

The Garland of Good Will

Thomas Deloney

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A Mournfull Dittie, on the death of *Rosamond*, King *Henry* the seconds Concubine.

1.

To the Tune of When flying Fame.

Wenas King *Henry* rul'd this land,
the second of that name,
Besides the Queene, he deerely lou'd
a faire and Princely Dame.
Most peerelesse was her beauty found,
her fauour and her face:
A sweeter creature in this world,
did neuer Prince embrace.

Her crisped locks like threds of Gold
appeared to each mans sight:
Her comely eyes like Orient pearles,
did cast a heauenly light.
The bloud within her Christall cheekes,
did such a colour driue:
As though the Lilly and the Rose
for maistership did striue.

Yea *Rosamond*, faire *Rosamond*,
her name was called so:
To whom Dame *Elinor* the Queene,
was knowne a cruell foe.
The King therefore, for her defence,
against the furious Queene,
At *Woodstocke* builded such a bower,
the like was neuer seene.

Most curiously this Bower was built
of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doores
did to that bower belong.

15 the rose B C D E: and rose A
17 yea B C D E: yet A

And they so cunningly contriu'd
with turnings round about,
That none but with a clew of threed,
could enter in or out.

And for his loue and Ladies sake,
that was so faire and bright:

The Garland of Good Will

The keeping of that bower he gaue
vnto a valiant Knight.
But fortune that doth often frowne,
where she before did smile:
The Kings delight, the Ladies ioy,
full soone she did beguile.

For why, the Kings vngracious sonne,
whom he did high aduance:
Against his Father raised warre,
within the Realme of France.
But yet before our comely King,
the English land forsooke:
Of *Rosamond* his Lady faire,
his farewell thus he tooke.

My *Rosamond*, the onely Rose
that pleaseth best mine eye:
The firest Rose in all the world
to feed my fantasie.
The flower of mine afflicted heart,
whose sweetnesse doth excell:
My royall Rose a thousand times,
I bid thee now farwel.

For I must leaue my fairest flower,
my sweetest Rose a space.
And crosse the seas to famous *France*,
proud Rebels to abase.
But yet, my Rose be sure thou shalt
my coming shortly see:
And in my heart while hence I am
Ile beare my Rose with me.

41 for why C D: for while A
45 before B C D E: A omits

When *Rosamond*, the Lady bright,
did heare the King say so:
The sorrow of her grieued heart,
her outward lookes did show;
And from her cleare and cristall eyes,
the teares gusht out apace:
Which, like a siluer pearled dew,
ran downe her comly face.

Her lips, like to a Corall red,
did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiu'd,
her vitall spirits did faile.
So falling downe all in a swoond

A Mournfull Dittie, on the death of Rosamond, King Henry the seconds Concubine.

The Garland of Good Will

before King *Henries* face:
Full oft betweene his Princely armes
her corpes he did embrace.

And twenty times, with watry eyes,
he kist her tender cheeke:
Vntill she had receiu'd againe
her senses mild and meeke.
Why grieues my Rose, my sweetest Rose
the King did euer say;
Because (quoth she) to bloody warres,
my Lord must part away.

But sith your grace, in forren coast,
among your foes vnkind,
Must go to hazard life and limbe,
why should I stay behind;
Nay rather let me, like a Page,
your shield and Target beare,
That on my brest the blow may light,
that should annoy you there.

O let me in your Royall Tent
prepare your bed at night:
And with sweet baths refresh your Grace
at your returne from fight.

91 go to hazard C D E: go hazard A

So I your presence may enioy,
no toyle I must refuse:
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true loue abuse.

Content thy selfe my dearest loue,
thy rest at home silall be:
In Englands sweet and pleasant soile,
for trauel fits not thee.
Faire Ladies brooke not bloody warrs,
sweet peace their pleasure breede:
The nourisher of hearts content,
which fancy first doth feed.

My Rose shall rest in *Woodstocke* Bower,
with Musickes sweet delight:
While I among the piercing pikes
against my foes do fight.
My Rose, in robes and pearles of Gold,
with Diamonds richly dite:
Shall dance the Galliard of my loue,
while I my foes do smite.

A Mournfull Dittie, on the death of Rosamond, King Henry the seconds Concubine.

The Garland of Good Will

And you, Sir *Thomas*, whom I trust
to be my loues defence:
Be carefull of my gallant Rose,
when I am parted hence.
And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
as though his heart would breake:
And *Rosamond*, for inuward grieffe,
not one plaine word could speake.

For at his parting, well they might
in heart be griued sore:
After that day, faire *Rosamond* the King did see no more.
For when his grace had past the seas,
and into France was gone:
Queene *Elinor*, with enuious heart,
to *Woodstocke* came anon.

117 pearles of Gold A B: pearles and Gold C D E

And forth she cal'd this trusty Knight,
which kept this curious Bower:
Who, with his clew of twined thred,
came from that famous flower.
And when that they had wounded him
the Queene his thred did get:
And came where Lady *Rosamond* was like an Angell set.

But when the Queene with stedfast eyes
beheld her heauenly face:
She was amazed in her mind,
at her exceeding grace.
Cast off thy Robes from thee, she said,
that rich and costly be:
And drink thee vp this deadly draught
which I haue brought for thee.

But presently vpon her knee,
sweet *Rosamond* did fall:
And pardon of the Queene she crau'd
for her offences all.
Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,
faire *Rosamond* did cry:
And let me not with poyson strong,
enforced be to dye.

I will renounce this sinfull life,
and in a cloister bide:
Or else be banisht, if you please,
to range the world so wide.
And for the fault that I haue done,
though I were forct thereto:

A Mournfull Dittie, on the death of *Rosamond*, King Henry the seconds Concubine.

Preserue my life, and punish me,
as you thinke best to do.

And with these words her Lilly hands
she wrung full often there:
And downe along her louely cheekes,
proceeded many a teare.
But nothing could this furious Queene
therewith appeased be:
The cup of deadly poyson fil'd,
as she sat on her knee.

She gaue this comely Dame to drinke,
who tooke it from her hand:
And from her bended knee arose,
and on her feet did stand;
And casting vp her eyes to Heauen,
she did for mercy call:
And drinking vp the poyson then,
her life she lost with all.

And when that death through euery limbe,
had done his greatest spight:
er chiefest foes did plaine confesse
she was a glorious wight.
Her body then they did intomb,
when life was fled away:
At Godstow, neere to *Oxford* Towne
as may be seene this day.

FINIS.

2.

**A New Sonnet, conteining the Lamentation of *Shores* wife,
who was sometime Concubine to King *Edward* the fourth,
setting forth her great fall, and withall
her most miserable and wretched end.**

To The tune of, the hunt is vp.

Llsten, faire Ladies,
vnto my misery:
That liued late in pompous state,
most delightfully.
And now by Fortune's faire dissimulation,
Brought to cruell and vncouth plagues,
most spightfully.

The Garland of Good Will

Shores wife I am,
So knowne by name:
And at the *Flower-de-luce* in *Cheapside*
was my dwelling:
The only daughter of a wealthy merchant man,
Against whose counsel euermore,
I was rebelling.

Young was I loued;
No affection moued
My heart or mind to giue or yeeld
to their consenting.
My Parents thinking richly for to wed me,
Forcing me to that which caused
my repenting.

Then being wedded,
I was quickly tempted,
My beauty caused many Gallants
to salute me.
The King comrmanding, I straight obeyed:
For his chiefest iewel then,
he did repute me.

Brave was I trained,
Like a Queene I rained,
And many poore mens suits
by me was obtained.
In al the Court to none was such resort,
As vnto me, though now in scorn,
I be disdained.

When the King dyed,
My grieffe I tried:
From the Court I was expelled,
with despight.
The Duke of Glosfer being Lord Protector,
Tooke away my goods, against
all law and right.

In a Procession,
For my transgression,
Bare foot he made me go,
for to shame me.
A Crosse before me there was carried plainly,
As a pennance for my former life,
so to tame me.

Then through London,
Being thus vndone,
The Lord Protector published,

a Proclamation:

On paine of death I should not be harbord,
Which furthermore encreast my sorrow
and vexation.

I that had plenty,
And dishes dainty:
Most sumptuously brought to my boord
at my pleasure:
Being full poore, from doore to doore,
I begd my bread with clacke and dish,
at my leasure.

My rich attire,
By fortunes yre,
To rotten rags and nakednesse
they are beaten.
My body soft, which the King embraced oft,
With vermine vile annoyd
and eaten.

On stalls and stones,
Did lye my bones,
That wonted was in beds of downe
to be placed.
And you see my finest pillowes be,
Of stinking straw, with dirt and dung
thus disgraced.

Wherefore, Fair Ladies,
With your sweet babies,
My grieuous fall beare in your mind,
and behold me:
How strange a thing, that the loue of a King
Should come to dye vnder a stall,
as I told yee.

FINIS.

76 with dirt C D E: both dirt, A B

3.

**A New Song of King *Edgar*, King of *England* ,
how he was depriued of a Lady, which
he loued, by a Knight of his Court.**

To be sung in the old ancient sort, or else to the Tune of
Labandalashot.

WHENas King Edgar did gouerne this land,
 adowne, adowne, downe, down, down,
 And in the strength of his yeeres did stand,
 call him downe a:
 Such praise was spread of a gallant Dame,
 Which did through *England* carry great fame,
 And she a Lady of noble degree,
 The Earle of Deuonshires daughter was she.
 The King which lately had buried his Queene,
 And not long time had a Widdower beene,
 Hearing this praise of this gallant Maid,
 Vpon her beauty his loue he laide,
 And in his sighes he wold often say,
 I will go send for that Lady gay:
 Yea, I will go send for that Lady bright,
 Which is my treasure and delight:
 Whose beauty, like to *Phoebus* beames,
 Doth glister through all Christian Realmes.
 Then to himselfe he would reply,
 Saying, How fond a Prince am I,
 To cast my loue so base and low,
 Vpon a Gyrl I do not know:
 King *Edgar* will his fancy frame,
 To loue some peerelesse Princely Dame,
 The daughter of a royall King,
 That may a worthy dowry bring:
 Whose matchlesse beauty brought in place,
 May *Estrilds* colour cleane disgrace.
 But senseless man, what do I meane,
 Vpon a broken reede to lean:
 Or what fond fury doth me moue
 Thus to abase my dearest loue?
 Whose visage, grac't with heauenly hue
 Doth *Helens* honour quite subdue:

32 A B: abuse C D E

The glory of her beauties pride,
 Sweet *Estrilds* fauor doth deride.
 Then pardon my vnseemely speech,
 Deare loue and Lady, I beseech:
 For I my thoughts will henceforth frame,
 To spread the honour of thy name.
 Then vnto him he cal'd a Knight,
 Which was most trusty in his sight,
 And vnto him thus did he say:
 To earle *Orgarus*, go thy way,
 Where ask for *Estrild*, comely Dame,
 Whose beauty went so farre by Fame.
 And if thou find her comely grace,
 As Fame hath spred in euery place:

Then tell her Father she shall be
My crowned Queene, if she agree.
The Knight in message did proceed,
And into *Deuonshire* with speed:
But when he saw the Lady bright,
He was so rauisht at her sight,
That nothing could his passion moue,
Except he might obtaine her loue:
For day and night while there he staid,
He courted still this peerelesse Maid:
And in his suit he shewed such skill,
That at the length won her good-will,
Forgetting quite the duty tho
Which he vnto the King did owe.
Then comming home vnto his Grace,
He told him with dissembling face,
That those reporters were to blame,
That so aduanc't the Maidens name.
For I assure your Grace (quoth he)
She is as other women bee:
Her beauty of such great report,
No better than the common sort,
And farre vnmeet in euery thing,
To match with such a Noble King.
But though her face be nothing faire,
Yet sith she is her Fathers heire,

45 Estrilds A B C D E

Perhaps some Lord of high degree,
Would very faine her husband be:
Then if your Grace would giue consent,
I would my selfe be well content,
The Damsell for my wife to take,
For her great Lands and Liuinges sake.
The King whom thus he did deceiue,
Incontinent did giue him leaue:
For on that point he did not stand,
For why, he had no need of Land.
Then being glad he went his way,
And wedded straight that Lady gay:
The fairest creature bearing life,
Had this false Knight vnto his wife:
And by that match of high degree,
An Earle soone after that was he.
Ere he long time had married beene,
That many had her beauty seene:
Her praise was spred both farre and neere;
The King againe thereof did heare:
Who then in heart did plainely proue,
He was betrayed of his loue.

Though thereat, he was vexed sore,
Yet seem'd he not to grieue therefore,
But kept his countenance good and kinde,
As though he bare no grudge in minde.
But on a day it came to passe,
When as the King full merry was,
To *Ethelwood* in sport he said,
I muse what cheere there would be made,
If to thy house I should resort
A night or two for Princely sport:
Hereat the earl shewd countenance glad,
Though in his heart he was sore sad:
Saying, Your Grace should welcome be,
If so your Grace would honour me.
When as the day appointed was,
Wherefore the King did thither passe,
The Earle beforehand did prepare,
The Kings comming to declare:
And with a countenance passing grim,
He cal'd his Lady vnto him.

Saying with sad and heauy cheare,
I pray you when the King comes here,
Sweet Lady as you tender me,
Let your attire but homely be:
Nor wash not thou thy Angels face,
But doe thy beauty quite disgrace.
Thereto thy gesture so apply,
It may seeme lothsome to the eye.
For if the King should there behold
Thy glorious beauty so extold:
Then should my life soone shortned be,
For my deserts and trechery.
When to thy Father first I came,
Though I did not declare the same,
Yet was I put in trust to bring
The ioyfull tyding from the King,
Who for thy glorious beauty seene,
Did thinke of thee to make his Queene:
But when I had thy person found,
Thy beauty gaue me such a wound,
No rest nor comfort could I take,
Till you, sweet loue, my griefe did slake:
And thus, though duty charged me,
Most faithfull to my Lord to be:
Yet loue vpon the other side,
Bade for my self I should prouide:
Then for my suit and seruice showne,
At length I won you for my owne,
And for your loue and wedlocke spent,
Your choise you need no whit repent.

Then sith my griefe I haue exprest,
Sweet Lady, grant me my request.
Good words she gaue with smiling cheere,
Musing at that which she did heare;
And casting many things in mind,
Great fault herewith she seem'd to find:
But in her selfe she thought it shame,
To make that foule which God did frame:
Most costly robes and rich therefore,
In brauest sort that day she wore:

122 quith A

Doing all things that ere she might,
To set her beauty forth to sight.
And her best skill in euery thing
She shewed to entertaine the King.
Whereby the King so snared was,
That reason quite from him did passe:
His heart by her was set on fire,
He had to her a great desire,
And for the lookes he gaue her then,
For euery looke she lent him ten:
Wherefore the King perceiued plaine,
His loue and lookes were not in vaine.
Vpon a time it chanced so,
The King he would a hunting goe,
And as they through a wood did ride,
The Earle on horseback by his side:
For so the story telleth plaine,
That with a shaft the Earle was slaine.
So when that he had lost his life,
He tooke the Damsell vnto wife,
Who married her, all shame to shunne,
By whom he did beget a sonne.
Thus he that did the King deceiue,
Did by desert this death receiue.
Then to conclude and make an end,
Be true and faithful to thy friend.

FINIS.

4.

**How Couentry was made free by *Godiva*, Countesse
of *Chester*.**

To the Tune of Prince Arthnr died at Ludlow.

The Garland of Good Will

LEofricus, that Noble Earle
Of *Chester*, as I reade,
Did for the City of *Couentry*,
Many a noble deed.
Great priuiledges for the towne.
This Nobleman did get,

And of all things did make it so,
That they tole-free did sit:
Saue onley that for horses still,
They did some custome pay,
Which was great charges to the towne,
Full long and many a day.
Wherefore his wife, *Godiva* faire,
Did of the Earl request,
That therefore he would make it free,
As well as all the rest.
So when the Lady long had sued,
Her purpose to obtaine:
Her Noble Lord at length she tooke,
Within a pleasant vaine,
And vnto him with smiling cheare,
She did forthwith proceed,
Entreating greatly that he would
Performe that goodly deed.
You moue me much, faire Dame (quoth he)
Your suit I faine uould shunne:
But what would you performe and do,
To haue this matter done?
Why any thing, my Lord (quoth she)
You will with reason craue,
I will performe it with good will,
If I my wish may haue.
If thou wilt grant one thing (said he)
Which I shall now require,
So soone as it is finished,
Thou shalt haue thy desire.
Command what you thinke good, my Lord,
I will thereto agree:
On this condition that this Towne
For euer may be free.
If thou wilt thy cloaths strip off,
And here wilt lay them downe,
And at noone day on horsebacke ride
Starke naked thorow the Towne,
They shall be free for euermore:
If thou wilt not do so,

41 B C D: If thou wilt strip thy clothes off A E

More liberty than now they haue,
I neuer will bestow.
The lady at this strange demand,
Was much abasht in mind:
And yet for to fulfil this thing,
She neuer a whit repinde.
Wherefore to all the Officers
Of all the Towne she sent:
That they perceiuing her good will,
Which for the weale was bent,
That on the day that she should ride,
All persons thorow the Towne,
Should keepe their houses and shut their doores,
And clap their windowes downe,
So that no creature, yong or old
Should in the street be seene:
Till she had ridden all about,
Throughout the City cleane.
And when the day of riding came,
No person did her see,
Sauing her Lord: after which time,
The towne was euer free.

FINIS.

5.

How the Dukes daughter of *Cornwall* being married vnto King *Lochrine*, was by him put away, and a strange Lady whom he better loued, hee married, and made her his Queene, and how his wife was auenged.

To the tune of, in Creete.

WHen *Humber* in his wrathfull rage,
King *Albanacke* in field had slaine,
Those bloody broiles for to asswage,
King *Lochrine* then applyed his paine,
And with a hoast of Brittaines stout,
At length he found King *Humber* out.

At vantage great he met him then,
And with his hoast beset him so.

That he destroy'd his warlike men,
And *Humbers* power did ouerthrow:
And *Humber*, which for feare did flie,

Leapt into a Riuer desperately.

And being drowned in the deepe,
He left a Lady there aliue,
Which sadly did lament and weepe,
For feare they should her life depriue.
But for her face that was so faire,
The King was caught in Cupids snare.

He tooke this Lady to his loue,
Who secretly did keepe her still:
So that the Queene did quickly proue,
The King did beare her small good will:
Which though in wedlocke late begun,
He had by her a gallant sonne.

Queene *Guendoline* was grieu'd in minde,
To see the King was altered so:
At length the cause she chanc'd to finde,
Which brought her to most bitter woe:
For *Estrild* was his ioy (God wot)
By whom a Daughter he begot.

The Duke of *Cornwall* being dead,
The Father of that Gallant Queene:
The King with lust being ouerled,
His lawfull wife he cast off cleane:
Who with her deare and tender sonne,
For succour did to *Cornewall* runne.

Then *Lochrine* crowned *Estrild* bright,
And made of her his lawfull wife,
With her, which was his hearts delight,
He thought to lead a pleasant life:
Thus *Guendoline*, as one forlorne,
Was of her husband held in scorne.

But when the Cornish men did know
The great abuse she did endure:
With her a number great did goe,
Which she by prayers did procure:
In battell then they marcht along,
For to redresse this grieuous wrong.

And neere a riuer called Store, I
The King with all his hoast she met:
Where both the armies fought full sore,
But the Queene the field did get:
Yet ere they did the conquest gaine,
The King was with an arrow slaine.

Then *Guendoline* did take in hand,
Vntill her sonne was come to age,
The gouernment of all the Land:
But first her fury to asswage,
She did command her souldiers wild,
To drowne both *Estrild* and her child.

Incontinent then did they bring
Faire *Estrild* to the Riuers side,
And *Sabrine* daughter to a King,
Whom *Guendoline* could not abide:
Who being bound together fast,
Into the riuier there were cast.

And euer since, that running stream,
Wherein the Ladies drowned were,
Is called *Seuerne* through the Realme,
Because that *Sabrine* dyed there.
Thus they that did to lewdnesse bend,
Were brought vnto a wofull end.

FINIS.

6.

**A song of Queene Isabel, wife to King *Edward* the second,
how by the *Spencers* she was constrained
secretly to goe out of *England* with her elder sonne
Prince *Edward*, to seeke for succour in *France*, and
what hapned vnto her in her iourney.**

PRoud were the *Spencers*, and of condition ill,
All *England* and the King likewise,
they ruled at their will:
And many Lords and Nobles of this Land,
Through their occasions lost their liues,
and none durst them withstand.

And at the last they did encrease their grief,
Betweene the King and *Isobel*,
his queen and faithfull wife.
So that her life she dreaded wondrous sore,
And cast within her secret thoughts,
some present help therefore.

Thus she requests with countenance graue and sage,
That she to *Thomas Becket's* tombe,
might go on Pilgrimage.

The Garland of Good Will

Then being ioyfull to haue that happy chance,
Her sonne and she tooke ship with speed,
and sailed into France.

And royally she was receiued then,
By the King and all the rest
of Peeres and Noblemen.
And vnto him at length she did expresse
The cause of her arriuall there,
her grieffe and heauinesse.

When as her brother her grieffe did vnderstand,
He gaue her leaue to gather men,
throughout his famous Land:
And made his promise to aid her euermore,
As oft as she could stand in need,
of Gold and Siluer store.
But when indeed he should performe the same,
He was as farre from doing it,
as when she thither came,
And did proclaime while matters yet were greene,
That none on paine of death should go
to aide the English Queene.

This alteration did greatly grieue the Queene,
That downe along her comely face,
the bitter teares were seene.
When she perceiu'd her friends forsooke her so,
She knew not for her safety
which way to turne or go:
But through good hap at last she then decreed,
To looke in fruitfull *Germanie*,
some succour in this need.

20 As oft] Often B C D E: As ought A

And to Sir *Iohn Henault* then went she,
Who entertain'd this wofull Queene,
with great solemnitie.

And with great sorrow to him she then complaind,
Of all her griefes and iniuries
which she of late sustaind:
So that with weeping she dimd her Princely sight,
The summe whereof did greatly grieue
that Noble courteous Knight:
Who made an oath he would her Champion be,
And in her quarrell spend his blood:
from wrong to set her free;
And all my friends with whom I may preuaile,
Shall helpe for to aduance your state,
whose truth no time shall faile.

And in this promise most faithful he was found,
And many Lords of great account
were in this voyage bound.
So setting foward with a goodly traine,
At length, through Gods especiall grace,
into *England* they came.
At *Harwich* then when they were come ashore,
Of English Lords and Barons bold,
there came to her great store,
Which did reioyce the Queenes afflicted heart,
That English Nobles in such sort,
did come to take her part.

When as King *Edward* hereof did vnderstand,
How that the Queene with such a power,
was entred on his Land,
And how his Nobles were gone to take her part,
He fled from *London* presently,
euen with a heauy heart:
And with the *Spencers* did vnto *Bristoll* goe,
To fortifie that Gallant Towne
great cost he did bestow:
Leauing behind to gouern *London* Towne,
The stout Bishop of *Exceter*,
whose pride was soone pul'd downe.

57 free A omits

The Mayor of *London* with citizens great store
The Bishop and the *Spencers* both,
in heart they did abhorre:
Therefore they tooke him without feare & dread,
And at the *Standard* in *Cheapside*,
they soone smote off his head.
Vnto the Queene this message then they sent,
The City of *London* was
at her commandement:
Wherefore the Queene with all her companie,
Did straight to *Bristow* march amaine,
whereas the King did lye.

Then she besieg'd the City round about,
Threatning sharpe and cruell death
to those that were so stout:
Wherefore the townsmen their children & their wiues,
Did yeeld the City to the Queene,
for safegard of their liues.
Where was tooke, the story plaine doth tell,
Sir *Hugh Spencer*, and with him
the Earle of *Arundel*.
This iudgement iust the Nobles did set downe,

The Garland of Good Will

They should be drawne and hanged both,
in sight of *Bristow* Towne,

Then was King *Edward* in the Castle there;
And young *Hugh Spencer* still with him,
in dread and deadly feare.
And being prepar'd from thence to sail away,
The winds were found so contrary,
they were enforc't to stay:
But at the last Sir *Henry Beaumont* Knight,
Did bring their sailing ship to shore,
and so did stay their flight:
And so these men were taken speedily,
And brought as prisoners to the Queene,
which did in *Bristow* lye.

The Queene by counsell of the Lords & Barons bold
To *Barkeley* Castle sent the King,
there to be kept in hold.

87 heart B C D E: hearts A
118 taken speedily B C D E: full speedily A

And young *Hugh Spencer*, that did much ill procure,
Was to the Marshal of the Hoast
sent vnto keeping sure.
And then the Queene to *Hereford* tooke her way,
With al her warlike company,
which late in *Bristow* lay:
And here behold how *Spencer* vsed was,
From towne to towne, euen as the Queene
to *Hereford* did passe

Vpon a Iade which they by chance had found,
Young *Spencer* mounted was,
with legs and hands fast bound:
A written paper along as he did go,
Vpon his head he had to weare,
which did his treason show.
And to deride this Traytor lewd and ill,
Certaine men with Reeden Pipes,
did blow before him still:
Thus was he led along in euery place,
While many people did reioyce,
to see his great disgrace.

When vnto *Hereford* our noble Queene was come,
She did assemble all the Lords
and Knights, both all and some:
And in their presence yong *Spencer* iudgment had
To be both hang'd and quartered,

his treasons were so bad.
Then was the King deposed of his Crowne,
From rule and Princely dignitie,
the Lords did cast him downe.
And in his life his son both wise and sage,
Was crowned King of faire England,
at fifteene yeares of age.

FINIS

7.

A Song of the banishment of two Dukes, *Hereford and Norfolk.*

TWO Noble Dukes of great renowne,
that long had jiu'd in fame,
Through hatefull enuie were cast downe,
and brought to sudden shame.
The Duke of *Hereford* was the one,
a prudent Prince and wise:
Gainst whom such malice there was showne,
which soone in fight did rise.

The Duke of *Norfolk*, most vntrue,
declared to the King:
The Duke of *Hereford* greatly grew
in hatred of each thing,
Which by his grace was acted still,
against both high and low:
And how he had a trayterous will,
his state to ouerthrow.

The Duke of *Hereford*, then in hast,
was sent for to the King:
And by his Lords in order plac't,
examined of each thing.
Which being guiltlesse of this crime,
which was against him laid:
The Duke of *Norfolk* at that time,
these words vnto him said.

How canst thou with a shamelesse face,
deny a truth so stout:
And here before his Royall Grace,
so falsly face it out:
Did not these treasons from thee passe,
when we together were,
How that the King vnworthy was,
the Royall Crown to beare:

The Garland of Good Will

Wherefore, my gracious lord (quoth he)
and you his noble Peeres:
To whom I wish long life to be,
with many happy yeares.
I doe pronounce before you all,
the Duke of *Hereford* here,
A traitor to our noble King,
as time shall shew it cleare.

The Duke of *Hereford* hearing that
in mind was grieued much:
And did returne this answer flat,
which did Duke *Norfolke* touch.
The terme of traitor trothlesse Duke,
in scorne and deepe disdain:
With flat defiance to thy face
I do returne againe.

And therefore if it please your Grace,
to grant me leaue (quoth he)
To combate with my knowen foe,
that here accuseth me;
I doe not doubt but plainly proue:
that like a periured Knight,
He hath most falsly sought my shame,
against all truth and right.

The King did grant this iust request,
and did therewith agree:
At *Couentry* in August next,
this combate fought should be.
The Dukes on backed steeds full stout,
in coats of steel most bright:
With spears in rests did enter lists,
this combate fierce to fight.

The King then cast his warder downe,
commanding them to stay:
And with his Lords he counsell tooke,
to stint that mortall fray.
At length vnto these noble Dukes,
the King of Heralds came,
And vnto them with lofty speech,
this sentence did proclaime.

Sir *Henry Bullingbrooke* this day,
the Duke of *Hereford* here,
And *Thomas Moubray*, *Norfolkes* Duke,
so valiant did appeare:
And hauing in honourable sort,
repaired to this place:

A Song of the banishment of two Dukes, Hereford and Norfolk.

Our noble King, for speciall cause,
hath altered thus the case.

First *Henry Duke of Hereford*,
ere fifteene dayes be past:
Shall part this Realme on paine of death,
while ten yeares space doth last.
And *Thomas Duke of Norfolk*, thou,
that hast begun this strife,
And thereof no good prooffe canst bring,
I say for term of life.

By iudgement of our Soueraigne Lord,
which now in place doth stand:
For euermore I banish thee,
out of thy native Land:
Charging thee on paine of death,
when fifteene dayes are past:
Thou neuer tread on *English* ground,
so long as life doth last.

Thus they were sworne before the King
ere they did further passe:
The one should neuer come in place,
where as the other was.
Then both the Dukes, with heauy hearts,
were parted presently:
Their vncooth streams of froward chance,
in forraigne Lands to try.

The Duke of *Norfolke* comming then,
where hee should shipping take:
The bitter tears fell downe his cheeks,
and thus his mone did make.
Now let me sob and sigh my fill,
ere I from hence depart:
That inward pangs with speed may burst
my sore afflicted heart.

87 thereof D: therefore A B C E

Ah cursed man whose loathed life
is held so much in scorne:
Whose company is cleane despis'd,
and left as one forlorn.
Now take thy leaue and last adue,
of this thy countrey deare.
Which neuer more thou must behold
nor yet approach it neare.

The Garland of Good Will

How happy should I count my self,
if death my heart had torne:
That I might haue my bones entomb'd
where I was bred and borne.
Or that by *Neptunes* wrathfull rage,
I might be prest to dye;
Whilst that sweet Englands pleasant banks,
did stand before mine eye.

How sweet a sent hath English ground,
within my senses now:
How faire vnto my outward sight,
seemes euery branch and bow.
The fields and flowers, the trees and stones,
seeme such vnto my mind:
That in all other Countries sure,
the like I shall not find.

Oh that the Sun, with shining face,
would stay his Steeds by strength:
That this same day might stretched be
to twenty yeares of length.
And that the true performed tides,
their hasty course would stay;
That *Eolus* would neuer yeeld,
to beare me hence away.

That by the Fountaine of mine eye,
the fields might watred be:
That I might graue my grieuous plaints,
vpon each springing tree.

116 left B C D E: life A
142 would stay B C D E: to stay A

But time I see, with Eagles wings,
so swift doth flye away:
And dusky clouds begin to dim
the brightnes of the day.

The fatall houre draweth on,
the winds and tides agree:
And now sweet England ouer soone,
I must depart from thee.
The mariners haue hoisted sailes,
and call to catch me in:
And now in wofull heart I feele,
my torments to begin.

Wherefore farwel for euermore,
sweet *England* vnto thee:

A Song of the banishment of two Dukes, Hereford and Norfolk.

And farwel, all my freinds which I
again shall neuer see.
And *England* here I kisse thy ground
vpon my bended knee:
Whereby to shew to all the world,
how deare I loued thee.

This being said, away he went,
as fortune did him guide:
And at the length with grieffe of hart,
in *Venice* there he died.
The Duke in dolefull sort,
did leade his life in *France*:
And at the last the mighty Lord,
did him full high aduance.

The Lords of *England* afterward,
did send for him againe:
While that King *Richard* at the wars,
in Ireland did remaine.
Who through the vile and great abuse,
which through his deeds did spring,
Deposed was, and then the Duke
was truly crowned King.

8.

The Noble Acts of *Arthur* of the round Table.

To the Tune of, Flying Fame.

WHen Arthur first in court began,
and was approued King:
By force of armes great victories wan,
and conquest home did bring.
Then into *Britaine* straight he came,
where fiftie good and able
Knights then repaired vnto him,
which were of the round Table.
And many Iusts and Turnaments,
before them there were drest:
Where valiant Knights did then excell
and farre surmount the rest.
But one Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
who was approued well,
He in his fights and deeds of arms,
all other did excell:
When he had rested him a while,
to play to game and sport,
He thought he would go proue himselfe,

in some aduenturous sort.
He armed rode in forrest wide,
and met a Damosell faire:
Who told him of aduentures great,
whereunto he gaue good eare.
Why should I not (quoth *Lancelot*) tho,
for that cause came I hither:
Thou seemst (quoth she) a Knight right good,
and I will bring thee thither:
Where as the mightiest Knight doth dwell
that now is of great fame:
Wherefore tell me what Knight thou art,
and then what is your name,
My name is *Lancelot du Lake*;
(quoth she) it likes me than:
Here dwels a Knight that neuer was
orematcht with any man.

11 valiant C D E: both A B
15 fights B C D E: fight A

Who hath in prison threescore Knights,
and foure that he hath won:
Knights of King Arthurs court they be,
and of his Table round.
She brought him to a Riuers side,
and also to a tree:
Whereas a copper Bason hung,
his fellowes shields to see.
He stroke so hard the Bason broke,
when *TRarquin* heard the sound,
He droue a horse before him straight,
whereon a Knight lay bound.
Sir Knight then said *Sir Lancelot* tho,
bring me that horse load hither:
And lay him downe and let him rest,
weele trie our force together.
And as I vnderstand thou hast,
so farre as thou art able,
Done great despight and shame vnto
the Knights of the round Table.
If thou be of the Table round,
(quoth *Tarquin*, speedily)
Both thee and all thy fellowship,
I vtterly defie.
That's ouermuch (quoth *Lancelot* tho),
defend thee by and by.
They put their spurs vnto their Steeds
and each at other flie.
They coucht their speares and horses ran,
as though there had been thunder.

The Noble Acts of Arthur of the round Table.

And each stroake then amidst the shield,
wherewith they brake in sunder.
Their horses backs brake vnder them,
the Knights were both astound,
To void their horse they made great hast
to light vpon the ground.
They tooke them to their shields full fast,
their swords they drew out than:
With mighty strokes most egerly,
each one to other ran.
They wounded were, and blew full sore,
for breath they both did stand,

And leaning on their swords a while,
(quoth *Tarquin*) hold thy hand.
And tell to me what I shall aske.
say on (quoth *Lancelot* tho):
Thou art (quoth *Tarquin*) the best Knight,
that euer I did know:
and like a Knight that I did hate,
so that thou be not he,
I will deliuer all the rest,
and eke accord with thee.
That is well said (quoth *Lancelot* tho):
but sith it must be so,
What is the Knight thou hatest so,
I pray thee to me show,
His name is Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
he slew my brother deare;
Him I suspect of all the rest,
I would I had him here.
Thy wish thou hast but now vnknowne,
I am *Lancelot du Lake*,
Now Knight of *Arthurs* Table round,
kind *Haunds* sonne of Benwake:
And I defie thee, do thy worst.
Ha, ha (quoth *Tarquin* tho):
One of vs two shall end our liues,
before that we do go.
If thou be *Lancelot du Lake*,
then welcome shalt thou be:
Wherefore see thou thy selfe defend,
for now I thee defie.
They buckled then together so,
like two wilde Boares, so rushing:
And with their swords and shields they ran
at one another lashing,
The ground besprinkled was with bloud,
Tarquin began to faint:
For he gaue backe, and bore his shield
so low, he did repent.

That soone espied Sir *Lancelot* tho,
he leapt vnto him then:
He pul'd him downe vpon his knees,
and rushing off his helme.

And he stroke his necke in two
and when he had done so,
From prison threescore Knights and foure,
Lancelot deliuered though.

FINIS.

9.

A Song in praise of Women.

To a pleasant new Tune, called, My Valentine.

AMong all other things
that God hath made beneath the skie,
Most gloriously to satisfie the curious eye
of Mortall man withall:
The sight of Eue,
Did soonest fit his fancy:
Whose curtesie and amitie, most speedily,
had caught his heart in thrall:
Whom he did loue so deare,
as plainely did appeare:
He made her Queene of all the world
and Mistresse of his heart:
Though afterwards she wrought his woe,
his death and deadly smart,

What need I speake
Of matters passed long agoe:
Which all men know I need not show, to hie ar low
the case it is so plaine,
Although that Eue committed then so great offence,
Ere she went hence,
A recompence in our defence,
she made mankind againe:
For by her blessed seed
we are redeemd indeede:

124 Lancelog B C D E: Tarquin A

Why should not then all mortall men,
esteeme of women well:
And loue their wiues euen as their liues,
as nature doth compell.

The Garland of Good Will

A vertuous wife.
The Scripture doth commend and say:
That night and day, shee is a stay from all decay,
to keep her houshold still.
She vseth not
To giue her self to wandering,
Or flattering, or pratling, or any thing
to do her neighbour ill:
But all her mind is bent,
his pleasures to content.
Her faithfull loue doth not remoue,
for any storme or griefe,
Then is not he well blest thinke ye,
that meets with such a wife:

But now me thinkes,
I heare some men do say to me,
Few such there be in each degree and qualitie,
at this day to be found:
And now adayes,
Some wiues do set their whole delight,
Both day and night, with all despight to brawle and fight,
their rage doth so abound.
But sure I think and say,
here comes none such to day.
Nor do I know of any she,
that is within this place,
And yet for feare I dare not sweare,
it is so hard a case.

But to conclude,
For maides, and wiues and virgins all,
Both great and small, in bowre or hall, to pray I shall
so long as life doth last.
That they may liue,
With hearts content and perfect peace,
That ioyes increase may neuer cease, till death release
the care that crept so fast:

32 houshold A: husband B C D E

For duty doth me binde,
To haue them all in mind:
Euen for her sake, that doth vs make
so merry to be seene:
The glory of the femall kind,
I meane our Noble Queene.

FINIS.

10.

A Song in praise of a single life.

To the Tune of the Ghosts hearse.

Some do write of bloody warres,
Some shew the sundry iarres,
twixt men, through enuy raised:
Some in praise of Princes write,
Some set their whole delight
to heare faire beauty blazed.
Some other persons are moued,
for to praise where they are loued:
And let louers praise beauty as they will;
Otherwayes I am intended:
True loue is little regarded,
And oftentimes goes vnrewarded,
then to auoid all strife,
I'll resolute to lead a single life,
Whereby the heart is not offended.

O what suit and seruice too,
Is vsed by them that woo:
and all to purchase fauor,
O what grieffe in heart and mind,
What sorrow we do find,
through womans fond behaiour:
Subiect to suffer each lowre,
and speeches both sharpe and sowre,
And labour, loue & cost,
Perchance its but all lost,

14 C D E: A and B omit

and no way to be amended:
And so to purchase pleasure,
And after repent at leysure,
Then to auoid all strife, &c.

To a man in wedded state
Doth happen much debate,
except Gods speciall fauour:
If his wife be proudly bent,
Or secretly consent,
to any lewd behaiour:
If she be slothful or idle,
Or such as her tongue cannot bridle,
Oh then well were he,
If death his bane would be,

No sorrow else can be amended:
For looke how long he were liuing,
Euermore would he be griewing.
Then to auoid all strife, &c.

Married folke we often heare,
Euen through their children deare:
haue many causes of sorrowes,
If disobedient they be found,
Or false in any ground,
by their vnlawfull borrowes,
To see such wicked fellows,
shamefully come to the Gallowes.
Whom Parents with great care,
Nourished with dainty fare,
from their cradle truly tended,
When as the mother before them,
doth curse the day that ere she bore them.
Then to auoid all strife, &c.

Do we then behold and see,
When men and wiues agree,
and liue and loue together:
Where the Lord hath sent them eke:
Faire children mild and meeke,
like flowers in Summers weather

36 her B C D E: his A

How greatly are they griued,
And will not by ioy be relieued,
if that death doth call,
Either wife or children small,
whom their vertues do commend,
Their losses whom they thus loued,
from their hearts cannot be moued
Then to auoid all strife, &c.

Who being in that happy state,
Would work himself such hate,
his fancy for to follow:
Or, liuing here deuoid of strife,
Would take to him a wife:
for to procure his sorrow:
With carking and with caring,
Euermore must be sparing:
Were he not worse then mad,
being merry wold be sad:
Were he to be commended,
That ere would seeke such pleasure,
where griefe is all his treasure.

Then to auoid all strife, &c.

11.

The widdowes solace.

To the tune of Robinsons Almaine.

MOurne no more faire widdow,
teares are all in vaine:
Tis neither grieffe nor sorrow,
can call the dead againe.
Man's well enough compared
vnto the Summers flower:
Which now is faire and pleasant,
yet withered in an houre.
And mourne no more in vaine,
as one whose faith is small:
Be patient in affliction,
and giue god thanks for all

All men are borne to dye,
the Scripture telleth plaine,
Of earth we are created,
to earth we must againe.
Twas neither *Cressus* treasure,
nor *Alexanders* fame,
Nor *Solomon* by wisdom,
that could deaths fury tame.
No Physicke might preserue them
when nature did decay:
What man can hold for euer,
the thing that will away?
Then mourn no more, &c.

Though you haue lost your husband,
your comfort in distresse:
Consider God regardeth
the widdowes heauinesse.
And hath straightly charged,
such as his children be,
The fatherlesse and widdow,
to shield from iniury.
Then mourn no more, &c.

If he were true and faithfull,
and louing vnto thee,
Doubt not but ther's in England,
enough as good as he.
But if that such affection,

within his heart was none:
Then giue God praise and glory,
that he is dead and gone.
And mourn no more, &c.

Receiue such sutors friendly,
as do resort to thee:
Respect not the outward person,
but the inward grauity:
And with aduised iudgment,
chuse him aboue the rest:
Whom thou by prooffe hast tried,
in heart to loue thee best.
Then mourn no more. &c.

Then shalt thou leade a life,
exempt from all annoy:
And whensoever it chanceth,
I pray God giue thee ioy.
And thus I make an end,
with true humilitie,
In hope my simple solace,
shall well accepted be.
Then mourn no more in vaine, &c.

FINIS.

12.

A Gentlewomans complaint, in that she found her freind faithlesse, which should haue continued constant.

FAith is a figure standing now for nought:
faith is a fancy which ought to rest in thought.
Faith now adaies, as all the world may see,
resteth in few, and Faith is fled from thee.

Is there any Faith in strangers to be found:
is there any Faith lies hidden in the ground:
Is there any Faith in men that buried be:
no there is none, and Faith is fled from thee.

Fled is the Faith that might remaine in any,
fled is the Faith that should remaine in many;
Fled is the Faith that should in any be.
then farwell hope, for Faith is fled from thee.

From Faith I see, that euery one is flying:
from Faith I see, that all things are a dying:

They flye from Faith that most in Faith should be,
and Faithlesse thou, that brake thy Faith to me.

Thee haue I sought, but thee I could not find,
thou of all other, was most within my mind;
Thee haue I left, and I alone will be,
because I finde that Faith is fled from thee.

13.

Of a prince of *England*, who wooed the Kings daughter of *France*, and how he was slaine, and she after married to a Forrester.

To the tune of Crimson velvet.

IN the dayes of old,
when faire *France* did flourish;
Stories plainly told.
louers felt annoy.
The King a Daughter had,
Beautious, bright, and louely,
Which made her Father glad,
she was his only ioy.
A Prince of *England* came,
Whose deeds did merit fame:
he wooed her long, and loe at last,
Looke what he did require,
She granted his desire,
their hearts in one were linked fast.
Which when her Father proued,
Lord how he was moued,
and tormented in his mind:
He sought for to preuent them,
And to discontent them:
fortune crosses Louers kind.
When the Princes twaine,
Were thus bard of pleasure,
Through the Kings disdain,
which their ioyes withstood,
The Lady got vp close,
Her iewels and her treasure,
Hauing no remorse,
of state or royall Bloud.
In homely poore array,
She went from Court away,
to meet her ioy and hearts delight:
Who in a Forrest great,
Had taken vp his seat;

Of a prince of England, who wooed the Kings daughter of France, and how he was slaine, and she after married

The Garland of Good Will

to wait her coming in the night.

3 told Crawford: tell A

30 went Crawford: got A

But see what sudden danger,
To this Princely stranger,
chanced as he sate alone,
By out-lawes was he robbed,
And with ponyards stabbed,
vttering many a dying groane.
The Princesse arm'd by him,
And by true desire:
Wandring all the night,
without dread at all.
Still vnknowne she passed,
In her strange attire,
Comming at the last,
in the echoes call.
You faire woods (quoth she)
Honoured may you be,
harbouring my hearts delight,
Which doth compasse here,
My ioy and only deere,
my trusty friend and Knight.
Sweet I come vnto thee,
Sweet I come to woe thee,
that thou maist not angry be;
For my long delaying,
And thy courteous staying,
amends for all Ile make to thee.
Passing thus alone,
Through the silent Forrest
Many a grieuous groan,
sounded in her eares:
Where she heard a man,
To lament the sorest,
Chance that euer came,
forced by deadly strife:
Farewell my deare (quoth he)
Whom I shall neuer see:
for why my life is at an end,
Through villaines cruelty,
Lo here for thee I dye,
to shew I am a faithfull friend,

61 alone Crawford: along A

63 Crawford : Many grieuous groanes, A

67 Crawford: That was euer seene, A

68 strife Crawford: feare A

The Garland of Good Will

Here I ly a bleeding,
While my thoughts are feeding,
on thy dearest beauty found;
O hard hap that may be,
Litle knowes my Lady,
my heart bloud lyes on the ground.
With that he gaue a groane,
Which did burst in sunder,
All the tender strings
of his bleeding heart.
She which knew his voice,
At his tale did wonder:
All her former ioys
did to grieffe conuert.
Straight she ran to see,
Who this man should be,
that so like her loue did speake:
And found when as she came,
Her louely Lord lay slaine,
all smear'd in bloud, which life did breake.
When this deed she spied,
Lord how sore she cryed:
Her sorrow cannot counted be,
Her eyes like fountaines running,
Whiles she cryed out my darling,
Would God that I had dyed for thee.
His pale lips alas,
Twenty times she kissed,
And his face did wash,
with her trickling teares;
Euery bleeding wound,
Her faire eyes bedewed,
Wiping off the bloud
with her golden haire.
Speak my Lord (quoth she)
Speake faire Prince, to me,
One sweet word of comfort giue:
Lift vp thy faire eyes,
Listen to my cryes,
think in what great grieffe I liue.

87 ioys Crawford: ioy A

100 Whould God Crawford: O would A

109 Crawford: A omits

All in vaine she sued,
All in vaine she wooed,
the Princes life was dead and gone,
There stood she still mourning,
Till the Sunnes returning,
and bright day was comming on.

Of a prince of England, who wooed the Kings daughter of France, and how he was slaine, and she after married

The Garland of Good Will

In this great distresse,
(Quoth the royall Lady)
Who can now expresse,
what will become of me?
To my Fathers Court,
Will I neuer wander,
But some seruice take,
where I might placed be:
Whilst thus she made her mone,
Weeping all alone,
all in dread and dreadfull feare.
A Forrester all in greene,
Most comely to be seene,
ranging the woods did find her there,
Round beset with sorrow,
Maid (quoth he) good morrow,
what hard hap hath brought you here:
Harder hap did neuer,
Chance to a maiden euer,
here lies slaine my brother deare.
Where might I be placed,
Gentle Forrester, tell me:
Where should I procure
a seruice in my need.
Paines I will not spare,
But will do my duty,
Ease me of my care,
help my extreme need.
The Forrester all amazed,
On her beauty gazed,
till his heart was set on fire.
If faire Maide (quoth he)
You will go with me,
You shall haue your hearts desire.

116 wooed Crawford: viewed A
119 retrning] approaching A B C D E
129 Whilst Crawford: And A
144 need Crawford: care A

He brought her to his mother,
And aboue all other,
he sets forth this maidens praise:
Long was his heart enflamed,
At last her loue he gained:
thus did he his glory raise.
Thus vnknowne he matched,
With the Kings faire Daughter:
Children seuen he had,
ere she to him was knowne:
But when he vnderstood,

Of a prince of England, who wooed the Kings daughter of France, and how he was slaine, and she after marred

The Garland of Good Will

She was a royall Princesse,
By this meanes at last,
he shewed forth her fame:
He cloath'd his Children then,
Not like other men,
in party colours strange to see:
The left side cloth of Gold,
The right side to behold,
of woollen cloth still framed he.
Men hereat did wonder,
Golden fame did thunder
this strange deed in euery place.
The King of France came thither,
Being pleasant weather,
in the woods the Hart to chase.
The children then did stand,
As their Father willed,
Where the Royall King,
must of force come by.
Their Mother richly clad
In faire Crimson veluet:
Their Father all in gray,
comely to the eye.
Then the famous King,
Noted euery thing,
asking how he durst be so bold,
To let his wife to weare,
And decke his children there,
in costly robes, in cloth of gold.

164 Crawford: ere he knew the same A
173 to Crawford: now A

The forrester bold replyed,
And the cause descried,
to the King thus did he say:
Well may they by their Mother,
Weare rich gold like other,
being by birth a Princesse gay.
The King vpon these words,
More heedfully beheld them:
Till a Crimson blush,
his conceit did crosse.
The more I looke, he said,
On thy wife and children,
The more I call to mind,
my Daughter whom I lost.
I am that Child (quoth she)
Falling on her knee,
pardon me my Soueraigne Liege.
The King perceiuing this,

Of a prince of England, who wooed the Kings daughter of France, and how he was slaine, and she afterwards married

His daughter deare did kisse
and ioyfull teares did stop his speech:
With his traine he turned,
And with her soiourned;
straight way he dub'd her husband knight,
Then made him Earle of *Flanders*,
One of his chiefe Commanders:
thus was their sorrow put to flight.

FINIS.

14.

**Of the faithfull friendship that lasted betweene
two faithfull friends.**

To the Tune of Flying Fame.

IN stately *Rome* sometimes did dwell
a man of noble Fame:
Who had a sonne of seemely shape,
Alphonso was his name:
When he was growne and come to age,
his father thought it best
To send his sonne to *Athens* faire,
where wisdomes Schoole did rest.

And when he was to *Athens* come,
good Lectures for to learne.
A place to board him with delight,
his friends did well discernen,
A noble Knight of *Athens* Towne,
of him did take the charge,
Who had a sonne *Ganselo* cald,
iust of his pitch and age.

In stature and in person both,
in fauour, speech and face,
In qualitie and condition eke
they greed in euery place.
So like they were in all respects,
the one vnto the other;
They were not knowne but by their name,
of father or of mother.

And as in fauour they were found
alike in all respects:
Euen so they did most dearly loue,
as prou'd by good effects.

Ganselo loued a Lady faire,
which did in *Athens* dwell,
Who was in beauty peerlesse found,
so farre she did excell.

Vpon a time it chanced so,
as fancy did him moue:
That he would visit for delight,
his Lady and his loue:
And to his true and faithfull friend,
he did declare the same:
Asking of him if he would see,
that faire and comely Dame.

28 effects B C D E: respect A

Alphonso did thereto agree,
and with *Ganselo* went:
To see the Ladie whom he lou'd
which bred his discontent.
But when he cast his Christall eyes
vpon her angels hue:
The beauty of that Ladie bright,
did straight his heart subdue,

His gentle heart so wounded was,
with that faire Ladies face,
That afterward he daily liu'd
in sad and wofull case.
And of his grieffe he knew not how
thereof to make an end:
For that he knew the Ladies loue,
was yeilded to his friend.

Thus being sore perplext in mind,
vpon his bed he lay:
Like one which death and deepe despaire,
had almost worne away.
His friend *Ganselo* that did see,
his grieffe and great distresse:
At length requested for to know
his cause of heauinesse.

With much adoe at length he told
the truth vnto his friend:
Who did release his inward woe,
with comfort in the end.
Take courage then deare friend (quoth he)
though she through loue be mine:
My right I will resigne to thee,
the Lady shall be thine.

You know our fauours are alike,
our speech alike likewise:
This day in mine apparell then,
you shall your selfe disguise.
And vnto Church then shall you goe,
directly in my sted:
So though my friends suppose tis I,
you shall the Lady wed.

Alphonso was so well appaid,
and as they had decreed:
He went next day and wedded plaine,
the Lady there indeed.
But when the Nuptiall Feast was done,
and *Phoebus* quite was fled,
The Lady for *Ganselo* tooke
Alphonso to her bed.

That night they spent in pleasant sport,
and when the day was come,
A Post for faire *Alphonso* came,
to fetch him home to Rome.
Then was the matter plainley prou'd,
Alphonso wedded was,
And not *Ganselo* to that Dame,
which wrought great wo alas.

Alphonso being come to Rome,
with his Lady gay,
Ganseloes friends and kindred all,
in such a rage did stay,
That they depriu'd him of his wealth,
his lands and rich attyre,
And banishd him their Country quite,
in rage and wrathfull yre.

With sad and pensiuie thoughts alas
Ganselo wandred then,
Who was constrain'd, through want to beg
reliefe of many men.
In this distresse oft would he say,
to *Rome* I meane to go:
To seeke *Alphonso* my deare friend,
who will relieue my woe.

To *Rome* when poore *Ganselo* came
and found *Alphonsoes* place,
Which was so famous huge & faire,
himselpe in such poore case.
He was asham'd to shew himselpe,
in that his poore array:

Saying *Alphonso* knowes me well,
if he should come this way.

Wherefore he staid within the street
Alphonso then came by:
But heeding not *Ganselo* poore
his friend that stood so nie.
Which grieu'd *Ganselo* to the hart:
(quoth he) and is it so?
Doth proud *Alphonso* now disdain
his friend indeed to know?

In desperate sort away he went,
into a Barne hard by:
And presently he drew his knife,
thinking thereby to die.
And bitterly in sorrow there
did he lament and weepe:
And being ouer swayed with grief,
he there fell fast asleepe.

Where soundly there he sweetly slept,
came in a murdering thiefe,
And saw a naked knife, lie by
this man so full of grieffe
The knife so bright he tooke vp straight
and went away amaine:
And thrust it in a murdered man,
which he before had slaine.

And afterward he went with speed,
and put this bloudie knife
Into his hand that sleeping lay,
to saue himself from strife.
Which done, in hast away he ran,
and when that search was made,
Ganselo with his bloudie knife,
was for the murther staid.

And brought before the Magistrates,
who did confesse most plaine,
That he indeed with that same knife,
the murdered man had slaine.

139 C D E: And with a naked knife, lay by A B

Alphonso sitting there as Iudge,
and knowing *Ganseloes* face:
To saue his friend, did say himselfe
was guiltie in that case.

The Garland of Good Will

None (quoth *Alphonso*) kil'd the man,
my Lord but onely I:
And therefore set this poore man free,
and let me iustly die.
Thus while for death these faithfull friends
in striuing did proceed:
The man before the Senate came,
which did the fact indeed.

Who being moued with remorse,
their friendly hearts to see,
Did proue before the Iudges plaine,
none did the fact but he.
Thus when the truth was plainly told,
of all sides ioy was seene:
Alphonso did embrace his friend,
which had so wofull beene.

In rich array he clothed him,
as fitted his degree:
And helpt him to his lands againe,
and former dignity.
The murtherer he for telling truth,
had pardon at that time:
Who afterwards lamented much,
his foul and grieuous crime.

FINIS.

The second part of the Garland of good Will.

1.

A pastorall Song.

To the Tune of Heigh ho, Holiday.

Vpon a Downe where shepheards keepe,
piping pleasant Layes:
Two Country maids were tending sheepe,
and sweetly chanted Roundelayes.
Three shepheards each an Oaten Reed,
blaming *Cupids* cruell wrong,
Vnto these rurall Nymphs agreed,
to keepe a tunefull vnder-song.

And for they were in number fiue,
musicks number sweet:
And we the like let vs contriue,

The Garland of Good Will

to sing their song in order meet.
Faire *Phyllis* part Ile take to me,
she gainst louing Hinds complaines:
And *Amarillis* thou shalt be,
she defends the shepheard swaines.

Ph. Fie on the sleights that men deuise.
Sh. Heigh ho, silly sleights.
Ph. When simple maids they would entice.
Sh. Maids are young mens chiefe delights.
Am. Nay, women they witch with their eyes.
Sh. Eyes like beames of burning Sun.
Am. And men once caught, they soone despise
Sh. So are Shepheards oft vndone.

Ph. If any young man win a maid.
Sh. Happy man is he.
Ph. By trusting him she is betrai'd.
Sh. Fie vpon such trechery.

16 shepheard D: shepherds A B C E

Am. If maids win yong men with their guiles.
Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, guilefull grieffe.
Am. They deale like weeping Crocodiles.
Sh. That murther man without relieffe.

Ph. I know a silly Country Hind.
Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, silly Swaine.
Ph. To whom faire Daphne proued kind.
Sh. Was not he kind to her againe?
Ph. He vowed to Pan with many an oath.
Sh. Heigh ho, shepheards God is he.
Am. Yet since hath chang'd and broke his troth.
Sh. Troth-plight broke will plagued be.

Am. She had deceiued many a Swaine
Sh. Fie vpon such false deceit.
Am. And plighted troth to them in vaine.
Sh. There can be no grieffe more great.
Am. Her measure was with measure paid.
Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, equall meed.
Am. She was beguiled that had betrai'd.
Sh. So shall all deceiuers speed.

Ph. If euery maid were like to me.
Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, hard of heart.
Ph. Both loue and louers scorn'd should be.
Sh. Scorners should be sure of smart.
Am. If euery maid were of my mind,
Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, louely sweet.

The second part of the Garland of good Will.

Am. They to their louers shold proue kind.
Sh. Kindnes is for maidens meet.

Ph. Me thinkes loue is an idle toy.
Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, busie paine.
Ph. Both wit and sence it doth annoy.
Sh. Both wit and sence thereby we gaine.
Am. Tush *Phillis*, cease, be not so coy.
Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, coy disdaine.
Am. I know you loue a Shepheards boy,
Sh. Fie that woman so can faine.

47 had] was A B C D E

Ph. Well, *Amarillis*, now I yeeld.
Sh. Shepheards sweetly pipe aloud.
Ph. Loue conquers both in towne and field.
Sh. Like a tyrant fierce and proud.
Am. The Euening Starre is vp wee see.
Sh. Vesper shines wee must away.
Ph. Would euery louer would agree.
Sh. So we end our Roundelay.

2.

Of patient Grissel and a Noble Marquesse.

To the Tune of, The Brides good morrow.

A Noble Marquesse, as he did ride a hunting
hard by a riuers side:
A proper Maiden, as she did sit a spinning,
his gentle eyes had spide.
Most faire & louely, & of comely grace was she,
although in simple attire:
She sang full sweet, with pleasant voyce melodiously,
which set che Lords heart on fire.
The more he lookt, the more he might,
Beautie bred, his hearts delight.
and to this daintie Damsel then he went,
God speed (quoth he) thou famous Flower,
Fair Mistresse of this homely bower,
where loue & vertue liues with sweet content.

With comely gesture, & modest fine behaiour,
she bade him welcome then:
She entertain'd him in faithful friendly maner,
and all his Gentlemen.
The noble Marques in his hart felt such a flame
which set his senses at strife:

The Garland of Good Will

(Quoth he) faire Maiden shew me soone what is thy name,
I mean to make thee my wife.
Grissel is my name (quoth she)
Farre vnfit for your degree,
a silly Maiden and of parents poore.
Nay *Grissel*, thou art rich, he said,
A vertuous, faire, and comely maid,
grant me thy loue. and I will aske no more.

At length she consented, & being both contented,
they married with speed:
Her country russet was chang'd to silke & veluet
as to her state agreed.
And when that she was trimly tired in the same
her beauty shined most bright:
Far staining euery other braue & comely Dame
that did appeare in her sight,
Many enuied her therefore,
Because she was of parents poore,
and twixt her Lord & she great strife did raise:
Some saide this and some said that,
Some did call her beggars brat,
and to her Lord they would her oft dispraise.

O, noble Marques (qd. they) why do you wrong vs
thus basely for to wed:
That might haue gotten an honourable Lady
into your Princely bed:
Who will not now your noble issue still deride
which shall be hereafter borne,
That are of bloud so base by their mothers side,
the which will bring them to scorn:
Put her therfore, quite away,
Take to you a Lady gay,
whereby your Linage may renowned be.
Thus euery day they seeme to prate,
At malic'd *Grissels* good estate,
who tooke all this most mild and patiently.

When that the Marques did see that they were bent thus
against his faithfull wife,
Whom most dearley, tenderly, and entirely,
he loued as his life:
Minding in secret for to proue her patient heart
therby her foes to disgrace:
Thinking to play a hard discourteous part,
that men might pittie her case,
Great with child this Lady was,
And at length it came to passe,
two goodly children at one birth she had.
A sonne and daughter God had sent,

The Garland of Good Will

Which did their Father well content,
and which did make their mothers heart full glad.

Great royall Feastings was at the Childrens christning,
and Princely triumph made:
Six weekes together, all Nobles that came thither
were entertained and staid.
And when that al these pleasant sportings quite were done,
the Marquesse a messenger sent
For his yong daughter, & his prety smiling son
declaring his full intent:
How that the babes must murdered be,
For so the Marquesse did decree:
come, let me haue the children, then he said,
With that faire *Grissel* wept full sore,
She wrung her hands, and said no more,
my gracious Lord must haue his will obeyd.

She tooke the Babies from the nursing Ladies,
betweene her tender armes:
She often wishes, with many sorrowfull kisses,
that she might helpe their harmes.
Farwel farwel (quoth she) my children deere,
neuer shall I see you againe:
Tis long of me your sad & wofull mother here,
for whose sake ye must be slaine:
Had I beene borne of Royall race,
You might haue liu'd in happy case:
but you must die for my vnworthinesse,
Come messenger of death (said she)
Take my despised Babes to thee,
and to their father my complaints expresse.

He tooke the children, and to his Noble Master
he brought them forth with speed.
Who secret sent them vnto a noble Lady,
to be nurst vp indeed.
Then to faire *Grissel* with a heauy heart he goes
where she sate mildly all alone:
A pleasant gesture and a louely looke she shows,
as if grieffe she had neuer knowne.
(Quoth he) my children now are slaine,
What thinkes faire *Grissel* of the same,
sweet *Grissel* now declare thy mind to mee.
Sith you my lord, are pleased with it,
Poor *Grissel* thinks the action fit,
both I and mine at your command will be.

The Nobles murmure fair *Grissel*, at thy honor,
and I no ioy can haue:
Till thou be banisht both from my Court & presence,

The Garland of Good Will

as they vniustly craue:
Thou must be stript out of thy stately garments,
and as thou camst vnto me,
In homely gray, instead of Bisse and purest Pal,
now all thy clothing must be.
My Lady thou shalt be no more,
Nor I thy Lord which grieues me sore,
the poorest life must now content thy mind.
A groat to thee I may not giue,
Thee to maintaine while I do liue;
against my *Grissel* such great foes I find.

When gentle *Grissel* heard these wofull tidings,
the teares stood in her eyes:
She nothing saide, no words of discontentment
did from her lips arise:
Her veluet gowne most patiently she slipt off,
her kirtle of silke with the same:
Her russet gowne was brought again with many a scoffe,
to heare them all her selfe she did frame.
When she was drest in this array:
And ready was to part away:
God send long life vnto my Lord (quoth she)
Let no offence be found in this,
To giue my Lord a parting kis:
with watered eyes, farewel my deere (qd. he).

From stately Palace vnto her Fathers cottage,
poore *Grissel* now is gone:
Full fifteen winters, she liued there contented,
no wrong she thought vpon;
And at that time through all the land the speeches went,
the Marquess should married be,
Vnto a Lady great of high discent,
and to the same all parties did agree.
The Marquesse sent for *Grissel* faire,
The Brides bed chamber to prepare,
that nothing should therein be found awry.
The Bride was with her Brother come,
Which was great ioy to all and some,
and *Grissel* tooke all this most patiently.

And in the morning when that they should be wedded
her patience now was tried:
Grissel was charged her selfe in princely manner,
for to attire the Bride.
Most willingly she gaue consent vnto the same,
the Bride in her brauery was drest:
And presently the noble Marques thither came,
with all his Lords at his request.
Oh *Grisse*, I would ask of thee,

If thou to this match would agree,
me thinks thy looks are waxen wondrous coy:
With that they all began to smile,
And *Grissel* she replies the uhile:
God send Lord Marques many yeeres of ioy.

The Marques was moued to see his best beloued
thus patient in distresse:
He stept vnto her, and by the hand he tooke her,
these words he did expresse.
Thou art the Bride, & all the Brides I mean to haue,
these two thine own children be:
The youthfull Lady on her knees did blessing craue
her brother as willing as she
And you that enuy her estate,
Whom I haue made my louing mate,
now blush for shame, and honour vertuous lire,
The Chronicles of lasting fame,
Shall euermore extoll the name
of patient *Grissel*, my most constant wife.

FINIS.

166 all began B C D E: began all A

3.

**A pleasant Dialogue betweene plaine Truth,
and blind Ignorance.**

Truth.

GOd speed you, aged Father,
and giue you a good day:
What is the cause I pray you,
so sadly here to stay:
And that you keepe such gazing
on this decayed place:
The which for superstition
good Princes downe did race.

Ignorance.

Chill tell thee by my vazonne
that sometime che haue knowne
A vaire and goodly Abbey,
stand here of brick and stone:
And many holy Friers,
as ich may zay to thee:

Within these goodly Cloysters
che did full often zee.

Truth.

Then I must tell thee Father,
in truth and veritie:
A sort of greater hypocrites,
thou couldst not likely see.
Deceiuing of the simple,
with false and feigned lyes:
But such an order, truly,
Christ neuer did deuise.

Ignorance.

Ah, ah, che zpell thee now, man,
che know well what thou art:
A vellow of new learning,
che wis not worth a vart:
Vor when we had the old Law
a mery world was then:
And euery thing was plenty,
among all zorts of men.

Truth.

Thou giuest me an answer,
as did the Iewes sometime
Vnto the Prophet *Jeremy*,
when he accusd their crime.
Twas merry (said the people)
and ioyful in our Realme,
Which did offer spice cakes
vnto the Queene of heauen.

Ignorance.

Chill tell thee what, good vellow;
beuore the Vriers went hence,
A bushell of the best wheat
was zold for vorteene pence:
And vorty Eggs a penny,
that were both good and new:
And this che zay my selfe haue zeene
and yet ich am no Iewe.

Truth.

Within the sacred Bible,
we find it written plaine:

The latter dayes should troublesome
and dangerous be certaine:
That we should be selfe louers,
and charitie waxen cold:
Then tis not true Religion,
that makes this grieffe to hold.

Ignorance.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
and chould that well ye knew,
Ich care not for this Bible Booke,
tis too big to be true.
Our blessed Ladies Psalter,
zhall for my mony go:
Such pretty prayers as there be,
the Bible cannot zhew.

Truth.

Now hast thou spoken truly,
for in that Booke indeed:
No mention of our Lady,
or Romish Saints we read.
For by the blessed Spirit,
that Booke indited was:
And not by simple persons,
as is your foolish Masse.

Ignorance.

Cham zure they are not voolish
that made the Masse che trow:
Why man, 'tis all in Latine,
and vooles no Latine knowe.
Were not our Vathers wisemen,
and they did like it well:
Who very much reioyced
to hear the zacring bell.

Truth.

But many Kings and Prophets,
as I may say to thee:
Haue wisht the light that you haue,
and neuer could it see.
For what art thou the better
a Latine song to heare:
And vnderstandest nothing,
that they sing in the Quire:

Ignorance.

O hold thy peace che pray thee,
the noise was passing trim:
To heare the Friers zinging,
as we did enter in.
And then to zee the Roodloft,
zo brauely zet with Zaints:
And now to zee them wanting,
my heart with zorrow faints.

Truth.

The Lord did giue commandement,
no Image thou shouldst make,
Nor that vnto Idolatry
you should your selfe betake.
The golden Calfe of *Israell*,
Moses did therefore spoile:
And *Baal* his Priests and Temple,
he brought to vtter foyle.

Inorance.

But our Lady of *Walsingham* was zure an holy Zaint:
And many men in pilgrimage,
did shew to her complaint.
Yea zweet Zaint *Thomas Becket*,
and many others moe:
The Holy Maid of *Kent*, likewise
did many wonders zhow,

Truth.

Such Saints are well agreeing,
to your profession sure:
And to the men that made them
so precious and so pure.
The one was found a Traitor,
and iudged worthy death,
The other eke for Treason
did end his hatefull breath.

Ignorance.

Yea yea it is no matter,
dispraise them how you wille:
But zure they did much goodnesse,
when they were with vs still.
We had our holy water,
and holy bread likewise:

And many holy Reliques
we zaw before our eyes.

Truth.

And all this while they feed you,
with vaine and sundry showes,
Which neuer Christ commanded,
as learned Doctors knowes.
Search then the holy Scriptures,
and thou shalt plainly see:
That headlong to damnation,
they alwayes trained thee.

Ignorance.

If it be true good vellow:
as thou dost zay to me:
Then to my Zauour Iesus
alone then will I flie.
Beleeuing in the Gospell,
and passion of his Zonne:
And with these subtill Papists
ich haue for euer done.

FINIS .

4.

**The ouerthrow of proud *Holofoernes*, and the
triumph of vertuous Queene *Iudith*.**

WHen King *Nebuchadonezar*,
was puffed vp with pride:
Hee sent for many men of warre,
by *Holofoernes* guide
To plague and spoile the world throughout,
by fierce *Bellonaes* rod:
That would not feare and honor him,
and knowledge him their God.

Which when the holy *Israelites* did truly vnderstand:
For to preuent his tyrannie,
they fortified their Land.
Their Towns and stately Cities strong
they did with victuals store:
Their warlike weapons they prepar'd,
their furious foe to gore.

When stately *Holoformes* then
had knowledge of that thing:
That they had thus prepar'd themselues
for to withstand the King
(Quoth he) what God is able now,
to keep those men from me:
Is there a greater than our King,
whom all men feare to see.

Come march with mee therefore (he said)
my Captaines euery one:
And first vnto *Bethulia*,
with speed let vs be gone.
I will destroy each mothers sonne
that is within the Land:
Their God shall not deliuer them
out of my furious hand.

Wherefore about *Bethulia*,
that little City then:
On foot he planted vp and downe,
an hundred thousand men.
Twelue thousand more on horses braue,
about the Towne had he,
He stopt their springs and water pipes
to worke their misery.

When foure and thirty days they had
with warres besieged beene:
The poore *Bethulians* at that time
so thirsty then was seene,
That they were like to starue and die,
they were both weake and faint:
The people gainst the Rulers cry,
and thus was their complaint:

41 days C D E: years A B

Better it is for vs (quoth they)
to yeeld vnto our foe:
Then by this great and grieuous thirst,
to be destroyed so.
O render vp the Towne therefore,
God hath forsaken quite:
There is no meanes to scape their hands,
who can escape their might?

When as their griued Rulers heard
the clamors which they made.
Good people be content (they said)
and be no whit dismaid.

Yet fiue dayes stay in hope of helpe,
God will regard our woe:
But if by then no succour come,
weele yeeld vnto our foe.

When *Iudith* (prudent princely Dame)
had tidings of this thing:
Which was *Manesses* vertuous wife,
that sometime was their king.
Why tempt ye God so sore (she said)
before all men this day:
Whom mortall men in conscience ought
to feare and eke obay.

If you will grant me leaue (quoth she)
to passe abroad this night:
To *Holoornes* I will go,
for all his furious might.
but what I there intend to do,
enquire not now of me:
Go then in peace, fire Dame (they said)
and God be still with thee.

When she from them was gotten home,
within her Palace gate:
She called to her chiefest maid,
that on her then did waite.
Bring me my best attire (quoth she)
and Iewels of finest gold:
And wash me with the finest balmes
that are for siluer sold.

The fairest and the richest robes,
that then they did possesse:
Vpon her dainty corps she put,
and eke her head did dresse.
With costly pearles and precious stones,
and Earrings of fine gold:
That like an Angell she did seeme,
most sweet for to behold.

A pot of sweet and pleasant oyle,
she tooke with her that time:
A bag of Figs, and fine white flower,
a bottle of fine Wine:
Because she should not eat with them
that worship gods of stone:
And from the City thus she went,
with one poore maid alone.

Much ground alas she had not gone
out of her owne City:
But that the Centinels espide
her comming presently.
From whence come you faire Maid (qd. they)
and where walke you so late?
From yonder Towne, good Sir (quoth she)
to your Lord of high estate.

When they did marke and view her well,
and saw her faire beauty:
And there with all her rich array,
so gorgeous to the eye:
They were amazed in their minds,
so faire a Dame to see:
They set her in a Chariot then,
in place of high degree.

An hundred proper chosen men
they did appoint likewise,
To waite on Princely *Iudith* there,
whose beauty beard their eyes,

112 estate C D E: state A B

And all the souldiers running came,
to view her as she went:
And thus with her they past along
vnto the Generals Tent.

Then came his stately Guard in hast,
fair *Iudith* for to meet:
And to their high renowned Lord,
they brought this Lady sweet.
And then before his honour high,
vpon her knees she fell:
Her beauty bright made him to muse,
so farre she did excell.

Rise vp renowned Dame (quoth he)
the glory of thy kind:
And be no whit abasht at all,
to shew to me thy mind.
When she had vttered her intent,
her wit amaz'd them all,
And *Holofernes* heart therewith
by loue was brought in thrall.

And bearing in his lofty breast,
the flames of hot desire:
He granted euery thing to her,

she did of him require.
Each night therefore, he gaue her leaue,
to walke abroad to pray,
According to her owne request,
which she did make that day.

When she in Camp had three days beene,
neare *Holofernes* Tent:
His chiefest friend, Lord Treasurer,
vnto her then he sent.
Faire Dame (quoth he) my Lord commands,
this night your company:
(Quoth she) I will not my good Lord
in any thing deny.

A great and sumptuous Feast,
did *Holofernes* make:
Amongst the chiefest Lords and Knights,
and all for *Iudiths* sake:
But of their dainties in no case,
would pleasant *Iudith* taste,
Yet *Holofernes* merry was, so near him she was plac't.

And being very pleasantly
disposed at that time:
He drunk with them abundantly
of strong delicious Wine.
So that his strength and memory,
so far from him was fled:
There lay him down, and *Iudith* then
was brought vnto his bed.

When all the doores about were shut,
and euery one was gone,
Hard by the Pillar of his bed
his sword shee spide anon,
Then down she took it presently,
to God for strength she pray'd,
She cut his head from shoulders quite,
and gaue it to her maid.

The rich and golden Canopy,
that hung ouer his bed:
She took the same with her likewise,
with *Holofernes* head.
And thus through all the Court of guard
she scaped clean away.
None did her stay, thinking that shee
had gone forth for to pray.

When shee had past, scaped quite
the danger of them all,
And that shee was come near vnto
the sieged Cities wall:

163 Here several pages are missing in A, and the text is supplied from
B, til l. 110 in the Winning of Cales

166 pleasant C D E: present B, taste D E: take B C

Come ope the gates (quoth shee)
our foe the Lord hath slain;
See here his head within my hand,
that bore so great a fame.

Vpon a Pole they pitcht his head,
that all men might it spie:
And ore the City walls forthwith,
they set it presently.
Then all the Souldiers in the Town,
marcht forth in rich array:
But sure their foes spide their approach
for twas at break of day.

Then running hastily to call
their Generall out of bed:
They found his lieuesse body there,
but clean without his head.
When this was known, all in a maze
they fled away each man:
They left their tents full rich behind,
and so away they ran.

Lo here behold how God prouides
for them that in him trust:
When earthly hope is all in vain,
he takes vs from the dust.
How often hath our *Iudith* sau'd,
and kept vs from decay:
Gainst *Holofernes*, Deuill and Pope,
as may be seen this day.

FINIS.

5.

A Princely Ditty, in praise of the English Rose.

Translated out of French.

The Garland of Good Will

AMong the Princely Paragons,
bedect with dainty Diamonds,
Within mine eye, none doth come nie,
the sweet red Rose of *England*,
The Lillies passe in brauery,
in *Flanders*, *Spain*, and *Italy*:
But yet the famous flower of *France* doth honour the Rose of *England*.

As I abroad was walking,
I heard the small birds talking:
And euery one did frame her Song
in praise of the Rose of *England*,
The Lillies, &c.

Caesar may vant of Victories,
and *Croesus* of his happinesse:
But he were blest, that might bear in his brest
the sweet red Rose of *England*,
The Lillies, &c.

The brauest Lute bring hither,
and let vs sing together:
While I do ring on euery string,
the praise of the Rose of *England*,
The Lillies, &c.

The sweet Perfumes and Spices,
the wise men brought to Iesus:
I)id neuer smell a quarter so well
as doth the Rose of *England*,
The Lillies, &c.

Then faire and princely flower,
that ouer my heart doth tower,
None may be compared to thee,
which art the fair Rose of *England*.
The Lillies, &c.

9 was C D E: am B
14 Victories D E: Histories B C

The third part of the Garland
of good Will.

Song. 1.

A Maidens choice twixt Age and Youth.

Rabbid Age and Youth
cannot liue together:

A Maidens choice twixt Age and Youth.

The Garland of Good Will

Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care.
Youth like Summers morn,
Age like Winters weather:
Youth is full of sport,
Ages breath is short:
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold:
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:
Age I do abhor thee;
Youth I do adore thee,
O my loue, my loue is young,
Age I do defie thee:
O sweet Shepherd hie thee,
for me thinks thou stay'st too long,

Here I do attend,
arm'd by loue and pleasure,
With my youthfull friend,
ioyfully to meet,
Here I do wait
for my only treasure,
Venus sugred bait,
fancies dainty sweet;
Like a louing wife,
so lead I my life,

9 lame C D E: tame B

26 fancies dainties sweet B: fancy dainty sweet C D E

thirsting for my hearts desire,
Come sweet youth, I pray,
Away old man a way,
thou canst not giue that I require.
For old age I care not,
Come my loue and spare not,
Age is feeble, Youth is strong,
Age I do defie thee,
O sweet Shephard, hie thee,
for me thinks thou stayest too long.

Phoebus stay thy Steeds
ouer swiftly running:
Driue not on so fast,
bright resplendent Sun.
For fair Daphnes sake
now expresse thy cunning:
Pittie on me take,
else I am vndone,

A Maidens choice twixt Age and Youth.

The Garland of Good Will

Your hours swift of flight,
That waste with Titans sight,
and so consume the cheerfull day,
O stay a while with me,
Till I my loue may see,
O Youth thou dost too long delay,
Time will ouer slip vs,
And in pleasures trip vs,
come away therefore with speed,
I would not lose an houre,
For faire *London* Tower,
Venus therefore, help my need.

Floras banks are spread,
in her rich attire,
With the dainty Violet,
and the Primrose sweet,
Dazes white and red,
fitting youths desire:
Where the Daffadilly,
and the Cowslip meet,
All for youths behoooue,
Their fresh colours moue,
in the Medowes green and gay,
The Birds with sweetest notes,
Do strain their pritty throates,
to entertain my loue this way.
I with twenty wishes,
And an hundred kisses,
would receiue him by the hand,
If he gaue not a fall,
I would him Coward call,
and all vnto my word would stand.

Loe where he appears
like to young *Adonis*,
Ready to set on fire,
the chastest heart aliue.
Iewell of my life,
welcome where thine own is,
Pleasant are thy looks,
sorrowes to depriue.
Embrace thy darling dear,
Without all doubtfull fear:
at thy command I wholly rest,
do what thou wilt to me,
Therein I agree,
and be not strange to my request:
To youth I only yeeld,
age fits not *Venus* field,
though I be conquer'd, what care I,

A Maidens choice twixt Age and Youth.

In such a pleasant warre,
Come meet me if you dare,
who first mislikes, first let him cry

FINIS.

12.

[As I came from Walsingham]

AS you came from the holy land
of *Walsingham*,
Met you not with my true loue,
by the way as you came?

79 he C D E: she B

How should I know your true loue,
that haue met many a one,
As I came from the holy Land,
that haue come, that haue gone?

She is neither white nor brown,
but as the heauens fair:
There is none hath her form so diuine
on the earth, in the ayr.
Such an one did I meet (good Sir)
with Angell-like face:
Who like a Nimph, like a Queen did appear
in her gate, in her grace.

She hath left me here alone,
all alone vnknown:
Who sometime loued me as her life,
and called me her own.
What is the cause shee hath left thee alone,
and a new way doth take,
That sometime did thee loue as her self,
and her Ioy did thee make?

I haue loued her all my youth,
but now am old as you see:
Loue liketh not the falling fruit,
nor the withered tree.
For loue is a carelesse child,
and forgets promise past,
He is blind, he is deaf, when he list,
and in faith neuer fast.

[As I came from Walsingham]

His desire is fickle, fond,
and a trustlesse ioy:
He is won with a world of despair,
and is lost with a toy.
Such is the loue of Women kind,
or the word (Loue) abused:
Vnder which many childish desires,
and conceits are excused.

But Loue it is a durable fire,
in the mind euer buming:
Neuer sick, neuer dead, neuer cold,
from it self neuer turning.

33 fickle, ford, *Percy Folio*: fickle found, B C D E

3.

The Winning of Cales.

LOnge the proud Spaniard
aduanced to conquer vs,
Threatning our Country
with fire and sword,
Often preparing
their Nauy most sumptuous,
With all the prouision
that *Spain* could afford,
Dub, a dub, dub,
thus strikes their Drummes,
Tan ta ra ra, tan ta ra ra,
English men comes.

To the Seas presently,
went our Lord admirall,
With Knights couragious,
and Captains full good,
The Earl of *Essex*,
a prosperous Generall,
With him prepared,
to passe the salt flood:
Dub a dub, &c.

At Plimouth speedily,
take they ships valliantly:
Brauer ships neuer
were seen vnder sails:
With their fair coulers spred,
and streamers ore their head:
Now bragging Spaniards

The Garland of Good Will

take heed of your taile:
Dub a dub, dub, &c.

Vnto *Cales* cunningly
came we most happily
Where the Kings Nauie
securely did ride,
Being vpon their backs,
peircing their Buts of Sacks,

32 came C D E: come B

Ere that the Spaniard
our comming descried
Tan ta ra ra ra, English-men comes
bounce abounce, bounce abounce
Off went our Guns.

Great was the crying,
running and riding,
Which at that season
was made in that place;
Then Beacons were fired,
as need then required:
To hide their great treasure,
they had little space:
Alas they cryed,
English men comes.

There might you see the Ships,
how they were fired fast:
And how the men drowned
themselves in the Sea,
There might you hear them cry,
wail and weep piteously:
When as they saw no shift
to escape thence away,
Dub a dub, &c.

The great *Saint Philip* The pride of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom
and sunk in the sea,
But the *Saint Andrew*,
and eke the *Saint Matthew*,
We took in fight manly,
and brought them away.
Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of *Essex*,
Most valiant and hardy,
With horsemen and footmen,

The Winning of *Cales*.

The Garland of Good Will

marcht towards the Town.
The enemies which saw them,
full greatly affrighted,
Did fly for their safegard,
and durst not come down.
Dub a dub, &c.

Now quoth the noble Earl,
courage my Soldiers all,
Fight and be valiant,
and spoyl you shall haue,
And well rewarded all,
from the great to the small:
But look that Women
and Children you saue,
Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniard at that sight,
saw 'twas in vain to fight:
Hung vp their flags of truce,
yeelding the Town:
We marcht in presently,
decking the walls on hie,
With our English coulors,
which purchast renown:
Dub a dub, &c.

Entring the houses then
of the richest men,
For Gold and Treasure
we searched each day:
In some places we did finde
pies baking in the Ouens,
Meat at the fire roasting,
and men ran away.
Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rich marchandize
euery shop we did see,
Damask and Sattins
and veluet full faire:
Which souldiers measured out
by the length of their swords
Of all commodities,
each one had share.
Dub a dub, &c.

84 the great C D E: B omits
89 fight C D E: flaggs B
101 did C D E: do B
109 Here A text recommences

The Winning of Cales.

Thus Cales was taken,
and our braue Generall
Marcht to the Market place,
there he did stand:
There many prisoners
of good account were tooke:
Many crau'd mercy,
and mercy they found.
Dub a dub, &c.

When our braue Generall
saw they delayed time,
And would not ransom
the Towne as they said:
With their faire Waincots,
their Presses and Bedsteds,
Their Ioynt-stooles and Tables,
a fire we made:
And when the town burnt in a flame,
With tan ta ra, tan ta ra ra,
From thence we came.

4.

Of King Edward the third, and the faire Countesse of Salisbury, setting forth her constancy and endlesse glory.

WHen as King *Edward* the third did liue,
that valiant King:
Dauid of Scotland to rebell,
did then begin.
The towne of *Barwicke* suddenly from vs he wonne:
And burnt *New-castle* to the ground,
thus strife begun.
To *Rosbury Castle* marcht he then,
and by the force of warlike men,
Besieg'd therein a gallant faire Lady,
while that her husband was in France,
His countries honour to aduance,
the noble and fameous Earle of *Salisbury*.

Braue Sir *William Montague*,
rode then in post:
Who declard vnto the King,
the Scottish mens hoast.
Who like a Lyon in his rage,
did straight way prepare
For to deliuer that faire Lady,

Of King Edward the third, and the faire Countesse of Salisbury, setting forth her constancy and endlesse glory.

The Garland of Good Will

from wofull care:

But when the Scottisshmen did heare say,
Edward our King was come that day:
They raised their siege, and ran away with speed,
So when that he did thither come
With warlike Trumpet, Fife and Drum,
none but a gallant Lady did him meet.

Whom when he did with greedy eyes
behold and see:
Her peerlesse beauty straight inthrald
his Maiestie.
And euer the longer that he look't
the more he might:
For in her onely beauty was,
his hearts delight.
And humbly then vpon her knee,
she thank't his royall Maiestie,
That he had driuen danger from her Gate.
Lady (quoth he) stand vp in peace,
Although my warre doth now increase,
Lord keepe (quoth she) all hurt from your estate.

Now is the King full sad in soule,
and wot not why?
All for the loue of the faire Countesse
of *Salisbury*.
She little knowing his cause of Griefe,
did come to see:
Wherfore his Highnesse sate alone
so heauily,
I haue beene wrong'd, fair Dame (quoth he)
since I came hither vnto thee.
No, God forbid my Soueraigne (she said)
if I were worthy for to know
The cause and ground of this your woe,
you should be helpt if it did lye in me.

Sweare to performe thy words to me
thou Lady gay:
To thee the sorrow of my heart,
I will bewray.
I sweare by all the Saints in heauen,
I will (quoth she):
And let my Lord haue no mistrust
at all in me.
Then take thy selfe aside (he said)
for why thy beauty hath betraid,
Wounding a King with thy bright shining eye,
If thou do then some mercy show:
Thou shalt expell a Princes woe:

Of King Edward the third, and the faire Countesse of Salisbury, setting forth her constancy and endless glory.

The Garland of Good Will

so shall I liue, or else in sorrow die.

You haue your wish, my Soueraigne Lord,
effectually:

Take all the loue that I can giue
your Maiestie.

But in thy beauty all my ioys
haue their abode:

Take then my beauty from my
face my gracious Lord.

Didst thou not swear to grant my will:
all that I may I will fulfill.

Then for my loue let thy true loue be seene:

My Lord, your speech I might reprove,
You cannot giue to me your loue,
for that belongs vnto your Queene.

But I suppose your Grace did this,
only to try

Whether a wanton tale might tempt
Dame *Salisbury*.

Nor from your selfe therefore my Liege,
my steps do stray:

But from your tempting wanton tale,
I go my way.

O turne againe thou Lady bright,
come vnto me my harts delight.

Gone is the comfort of my pensiue heart:

Here comes the Earle of *Warwicke* he,

The Father of this faire Lady:

my mind to him I meane for to impart.

Why is my Lord and Soueraigne King
so grieu'd in mind:

Because that I haue lost the thing
I cannot find.

What thing is that, my gracious Lord
which you haue lost?

It is my heart which is neare dead,
betwixt fire and frost.

Curst be that fire and frost too,
that causeth this your highnesse woo,

O *Warwick*, thou dost wrong me very sore,
it is thy daughter noble Earle:

That heauen bright lampe that peereles pearle
which kils my heart, yet do I her adore.

If that be all (my gracious King :)

that workes your grieffe,

I will perswade that scomefull Dame
to yeeld reliefe:

Of King Edward the third, and the faire Countesse of Salisbury, setting forth her constancy and endless glory.

The Garland of Good Will

Neuer shall she my daughter be,
if she refuse.
The loue and fauour of a King
may her excuse.
Thus wise *Warwicke* went his way,
and quite contrary he did say:
When as he did the beauteous Countesse meet,
well met my daughter deare (quoth he)
A message I must do to thee:
Our royall King most kindly doth thee greet

The King will die, lest thou to him
do grant thy loue:
To loue the King my husbands loue
I should remoue,

121 wise B C D E: while A

It is right charitie to loue,
my daughter deare:
But not true loue so charitable
for to appeare.
His greatnesse may beare out the shame,
But his kingdome cannot buy out the blame,
he craues thy loue that may bereaue thy life.
It is my dutie to moue this,
But not my honestie to yeeld, I wis:
I meane to die a true vnspotted wife.

Now hast thou spoken my daughter deare,
as I would haue:
Chastitie beares a golden name
vnto her graue.
And when vnto thy wedded Lord
thou prouest vntrue:
Then let my bitter curses still
thy soule pursue.
Then with a smiling cheere go thou
as right and reason doth allow.
Yet shew the King thou bearest no strumpets mind
I go deare father with a trice
and by a slight of fine deuce:
Ile cause the King confesse that I am kind.

Here comes the Lady of my life
the King did say:
My father bids me, Soueraigne Lord
your will obey:
And I consent, if you will grant
one boone to me.
I grant it thee, my Lady faire,

Of King Edward the third, and the faire Countesse of Salisbury, setting forth her constancy and endless glory.

whate're it be.
My husband is aliue you know,
first let me kill him, ere I go.
And at your command I wil for euer be.
Thy husband now in *France* doth rest:
No, no he lyes within my brest,
and being so nie, he will my falsehood see.

139 my A: thy B C D E
140 wife B C D E: life A

With that she started from the King,
and tooke hir knife:
And desperately she sought to rid
her selfe of life.
The King vpstarte from his chaire,
her hand to stay,
O noble King you haue broke your word
with me this day.
Thou shalt not do this deed (quoth he)
then neuer will I ly with thee.
No, liue thou still, and let me beare the blame,
Liue in honour and high estate
With thy true Lord and wedded mate:
I neuer will attempt this suit againe.

5.

The Spanish Ladies Loue to an English Gentleman.

W you heare a Spanish Lady
how she wooed an Englishman:
Garments gay as rich as may be,
deckt with Iewels had she on
Of a comely countenance,
and grace was she:
And by birth and parentage
of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
in his hands her life did lye:
Cupids bands did tie her faster,
by the liking of her eye.
In his courteous company,
was all her ioy;
To fauour him in any thing,
she was not coy.

At the last there came commandment,
for to set the Ladies free:
With their Jewels still adorning,
none to do them iniury
Alas, then said the Lady gay,
full woe is me:
O let me still sustaine this kind
captiuity.

Gallant captaine take some pittie
of a Lady in distresse:
Leaue me not within the Citie,
for to dye in heauinesse.
Thou hast set this present day,
my body free:
But my heart in prison strong,
remaines with thee.

How should you, faire Lady loue me
whom thou knowest thy Countries foe:
Thy faire words make me suspect thee,
serpents lie where flowers grow.
All the euill I thinke to thee,
most courteous Knight:
God grant vnto my selfe the same,
may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
that you came on Spanish ground,
If you may our foe be termed,
gentle foes we haue you found.
With our Cities, you haue won,
our hearts each one:
Then to your Country beare away,
that is your owne.

Rest you still most gallant Lady,
rest you still and weepe no more:
Of faire louers there are plenty,
Spaine doth yeeld a wondrous store.
Spaniards fraught with ieaalousie,
we often find:
But English men through all the world
are counted kind.

Leaue me not vnto a Spaniard,
you alone enjoy my heart:
I am louely, yong and tender,
loue is likewise my desert.
Stil to serue thee day and night,
my mind is prest:

The Garland of Good Will

The wife of euery Englishman
is counted blest.

It would be a shame, faire Lady,
for to beare a woman hence:
English souldiers neuer carry
any such without offence.
I will quickly change my selfe,
if it be so:
And like a Page Ile follow thee,
wherere thou go.

I haue neither gold nor siluer,
to maintaine thee in this case:
And to trauell is great charges,
as you know in euery place,
My chaines and Iewels euery one
shall be thine owne:
And eke fiue hundred pound in gold,
that lyes vnknowne.

On the Seas are many dangers,
many storms do there arise:
Which will be to Ladies dreadfull,
and force tears from watry eyes,
Well, in worth I should endure
extremity:
For I could find in heart to lose
my life for thee.

Courteous Lady be contented,
here comes all that breeds the strife,
I in England haue already
a sweet woman to my wife.
I will not falsifie my vow
for gold nor gaine:
Nor yet for all the fairest Dames
that liue in *Spaine*.

O how happy is that woman
that enioyes so true a friend:
Many dayes of ioy God send you,
of my suit Ile make an end.
Vpon my knees I pardon craue
for this offence:
Which loue and true affection
did first commence.

Commend me to thy louing Lady
beare to her this chaine of gold,
And these bracelets for a token,

The Spanish Ladies Loue to an English Gentleman.

griewing that I was so bold.
All my Iewels in like sort
beare thou with thee:
For these are fitting for thy wife,
and not for me.

I will spend my dayes in prayer,
loue and all her lawes defie:
In a Nunnery will I shrowd me,
farre from other company,
But ere my prayers haue end,
be sure of this:
To pray for thee and for thy loue,
I will not misse.

Thus fareweell most gentle Captaine,
and farewell my hearts content:
Count not Spanish Ladies wanton,
though to thee my loue was bent.
Ioy and true prosperitie
go still with thee:
The like fall euer to thy share,
most faire Lady.

6.

A farewell to Loue.

FArewell false Loue the Oracle of lyes,
A mortall foe, an enemy to rest;
An enuious boy from whence great cares arise:
A Bastard vile, a beast with rage possest.
A way for error, tempest, full of treason;
In all respect contrary vnto reason.

A poyson'd Serpent couered all with flowers,
Mother of sighs, and murtherer of repose;
A sea of sorrow, whence run all such showres
As moysture giues to euery griefe that growes:
A schoole of guile, a nest of deepe deceit,
A golden hooke that holds a poysoned bait.

A fortlesse field, whom reason did defend:
A Syrens song, a feruour of the mind:
A maze wherein afflecion finds no end:
A raining cloud, that runs before the wind,
A substance like the shadow of the Sunne:
A gole of griefe for which the wisest runne.

A quenchlesse fire, a nest of trembling feare:
A path that leads to perill and mishap:
A true retreat of sorrow and despaire,
An idle boy that sleepes in pleasures lap:
A deepe mistrust of that which certaine seemes,
A hope of that which reason doubtfull deemes.

Then sith thy reigne my yonger yeeres betraid:
And for my faith ingratitude I find:
And sith repentance hath the wrong bewraid,
Whose crooked course hath not beene after kind,
False loue go backe, and beauty fraile adew,
Dead is the root from whence such fancies grew.

FINIS.

7.

***The Louer by his gifts thinks to conquer chastitie,
And with his gifts sends these verses to the Lady.***

What face so faire that is not crackt with gold?
What wit so worth but hath gold in his wonder?
What learning but with golden lines will hold?
What state so hie, but gold could bring it vnder?
What thought so sweet but gold doth better season?
And what rule better than the Golden reason?

8 murtherer B C D E: murtherers A
9 sea B C D E: season A, run B C D E: ran A
19 nest] rest A B C D E
25 thy B C D E: my A
28 course] cause A B C D E

5 better C D E: bitter A B

The ground is fat that yeelds the golden fruit:
The study high, that fits the golden state:
The labour sweete that gets the golden suit:
The reckning rich, that scornes the golden rate:
The loue is sure, that golden hope doth hold:
And rich again that serues the god of Gold.

FINIS.

8.

The womans answer.

FOule is the face, whose beauty gold can race:
Worthless the wit that hath gold in her wonder:
Vnlearned lines puts gold in honours place:
Wicked the state that will to coine come vnder:
Base the conceit that seasoned is with gold:
And beggars rule that such a reason hold.

Earth giues the gold but Heauen giues greater grace,
Men study wealth, but Angels wisdomes state,
Labour seekes peace, loue hath an higher place:
Death makes the reckning, life is all my rate:
Thy hope is hell, my hope of heauen doth hold,
God giue me grace, let *Diues* die with gold.

FINIS.

2 Worthless C D E: Worthy A B

6 rule A B C D E: rude?