
Harl.7392 f.38v ascr. SYD.
Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.26
Arundel Harington no.191

Pr: Arcadia (1593)
Vautor's Cantus. The First Set (1619) viii-ix
Peerson's Private usicke (1620) xiii

[Other texts - see Ringler, and Kughey ii p.3'-9]

Lulled by conceit when fancy closed my eyes
[6 x 6]

MSS: Harl.7392 f.61v ascr. yeven H.E. [?]

Heads: "Somnum Affectionale"

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonella sinistro
[4 lines Latin, 6 English]

Transl: Leonell of eyes the left had given for bodily light

MSS: Harl.7392 f.72v ascr. I.E.

[See Volume 2, p.385]
Many a maid have I gulled and many a wife have I kissed
[deleted couplet]

K2: Ayn desire but few or none deserve

K3: Wothought of late in sleep I saw a dame
[26 lines]

K4: Nine eye bowrays
[12 lines]

K5: Nine eye with all the deadly sins is fraught

K6: Nine eyes distressed with storny winter's ire
[sonnet]

K7: Nine eyes leave off your weeping
[10 x 3] Au: ? Nicholas Breton
M8: More than most fair, full of the living fire
KSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f.7v  ascr. Mr Dier
Harl. 7392 f.28  [4 lines only]
Cambridge Dd. 5.75 f.37v
Sloane 1446 f.43
Pr: Spenser's Amoretti (1595)[A5v]
[Rawl. text begins "0 more than ...". See article by L. Cummings
Imitated by Greville in Caelica iii.]

M9: My care to keep my word by promise due
KSS: Arundel Harington nos. 307/8
Polser V.a.89 f.9v  ascr. G.M.  [5 x 6]
Huntington HM 198 ii f.42v  [6 x 6]
Add.23292 f.52  [3 x 6]
[See Hughey ii, p.450]

M10: My curious eyes, whose wary sight
[1 x 4]
MS: Harl. 7392 f.32v

M11: My earthly mould doth melt in watery tears
[5 lines]   Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA.7]
MS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f.65v
Pr: Arcadia (1598)[G3]
[Part of longer poem beginning "Come, Dorus, come....". Other texts, see Ringler's edition]

M12: My heart doth pant for sorrow
[48 lines]
MS: Harl. 7392 f.51v  ascr. Russell
Heads: "Nec una, nec altera"

M13: My hope doth wait for hap
[6 x 8]
MS: Harl. 7392 f.44  ascr. AN.  [later]
Heads: "Tempo Haertuo pso pyango" [?]

M14: My hope lays gasping on his dying bed
MS: Marsh 23.5.21 f.25
Heads: "To his mistris curiously intertayning him after hard & disgratious wordes"
M15: My lady's presence makes the roses red
MSS:  Marsh Z3,5,21 f.27v
       Arundel Harington no.208  ascr. Constable
       Dyce 44 (I,i,ii,iv)
Pr:  Constable's Diana (1592)[D1]; (1594)[B5]
     [See note on F3]

M16: My little sweet darling, my comfort and joy
[8 x 4, with refrain]
MS:  Harl.7392 f.31
Pr:  The Arte of English Poesie (1589)[K4] (extract)

M17: My masters, you that read my rhyme
[18 lines "To the reader" + 295 lines]
MS:  Rawl.Poet.85 f.66
       Arundel Harington no.183
       Cambridge Dd.5,7,5 f.41
       Add.34064 f.36
       Lansdowne 740 f.87
       Rosenbach 186 p.67
Heads in Rawl: "Libell agaynst Bashe"
     [Main libel begins "I know not how it comes to pass".]
     Versions differ in length.  See Hughey ii, p.298]

M18: *My mind to me a kingdom is
MS:  Rawl.Poet.85 f.49  ascr. E.Dier
       Harl.7392 f.73v  ascr. BALL.
       Petyt 538 vol.10 f.3v
       Add.15225 f.43
       Add.52585 f.74  [11 x 4]
       Sloane 2497 f.27v
Pr:  Byrd's Psalms, Sonets, & songs xiv,xi (1588)  [4 x 4 + 6 x 4]
       Douce Ballads 2 ff.200v & 270v  [11 x 4]
       Clark's Shirburn Ballads (1907) p.113  [11 x 4]
     [See Chapter 5 (Vol.1) and Volume 2, p.39 ]

M19: *My mistress in her breast doth wear
MS:  Rawl.Poet.85 f.76v  ascr. L: S <tra> nge (half erased)
Pr:  Kendall's Flowers of Epigrammes (1577)[S2v] (shorter)
     [See Volume 2, p.272]

     [My reason absent did mine eyes require] see R1
M20: My sheep are thoughts which I both guide and serve
[8 lines] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA.17]
MSS: Harsh 23.5.21 f.17v
   e Museo 37 f.59v
Fr: Arcadia (1598)[16]
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]

M21: My true love hath my heart and I have his
[sonnet] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA.45]
MSS: Harl.7392 f.68
   e Museo 37 f.109
Fr: The Arte of English Poesie (1589)[2B4v] (8 lines)
   Arcadia (1598)[2F4v]
   Ward's First Set of English Madrigals (1613) i-ii
[Other texts - see Ringler]

M22: My waning joys, my still increasing grief
[sonnet]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.18v
   Harl.7392 f.67v

M: Nay phew, nay pish, nay faith, and will ye? - fie!
[30 lines]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.4
   Rawl.Poet.199 p.10
   Ashmole 36 p.150
   Ashmole 47 f.54
   Don.d.58 f.446v
   Malone 19 p.75
   Eng.Poet.e.97 p.185
   Corpus Christi 326 f.87
   Rosenbach 186 p.3
   Egerton 2421 f.21
Heads: in Rawl.85 "Lasciua est nobis pagina vita proba est."
[In most texts, begins "Nay pish, nay pue ..."]

N2: Near to a shepherd did a damsel sit
[7 long lines] Au: Bartholomew Yong
MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.46
Fr: Yong's translation of Gil Polo's Enamoured Diana (1598)[2R5]

N3: Near unto Wilton sweet huge heaps of stone are found
[7 x 10] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler CS.22]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.102 ascr. Incertus author
   Harsh 23.5.21 f.18v
   e Museo 37 f.240
Fr: Arcadia (1598)[254]
Heads in Rawl: "Loves fashioned to 7: wonders of Englande"
   in Harsh: "The 7 Wonders of Englande"
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]
Neither life nor death affords ease to my troubled mind

Heads: "Anonymous"

Neptune of whirling winds and huge waves terrible Emperor

Heads: "Are the water: written upon this occasion a certain company of youths (schollers in Cambridge) rowing down the river on day in a boat for their pleasure the boat chaunced by mischance to be torned over where by some were in danger of drowning and amongst the rest the foresayde author Robert Mylls one of that company (not one of them that had escaped dryest) having matter enough hereby offered upon the request of his frend I.F. aforsayde, intuyged agaynste the waters as followeth:"

No faith, nor friend, nor surety under sun

Heads: "no a fides sup terra"

No plague to pride, no woe to want, no grief to luckless love

Heads: "Now leave and let me rest"

Heads: "Now o now I needs must part"

Heads: "Now ready is the bark that looks for lucky wind"
01: O dear life when shall it be  
[48 lines]  
Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler AS x]  
MS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 107v ascr. Britton  
Arundel-Harington, no. 71 ascr. Sr. Phillip Syd:  
Pr: Byrd's Songs of Sundrie Natures (1589) xxxiii  
Astrophel & Stella [1591][H3]; (1598)[3A5]  
R. Dowland's Musicall Banquet (1610) v  
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]  
See Mine eyes leave off your weeping (M7)  

02: O grief if yet my grief be not believed  
[9 lines]  
MS: Cambridge Dd. 5. 75 f. 30v  
Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1588) v  

03: O maria scota meretrix  
[26 long lines Latin]  
MS: Cambridge Dd. 5. 75 f. 43  
Heads: "In mariam scotiae Reginæ adultera, venefica &  
viricida Dutam patricii Buocfargansi Rithmus  
satyricus."  

04: Mildred if thou dost return  
[2 x 8]  
MS: Harl. 7392 f. 77v  
Subscr: R. Allot  
Margin: Incerti Authoris  
[See Volume 2, p. 390]  

[0 more than most fair, full of the living fire]  
See More than most fair, full of the living fire (M3)  

05: O sorrow cease, good love begin  
[5 x 4]  
MS: Harl. 7392 f. 69  

06: O that I knew, or that I could forget  
[23 lines]  
MS: Harl. 7392 f. 41  

07: O that my song like to a ship could be  
[sonnet]  
Au: Henry Constable [Grundy p. 150]  
MS: Marsh Z3. 5. 21 f. 27  
Dyce 44 (II, ii, 6)
08: O thou that dost my life alone sustain
[sonnet]
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.113v

09: Of fairest mother more than fairest child
[6 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.35v

10: Of force must I praise her, I like her so well
[28 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.27v

11: Olympus' head is raised above the reach of wind
[8 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.26v

12: On Whitsun even last, at night
[12 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd5.75 f.34v
Fr: Merre 'MarCarthy (?1590)[A3]

13: Once musing as I lay within my loathed bed
[40 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 ff.26v & 47 ascr. qd. N.S.
Heads: "Futuris gaudeo, presentia contemno" & "Ictus sapio"
[Note: poem begins on f.47 and continues on f.26v: see note on f.47 "&c fol. pagina 30" - i.e. f.26v.]

14: Only joy now here you are
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.42 ascr. S.P.S.
Fr: Astrophel & Stella (1591)[C4v]; (1598)[225]
Englands Helicon (1600)[B4] ascr. S.Phil.Sidney
H.Youll's Canzonets To Three Voyces (1608) vi (6 lines)
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]

15: Oratio Elizabethae reginae habita in regni conventu convocato ad die 15 martii anno 1575
[Prose speech] Au: Queen Elizabeth I
MS: Cambridge Dd5.75 f.28
Fr: Harington's Nugae Antiquae, ed.Park (1804) i, p.120
[ Begins "Do I see God's most holy word ..."

16: Oratio Illustrissimae reginae Elisabethae apud Cantabrigienses in Eccles. beatae mariae habita
[Latin prose speech] Au: Queen Elizabeth I
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.57v ascr. E. Regina
Fr: Nichols's Progresses ... of Queen Elizabeth (1823) i, p.187
H.C.Coopers Annals of Cambridge (1843) ii, p.200
[ Begins "Etsi faeminiis pudor ..."; on the Queen's visit to Cambridge, 9th August 1564.]

425
017: Oratio sereniss: Reginae Elisabethae Academiae Oxoniensi habita

[Latin prose speech] Au: Queen Elizabeth I


Pr: Wood's History and Antiquities ... of Oxford (1796) ii, p.161
Nichols's Progresses ... of Queen Elizabeth (1823) i,p.243
C.Plummer's Elizabethan Oxford (OHS viii, 1887) p.188

[Begins "Qui male agunt ..."; on the Queen's visit to Oxford, 5th September 1566.]

018: Over these brooks trusting to ease mine eyes


MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.23v ascr. S.P.S.
Rawl.Poet.148 f.99v
Harl.3511 f.74v
Add.19269 f.201v
Add.34064 f.28v
E Museo 37 f.67

Pr: Arcadia (1598)[05v]
R.Jones's Second Book of Songs (1601) xi

[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]

P1: *Pallas, Juno, Venus, on bushy Ida mount

[20 lines]

MS: Harl.7392 f.72v ascr. I.Ed.

Heads; "A New Yeres Gift wyth a golden Ball"

P2: Pass gentle thoughts to her whom I love best

[4 x 6]

MS: Folger V.a.89 f.16v

P3: *Passions unfolded say unfeignedly


MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.84 ascr. I.F. [deleted then replaced]
Note: first portion missing on a page torn out. f.83v has catchword for a poem beginning "when April's ...

[See Volume 2, p.385]

P4: Fastereau je vous aime bien, mais pourtant je n'en fera rien

[12 lines French]

MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.33
P5: *Pastor, arator, eques; pavi, colui, superavi
[Latin couplet, with English translations]

MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.85v: "A herd, a swain, a martial knight"
Harl.7392 f.61v: "I shepherd, I ploughman, I horseman
[A light"
"A herd, a swain, a noble knight"
Marsh 23.5.21 f.20: "A herd, a hind, a knight"
Folger V.a.276 ii, f.3v: "A shepherd, a ploughman, a
[horseman light"
Fr: Tabourot's Les Bigarrures (Paris 1583)[R2](with French
translations)
Fraunce's Arcadian Rhetorike (?1588)[Elv]: "A goatherd,
a ploughman, a knight"
[See Volume 2, p.347]

P6: *Pause awhile my silly muse
[4 x 6 + 8] Au: ? Nicholas Breton
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.3v
Add.34064 f.24v
[See Volume 2, p.249]

P7: Perin areed, what new mischance betide
[216 lines]
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.93v ascr. Incertus author
Pr: A Poetical Rapsody (1602)[C3v] ascr. A.W.
Heads in MS: "Vpon the deathe of Sr. P. Sydneye"
in PR: "Eglogue made long since vpon the death of
Sir Phillip Sidney"

P8: Philisides the shepherd good and true
[5 x 6]
MS: Harl.7392 f.48v ascr. P.Sidney (later)
[See Ringler AT 19: unlikely to be Sidney's.]

P9: Phoebus farewell, a sweeter saint I serve
[2 x 5 + 7] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA 38]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.5v ascr. S.P.S.
e Museo 37 f.101v
Pr: Arcadia (1598)[2E6]
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]

P10: Physic beginneth first with fie
[22 lines deleted]
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.43
[According to Cummings, a translation of part of the 11th
century Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum.]
P1: **Pristina qua calida celebraris nomine lympe**
8 lines Latin
MS: Marsh Z3.5.21 f.22v
[Couplets, headed alternately "Regina Sco torum" and "Resp."]

P2: *Prometheus when first from heaven high*
[sonnet]
Au: Sir Edward Dyer
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.8 ascr. Mr Dier
Harl.6910 f.154v
Harl.7392 f.25 ascr. D Y
Folger V.a.89 f.13 ascr. Dier
e Museo 37 f.237v
Fr: Arcadia (1598) [2R5v] ascr. E.D.
Englands Helicon (1600) [2B2] ascr. S.E.D.
[In other Sidney texts, ascribed to Dyer - see Ringler CS 16a.
Answered in Sidney's sonnet A8. See Volume 2, p. 91]

P3: Push lady, push - what push may that be
[6 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f.60
[Cui male agunt ... see 017]

C1: *Qui supra posse sursum tendit*
(Latin couplet with translation)
Transl: Who strives oft to be seated aloft ascr. I.F. [deleted]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.39av
[See Volume 2, p. 347]

C2: *Quid mihi cum bellis < .................>
(Latin couplet with translation, both deleted)
Transl: Mars with thy wars ascr. I.F.
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.39av
[See Volume 2, p. 346]

R1: Reason absent did mine eyes require
MSS: Marsh Z3.5.21 f.28
Arundel Harington no.216 ascr. to Constable
Dyce 44 (III,iii,3)
Fr: Constable's Diana (1592) [C2v]; (1594) [B8]
[See note on F3; all except Marsh begin "My reason ..."]

R2: Reason tell me thy mind if this be reason
[5 x 6] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA.33]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.24
e Museo 37 f.95
Fr: Arcadia (1598) [V2v]
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]
Right dreadful is the talk what thing and pain is hell
[9 x 4]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.47v

Right gracious lord and noble peer
[200 lines]
MS: Marsh Z3.5.21 f.31
Heads: "A Trew presentment of such Recusentes and of some faultes as are too apparant within Allertonshier exhibited vpon the 15 of May to my lord of yorke his grace by Hacke Hambletonne ouerseer of that whole countrie."

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread
[4 x 8]
Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler CS.30]
Arundel Harington no.196
Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.27
Add.28253 f.3 ascr. Sr phyllyppe Sydnye
Fr: Arcadia (1598)[235]
Englands Helicon (1600) ascr. Sir Phil. Sidney [B3v]
Subscr. in Add: "A dyttye mad by Sr phillip sydnye gevene me att puttenye In surrye Decembris Xo Anno 1584"
Heads: in Helicon: "Astrophels Loue is dead."
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]

Scribere cur cessem misero de funere Gressem
[16 lines Latin]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.2v
Marsh 23.5.21 f.21
Rosenbach 186 p.127
Heads in Rawl. Mark: "Verses mad vpon the deathe of Sir Thomas Gressem lnight somtymes Lord: Maior of the cytty of London." [d. 21 Nov.1579 - see D.N.B.]

*Seeing the altering fashions of our time
[16 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f.60v ascr. [Mrs C.N.] (deleted)
[Unfinished translation of a French sonnet of which there is a text in MS Add.38823 f.30; see Volume 2, p.1-7]

Serva mensuram et eris dives
Habe curam
[3 lines Latin]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.43v

She that doth go to every fair
[10 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.41
S5: Short is my rest whose toil is overlong
[3 x 6]
MSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 50v ascr. A.H.
Harl. 6910 f. 148
Harl. 7392 f. 73 ascr. Ball.
Arundel Harington no. 193
Pr: The Phoenix Nest (1593) [N2v]
Barley's New Book of Tabliture (1596) vi

S6: Show me a horse of such a kind that in the strangest fashion
[5 lines] Au: Bartholomew Yong
MS: Cambridge Dd. 5. 75 f. 46v
Pr: Yong's translation of Gil Polo's Enamoured Diana (1598) [2R6]

S7: Si mihi quern cupio, cures Mildreda remitti
[6 lines Latin] Au: Katherine, Lady Killigrew
MS: Marsh Z3. 5. 21 f. 22v
Pr: Harington's Orlando Furioso (1591) [2D4v]
[Note: According to Harington, written by "Mrs Killygrew",
daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, to her eldest sister,
Mildred, Lady Burghley.]

S8: *Silke warre and wronge who ever saw
[4 x 6, Scottish dialect]
MSS: Marsh Z3. 5. 21 f. 21v
Egerton 2642 f. 325
Add. 38823 f. 69v
Heads in Egerton: "The Scottishe Libell published Anno Dm 1587"
in Add.: "The Scottishe Coqualane. 1586"
[See Volume 2, p. 30]

S9: Since thought hath leave to think at least
[4 lines]
MSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 114v
Arundel Harington no. 252
Ashmole 840 p. 610

S10: Sing gentle swan, and let me hear thy sound
[sonnet]
MS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 91v

S11: Sing neighbours sing, hear you not say
[4 x (6 + 4)]
MSS: Harl. 7392 f. 37v ascr. Sr. P. Sy.
Heads: "Nec habent occulta sepulchrum"
[See Ringler, AT. 21 - probably not by Sidney]
S12: *Sitting alone upon my thought in melancholy mood*

[24 lines]  
Au: Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford

MSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 11
Harl. 7392 f. 63 ascr. A. Vauasouer
Folger V.a. 89 f. 9 ascr. Vavaser
Marsh 23, 5, 21 f. 20v
Arundel Harington no. 179 ascr. E. Veer. Count d'Oxford
[Add. Bodleian 83 f. 29 - copied from Harington]

Heads in Rawl: "Verses made by the earle of Oxforde [and Mrs Ann Vauesor]" [Partly deleted]
in Marsh: "Verses made of the Earle of Oxenforde and Mrs Ann Vauesor."
in Harington: "The best verse that ever th'author made"

S13: *Sitting late with sorrow sleeping*

[6 x 6]  
Au: ? Nicholas Breton

Cambridge Dd. 5, 75 f. 37v
Harl. 6910 f. 146v ascr. La.R.
Add. 34064 f. 12

[See Volume 2, p. 246]  

S14: *Sleep, sleep mine only jewel*

[13 lines]

MSS: Cambridge Dd. 5, 75 f. 31v
Prus. f. 20 f. 31v
Fr: Nicholas Yonge's *Musica Transalpina* (1588) xxvii-xxix  

S15: *Small rule in reason's want*

[5 lines]

MSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 116v
Harl. 7392 f. 33
Folger V.a. 89 f. 18v [6 lines]

S16: *So gracious is thy sweet self, so fair, so framed*

[3 lines]

MSS: Cambridge Dd. 5, 75 f. 30
Fr: Nicholas Yonge's *Musica Transalpina* (1588) xxv
John Bennet's *Madrigalls To Four Voyces* (1599) iii
S17: *Some men will say there is a kind of muse
[7 x 6] Au: ? Nicholas Breton
MSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 47
Harl. 6910 f. 147v
Harl. 7392 f. 76v
Add. 34064 f. 20v (11 x 6)
Pr: Britton's Bowre of Delights (1594) [D1] (5 x 6)
The Phoenix Nest (1593) [I4] (10 x 6)
Heads in PN: "A most excellent passion set downe by
N.B. Gent."
[Note: versions differ in length and some add extra stanzas.
BBD text begins "who can delight in such a woeful sound", and
PN "Come younglings come, that seem to make such moan". Perhaps
two poems have been confused: see Volume 2, p. 261]

S18: Sound out my voice with pleasant tunes recording
[8 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd5. 75 f. 3iv
Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1588) xxx
George Kirbye's First set of English Madrigals (1597) ix-x
Michael East's Second set of Madrigals (1606) xiii-xiv

S19: *Sweet are the thoughts where hope persuadeth hap
MS: Harl. 7392 f. 36 ascr. RA.
[See Volume 2, p. 206]

S20: Sweet glove, the witness of my secret bliss
[16 lines] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA. 35]
MSS: Cambridge Dd5. 75 f. 37v
E Museo 37 f. 97
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]

S21: Sweet hand, the sweet (yet cruel) bow thou art
MSS: Harv. 23. 5. 21 f. 27v
Arundel Harington no. 221 ascr. Constable
Dyce 44 (I, iii, 2)
Pr: Constable's Diana (1592) [D2v]; (1594) [C2]
Heads in Marsh: "To his Ladyes hand"
[See note on F3]

S22: Sweet is the life that is the sweet of love
[3 x 6]
MS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 105 ascr. W.N.
Pr: The Arbor of amorous Deuises (1597) [E2v] heads "A Poeme
upon the word Sweet"
[Answered in MS Rawl. Poet. 172 f. 6v]
S23: Sweet love when hope was flowering
[10 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.30v
Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1588) ix

S24: *Sweet Phillis is the shepherds' queen
[18 lines]  Au: Nicholas Breton
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.2  ascr. Britton
    Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.38v
    Add.34064 f.17v
Pr: Englands Helicon (1600)[G4v]  ascr. N.Breton
    Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter (1655)[H1]
    [Continuation of "Fair in a morn ..." - F5]

S25: *Sweet Phillis Venus' sweeting was, was none so sweet as she
[20 lines]
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.84v  [ascription torn off]
Heads: "Verses made in manner of argument vpon 11: lamentationse of Amintas:"
[An imitation of Fraunce's Lamentations of Amintas (1587).
see Stow's 2 p. 376]

S26: Sweet root? say thou the root of my desire
[couplet]  Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA.48]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.26v
    e Museo 37 f.114
Pr: Arcadia (1598)[2G1]
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]

T1: Tell me good sirs what bird is that
[6 long lines]  Au: Bartholomew Yong
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.46v
Pr: Yong's translation of Gil Polo's Enamoured Diana (1598)[2R6v]

T2: Tell me what maister he may be
[5 long lines]  Au: Bartholomew Yong
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.46v
Pr: Yong's translation of Gil Polo's Enamoured Diana (1598)[2R5v]

T3: *The air with sweet my senses doth delight
[5 x 6]  Au: ? Nicholas Breton
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.10
    Harl.6910 f.148v
    Harl.7392 f.68v
    Add.34064 f.19v heads "Cuatuor elementa"
    Folger V.a.339 f.86
Pr: Britton's Bowre of Delights (1591)[G3] heads "Of the Foure Elementes"
    Fry's Pieces of Ancient Poetry (1814) p.8.
[See Volume 2, p.258]
T4: The bird which is restrained
[28 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f. 41v ascr. H.C. [deleted, replaced by] H.W.
T5: The choice that I have chosen
[4 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f. 45v
T6: The colt did pipe a cheerful round
[6 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f. 40
T7: The dart, the beams, the string so strong I prove
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f. 9 ascr. S.P.S.
Harl.7392 f. 66
T8: *The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy
[16 lines] Au: Queen Elizabeth I
MSS: Harl.6933 f. 8 ascr. Q.Elizabeth
Harl.7392 f. 27v ascr. EL.
Arundel Harington no.238 ascr. Elisabetha Regina
Rawl.Poet.108 f.44v ascr. the Queues Majestie
Digby 138 f.159 ascr. E.Reg.
Egerton 2642 f.237v ascr. to the Queen
Petyt 538 vol.10 f.3v ascr. Per Reginam
Pr: The Arte of English Poesie (1589) [2E2v] ascr. to the Queen
Harington's Mugae Antiquae (1769) p.58 ascr. to the Queen
Heads in Egerton: "Certen verses made by the Queues moste
excellent Matie against the Rebells in the North Parte
of England and in Norfolke & other places of the Realme.
Ae dm. 1569 et 1570."
[See Volume 2, p.37]
T9: The dreary day when I must take my leave
[sonnet] MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.18v
T10: The eye doth find, the heart doth choose
[couplet] MS: Harl.7392 f. 45v
T11: The fair Diana never more revived
[8 lines] MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.30
Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1588) ii
The fairest of beauty's band

[36 lines]

MS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 124 ascr. R.T.

(The faithful Drake most great of might)
See Draco maximus et fidelis (D6)

The field a fart dirty, a gibbet cross-corded

[4 x 8]

MS: Harl. 7392 f. 53v

Heads: "The Duttons and theyr fellow players forsakynng the
Erle of Warrycke theyr mayster, became followers of
the Erle of Oxford, & wrot themselves hys Comedians;
which certayne gentlemen altered & made Camelions.
The Duttons angry with that compared themselues to
any Gentleman therefor these Armes were devysed for them."
[See E.K. Chambers, The Elizabethan Stage (Oxford 1923) ii, p.98:
perhaps connected with a brawl between a group of actors
and young men from the Inns of Court, in 1580.]

The fire to see my wrongs for anger burneth

[6 x 4] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler CS.3]

MSS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 9v ascr. S.P.S.
Harl. 7392 f. 39 ascr. Sr.P.Sy.
Cambridge Dd. 5. 75 f. 27
Arundel Harington no. 67
e Museo 37 f. 243v

Pr: Fraunce's The Arcadian Rhetorike (?1588) [E1]
Arcadia (1598) [2B1] and [2R3]
The Arbor of amorous Deuises (1597) [B3v]
Corkine's Second Book of Ayres (1612) ix
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]

The fowler hides as closely as he may


MSS: Marsh 23. 5. 21 f. 27v
Arundel Harington no. 219 ascr. to Constable
Dyce 44 (I, iii, 3)

Pr: Constable's Diana (1592) [D1v]; (1594) [C1v]
Heads in Marsh: "To his Ladye wearing a vaile ouer her heade"
[See note on F3]
T16: *The gentle season of the year
[7 x 6] Au: Sir Arthur Gorges [Sandison no.1]
MSS: Egerton 3165 f.2
Rawl.Poet.85 f.17v
Harl.7392 f.63v ascr. Sr.P Sidney
Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.40v
Pr: The Phoenix Nest (1593)[L4]
[See Volume 2, p.213]

T17: The glove great of blissful fate
[5 x 3]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.45

T18: The lingering day so often gaped for
[7 x 6]
MS: Marsh Z3.5.21 f.28v ascr. T.B.
Heads: "Of the death of the Duke of Northfolke"
[Norfolk was executed June 2nd 1572]

T19: *The lively lark stretched forth her wing
Harl.7392 f.67
Marsh Z3.5.21 f.28v
Pr: The Paradise of Dainty Devices no.76 (1576) ascr. E.O.
Heads in Paradise: "The judgement of desire."
[See Volume 2, p.135]

T20: The longer life, the more offence
[3 x 6]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.115v ascr. E.of Surrey
Add.26737 f.108
Sloane 159 f.23
Cambridge Pf.5.14 f.4v
Pr: Tottel's Songes and Sonettes (1557), no.174
Heads in Tottel: "Vpon consideracion of the state of this lyfe he wisheth death"

T21: The love wherewith your virtues chain my sight
MSS: Marsh Z3.5.21 f.26
Dyce 44 (II,i,3)
Heads in Marsh "To hir maiesty for a preface to his booke"
T22: *The lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall*  
[2 x 6]  
Au: ? Sir Edward Dyer

MSS: Arundel-Harington, no.190
Add.22602 f.19
Add.52585 f.53v
Dr Farmer Chetham, p.89
Don.d.58 f.28
Folger V.a.97 f.43
Folger V.a.162 f.37 (3 x 6)
Folger V.a.339 f.198v
Harl.6910 f.140v
Malone 19 f.50v (3 x 6)
Petyt 538 vol.10 f.3v
Rawl.Poet.206 p.77
Rosenbach 186 p.137
Tanner 169 f.192v (3 x 6)

Pr: A Poetical Rapsody (1602)[16v] ascr. Incerto
J. Dowland's Third and Last Book of Songs (1603) xix
Forbes's Cantus, Songs & Fancies (1662) xxvii

Heads in Tanner: "Verses given as I suppose by Mr Lea to Lant; intimating, that secret loue speakes little."
[Later:] "but sithence I did vnderstande that they weare Sr.W.Rawleighs verses to Queene Elisabeth: in the beginninge of his favoures."

[The poem has various answers. See Volume 2, p.112]

T23: *The luck, the life, the love*  
[18 lines]

MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.44v
Harl.6910 f.139v
Folger V.a.345 f.281

Pr: Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter (1655)[G8]

T24: *The man whose thoughts against him do conspire*  
[4 x 6]  
Au: ? Sir Edward Dyer

MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.7 ascr. Mr Dier
Harl.6910 f.169
Harl.7392 f.34v ascr. Dyer

Pr: The Queenes Kaisesties entertainment at Woodstocke (1585)
(ed. J.W. Gunliffe, PMLA xxvi 1911, p.101)
[Sung to the Queen at Woodstock, September 1575.
See Volume 2, p.93]
T25: The mountains sigh, whose lofty top
[44 lines]
Au: ? Richard Edwards
MS: Harl.7392 f.46 ascr. Ballet
Pr: The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576), no.62, ascr. [M. Edwards
Heads in PDD: "He requesteth some frendly comfort,
affirmynge his constancie."
[PDD text begins "The mountains high ..."]

T26: The more you desire her
[3 x 4]
MS: Harl.7392 f.62
Arundel Harington no.302
Subscr. in Harl: "Pro.est"

T27: The nearer that the cedar tree
[24 lines]
MS: Marsh 23.5.21 f.1
Pr: The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576) no.88 ascr. L.V.
Heads in Paradise: "Of the meane estate"

T28: The nightingale so pleasant and so gay
[8 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.31v
Mus.f.11 f.8v
Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1538) xxxii and xliii
Byrd's Songs of Sundrie Natures (1509) ix

T29: The palm ere that by force
[8 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.26

T30: The parson of Stanlake hath stopped up my watergap
[couplet]
MS: Harl.7392 f.65v

T31: The rueful state, the strange and wretched life
[5 x 6]
MS: Harl.7392 f.40v

T32: The Russet for the Travellor's wear
[24 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f.59v
Heads: "Colores"
[A poem about colours and their associations.]
T33: The sailing ship with joy at length
MS:  Folger V.a.89 f.6
Fr:  The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576) no.24  ascr. R.Edwards (18 lines)
Heads in Paradise: "Wantyng his desyre, he complayneth"

[The saint I serve and have forgot full oft]
see Thus while I held the eel but by the tail (T54)

T34: The scourge of life and death's extreme disgrace
[sonnet]  Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler CS.8]
MS:  Rawl.Poet.85 f.55 ascr. Sr.P.S.
Museo 37 f.244v
Fr:  Constable's Diana (1594)[C3v]
Arcadia (1598)[2R4]
Heads in Rawl.: "These 4 sonnets followinge wer made by Sr. P. Sidney when his Ladye hadd a payne /the small poxe/ in her face."
[The other three sonnets are "Woe, woe to me" (T52); "Thou pain the only guest" (T49); "And have I heard her say" (A24). Other Sidney texts - seeRingler]

T35: The silly bird, the bee, the horse
[4 lines]
MS:  Harl.7392 f.38
Heads: "Frustra sapit qui sibi non sapit"

T36: The soldier worn with wars
MS:  Harl.7392 f.75v
Fr:  Watson's Hekatompathia (1582) [L3]
A Poetical Rapsody (1608 edn) [D3v] ascr. T.W., heads "Allegory of his Loue to a Ship"

T37: *The state of France as now it stands
[? 11 x 4]
MSS:  Rawl.Poet.85 f.104
Harl.3787 f.244v
Harl.7392 f.62v
Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.29
Folger V.a.89 f.18v
Marsh 23.5.21 f.22
Egerton 2642 ff.232v & 324v
Tanner 169 f.70v
Pierpont Morgan [loose sheet]
"The State of Fraunce translated oute of frenche into Englishe Anno domini 1585" [f.232v]
in Tanner: "The French Primero"
in Morgan: "On the State of France under the Administration of the Guises by Sr Walter Rawleigh" [? later]

[For full discussion, see Volume 1, Chapter 3 and Volume 2, p.13 ]

T38: The sturdy rock for all his strength
MS: Harl.7392 f.72
Fr: The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576) no.20 ascr. N.T. [? Mr. Thorn]
Richard Alison's An Howres Recreation (1606) xv-xvi
Heads in Paradise: "Mans flitting life fyndes surest stay, Where sacred Vertue beareth away."

T39: The subject then may well compare
[12 lines] MS: Marsh Z3.5.21 f.1v

T40: The thing that I do most desire
[4 lines] MS: Marsh Z3.5.21 f.34
Heads: "These left by D.H. goinge fro Ire. to Radd. in Eten: Ire, his booke writte."
[Answered by H.A. - "If wishing might" (I31)]

T41: The tongue but talks to serve thee alone
[20 lines] MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.29v ascr. Saru [?]

T42: The trees surcharged all with leafy shade
[3 x 6] IS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.90v

T43: The Trojan prince that Priam hight
[20 lines] IS: Harl.7392 f.49 ascr. E.E.

T44: There be four elements placed in the world
[A long collection of items ranged in fours] MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.117v
Heads: "The conclusione of foure dyuers quantyteys, qualityes, propertyes, and dygnyteys"
T45: These that be certain signs of my tormenting
[8 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.30
Fr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1588) i,xlvii

T46: They that describe the world three famous lakes do note
[sonnet]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.26v

T47: Thine only own while life doth last
[couplet]
MS: Harl.7392 f.33v

T48: *Those eyes that hold the hand of every heart
[3 x 6]
Au: ? Nicholas Breton
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.24v
Add.34064 f.7v
Fr: Britton's Boy/re of Delights (1591)[C1v]
The Phoenix Nest (1593)[L1v]
The Arbor of amorous Deuises (1597)[F1v]
[see Volume 2, p. 241]

T49: Thou pain the only guest of loathed constraint
[sonnet]
Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler CS.10]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.55v ascr. Sr.P.S.
e. Museo 37 f.245
Fr: Constable's Diana (1594)[C4v]
Arcadia (1598)[224v]
[The third sonnet of a set: see "The scourge of life" (T34).
Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]

T50: *Thou sacred monarch of that holy train
[5 x 7]
Au: ? Robert Allott
MS: Harl.7392 f.178 ascr. Robert Allott
Heads: "Ad Apollinem et Tusas ode"
[see Volume 2, p. 351]

T51: *Though I seem strange, sweet friend, be thou not so
[7 x 4]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.17
Rawl.Poet.172 f.5v
Harl.6910 f.145 ascr. qd. La. B. to N.
Folger V.a.89 f.6v ascr. Vavasour
Heads in Rawl.172: "Nemans affection"
[Perhaps connected with Anne Vavasour: see Volume 2, p.168.
Harl.7392 has partial text beginning "Te silly dames"]
T52: Three things in a morning look thou remember
[couplet]
MS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 105

T53: Thus do I fall to rise thus
[10 lines] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler C3.25]
MS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 65v
Pr: Arcadia (1598)[283]
[Part of a longer poem beginning "When to my deadly pleasure".
Other texts - see Ringler]

T54: Thus while I held the eel but by the tail
MS: Cambridge Dd. 5. 75 f. 46
Pr: The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576) no. 68 ascr.
[Richard Hill
[Text in The Paradise is three stanzas, beginning "The saint
I serve and have besought full oft"]

T55: *To death? no, no, unto eternal life
[See Volume 2, p. 582]

T56: *To lodge delight on fancy's single sight
MS: Harl. 7392 f. 53v ascr. H. C. to C. R.
Heads: "Beinge asked how he lyked, he wrote"
Subscr: "Forme Nulla Fides"
[See Volume 2, p. 378]

T57: Transformed in show but more transformed in mind
[sonnet] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA.2]
MS: Cambridge Dd. 5. 75 f. 38
Add. 34064 f. 28
e Museo 37 f. 16
Pr: Arcadia (1598)[D4]
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]

T58: Troianus Paris et Troianus origine Parrye
[12 lines Latin]
MS: Rawl. Poet. 85 f. 65 ascr. R. H.
Heads: "Verses made upon Dr. Parrye the traytor."
[William Parry, executed in March 1585: see 1.47.]
[Twixt half asleep and half awake]
Continuation of "Once musing as I lay" - see 012
T59:  
Two books upon a table lay  
[22 lines]  
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.34v  
Pr: Harre Mar-Martin (?1590)[A3v]  

U1:  
*Unfriendly, hast thou me in such a sort  
[2 x 10]  
Au: ? Robert Allott  
MS: Harl.7392 f.37 ascr. R Allott  
[See Volume 2, p.188]  

U2:  
Until the fatal day  
[28 lines]  
MS: Harl.7392 f.39v  
Heads: "An unworthy beloved, to her approved"  

V1:  
Virtue, beauty, speech, did strike, wound, charm  
[sonnet]  
Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA.60]  
MS: Harl.7392 f.66  
Pr: Arcadia (1593) [2Hv]  
Englands Helicon (1600) ascr. S.Phil. Sidney [2B]  
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]  

V2:  
Vraiment vous estes importun  
[9 + 6 French]  
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.33  
[We silly dames that false suspect do fear]  
MS: Harl.7392 f.40  
Part of "Though I seem strange" - see T46  

W1:  
We till to sow, we sow to reap  
[6 lines]  
MS: Harl.7392 f.39 heads "Ommia tempus"  

W2:  
Weared with thoughts of troubled anguish  
[2 x 6]  
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.29v  

W3:  
*Were I a king I could command content  
[6 lines]  
Au: ? Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford  
MS: Folger V.a.89 f.6 ascr. Vere  
Harl.6910 f.140v  
Dr Farmer Chetham, p.93 ascr. By the Earle of Oxforde.  
Add.22583 f.95v  
Pr: John Mundy's Songs and Psalmes (1594) xxvi  
[See Volume 2, p.171. Several answers to this poem. Add.22583 contains the poems of William Gager, who might thus have a claim to the authorship.]
**W4:** What bird is that so light
[5 long lines] Au: Bartholomew Yong
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.46
Fr: Yong's translation of Gil Polo's *Enamoured Diana* (1598) [2R5v]

**W5:** What can, I pray thee tell me (sweet Echo) learn me to love?
[11 lines with echoes] Au: James Reshoulde
Heads [deleted]: "Echo made in imitation of Sr P. Sidneys echo goinge before pagi:5:" (This seems to refer to Sidney's poem "Fair rocks, goodly rivers, sweet woods", Ringler OA.31, though "pagi:5:" is now missing from the MS.)

[See Volume 2, p.372]

**W6:** What can, I pray thee tell me (sweet Echo) remedy love?
[10 lines with echoes]
MS: Marsh Z3.5.21 f.20
Heads: "Lover"
[Perhaps connected with the preceding poem: See Volume 2, p.371v]

**W7:** What if thy mistress will needs unconstant be
[7 x 3]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.35v
Fr: T. Morley's *First Booke of Ayres* (1600) xi

**W8:** What is desire, which doth approve
[6 x 5]
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.15
Harl.7392 f.21 ascr. E WPH. [ie. Lyly?]
[See Volume 2, p.174]

**W9:** What length of verse may serve brave Hopsa's good to show
[sonnet] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA.3]
MS: Harl.6910 f.145v
Harl.7392 f.75 ascr. Sr. Phyll. Sydney
Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.39v
Rawl.Poet.142 f.26v
Museo 37 f.17
Fr: Arcadia (1598) [A6]
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]

**W10:** What mean'st thou hope to breed me such mishap
[3 x 6]
MS: Folger V.a.89 f.16
W11: What meaneth love to nest him
[8 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.30v
Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1588) viii

[What new, John o' dogs ...] see A26

W12: What sons? What fathers? Sons and fathers fighting?
[4 x 4 + 2]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.35
Pr: Marre Mar-Martin (?1590)[A3v]

W13: What thing can be more fond
[8 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f.36 ascr. H.C. [deleted]

W14: What thing is love? A vain conceit of mind
[3 x 6]
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.13v
Harl.7392 f.68

W15: What thing is love? For sure love is a thing
[10 lines] Au: George Peele
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.13 ascr. Mr.G.Peele
Rawl.Poet.172 f.2v
Harl.7392 f.69v
Drummond 7
Pr: Peele's The Hunting of Cupid (1591)(lines 12-20, 25-6)
The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll (1600)[A4v]
[Part of a longer poem - see Horne's edition of Peel, (1952)
pp.204,276; see also J.P.Cutts in Studies in the Renaissance
v (1958) p.121.]

W16: What though by my vows I professed to serve
[9 x 3, with refrain "Sing all of green willow"]
MS: Marsh Z3.5.21 f.29v
[This seems to be an analogue of Desdemona's Willow Song in
Othello: cf. texts in F. . . . Sternfeld's Music in Shakespearean
Tragedy (1963) ch.2; and in P.J.Seng's The Vocal Songs in the
Plays of Shakespeare (Harvard 1967), Song 48.]

W17: What tongue can her perfections tell
[146 lines] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA 62]
MS: Cambridge Dd5.75 ff.26 & 37v
Add.34064 f.29
Corpus Christi 328 f.85
Egerton 2421 f.46v (4 lines)
E Museo 37 f.134v
Pr: Arcadia (1598)[M5]
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]
W18: When course of years had weaned my wandering mind
[8 x 8]
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.88v

W19: When dreadful death with his sharp piercing dart
[5 x 6]
MS: Harl.7392 f.42v

W20: When first of all Dame Nature wrought
[6 lines]
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.105v
Harl.6910 f.158
Harl.7392 f.11v
Marsh Z3.5.21 f.1v

W21: When griping griefs the heart would wound
MS: Harl.7392 f.50v ascr. Ballet
Cotton Vespasian A xxv f.137
Pr: The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576), no.57, ascr. N. Edwards
Heads in PDD: "In Commendation of Musick"

W22: When I behold the trees in the earth's fair livery clothed
[40 lines] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler OA.13]
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.22
Pr: Arcadia (1598)[65v]
[P]art of a longer poem beginning "Lady reserved by the heavens". Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]

W23: When I was a little swain, keeping sheep upon a plain
[15 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.40

W24: *When I was fair and young and favour graced me
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.1 ascr. Elysabethe regina
Harl.7392 f.21v ascr. ELY.
Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.38v
Folger V.a.89 f.12 ascr. 1: of oxforde
Folger V.a.262 f.169 [1st stanza]
Heads in Rawl: ["Verses made by the queine when she was supposed to be in loue with mountsyre"](deleted)
[Probably not by the Queen; see Volume 2, p.176]

W25: When Pallas lost the price and Juno took offence
[16 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.45
W26: *When Phoebus Daphne long had wooed
[4 lines]
Au: Robert Mills
[See Volume 2, p.373]

W27: When shall I cease lamenting
[7 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.31
Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1588) xxi

W28: When shall I joy, whose joys are overthrown
[2 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f.34 ascr. H.C. [deleted]

W29: When sturdy storms of strife be past
[6 lines]
MSS: Harl.7392 f.34v
Corpus Christi 328 f.47
Douce f.5 f.14v
Douce 44 f.117
Egerton 24 f.34
Rawl.Poet.172 f.3
[First words of each line form the sentence "When shall I lie with you" - answers in some texts.]

W30: When that thine eye hath chose the dame
[9 lines]
MSS: Harl.7392 f.43
Folger V.a.89 f.15
Folger V.a.339
Pr: The Passionate Pilgrim (1599)[D1]

W31: When wert thou born, Desire?
[7 lines]
Au: Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.15v ascr. Earle of Oxenforde
Harl.4286 f.57v
Harl.6910 f.145
Harl.7392 f.18v ascr. L0.0X.
Arundel Harington no.189
The Garland of Goodwill (?1659)[G3][9 x 4]
Heads in Bowre: "Of the birth and bringing up of desire"
[See Volume 2, p.14%]
W32: When younger years could not my mind acquaint
[8 x 6]
MS: Harl.7392 f.74v

W33: When your perfections to my thoughts appear
MS: Marsh Z3.5.21 f.25
Arundel Harlington no.209 ascr. to Constable
Dyce 44 (i,i,5)
Pr: Constable's Diana (1592)[D2]; (1594)[D1]
[See note on F3]

W34: *Where one would be there not to be
MS: Folger V.a.89 f.13v ascr. [Dier](deleted)
[See Volume 2, p.144]

W35: Where secret thoughts must bring redress
[10 x 4]
MS: Marsh Z3.5.21 f.24

W36: *Whereas the Heart at Tennis plays
[28 lines] Au: Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.106
Harl.7392 f.35 ascr. therle of Ox.
Marsh Z3.5.21 f.20 ascr. Made by the Earle of Oxeforde
Add.19269 f.202v
Pierpont Morgan MA.1057 ascr. Sr.E.D.
Pr: Cotgrave's Vits Interpreter (1655) [04]
Heads in Rawl. & Marsh: "Loue compared to a Tennis playe"
[See Volume 2, p.152]

W37: Whiles deep conceit, renowned queen
[3 x 8]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.44

[Who can delight in such a woeful sound]
see Some men will say, there is a kind of muse (S17)

W38: Who hath his fancy pleased
[36 lines] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringler CS.23]
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.12v
Harl.6910 f.149
Harl.7392 f.70v
Marsh Z3.5.21 f.18
e Museo 37 f.241
Pr: Arcadia (1598)[222]
Heads in Marsh & Arcadia: "To the tune of Mylielmus van
Nassau etc"
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler]
W39: Who knows his cause of grief
[8 x 4]
MS: Harl.7392 f.71v
Pr: Britton's Bowre of Delights (1591)[G1] heads "A Louers [complaint"

W40: Who prickles fears, to pluck the lovely rose
[3 x 6] Au: George Whetstone
MS: Harl.7392 f.47 ascr. [H.C.](deleted)
Pr: Whetstone's Heptameron of Civil Discourses (1582)[P4]

W41: Who sits in Lady Fortune's lap
[4 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f.79v

[Who strives oft to be seated aloft]
See Cui supra posse sursum fendit (q1)

W42: Who takes a friend and trust him not
[6 lines] Au: ? Nicholas Breton
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.113v
Add.34064 f.17
Pr: Britton's Bowre of Delights (1591)[C2v]
The Arbor of amorous Deuises (1597)[F2v]
Cotgrave's Fitas Interpreter (1655)[G8]

W43: Who takes in hand to till the barren soil
[14 lines]
MS: Harl.7392 f.41v ascr. [H.C.](deleted)

W44: *Who taught thee first to sigh, alas my heart? Love
MS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.16v ascr. Earlle of Oxenforde
Harl.7392 f.70v ascr. Ball.
Pr: T.W.'s Tears of Fancie (1593)[E2] (differs)
[See Volume 2, p.178v]

W45: Who will ascend the heaven and there obtain me
[8 lines]
MS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.31
Pr: Nicholas Yonge's Musica Transalpina (1588) xi

[4 lines Latin]
MS: Karsh Z3.5.21 f.22v
[The sovereigns of England, from William the Conqueror to
Elizabeth I]
William Parry was ap Harry by his name

Tilliam Parry was ap Harry by his name

On the traitor Parry, executed in March 1585 - see T58

Winged with desire, I seek to mount on high

With painted speech I list not prove my cunning for to try

With spring of year began my prime of spite

With two strange fires of equal heat possessed

Woe, woe to me, on me return the smart

Wark mind into the skies

[22 lines]

[22 lines]

[2 x 7]

[2 x 7]

[sonnet]

[22 lines]

[2 x 7]

[2 x 7]
Would I were changed into that golden shower
[3 x 6] Au: Sir Arthur Gorges [Sandison no.46]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.46
Harl.7392 ff.27v (deleted) & 36v ascr. RA.
Egerton 3165 f.43
Pr: The Phoenix Nest (1593)[L1]
[See Volume 2, p.21]

Ye goatherd gods that love the grassy mountains
[75 lines: double sestina] Au: Sir Philip Sidney [Ringer OA.71]
MSS: Rawl.Poet.85 f.20 ascr. S.P.S.
Museo 37 f.184v
Pr: Arcadia (1598)[T2]
Heads in Rawl: "[A Dialogue betwne] Strephon, Sklayus."
[Other Sidney texts - see Ringler's edition]

Ye heavenly gods partakers be with me
[4 x 6 + 3]
MSS: Folger V.a.89 f.14v

Ye sister muses do not ye repine
MSS: Marsh 23.5.21 f.26
Ashmole 38 p.52
Dyce 44 (II,ii,3)
Pr: A Poetical Rapsody (1602)[L7] ascr. H.C.
Heads in Marsh: "To the most honorable Ladyes the Countesses
of Comb. & Car. Sisters" (Cf.I37)

You love, you say, and love for love you crave
[24 lines]
MSS: Cambridge Dd.5.75 f.47

[Your face, your tongue, your wit]
see Her face, her tongue, her wit (H6)
The LIST OF WORKS CONSULTED

The following list is selective: it does not include all the works mentioned in footnotes in the body of the thesis - such as the genealogical reference works for Volume 1, Chapters 2 and 12, and the specialised sources given in Volume 1, Chapters 5, 12 and 13.

It has been subdivided as follows:

I: Primary Manuscript Sources (with some rough indication of dates)

II: Primary Printed Sources and modern editions

III: General Reference Works

IV: Secondary Sources - Printed Books

V: Secondary Sources - Articles

VI: Secondary Sources - Unpublished Theses

VII: Works concerned with Literary Scholarship, methods of Editing and Textual Criticism

Miscellanies and anonymous works are given in alphabetical order of their titles.

Primary sources marked with an asterisk contain three or more texts included in the First Line Index. Those marked [M] are song books, with music.
I: List of Manuscripts

a) The Bodleian Library, Oxford

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<tr>
<td>Add.B.83</td>
<td>early C19 transcripts</td>
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<td>* Ashmole 38</td>
<td>Nicholas Burghe's MS 1640s and 1650s</td>
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<td>Ashmole 47</td>
<td>late C16, early C17</td>
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<td>Ashmole 176</td>
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<td>Ashmole 781</td>
<td>miscellaneous poems, early C17</td>
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<tr>
<td>* Corpus Christi 328</td>
<td>C15 Latin, with C16 additions</td>
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<td>Digby 138</td>
<td>mid.C17</td>
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<td>[M] Don.c.57</td>
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<td>Don.d.58</td>
<td>1620s-30s</td>
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<td>Douce f.5</td>
<td>1580s, Sidney's Old Arcadia</td>
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<td>Eng.Poet.c.50</td>
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<td>Gough Norfolk 43</td>
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<td>Jones 27*</td>
<td>1630-40, Oxford poems</td>
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<td>* Malone 19</td>
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<td>Rawl.Poet.155</td>
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<td>Tanner 76</td>
<td>Sir Stephen Powle's MS, 1570-1620s</td>
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<td>Tanner 299</td>
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<td>Tanner 306</td>
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<td>Tanner 465</td>
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b) The British Museum

Add.4379 (early Elizabethan)

Add.15117 (1630s)
Add.15225 (early C17)
Add.15227 (early C17)
Add.15232 (1580s - the Bright MS of Sidney's 
Astrophil and Stella)
Add.19269 (C19 transcript of C16-C17 poems)
Add.22118 (1620s)
Add.22583 (late C16, poems of William Gager)
Add.22601 (early 1600s)
Add.22602 (1650s)

Add.24665 (Giles Earle's song book, 1615)
Add.28253 (Includes Edward Bannister's MS, 1580s-1600s)
* Add.34064 (The Cosens MS, 1590s: see Vol.1, ch.10)
Add.36529 (A Harington MS, mid C16)
* Add.38823 (Sir Edward Hoby's MS, 1582-96)
Add.41499 (Sir Henry Lee's Devices, late C16)
* Add.52585 (Richard Iaferer's MS, late C16, early C17)
Cotton Titus A xxiv (1560s)
Cotton Vespasian A xxv (mid C16)
Cotton Vespasian E viii (Includes Puttenham's Partheniades, 1580s)
Egerton 2421 (1625-45)
* Egerton 2642 (Richard Comedy's MS, c.1570s - 
1600s: see Vol.1, ch.3)
* Egerton 3165 (The MS of Gorges's poems)
Harl.978 (medieval Goliardic verse)
Harl.3511 (early C17)
Harl.3787 (early-mid C17)
Harl.3910 (early C17)
Harl.3991 (1640s)
Harl.4066 (early C17)
Harl.4199 (late C16-early C17)
Harl.4286 (late C16-early C17)
* Harl.6910 (1590s: see Vol.1, ch.2)
Harl.6933 (1730s)
* Harl.7392 (1580s: see Vol.1, ch.2)
Lentenove 740 (early C17)
Sloane 1446 (1630s)
Sloane 2497 (1590s)
Stowe 962 (early C17)
c) The University Library, Cambridge

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<td>* Folger V.a.89</td>
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<td>* Z.3.5.21</td>
<td>(Archbishop Marsh's Library, Dublin, late C16: see Vol.1, ch.2)</td>
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<td>* Petyt 538 vol.10</td>
<td>(Inner Temple Library, 1580s)</td>
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<td>Petyt 538 vol.43</td>
<td>(Inner Temple Library, late C16)</td>
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</table>

II: Primary Printed Sources

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* Bastard, Thomas, Chrestoleros (1598)
* Beau Chesne, I.de, and Baildon, I, A booke containing divers sorts of hands (1602)
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[1] Forbes, John, Cantus, Songs and Fancies (Aberdeen 1682)

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<td>The Passionate Pilgrim (1599)</td>
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<td>Peplus, Illustrissimi Viri D. Philippi Sidnaei ...</td>
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<td>Plummer, C., ed. Elizabethan Oxford, OHS viii (1887)</td>
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<td>* Le Prince d'Amour (1660)</td>
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<td>The Queenes Maiesties Entertainment at Woodstocke (1585):</td>
<td>ed. J.W. Cunliffe, MLA xxvi (1911) p.92</td>
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<td>Raleigh, Sir Walter, Poems ed. Agnes Latham (repr. 1962)</td>
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<td>Robinson, Richard, A Golden Mirrour, ed. T. Corser, Chetham Soc. xxiii (1851)</td>
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<td>Rollins, H.E., ed. Old English Ballads 1553-1625 (Cambridge 1920)</td>
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<td>Segar, W., The Booke of Honor and Armes (1590)</td>
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<td>* Sidney, Sir Philip, Syr P.S. His Astrophel and Stella (1591)</td>
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<td>W., T., The Tears of Fancie (1593)</td>
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<td>Velton, Sir Anthony, The Court and Character of King James (1650)</td>
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<td>Thetston, George, An Heptameron of Civil Discourses (1582)</td>
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<td>Whitney, Geoffrey, A choice of emblems (Leyden 1586)</td>
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Williboe his Avisa (1609)
* Wits Interpreter, the English Parnassus (1655)
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