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EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY LYRICS

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Preface

It was the design of the General Editor to have this volume embrace both the poems of the Courtly Makers and the Popular Songs, but as the preparation advanced it became clear that one volume could not cover so wide a field. It was accordingly decided to restrict the present anthology to the polite verse of the courtiers, reserving the songs for a possible future volume. However, as certain types of the songs were much cultivated by King Henry and the poets of his court, they have been given their proportionate place in the volume.

The selections have all been taken from the manuscripts or from the earliest editions. With the exception of my transcriptions in *Anglia*, vol. 29, this is the first time that the poetry of Surrey has been printed from the manuscripts, and these manuscript versions demonstrate the unsatisfactoriness of previous editions of Surrey based upon Tottel's *Miscellany*.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness to John A. Herbert, Esq., Assistant in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, who has given me frequent assistance in the reading of difficult orthography, and to M. Paul Reyher, of the University of Paris, who directed my attention to the relation of certain songs to the court revels.

FREDERICK M. PADELFORD.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON,
September 20, 1906.

The Belles-Lettres Series

SECTION II

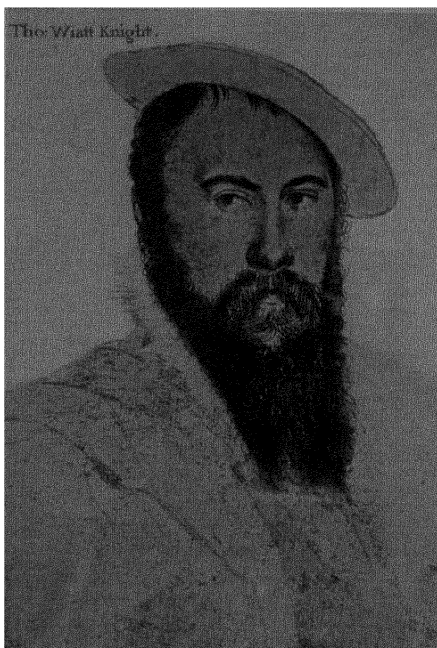
MIDDLE ENGLISH LITERATURE

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THOMAS WYATT

FROM DRAWING BY HANS HOLBEIN (1527-1543) IN THE COLLECTION
IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT WINDSOR, ENGLAND

Introduction

It was at the court of King Henry VIII, that the practise first became popular among the young nobles of England, of toying with those graceful amatory verses, interlacings of 'taffeta phrases, silken terms precise, three-piled hyperboles,' that, for over a century, amused the courts of Henry, Elizabeth, James, and Charles, and that only ceased to be written when the stern voice, and sterner arm, of the Puritan condemned, with the other practises of the Cavaliers, the writing of these 'airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers.'

The Elizabethan critic quaintly relates : ' In the latter end of the same King's raigne sprong up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder and Henry Earle of Surrey were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie,¹ and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and stile of the Italian Poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Arioste, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie, from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be said the first reformers of our English metre and stile.' One must first understand these Italian lyrists, if he would appreciate the nature and extent

¹ As a matter of fact, Surrey never visited Italy at all; cf. *Notes*, p. 120.

of the indebtedness of the English courtly poets to them.

From the ashes of the Provençal lyric, the new lyric of Italy rose, phoenix-like, a purified spirit of flame, ardent, ethereal, mysterious. Forces educational, political, and religious, prepared Italy for a rare outburst of song in the thirteenth century, and there came into existence a school of lyric poets who celebrated love with a sweetness and ideality new to the world, and which to-day casts the spell of its beauty upon men who are living under different skies, and centuries removed from it in time.

This school employed, to be sure, the conventional history of the lover's career, handed down from the Provençals, but they were men of trained minds and cultivated sensibilities, who wrote with acute insight, and with a sincerity and tenderness unknown to the poets of Provence.

Even the most idealizing of the Troubadours impress the reader as struggling to preserve their ideal of woman, make him fearful lest the ardency of youth become impatient of the poet's dream, but the Italian lyricist regards his mistress as the palpable symbol of heavenly purity and holiness, and he reverently surveys her as the gentle teacher from whom he learns not simply polite conduct, but the veiled truths of wisdom and righteousness. So Guido Guinicelli can say of his madonna that hers is

Simplicity of wisdom, noble speech,
Accomplished loveliness,¹

¹ Cf. Rossetti, *Dante and his Circle* (London, 1892) 267.

and Pannuccio dal Bagno, from amidst the shining brightness which love has poured around him, sings,

But on thee dwells my every thought and sense,
Considering that from thee all virtues spread
As from a fountain head,
That in thy gift is wisdom's best avail,
And honour without fail;
With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,
Fulfilling the perfection of thy state.¹

This conception of love as spiritual in essence, as blending religion and passion, giving warmth and definition to religious ideals and abstractions, and elevating and calming human passion, is, then, one of the unique characteristics of this early Italian school. It is often denominated Platonism, and the term may serve well enough if we are not led to confuse it with the Platonism of the Greeks. Superficially alike, they are divergent in tendency. 'Love, to Plato, is a daemonic power lying between our mortality and the things of the spirit, and the vision of earthly beauty works a divine madness in the soul that lifts the beholder at last quite out of the sphere of human desires into the contemplation of eternal truth.'² It leads from the concrete to the abstract, from a physical being to a moral and spiritual activity. On the other hand, 'the mark of medieval idealism is the endeavour to carry the conception of personality into the realm of the infinite; Platonic love leaves the personal element behind in its heavenly ascent.'

A second characteristic of this early Italian school is

¹ Rossetti, *Dante and his Circle* (London, 1892) 297.

² Paul E. More, *Elizabethan Sonnets*, *New York Evening Post*, August 6, 1904; cf. also *Shelburne Essays*.

its scholasticism, which manifested itself in part by the use of the metaphysical subtleties of the Schoolmen, and in part by interest in science. The attempt to express metaphysical ideas poetically, as is always the case where it is done successfully, led in turn to allegory. Thus, not only is love personified, but the lover's sighs, his heart, and his tears.

All of these characteristics, its so-called Platonism, its metaphysics, its science, and its allegory, are illustrated in the creed of the school as it was formulated by Dante's great predecessor, Guido Guinicelli (d. 1276), in his canzone *Of the Gentle Heart*:

Within the gentle heart Love shelters him,
As birds within the green shade of the grove.
Before the gentle heart, in Nature's scheme,
Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love.
For with the sun, at once,
So sprang the light immediately; nor was
Its birth before the sun's.
And Love hath his effect in gentleness
Of very self; even as
Within the middle fire the heat's excess.

The fire of Love comes to the gentle heart
Like as its virtue to a precious stone;
To which no star its influence can impart
Till it is made a pure thing by the sun:
For when the sun hath smit
From out its essence that which there was vile,
The star endoweth it.
And so the heart created by God's breath
Pure, true, and clean from guile,
A woman, like a star, enamoureth.¹

¹ *Dante and his Circle* 264. Cf. the entire poem.

In the *New Life* of Dante this type of lyric finds its ultimate expression. From the first chapters, where Dante beholds Beatrice as a little maid of nine, 'clad in a most noble color, a modest and becoming crimson,' or where, within a cloud of the color of fire, Love, as a Lord of aspect fearful, holds in his arms a maiden wrapped lightly in a crimson cloth and offers her the poet's heart to eat, to the last chapters, where, after the death of his most gentle lady, Dante is discovered by his friends, 'drawing an angel upon certain tablets,' or beholds the vision which resolves him to write no more until he can write more fitly — an earnest of the radiant enthronement of the *Paradise*, the fusion of the symbol and the concrete being is intimate and complete. To one wedded to modernity, the episodes of the *New Life* seem quaint and stiff, like designs of antique embroidery, but when one can liberate himself from the time-spirit, and regard the art of Dante with understanding sympathy, he recognizes that this phenomenal and picturesque presentation of psychological processes is prompted by the truest poetical imagination, and secures that blending of the real and the ideal which only the greatest poets and artists achieve.

When we turn from Dante to Petrarch, we find that a change of far-reaching significance has come over Italy: the emphasis is shifting from the ideals of medievalism to the ideals of the Renaissance, from the things of the spirit to the things of the flesh. We abandon Santa Croce and the Chapel of Giotto, to turn our feet toward the luxurious court of the De Medici. Patronizing aristocracy is supplanting republican sim-

plicity, and the *Odes* of Horace, the *Summa Theologiae*. Petrarch stands rather more than midway between medievalism, which was most fully realized and most completely expressed by the poets and painters of the thirteenth century, and the spirit of the Renaissance, as it worked out to its logical conclusions in the paganism of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The passion of the thirteenth century poets and painters was for spiritual knowledge, and the vision which they saw bathed with heavenly radiance all of the good things of earth, and revealed their inherent divineness. Physical beauty, light, and motion were lovingly revered as symptomatic of divine love, understanding, and life. On the other hand, the enthusiasms of the Renaissance, as illustrated by those poets and painters who came completely under its spell, were for physical beauty as its own end, enjoyed in and of itself, for nature in its tranquil moods, and for classical study. Virgil supplanted the Bible; the gloom of secluded groves, the light-bathed sea; and the voluptuous beauties of a rich court, the madonna.

These Renaissance enthusiasms are the controlling loves of Petrarch, yet he is too near to the medieval world to be able to break completely with it, and he feels something of its charm. He thus presents an interesting study of conflicting impulses and inclinations, and his poems echo the past even while they are heralding the future. Thus, while the richly sensuous element in Dante's poetry merely serves to intensify spiritual passion, and religion is his dear stay, the sensuousness of Petrarch borders upon, if it does not run

into, sensuality, and he fluctuates between gratitude for the sweet offices of religion, and irritation at its embarrassing restraints. Though he does not know the source from which it springs, and could not find it if he would, he feels something of the charm of Dante's so-called Platonism, and a touch of it calms his passion, too often over-ardent, and slightly enlarges and elevates the figure of Laura, and throws about her a translucent veil of mystery. It is then that she seems like one of those Homeric goddesses, who resemble mortals, yet are more serene, radiant, and clothed with a dignity which slightly awes, while it attracts.

Frequently, however, the recognition of the fleshliness of his love forces this youth, the heir of centuries of religious hardness and asceticism, back upon the conception of woman as a dangerous seducer, and of life as vanity:

Father of heaven ! after the days misspent,
After the nights of wild tumultuous thought,
In that fierce passions wild entanglement,
One, for my peace too lovely fair, had wrought ;
Vouchsafe that, by thy grace, my spirit bent
On nobler aims, to holier ways be brought.¹

At such moments Petrarch is nearer to the Plato of history than Dante ever was. Truly Catholic, Dante never for a moment lost sight of the divinity in humanity ; Petrarch wavers between such catholicity and the unwonted infidelity of the ascetic.

Petrarch makes much use of allegory, and secures

¹ Campbell, *The Sonnets, Triumphs, and other Poems of Petrarch* (New York, 1900). *To Laura in Life* 48. 1-6 ; cf. also *Son. in Life* 5.

highly artistic effects through its use. The character of his allegory, however, is quite different from that of the earlier school, and perhaps should be called elaborate metaphor. Thus, the lover is the storm-tossed ship, or Narcissus, or the lark which seeks the fire of the sun. These are really the pretty fancies of the Troubadours, reintroduced into the courtly lyric, and more elaborately developed.¹

Petrarch's sonnets show a notable decrease, however, in the use of those metaphysical subtleties which distinguish the writings of the Schoolmen. This is due in part to the training in clearness and directness which the close study of the classics had given him, and in part evidence that love was less of a mystery to him than to the intuitionists of the earlier school. Yet where conceits could be made rhetorically effective he used them liberally, but with an insincerity which recalls the like practise of the later Troubadours. Thus, in the following sonnet the poet is supposed to be so distracted by love that all sense impressions are conveyed to the mind antithetically, and all thoughts and feelings act by contraries :

Warfare I cannot wage, yet know not peace ;
I fear, I hope, I burn, I freeze again ;
Mount to the skies, then bow to earth my face ;
Grasp the whole world, yet nothing can obtain.²

From the classical writers Petrarch learned finish, repression, and the principles of artistic grouping, and

¹ Cf. p. 1, for a translation of *Son. in Life* 156, in which the lover is likened to a ship.

² *Ibid.*, *Son. in Life* 104. 1-4 ; cf. Wyatt's translation of the sonnet, p. 3.

he adorned his verse with allusions and illustrations drawn from mythology and ancient lore.

Now, if we glance at a few representative sonnets, the force of these numerous generalizations will be apparent. In the following, there is exquisite feeling for nature, interpreted with more freshness and literalness, and with greater variety of detail, than in the lyrics of the early Italians, and quite removed from the conventional descriptions of Spring with which the Provençal lyrics are usually introduced ; fondness for the tranquil and subdued evening hours, the time of gentle pensiveness — a Renaissance enthusiasm ; and the Platonism of Dante so toned as to be warmer, and less ethereal and distant ; the whole conception richly sensuous :

As o'er the fresh grass her fair form its sweet
And graceful passage makes at evening hours,
Seems as around the newly awakening flowers
Found virtue issue from her delicate feet.
Love, which in true hearts only has his seat,
Nor elsewhere deigns to prove his certain powers,
So warm a pleasure from her bright eyes showers,
No other bliss I ask, no better meat
And with her soft look and light step agree
Her mild and modest, never eager air,
And sweetest words in constant union rare.
From these four sparks — nor only these we see —
Springs the great fire wherein I live and burn,
Which makes me from the sun as night-birds turn.¹

Petrarch's use of classical allusion, his pictorial grouping, and the lassitude which contrasts so strikingly with Dante's vigor, find illustration in the following sonnet :

Throughout the orient now began to flame
The star of love ; while o'er the northern sky

¹ *Ibid.*, *Son. in Life* 132.

That, which has oft raised Juno's jealousy,
 Pour'd forth its beauteous, scintillating beam :
 Beside her kindled hearth the housewife dame,
 Half-dressed, and slipshod, 'gan her distaff ply :
 And now the wonted hour of woe drew nigh,
 That wakes to tears the lover from his dream :
 When my sweet hope unto my mind appear'd,
 Not in the custom'd way unto my sight ;
 For grief had bathed my lids, and sleep had weigh'd ;
 Ah me ! how changed that form by love endear'd !
 ' Why lose thy fortune ? ' methought she said,
 ' These eyes not yet from thee withdraw their light.' ¹

Finally, the following stanza illustrates the progress which has been made from the reverential sanctity with which Dante regarded womanhood, toward that Ovidian amorousness which was one of the strongest bonds of sympathy between the Italian Renaissance and antiquity:

Oh! might I be with her where sinks the sun,
 No other eyes upon us but the stars,
 Alone, one sweet night, ended by no dawn,
 Nor she again transfigured in green wood,
 To cheat my clasping arms, as on the day,
 When Phoebus vainly followed her on earth.²

In comparing Dante and Petrarch, one observes that Dante's sternness contrasts with Petrarch's grace ; his energy and fire, with Petrarch's luxurious sensuousness ; his faith, with Petrarch's melancholy ; his concision, with Petrarch's facile smoothness and lucidity ; his childlikeness, with Petrarch's affectation ; and his imagination, with Petrarch's fancy.

Such was the Italian lyric of the early and middle schools, and this the background against which the poetry of the English ' Courtly Makers ' must be placed.

¹ *Ibid.*, *Son. in Life* 27.

² *Ibid.*, *Sest. in Life* 1.

Wyatt¹ enjoys the distinction of having established the Italian sonnet in English poetry,² and in what may be termed the first period of his work, the period of his lighter poetry, before he was quieted and deepened by the treachery of courtiers and royal disfavor, he used this verse form more than any other. In all thirty-two of his sonnets are extant, and of these, fifteen³ are translated from Petrarch and seven are adapted.⁴

¹ For sketch of life, cf. *Notes*, p. 105.

² Cf Schipper, *Englische Metrik* 2. 835 ff.

³ *N* (cf *Table of Abbreviations*) gives the following:

<i>The longe love</i> (p. xx)	=	<i>Son. in Vita</i>	91.
<i>Was I never yet</i> (Fl. 10)	=	" " "	53.
<i>Suche wayne thouhgt</i> (p. xxi)	=	" " "	117.
<i>Caesar when that</i> (Fl. 3)	=	" " "	70.
<i>Some fowles ther be</i> (Fl. 25)	=	" " "	15.
<i>Because I have</i> (Fl. 26)	=	" " "	34.
<i>I finde no peace</i> (p. 2)	=	" " "	90.
<i>My galy charged</i> (p. 1)	=	" " "	137.
<i>Ewer myn happe</i> (p. 3)	=	" " "	37.
<i>Love and fortune</i> (Fl. 32)	=	" " "	85.
<i>How oft have I</i> (Fl. 33)	=	" " "	17.
<i>Yff amours faith</i> (Fl. 13)	=	" " "	169.
<i>Mine old dear enemy</i> (N. 50)	=	<i>Canz. in Morte</i>	7.
<i>So feble is the threde</i> (Fl. 102)	=	<i>Canz. in Vita</i>	3.
<i>K. (67) adds: Auyssing the bright bemes</i> (p. xxii)	=	<i>Son. in Vita</i>	121.

⁴ *N.* gives as partial translations or paraphrases:

<i>The lyuely sparkes</i> (Fl. 48)	=	<i>Son. in Vita</i>	200.
<i>The piller perisht</i> (p. 31)	=	<i>Son. in Morte</i>	2.
<i>Goo, burnyng sighes</i> (Fl. 21)	=	<i>Son. in Vita</i>	102.
<i>Perdie! I said it not</i> (N. 40)	=	<i>Canz. in Vita</i>	15.
<i>Off Cartage he</i> (Fl. 84)	=	<i>Son. in Vita</i>	11.
<i>Whoso list to hunt</i> (p. 8)	=	" " "	138.
To these should be added <i>Playn ye, my neyes</i> (p. 4)	=	" " "	55.

These translations furnish the logical introduction to the study of the Italian element in Wyatt's poetry, because naturally he translated the sonnets that most appealed to his fancy.

Judged by the test of metre — for Wyatt's earliest verse wavers between the old Teutonic four-stress line and the iambic decasyllabic line, with its identity of word accent and metrical accent ¹ — the following sonnet was the first to be translated:

The longe love, that in my thought doeth harbor,
and in my hert doeth kepe his residence,
intoo my face preaseth with bolde pretence,
and therin campeth, spreding his baner.
She that mee lerns too love and suffre,
and willes that in my trust and luste's negligence
be rayned by reason, shame & reverence,
with his hardines takis displeasur.
Where with all, untoo the herte forrest hee fleith,
leving his enterprise, with payne & cry,
and there him hideth & not appereth.
What may I doo, when my maister fereth,
but, in the felde, with him too lyve & dye,
for goode is the liffe ending faithfully.²

This sonnet is typical of the fancy with which Petrarch would work out a pictorial episode, or little dramatic scene, through a highly-wrought metaphor. Studied to a degree, the poem is yet pleasing in its very artfulness, for the pictorial or dramatic element is

¹ For full discussion of Wyatt's verse, cf. Schipper, *Englische Metrik* ii. 2, 3, *et freq.*, and Alscher, *Sir Thomas Wyatt und seine Stellung in der Entwicklungsgeschichte der Englischen Litteratur und Verskunst*.

² E. 5a. ; Fl. 4.

spirited and graphic, and this, without sacrifice of the literal idea. Tolerably successful also is another sonnet of this type, in which the lover's state is described under the figure of a ship in a perilous storm.¹

Like these, in general character, are other sonnets which yet fail in effect because the figurative element either is not articulated with sufficient clearness, or is not sustained throughout the lyric; the figure fades into a literal prose statement, and the reader gets neither the literal nor the figurative idea. The following sonnet is typical of this class:

Suche vayne thought as wonted to mislede me
in desert hope, by well assured mone,
maketh me from compayne to live alone,
in folowing her whome reason bid me fle.

She fleith as fast by gentill crueltie ;
and after her myn hert would fain be gone,
but armed sighes my way do stoppe anon,
twixt hope & drede locking my libertie.

Yet, as I gesse, under disdaynfull browe
one beame of pitie is in her clowdy loke,
which comfo.teth the mynde that erst for fere shoke.

And therewithall bolded, I seke the way how
to utter the smert that I suffre *wit*hin,
but suche it is, I not how to begyn.²

At one moment we see the lover rushing across the desert to gain the ear of his cruel mistress; at the next, armed men obstruct his progress; a moment later,— and he is in her presence, and fumbling for the proper word;

¹ Cf. p. 1.

² *E.* 38*a.*, *Fl.* 57.

we, in the meantime, come gasping after him, wondering by what detour *he* eluded the armed sighs.

Worse, if can be, is another type of sonnet which Wyatt persistently translated, in which the figure changes with bewildering abruptness. Thus, in the following, the vagrant mind starts on a journey only to find himself now avoiding a web, now fallen into a burning fire, now freezing, — and all within the compass of two quatrains and two tercets:

Auysing the bright bemes of these fayer iyes,
 where he is that myn oft moisteth & wassheth,
 the werid mynde streght from the hert departeth
 for to rest in his woroldly paradise,
 and fynde the swete bitter under this gyse.
 What webbes he hath wrought, well he *parceve*th ;
 whereby with himselfe on love he playneth,
 that spurreth with fyer, and bridilleth *with* ise.
 Thus is it in suche extremitie brought,
 in frosen though[t] nowe, and nowe it stondeth in flame,
 twyst misery and welth, twist earnest & game,
 but few glad, and many a dyvers thought
 with sore repentaunce of his hardines.
 Of suche a rote cometh ffryte fruytles.¹

What can be said in defence of such incoherency and elusiveness? This is Petrarch at his worst, for the insincerity and artificiality which characterize all of his allegories are here unredeemed by consistent and pleasing fancy.

Of a similar character, though less confusing, is the employment of personification with only a suggestion of a picture, as in the following quatrain:

¹ *E. 22a., Fl. 30.* Trans. from *Son. in Vita* 121.

Love sleith myn hert ; fortune is depriver
 of all my comfort ; the foliſſhe mynde then
 burneth & plaineth as one that ſildam
 lyveth in reſte, ſtill in diſpleaſure.¹

Another remove, and we have perſonification ſo formleſſ and colorleſſ as hardly to be regarded as perſonification at all, metaphor almoſt reduced to proſe; thus:

But reaſon hath at my follie ſmyled,
 and pardond me ſiniſ, that I me repent
 of my loſt yeres & tyme myſſpent ;
 for youth did me lede and falſhode guyded.²

Such perſonification is everywhere to be found in Wyatt's earlier work.³

Another type of ſonnet that Wyatt ſeveral times translated, turns upon that abſurd and conceited uſe of antithetiſ that the ſchool of Petrarch affected. Wyatt was the firſt of a long line of Engliſh ſonneteers to wail after Petrarch, 'I fynde no peace, and all my warr is done.'⁴

Finally, Wyatt translated a group of ſonnets that turn upon illuſtrations drawn from ſcience or natural hiſtory; as the ſonnet in which the lover is likened to the ſilly

¹ E. 23a.; Fl. 32. Trans. from *Son. in Vita* 85.

² E. 14b.; Fl. 17.

³ Cf. *There was never ffile* (Fl. 17), vs. 5, 8; *You that in love* (p. 29) 8, 14; *Because I have the ſtill* (Fl. 26) 3, 10; *Goo, burnyng ſighes* (Fl. 21) 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11; *Reſound my voyſe* (p. 5) 1, 2, 3, 11, 13, 18; *Tangled I was* (N. 252) 19-23; *If fanſy would favour* (Fl. 44) 1, 12; *To wiſſhe and want* (Fl. 59) 29-31; *In Eternum* (Fl. 72) 10; *et al.*

⁴ Cf. *If waker care* (Fl. 101) 3-5; *Auysing the bright bemes* (p. xxii) 10-11; *Ever myn happe* (p. 3) 5-8; *Yff amours faith* (Fl. 13) 12; *et al.*

bird that is attracted by fire,¹ or to the foolish file that 'framed other' at its own expense.²

Not only was Wyatt unhappy in his choice of sonnets for translation, but he failed to reproduce the finer effects of these very sonnets themselves. In the translating much of the sensuous element is lost, and the liteness and spirit of the action yields to a heaviness of movement and numbness. A comparison will make this evident. Of the sonnet 'Suche wayne thought as wonted to mislede me,'³ the Italian reads as follows:

Pien d'un vago pensier, che mi desvia
Da tutti gli altri e fammi al mondo ir solo,
Ad or ad or a me stesso m'involò,
Pur lei cercando che fuggir devria
E veggìola passar sì dolce e rìa,
Che l' alma trema per levarsi a volo ;
Tal d'armati sospir conduce stuolo
Questa bella d' Amor nemica e mia.
Ben, s' io non erro, di pietate un raggio
Scorgo fra 'l nubiloso altero ciglio,
Che 'n parte rasserena il cor doglioso :
Allor raccolgo l' alma, e poi ch' i' aggio
Di scovirle il mio mal preso consiglio,
Tanto le ho a dir che 'ncominciar non oso.⁴

The lover furtively stealing after his lady; the dramatic pause while the lady passes, beautiful in her indignation; the transported lover fancying that his soul can disengage itself and find wings for its flight; the pleasure of the portrait-painter and of the connoisseur

¹ *Some fowles ther be* (Fl. 25) ; cf. also *Unwarily so* (T. 65) 10-12 ; *There was never ffile* (Fl. 17) ; et al.

² *There was never ffile* (Fl. 17).

³ Cf. p. xxi.

⁴ *Son. in Vita* (Ed. by Leopardi-Camerini, Milan, 1893) 117.

of beauty in 'nubiloso altero ciglio,' the nature feeling in 'rasserena,' and the supplementary picture of the clearing skies, which, in connection with 'nubiloso,' the word suggests, all this is lost in Wyatt's version. The pictorial and dramatic effects of the sonnet, and the delight in physical beauty and the tranquil enjoyment of nature, which we have already observed to be dominating enthusiasms of the Italian Renaissance, all disappear.

Such, in conclusion, are the sonnets that Wyatt chose to translate, and such his rendition of them. At the best, his selection did not do justice to Petrarch, and he even lost the finer touches in the very sonnets selected. He was attracted by subtleties and conceits, by artificial antitheses, by factitious pictorial allegory, by feeble personification and trite metaphor, and he was blind to the gracious sweetness of Petrarch, his nature sense, his chaste and trained feeling for color, and his worshipful deference for Laura, and idealization of her. Petrarch's refined ideas of love, exaggerated by the subtilizing spirit of Italian fancy, and his highly-developed sensuousness, did not find response in this rather typically English mind.

Wyatt's translations from Petrarch are typical of his use of Italian sources in general. A good half of his poetry is Italian in spirit; chapters from the stock history of the lover's career. A considerable part is mere translation,¹ in some cases the Italian poems being

¹ N. records the following translations from the *Strambotti* of Serafino:

*My bert I gave (Fl. 15) = Str. Il cor ti diedi.
La donna di natura.*

adapted to verse forms novel to them ;¹ at other times fancies and ideas from several poems are brought together ;² in still other poems, unless further Italian sources are yet to be discovered, the indebtedness is merely in theme.³

It is not a little surprising that, with the threefold influence of the popular songs, with their blithe out-of-doors spirit, the Chaucer study, and the Italian models, Wyatt ignored nature as he did, yet in the very occasional poem where he introduced the woods and the rivers, it was only to call upon them, in the time-worn manner of the Italians, to voice his lament.⁴

So little did Wyatt share Petrarch's sensitiveness to physical beauty that the charms of his mistress are nowhere described in his verse. Once, in the affected vein of Giusto de' Conti, he framed an address to his

<i>Alas ! madame</i> (p. 6)	=	<i>Str. Incolpa Donna.</i>
<i>What nedeth</i> (Fl. 49)	=	" <i>A che minacci.</i>
<i>The furyous gonne</i> (Fl. 62)	=	" <i>S'una bombarda.</i>
<i>He is not ded</i> (p. 7)	=	" <i>S'io son caduto.</i>
<i>Venemous thornes</i> (Fl. 78)	=	<i>Ogni pungente.</i>

¹ The rondeau *Beholde, Looue* (Fl. 1) is a free translation of Petrarch's *Madrigale in Life 4* (cf. K. 67); the light-foot poem *O goodely band* (Fl. 90) is adapted from *Son. in Life 147* (cf. K. 67).

² The poem *Will ye see* (N. 259) is in part from *Son. in Life 190*, and in part from *Canz. in Life 14* (cf. K. 68); *Me list no more* (N. 240) draws upon several of the *Strambotti* of Serafino (cf. K. 74).

³ The poem *Tangled I was* (N. 252) was suggested by Serafino's *Str. 9* (cf. K. 73). Many others are quite Italian in spirit, though no definite analogues suggest themselves; cf. *At least withdraw* (N. 209), *What meaneth this* (N. 215), et al.

⁴ Cf. *Resound my voyse, ye wodes* (E. 17b, p. 5.)

lady's hand, and used the elegant conceit that nature supplied a pearl for every finger's end, and once, in a poem that may be original, he described the 'face that shuld content me wonders well,' a face not fair, but open, animated, and full of character.¹ Nor does Wyatt, in the manner of Dante, and of Petrarch at his best, ever once interpret the beauty of his mistress in the terms of its effect.

Wyatt's fancy seems not to have tired of employing those time-worn antitheses that Petrarch, and especially his Italian successors, cultivated so industriously. In a score of lyrics he burns in ice and freezes in fire,² until finally, in frolicsome spirit, he gathers all of these conventional antitheses together, and draws them up for an amusing review:

To cause accord, or to aggre
two contraries in oon degre
and in oon poynt, as semeth me,
to all man's wit it cannot be ;
it is impossible.

Of hete and cold when I complain,
and say that hete doeth cause my pain
when cold doeth shake me every vain,
and boeth at ons, I say again
it is impossible. &c.³

Wyatt apparently lacked the inclination — or perhaps the ingenuity — to invent any new antitheses, and

¹ Cf. p. 6.

² Cf. *The restfull place* (p. 19) 1-6 ; *What wourde is that* (Fl. 5) 7 ; *Ffarewell the rayn* (Fl. 12) 13 ; *It may be good* (Fl. 22) 11 ; *Such happe as I* (Fl. 38) 17-18 ; *The fruit of all* (N. 236) 4 ; *et al.*

³ Cf. p. 16.

held to those that much use had approved. The same may be said of his conceits ; they are all badly worn. He cannot seem to recover from his astonishment to find that, though he has lost his heart, his heartless body can yet live, and he frequently reflects upon this phenomenon.¹ Again, he warns his lady that she should have pity upon him, for, as his grief is her sustenance, she will die if he dies.² He marvels that flame can issue from a frozen breast,³ and twice he so suffers from such flame that he experiences hell before death.⁴ He calls upon his tears so to soften her hard heart that pity can grow there;⁵ he finds his joy brittle, because wrought in fortune's (love's) forge.⁶

Wyatt's metaphors and illustrations are likewise all borrowed from the Italian lyrists, and possess no novelty. Love is a fire,⁷ a snare;⁸ his mistress is a fierce tiger,⁹

¹ Cf. *To cause accord* (p. 16) 11-14; *What deth is worse* (Fl. 64) 7-24; *At last withdraw* (N. 209) 40; *The joy so short* (N. 242) 5; *et al.*

² Cf. *All in thy look* (N. 71) 6-8.

³ Cf. *Ye know my heart* (N. 237) 25-26.

⁴ Cf. *My love is like* (N. 232) 9.

⁵ Cf. *Pass forth, my wonted cries* (N. 32) 5-8.

⁶ Cf. *My hope, alas ! hath me abused* (p. 24) 11.

⁷ Cf. *Your looks so often cast* (N. 33) 9-16; *Hewyn and erth* (p. 22) 7; *Such happe as I* (Fl. 38) 18; *To wisshe and want* (Fl. 59) 10-11; *Patience of all my smart* (N. 183) 10; *Lo ! what it is to love* (Fl. 91) 37-38; *Leve thus to slander love* (Fl. 92) 73; *et al.*

⁸ Cf. *Lo ! what it is to love* (Fl. 91) 9; *Leve thus to slander love* (Fl. 92) 9, 54; *Tangled I was* (N. 252) 1-.

⁹ Cf. *Processe of tyme* (Fl. 85) 15; *Pass forth, my wonted cries* (N. 32) 9-12; *What rage is this* (Fl. 105) 15; *At most myschief* (p.) 25-27.

her heart, a stone or harder than stone, for nothing can wear away her cruelty;¹ he is a slave, imprisoned.² The lover is the Phoenix;³ like the swan that sings its own threnody;⁴ like the captive bird that finds the door of its cage open, but a hawk without;⁵ like the ship that struggles against the wind and through an angry sea.⁶

So much for the Italian element in Wyatt's poetry. Yet it was not because Wyatt lacked in poetic imagination, but because he was eminently the poet, that he could not do better at this insipid verse, which was merely a heartless rhetorical exercise. The proof of this, later.

Of the French element in Wyatt's work one speaks with far less assurance than of the Italian, for as yet only one direct source has been found; the sonnet *Like to these vnmesurable montayns* is translated from Melin de Saint-Gelais.⁷ The poem *Though this [the] port, and I thy serunt true*⁸ is probably a translation; it is an address to Venus, whom the lover beseeches to protect him *en vogant la galere*. The use of this French

¹ Cf. *Processe of tyme* (Fl. 85) 4-5; *I haue sought long* (Fl. 70) 4.

² Cf. *Like as the bird* (N. 47) 14; *Hevyn and erth* (p.) 15; *If chaunce assynd* (p.) 7-.

³ Cf. *Will ye see* (N. 259) 17-24.

⁴ Cf. *Lyke as the swan* (Fl. 71) 1-4.

⁵ Cf. *Like as the bird* (N. 47) 1-7.

⁶ Cf. *Though this [the] port* (Fl. 81); *That time that mirth* (N. 220) 2; *Will ye see* (N. 259) 9-16.

⁷ Cf. p. 2, and notes.

⁸ Fl. 81.

expression, its employment as a refrain,¹ the fact that the poem is written in rhyme royal, and that it has not any of the distinctive features of the Italian lyric, are all presumptive evidence of its origin. Also the poem *It burneth yet, alas! my heart's desire*,² a dialogue, with quick turns of thought, between a lover and his lady, is probably French, for this form of the *débat* was a favorite and persistent type of lyric both in Provence and in Northern France.³ The poem *Mine old dear enemy, my froward master*⁴ is a *tenso*⁵ in which the lover and his adversary, Love, argue their cause before 'that Queen which holdeth the divine part of our nature.'⁶ The lover complains that once, when he was young, he 'set within his reign,' and that ever since Love has given him no rest by night or day, sea or land. Love, for his part, contends that he has numbered among his subjects such men as great Atrides, Hannibal, Homer, Achilles, and Scipio; that though this lover is unworthy, he has chosen for him a woman whose peer has never been known under the sun; that he gave the lover wings wherewith he might 'upfly' to honor and fame; and that for all these benefits the

¹ The French poetry uses the refrain very much more than the Italian. Cf. Jeanroy, *Les Origines de la Poésie Lyrique en France au Moyen Age* 102-124.

² *N.* 78.

³ Cf. Smith, *The Troubadours at Home* (New York, 1899) 1. 44 ff., 102 ff., et al. Ritson, *Ancient Songs* 3. 9 gives a similar *débat*.

⁴ *N.* 1. 52.

⁵ Cf. Jeanroy.

⁶ Petit de Julleville, *Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature Française* 1. 386 gives a list of French poems upon this very theme.

lover is ungrateful. At these words the lover gives a 'deadly shriek,' and accuses Love of having withdrawn the lady after giving her. Hereupon 'with small reverence' Love calls upon the arbitress for her decision. She lives up to her reputation, and replies that she needs more time to consider the case. A modification of the *débat* is the poem in which the lover debates with himself whether it is better to follow fantasy and fortune, or right.¹

It is manifestly impossible to analyze the poems of Wyatt and the contemporary polite poets so definitely and completely as to tell in the case of every poem whether it is influenced by the Italian or the French, for the French and the Italian lyrics have many characteristics in common. What may be called the stock experiences of the lover² are common to the Provençal, the French, and the Italian. But certain broad distinctions can safely be made. The Italian lyric runs to conceits, subtleties, and whimsical analogies and illustrations; it smacks of the Schools. The French, on the other hand, being the product of a society much more feudal,³ tends to reflect the customs and the ideals of chivalry.⁴

¹ *It was my choice, it was no chaunce* (N. 226). For the *débat*, cf. Jeanroy, 45-60.

² Cf. the interesting summary of them in Mott, *The Provençal Lyric* 12 ff.; cf. also Lydgate's *Temple of Glass* 143 ff.

³ Cf. Symonds, *Renaissance in Italy, Italian Literature*, I. 38, 43, 55, *et al.*

⁴ The distinction is really one of emphasis, for I question if there is a conceit or metaphor in Petrarch that cannot also be found in the medieval French lyrics, or the English based upon them. Cf. *Temple of Glass* 599-650.

Consequently, in a class of French lyrics, the service of the lover is the central idea. In a spirit of humility, and in language rather formal, he addresses his lady, praying her to accept his service unworthy though it be, professing that her happiness and welfare are his chief concern. He continually assures her that his loyalty is undivided, and substantiates this assurance with evidence. He is correspondingly jealous of any suspected rival. The slightest indication of her approval he receives with enthusiastic gratitude.¹

Again, much is made of the importance of secrecy, a tradition which three influences had combined to establish : first, by the laws of chivalry, the knight must serve the lady in secret until he has won distinction; secondly, love was regarded as a thing too sacred to be profaned by disclosure; thirdly, the Troubadours almost invariably dedicated themselves to the service of married women, and safety dictated secrecy.²

The conditions of Troubadour love also explain why songs lamenting departure from a mistress, resenting absence, or welcoming return, are common in the Provençal lyric. This tradition received from the South, combined with the *aube*, a primitive, native poem, to make the theme of absence a prevailing one in the French lyric.³ Under these three themes of service, secrecy, and absence may be grouped many of the Eng-

¹ Cf. Paris, *Chansons du XV^e Siècle*, nos. 47, 91, *et al.*, Lescurel, *Chansons, Ballades, et Rondeaux* 10, 11, 15, *et al.*

² For examples, cf. Paris, *Chansons*, nos. 31, 61, &c.

³ Cf. Jeanroy, 61-83, 207-216. For examples, cf. Paris, *Chansons*, nos. 30, 36, 40, 87, 101.

lish lyrics and songs of the early sixteenth century. In *Ms. Sloane 1212*¹ are two addresses of the lover to his mistress in which the thought of service predominates. One of them begins :

Mercy me graunt off ðat I me compleyne
to þow, my lyf's soueraigne plesaunþ,
and ese þour seruaunt of the importabyl peyne
ðat I suffre in þour obeysaunþ.

The other poem is entitled *Pur ma soueraigne*, a title that suggests translation. Much more festive in spirit, but expressive of the same tradition, is the following tripping little song :

Ma dame damours,
all tymes or ours
from dole dolours
ower lorde you gy,
in all socours
vnto my pours
to be as yours
vntyl I dye.

And make you sure
no creature
shall me solur
nor yet retayne ;
but to endure,
ye may be sure,
whyls lyf endure,
loyall and playne.²

Wyatt has left several such poems. One of these is

¹ 1a-1b. For a transcript see *Archiv* 107. 50 ff.

² *Add. Ms. 31922. 73b*; cf. Flügel's transcript in *Anglia* 12. 247; I have chosen the version of the words that accompanies the second score.

a New Year's address, in which the lover, in default of a more acceptable gift, offers his mistress his heart.

To seke eche where, where man doeth lyve,
the see, the land, the rocke, the clyve,
Ffraunce, Spayne, and Ind, & every where,
is none a greater gift to gyve,
lesse sett by oft and is so lyff and dere,
dare I well say, than that I gyve to yere.

I cannot gyve browches nor ringes,
thes goldsmythes work & goodly thinges,
piery nor perle, oryent & clere,
but, for all that, no man can bring
leffer juell vnto his lady dere,
dare I well say, then that I gyve to yere.

Nor I seke not to fetch it farr,
worse is it not tho it be narr;
and, as it is, it doeth appere —
vnconterfaict, mistrust to barr,
left hole & pure withouten pere,
dare I well say, the gift I gyve to yere.

To the, therefore, the same retain,
the like of the to have again.
Ffraunce would I gyve if myn it were;
is none alyve in whome doeth rayne
lesser disdaine. Frely, therefore, lo¹ here,
dare I well gyve, I say, my hert to yer.¹

The use of the words *piery* and *vnconterfaict*, and the allusions to France, would seem to argue that this poem is a translation.²

¹ *E.* 59a; *Fl.* 89; An autograph poem.

² In *Ms. Harl.* 2253 there is a New Year's address of like theme, written in the then new rhyme royal, and addressing the lady as 'my souerein,' the customary French term. (Cf. *E.* *E.*

A poem of Wyatt's which one attributes to French influence because based upon a custom of chivalry, and written in rhyme royal as well, personifies Fortune under the figure of a lady kissing her knight, the service of whom she accepts, thus making him 'Servant d' Amour.'¹

The fancy that the name of the beloved must be kept secret is the theme of some charming lyrics in the song-books. In the following song of this type the lady is allegorically represented as the nightingale:

The lytyll prety nyghtyngale²
among the leuys grene,
I wold I were with hur all nyght;
but yet ye wote not whome I mene.

The nyghtyngale sat one abrere
among the thornys sherpe & keyn,

T. S. 15 66.) Cf. also Lydgate's *To My Soverain Lady* (Skeat, *Chaucerian and other Pieces* 281).

Other poems of this general character by Wyatt are *The heart and service to you proffer'd* (N. 214), *Sometime I sigh, sometime I sing* (N. 223), *The knot which first my heart did strain* (N. 224). Cf. also *Archiv* 106. 57 (36a), 280 (no. 67), 283 (no. 89); *Anglia* 12. 231 (18b), 233 (29b), 250 (107b) et al.; *Ms. Lambeth* 306, fs. 137a, 137b, 138a (E. E. T. S. 15. 68-72); *Ms. Rawlinson C.* 813, fs. 1, 2, 4, 14b, et freq.; *Ms. Ashmolean* 191. 191b, 192b; *Ms. 10* in collect. of J. R. Ormsby-Gore (*Hist. Ms. Comm.* 2. 84.), fs. 154a-155b; *Ms. 1* in collect. of W. Bromley-Davenport (*ibid.* 2. 80.), f. 1. Cf. also *Ms. Balliol* 354 (*Anglia* 26. 284), f. 230a, in which such love addresses are satirized.

¹ E. 26b; Fl. 39: *They fle from me that sometyme did me seke.*

² Continual reference is made to the nightingale in the French poetry. Cf. Paris, *Chansons*, nos. 117, 124, 132, et freq.

and comfort me wyth mery cher;
but yet ye wot not [w]home I mene. &c.¹

Songs of departure, absence, and return are common in the song-books, and many of them are tender and beautiful. As representative of these may be cited the following mellifluous and graceful song, composed by King Henry VIII himself:

Wher to shuld I expresse
my inward heuynes?
No myrth can make me fayn
tyl that we mete agayne. &c.²

Ultimately related to the French are the many poems in light-foot metre, so much cultivated by Wyatt and his contemporaries. Historically they are most interesting, for a large class of them look back to one of the earliest types of the French lyric, the *chanson à personnages*, or, as sometimes called, the *chanson de mal mariée*, or *chanson dramatique*, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.³ In these *chansons*, which are narrative in form, but dramatic in spirit, the poet listens to the angry words of a young woman who complains of her tyrannical mother,⁴ or of a cruel husband,⁵ and witnesses the

¹ *Royal Ms.*, Appendix 58, f. 7b. Cf. Flügel's transcript in *Anglia* 12. 263; and *ib.* 12. 235 (34b), 260 (3b), 262 (6b).

² *Add. Ms.* 31922, f. 51b; Flügel's transcript, *Anglia* 12. 241. Cf. *ib.* 12. 232 (22a, 23b), 233 (30b), 235 (32b, 33b), 243 (60b), *et al.*; *Archiv* 106. 279 (no. 62), 107. 56; *Ms. Ashmolean* 191, f. 194b; *Ms. Rawlinson C.* 813, fs. 52, 53b (2).

³ For an elaborate treatment of them, cf. Jeanroy, 84-101, and Gaston Paris, *Les Origines de la Poésie Lyrique en France au Moyen Age* 8-15.

⁴ Cf. Bartsch, *Romances et Pastourelles Françaises* 1. 6.

⁵ *Ibid.* 1. 35, 51.

stormy scene between daughter and mother, or young wife and husband, which ensues. Sometimes the poet is merely a silent witness,¹ sometimes he takes part by consoling the young woman, or by actually protecting her.² Occasionally he even makes love to her:

Dame gente et bele,
per vostre amor
li cuers mi sautele
e nuit e jor.
En ceste praele,
sor la verdor,
merrons no berele
tot sans sejour.

To which the dame replies:

Sire, je sui mariee
et a un vilain donee;
mes je ne l'aime pas.
Or merron nos solas,
s'il en devoit crever.
Dame qui a mal mari,
s'el fet ami
n'en fet pas a blasmer.³

The opening verses usually contain a little description of May,⁴ and the scene is usually placed in a bower or garden;⁵ the opening words are almost invariably the conventional 'L'autre jor,' or 'L'autrier.'⁶ Often there is a refrain, as

¹ Cf. Bartsch, *Romances et Pastourelles Françaises* 1. 21, 33, 34, 35, 36.

² *Ibid.* 1. 37, 39, 40, 43, 44.

³ *Ibid.* 1. 49.

⁴ *Ibid.* 1. 46, 48, 52.

⁵ *Ibid.* 1. 35, 49, 53^b, 54.

⁶ *Ibid.* 1. 41, 44, 45, 49, 50, *et al.*

' Ne me bates mie,
maleuroz maris,
vos ne m'aveis pas norris.' ¹

Et dit 'e, ae ! o, or ae !
bien m'ont amors desfie.' ²

In the hands of more polite poets the boisterous element of the *chanson à personnages* disappeared, and for the disconsolate wife was sometimes substituted a maiden, the victim of an unrequited love. It was but another step to assign such laments to male lovers as well; in fact, the suggestion for assigning the lament to a man was contained in the addresses which the poets sometimes made in their own behalf. Another remove, and the absence of any setting confuses these laments of the lover with those contained in other light-foot *genres*.³

The *chanson à personnages* must have been taken over into English at the time when it flourished in France, for though apparently it died out in France as early as 1325, most of its characteristic features are preserved in English songs that were committed to writing in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries.⁴ In the following, the *dénouement* is not a quarrel, but the happy dissipation of the maiden's distrust, yet the poet plays the rôle of spectator, as in the very earliest extant French specimens, the poem is intro-

¹ Cf. Bartsch, *Romances et Pastourelles Françaises* 1. 45.

² *Ibid.* 1. 61.

³ Such as the *motet*, the *lai*, and the *descort*; cf. Raynaud, *Recueil de Motets*, and Jeanroy, *Lais et Descorts*.

⁴ In *Ms. Rawlinson D. 913*, f. 1., a French *chanson à personnages* is to be found with a group of English songs, presumably used in games. The writing is of the early fourteenth century.

duced with the conventional 'This other day,' and the concluding verses attach the poem to the Spring, though, as in most other English poems of this type, the scene is placed in the 'wilderness,' and not in a bower or garden.

This other day I hard a may
 ryght peteusly complayne;
 she sayd 'All way, *withowt* de nay,
 her hart was full of payne.'
 Sshe said 'Alas! *withowt* trespas,
 her dere hart was vntrew;
 in euery place I wot he hace
 ffor sake me for a new.
 Seth he, vntrew, hath chosen a new. &c.¹

A poem which, though recording the lament of a lover, has yet kept the refrain, and in which the invocation to Spring still survives, is among the selections:

Ffor my pastyme, vpon a day,
 I walkyde alone ryght secretly, &c.²

Among Wyatt's poems there is one which likewise preserves the refrain and the conventional introduction; the refrain reads:

How shulde I
 be so plesunte
 in mye semblant
 as my fellowes bee³

The theme of several poems is the lament of an unfortunate maiden, who has been deceived by a false lover. A representative poem of this class begins as follows:

¹ Add. Ms. 31922, f. 36a; in Flügel's transcript, *Anglia* 12. 236.

² Cf. p. 83.

³ Cf. p. 12.

Introduction

In wyldernes,
ther found I Besse, .
secret, alone ;
in grete dystres,
remedyles,
makyng her mone.

' Alas ! ' she sayd,
' Y was a mayde
as others be,
and at a brayd
Y was afrayd
right pyteusly. ' ¹

In many of the English poems, only the lament of a lover has survived. Of these Wyatt has left the masterpiece:

At most myschief
I suffre greif ;
for, of relief
syns I have none,
my lute & I
continuelly
shall vs apply
to sigh & mone.

Nought may prevail
to wepe or wail ;
pitie doeth faill
in you, alas !
Morning or mone,
complaint or none,
it is all one,
as in this case.

Ffor crueltie,
moost that can be,

¹ 141a. For the entire poem, cf. *Archiv* 106. 283.

hath soveraynte
within your hert,
which maketh bare
all my welfare ;
nought do ye care
howe sore I smart.

No tigre's hert
is so pervert
without desert
to wreke his ire ;
and you me kyll
for my good will.
Lo ! how I spill
for my desire !

There is no love
that can ye move,
and I can prove
none other way ;
therefore I must
restrain my lust,
banisshe my trust
and welth away.

Ffor in myschief
I suffer greffe ;
ffor, off releffe
syns I have none,
my lute & I
contynually
shall vs apply
to syghe & mone.¹

¹ *E.* 34a ; Fl. 52. vs. 42-48 are supplied from *D* (12a).
For other similar poems, cf. *Archiv* 106. 53, 279 (no. 64), 282
(no. 86), 283 (no. 90) ; *Anglia* 12 254, 263 (8a) ; Charles
d'Orléans, *Poems written in English* 200 ; and, turning still farther
back, cf. *Ms. Harl.* 2253, f. 80b.

This type was also transferred to religious poetry. As the poet

As these poems look back to the Old French *chansons à personnages*, so the pastorals are related to the French *pastorelles*. Of these there are two kinds, one of which shows a popular origin; the other, a late derivation, and very artificial. The former may again be divided into the poems in which a shepherd and a shepherdess mutually declare their love¹ and those in which two shepherds converse of their flames.² In the latter, a knight engages in gallant discourse with a shepherdess, and offers her his heart; sometimes she accepts him, sometimes she refuses him.³

This latter type has survived in a pastoral which was sung by King Henry and his companions:

‘Hey, trolly, loly, lo; made, whether go you?’

‘I go to the medowe to mylke my cowe.’ &c.⁴

Wyatt has left a pastoral of the more primitive kind, in which a successful and an unsuccessful shepherd tell their experiences in alternating stanzas. The refrain of

wanders by a wood he discovers a maiden great with child, but she does not lament, but rather sings for joy, since it is given her to bear a child in whom *verbum caro factum est* (*Ms. Bodleian, Eng. Poet. e. 1, f. 47b*). In another poem, Christ, the lover, complains of the treatment of the loved one, man’s soul (*Ms. Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. 412, f. 41b*). Cf. also *Ms. Univ. Lib., f. 1. 6. 56b*; *Ms. Rawlinson C. 86 f. 74b*; *Ms. Corporation of Tenderden (Hist. Ms. Comm. 6. 570b) f. 102*.

¹ Cf. Bartsch, 2. 47, 63; Raynaud, 1. 22, 23, 30.

² Bartsch, 2. 57.

³ *Ibid.* 2. 25, 52, 61, 68. On the general subject, cf. Jeanroy, 10–44, Paris, *Les Origines*, 15–28.

⁴ *Add. Ms. 31922. f. 124b*; *Flügel, l. c. 255*. Cf. p. 84. Cf. also *Ms. Rawlinson C. 813, f. 58b*.

the poem is so often met with ¹ that one is inclined to regard it as a conventional introduction for songs of this kind :

A Robyn, joly Robyn,
tell me how thy leman doeth.²

Similarly, the English poems in praise of the sovereign are a survival of the Old French *sirventois*, itself derived from the earlier Troubadour *sirvente*. One of the examples included in the selections is strikingly reminiscent of these, even to the enumeration of the deeds of prowess which the sovereign has achieved.³

Wyatt several times essayed the *rondeau*.⁴ This spirited verse form, with its pert and saucy little refrain, was just designed to give effect to that piquancy and lively badinage which delighted the spirited gentility of France.⁵ This was hardly a vein in which Wyatt could excel. The following stiff little poem cuts a sorry figure in its attempt to be nimble :

Helpe me to seke, for I lost it ther,
and if that ye have founde it, ye that be here,

¹ Cf. *Notes* to No. xxiv.

² Cf. p. 10. *Robin* was the name most frequently assigned to shepherds in the French pastorals; cf. Paris, *Les Origines* 25; and, for examples, Raynaud, I 22, 23, 30.

³ Cf. p. 90. For another like poem, cf. p. 91; *Archiv* 106. 52 (41a), 68 (116a); *Anglia* 12. 265 (15b); *Ms. Ashmolean* 1131, f. 70b; *Ms. Trin. Coll. Camb.* 600, f. 149; *Hodson Ms.*, f. 3 (*E. T. S.* 15. xlv). For a discussion of the French *sirventois*, cf. Petit de Julleville; and of the *sirvente*, Smith, I 426 ff., 2. 245 ff., *et al.*

⁴ Cf. Schipper, *Englischen Metrik* 2. 919 ff.; *Grundriss der Englischen Metrik* 389.

⁵ Cf. Raynaud, *Rondeaux et autres Poésies du XV^e Siècle*.

Introduction

and seke to conuaye it secretly,
 handell it soft, & trete it tenderly,
 or els it will plain, and then appere ;
 but rather restore it mannerly,
 syns that I do aske it thus honestly,
 for to lese it, — it sitteth me to neere.
 Helpe me to seke.

Alas ! and is there no remedy ?
 but have I thus lost it wilfully ?
 I wis, it was a thing all to dere
 to be bestowed and wist not where :
 it was my hert. I pray you, hertely,
 Helpe me to seke.¹

Wyatt did better with the *rondeau* when he attempted that direct and frank realism which the best of his French contemporaries had found a welcome relief to the insipidity of amorous addresses : ²

What ? No, perdy ! ye may be sure ;
 thinck not to make me to *your* lure
 with wordes and chere so contrarieng,
 swete and sowre contrewaing ;
 to much it were still to endure.
 Trough is tryed where craft is in vre ;
 but, though ye have had my herte's cure,
 trow ye I dote withoute ending ?
 What ? No, perdy !

Though that with pain I do procure
 for to forgett that ons was pure,
 within my hert shall still that thing

¹ E. 15a ; Flügel, No. 18. — v. 5 ' If it cries, then I shall discover it, and you will no longer be able to convey it secretly.'

² On the French realism of the period, cf. Petit de Julleville, *Histoire* 2. 356-390, 3. 1-28, 95-135 ; and cf. Montaiglon and Rothschild *Recueil de Poésies Françaises des XV^e et XVI^e Siècles*.

vnsable, vnsure, and wavering,
 be in my mynde withoute recure ?
 What ? No, perdye !¹

The abruptness with which this *rondeau* opens, and its rapidity and intensity, are much to be commended. Even more effective in its harsh realism is the *rondeau* supposed to be directed against the famous Anne Boleyn :

Ye old mule ! that thinck *your* self so fayre.²

And now, it remains to show that Wyatt is not a mere imitator, an affected apprentice to foreign masters; that, though much of his work is done with a conscious model in mind, he is at times the peer of any courtly lyricist of the sixteenth century, the peer of Sidney and of Shakespeare. In his best amatory verse, as well as in his noble satires, he breaks through the hypothetical world of fancy, with its artificial emotions and studied address, and with a fine imagination realizes his experiences, and presents them in simple, fervent, and sincere language. At such times of penetrative insight, the nervous intensity of feeling calls up rare, subtle harmonies of sound and rich qualities of tone, so that the music of the verse seems inwrought with the emotion. These poems are like monologues snatched from intense situations, like chance sparks from an anvil all aglow. There is no stopping for introduction or setting, and it is as if we were to enter the theatre at a

¹ *E* 31b; Fl. 46. Cf. p. 8.

² Cf. p. 9. This kind of abuse was frequent in French amatory verse; cf. for example, Paris, *Chansons du XV^e Siècle* 98.

moment when a situation is critical, and passionate utterance is at its height. The molten words, as if too long repressed, overflow from highly-wrought emotion. The language is direct, familiar, and unadorned ; a case left to stand or fall by the bare truth of it. Nothing could be less accurate than the statement so often met, that Wyatt was hardly more than an imitator of the Italians. He has left a score or more of poems that, in real imagination, imagination in the sense in which Ruskin has defined it,¹ surpasses anything that Petrarch or his Italian imitators ever wrote. After Wyatt we wait fifty years and more before another poet writes amatory verse with equal imagination. Most of the Elizabethan sonneteers surpass him in elegance, in prettiness, in fancy, but not until Shakespeare is there another who writes so passionately.

Some of these poems are original in theme as well as in treatment ; in others the hackneyed themes of Italian poets are vitalized by the poet's imagination, transformed in the alembic of passion. The following poem justifies all that is here claimed for Wyatt :

Forget not yet the tryde entent
of suche a truthe as I haue ment ;
my gret travayle so gladly spent
forget not yet¹ &c.²

Such is Wyatt's verse, when he writes under the influence of strong feeling. Of this superior type of work is the classical example :

¹ *Modern Painters, On the Imagination Penetrative.*

² Cf. No. xxi, p 21.

*My lute, awake, perfourme the last
labour that thou and I shall wast.*¹

Scarcely inferior to this ode in tender and refined sentiment and in nervous vigor, and exquisitely musical, are such odes as 'Hevyn and erth & all that here me plain,' and 'And wylt thow leve me thus.'²

We find rare feeling, also, in those poems which give voice to manly sorrow, as in the sonnet written on the death of Cromwell, which reveals, in its closing lines, the poet's remorse that he was in a measure responsible for the failure of the policy of his great friend :

The pillar pearisht is whearto I lent,
the strongest staye of myne unquyet mynde ;
the lyke of it no man agayne can fynde,
from East to West, still seking, thoughe he went.
To myne unhappe; for happe away hath rent
of all my joye the very bark and rynde,
and I, alac¹ by chaunce am thus assynde
dearlye to moorne till death do it relent.
But syns that thus it is by destenye,
what can I more but have a rooful hart ?
my penne in playnt, my voyce in wooful crye,
my mynde in woe, my bodye full of smart,
and I my self, my self alwayes to hate,
till dreadfull death do c[ea]se my dolefull state.³

Nott censures Wyatt, that, in adapting this sonnet from Petrarch's lament on the death of his friend Colonna, he changed the reading of the last three verses, but the criticism is not just, for while Petrarch's lines

¹ Cf. No. xxiv, p. 25.

² Cf. pp. 22, 20.

³ *A.* 37*b*. Cf. p. 31.

are more sententious, they lack the sincere passion of Wyatt's :

O nostra vita, ch' è sì bella in vista,
Com' perde agevolmente in un mattino
Quel che 'n molt' anni a gran pena s' acquista.¹

Wyatt's splendid satires rank high. The Horatian philosophy of these poems, refined by sincere Christian feeling, and the purity of classical satire enforced by the honest and acute realism which was his by nature, but which had been enhanced and defined by his unusual contact with men of all classes and of different nations, give him an eminent place among English satirists. Written for the welfare of his friends, they wear no mask ; they show us the real Wyatt, sincere in friendship, honest and fearless, the moral enthusiast, the philosopher superior to the accidental, the man who aims to live the happy mean, ambitious, but not ambition's slave. The portrait tallies with all that his contemporaries said of him.²

The larger part of Surrey's³ poetry, though by no means the best part, is translation or adaptation from the Italian. Three of the poems are translations outright ;⁴ others are in part translations ;⁵ and others

¹ *Son in morte* 2. 12-14.

² Cf. Leland's *Næniae*, and Surrey's famous tribute : *W. resteth here, that quick could neuer rest* (*Tottel* 29.).

³ For sketch of life, cf. *Notes*, p. 120.

⁴ Cf. the following, and the respective notes : *Set me wheras the sonne*, p. 35 ; *Love that doth raine*, p. 1 ; *I neuer saw youe*, p. 36.

⁵ Cf. the following, and notes : *Alas ! so all thinges*, p. 33 ; *When ragyng loue*, p. liii, and *K. ; If care do cause*, *T.* 220 and

again are, as it were, mosaics of Italian fancies, verses from a number of poems combined and grouped. Thus, eleven of Petrarch's sonnets are made to contribute to the sprightly little lyric 'As oft as I beholde and see,' a poem of thirty-two verses;¹ and eight, to the lyric 'Syns fortune's wrath enuieth the welth,' a poem of twenty-four verses.²

In content, the distinguishing characteristics of Surrey's Italianate verse are a lively and effective use of the pictorial and the dramatic, carefully chosen and skillfully handled illustration from the classics and from science, the constant introduction of nature for background or illustration, graceful courtliness and insinuating compliment — the sprightly and caressing playfulness of the gallant, and great sensitiveness to physical beauty; and, in technique, care for form, clearness and compression, felicity of diction, and rhythmical ease. In brief, Surrey was in all respects a successful pupil of Petrarch. Yet Surrey is not, like Ronsard, the earliest of the French Petrarchists, a mere imitator,³ for he seldom turns an Italian poem into English without, in a measure, idealizing it, heightening its spirit, or adding to its beauty.

N. 256; *The golden gift*, *T.* 12 and *N.* 275; *The soote season*, p. 34; *O bappy dames*, p. 49; *Brittle beautie*, *T.* 10 and *K.* 85; *When youthe had ledd*, p. 40; *In winter's iust returne*, *T.* 16 and *K.* 85; *Though I regarded not*, *T.* 24 and *K.* 85.

¹ Cf. p. 38, and notes.

² Cf. *K.* 82. For other examples, cf. the following, and notes: *The sonne hath twyse*, p. 43; *Suche waywarde wais*, p. 45; *Syns fortune's wrath*, *T.* 217 and *K.* 82.

³ Cf. Pieri, *Le Petrarquisme au XVI^e Siècle*, *Petrarque et Ronsard*.

Introduction

The discussion of Surrey's poetry may well begin with his translation of Petrarch's *Sonetto in vita* 91, of which Wyatt's version has already been given;¹ a comparison of the three versions will help to place the three poets. In the Italian, the poem reads as follows:

Amor, che nel pensier mio vive e regna,
E 'l suo seggio maggior nel mio cor tene,
Talor armato nella fronte vene,
Ivi si loca ed ivi pon sua insegna.
Quella ch' amare e sofferrir me 'nsegna,
E vuol che 'l gran desio, l' accesa spene,
Ragion, vergogna e reverenza affrene;
Di nostro ardir fra se stessa si sdegna.

Onde Amor paventoso fugge al core,
Lassando ogni sua impressa, e piange e trema;
Ivi s' asconde, e non appar più fore.
Che poss'io far, temendo il mio Signore,
Se non star seco infin all'ora estrema?
Che bel fin fa chi ben amando more.

Surrey's translation reads:

Love that doth raine and liue within my thought,
and buylt his seat within my captyve brest,
clad in the armes wherein with me he fowght,
oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
But she that tawght me love and suffre paine,
my doub[t]ful hope & eke my hote desire
with shamfast looke to shadoo and refrayne,
her smyling grace convertyth streight to yre.
And cowarde Love, then, to the hart apace
taketh his flight, where he doth lorke and playne
his purpose lost, and dare not shew his face.
For my lorde's gilt thus fawtles byde I payine;

¹ Cf. p. 20.

yet from mi Lorde shall not my foote remove:
sweet is the death that taketh end by love.¹

The musical diction and the metrical ease of Surrey's verse contrast with the roughness of Wyatt's lines, and in making the little drama clear and spirited he even outdoes Petrarch. For Petrarch's rather tame,

E 'l suo seggio maggior nel mio cor tene,

Surrey substitutes,

and buylt his seat within my captyve brest,

thus calling up a concrete and lively picture of the lover's past struggle with the god, of his defeat, and of his forced submission to tyranny. Again, all that Petrarch says in

nella fronte vene,
Ivi si loca ed ivi pon sua insegna,

is compressed into one verse, and provision is thus made for the introduction of the idea in the third verse, which is one of the most effective touches in the poem. Dr. Nott² puzzles over the meaning of this line, but the thought is quite evident: vainglorious Love is made to take his stand confident in the strength of the armor which has served him so well, in order that his own undignified and abrupt flight may show the powerlessness of the lover in the presence of his lady. 'With shamfast looke to shadoo and refrayne,' is another verse that is more spirited than the Italian, and the verse that follows, 'her smyl-ing grace convertyth streight to yre,' is a triumph in its

¹ P. 55b.

² *Works of Surrey and Wyatt* 1. 274.

display of the abruptness with which anger displaces graciousness, when his mistress perceives the lover's presumption.

Surrey's characteristics are even more pronounced in those poems in which there is a free handling of Italian material. Thus, the poem, 'Geue place, ye louers, here before,' is built upon two conceits everywhere to be met among sonneteers, that his lady surpasses all others in beauty, as much as the sun a candle, and that nature can never produce her like again. Surrey has taken these trite fancies, and by the use of lively dramatic personification, has composed a masterpiece, which, like all of Surrey's poems, excels in being well organized and remarkably compressed; every line is packed, and the thought is pushed vigorously from verse to verse.

Geue place, ye louers, here before
that spent your bostes and bragges in vaine;
my ladie's beawtie passeth more
the best of yours, I dare well sayen,
than doth the sonne, the candle light,
or brightest day, the darkest night.

And thereto hath a trothe as iust
as had Penelope the fayre,
for what she saith, ye may it trust
as it by writing sealed were,
and vertues hath she many moe
than I with pen haue skill to showe.

I could rehearse, if that I wolde,
the whole effect of Nature's plaint
when she had lost the perfit mold,
the like to whom she could not paint;
with wringyng handes howe she dyd cry,
and what she said, I know it, I.

I knowe she swore with ragyng mynd,
 ' Her kingdom onely set apart,
 there was no losse, by loue of kind,
 that could haue gone so nere her hart.'
 And this was chiefly all her payne,
 she coulde not make the lyke agayne.

Sith Nature thus gaue her the prayse
 to be the chiefest worke she wrought,
 in faith, me thinke some better waies
 on your behalfe might well be sought,
 then to compare, as ye haue done,
 to matche the candle with the sonne.¹

This poem is quite typical of the manner in which Surrey uses conceits: only one or two are introduced into a poem, but these are worked out graphically and in detail, so that the full effect is secured.²

Surrey observes the same method in all of his illustrations, from the classics, from science, or from nature.³ The illustration is woven throughout into the texture of the poem, so that it is made integral. Observe how this is done in the following poem:

When ragyng loue, with extreme payne,
 most cruelly distrains my hart;
 when that my teares, as floudes of rayne,
 beare witnes of my wofull smart;
 when sighes haue wasted so my breath
 that I lye at the poynte of death;

¹ T. 20. In the second ed., v. 21 reads *by lawe of kinde*.

² Cf. *If care do cause men cry*, T. 220; *The fansy, which that I, T. 32*; *The golden gift*, T. 12; *Though I regarded not*, T. 24; *To dearly had I bought*, T. 22; *et al.*

³ Cf. *In Cipres springes*, p. 35; *The greate Matedon*, p. 66; *In the rude age*, p. 67; Thassyrans King (*Anglia* 29. 301); *Yf be that erst*, p. 33; *I that Vlisses' yeres*, p. 41; *The sunne when he*, T. 230; *et al.*

I call to minde the nauye greate
that the Greekes brought to Troye towne,
and how the boysteous windes did beate
their shyps, and rents their sayles adowne,
till Agamemnon's daughter's blood
appeasde the goddes that them withstode.

And how that, in those ten years warre,
full many a bloudye dede was done ;
and many a lord, that came full farre,
there caught his bane, alas ! to sone ;
and many a good knight ouerronne ;
before the Grekes had Helene wonne.

Then thinke I thus : sithe suche repayre,
so longe time warre of valiant men,
was all to winne a ladye fayre,
shall I not learne to suffer then,
and thinke my life well spent, to be
seruyng a worthier wight than she ?

Therefore I neuer will repent,
but paynes, contented, stil endure ;
for like as when, rough Winter spent,
the pleasant Spring straight draweth in vre,
so after ragyng stormes of care,
joyful at length may be my fare.¹

In the treatment of nature, Surrey invariably surpasses his Italian masters; indeed, in this particular they are not his masters at all. Rather, his schooling was English, and was received in part from Chaucer, and in part from the folk-poetry, which had perpetuated the traditions of the Old English literature, with its noble feeling for the elemental forces and wild aspects of nature. Consequently, whenever Surrey translates an Italian poem which employs nature as background, he so transforms the description that it calls up

¹ T. 14.

memories of English meadow and woodland, or breathes the mystery and passion of cloud or sea. A comparison of Petrarch's *Sonetto in morte* 42 with Surrey's translation, will show the difference between the artificiality, not to say the pedantry, of Petrarch's treatment of nature, and Surrey's ardent and joyous sympathy with it.¹ A sonnet is all too short to tell the story of Spring's transforming power, and this theme really interests Surrey so much more than amatory pathology, that he relegates the latter to the final couplet, and expands Petrarch's eight verses of nature description to twelve. He also removes the description from the language of mythology, and thus makes it more direct and feeling. These lines are animated and sincere, and yet they are by no means unique, for descriptions of this tenor are not infrequent in the Middle English lyric.² Surrey's actual contribution to the nature tradition is contained in those beautiful passages, occasionally to be met in his poems, in which he reveals the more subtle effects of nature, the brooding calm of twilight, or the mystery of night, when the wild clouds flee before the wind, while the fitful moon rides through the heavens. Such moods we have in two superb pieces adapted from the Italian, one from Petrarch,³ and one from Serafino.⁴

¹ Cf. No. xxxiii, p. 34: The soote season, that bud and blome furth brings.

² Cf. *Ms. Harl.* 2253, fs. 71b, 72b, 80b (Boddeker, *Altenglische Dichtungen* 166 ff.); *Ms. Harl.* 978, *Sumer is icumen in* (Ritson, I. 4); *et al.*

³ *In Vita* 113, and Surrey, cf. No. xxxii, p. 33.

⁴ *Epistola* 5.

The best of Surrey's poems, those that suggest themselves first at the mention of his name, are the occasional ones. Some of these are playful, — good-natured satire or felicitous trifling; some are affectionate; some pathetic; some reflective; but all are natural, confiding and winsome, the work of a very human and lovable man. His playfulness is excellently shown in his famous satire against the citizens of London. Arrested, and committed to the Fleet, for breaking the windows of citizens at night with his stone-bow, Surrey waggishly assumes the rôle of the indignant prophet, declares that his fervent zeal prompted him to accept this effective method of arousing the besotted inhabitants of this 'false Babylon' to a consciousness of guilt, and in the language of Ezekiel and of Revelation pictures the destruction of the city. The poem concludes in a veritable whirlwind of Falstaffian mock-heroic.¹

It would be hard to conceive a more tender domestic picture than is given in the little romance of personal narrative, 'Good ladies, you that have your pleasure in exyle,' a poem that Surrey wrote for his wife, when absent at sea.²

Rare pathos distinguishes the address to Windsor, in which the poet, now a prisoner in its walls, recalls the joyous years that he had spent there as a youth, in company with Richmond, the King's son. The poem is, in effect, a passionate threnody for this his dearest friend, who had but recently died, and a lament for lost boyhood.³

¹ Cf. No. XLV, p. 55.

² Cf. No. XLIV, p. 51.

³ Cf. No. XLVIII, p. 64.

In common with most of his contemporaries,¹ Surrey wrote much in the elegiac and moral vein; a category to which belongs his translation of Martial's famous epigram *Ad Seipsum*,² and the poem addressed to his friend, the younger Wyatt.³

Surrey also essayed a paraphrase of the Book of Ecclesiastes,⁴ and both Wyatt and Surrey translated certain of the Psalms.⁵ Wyatt's contemporaries seemed to regard his Psalms as the choicest of his work,⁶ and if it were not for the later incomparable versions, men to-day might more nearly subscribe to this judgment. The translations are sometimes rough in metre, but yet vigorous and clear, not without occasional picturesque interpolations.⁷ When compared with Surrey's, however, they seem much less intense and personal; less the record of an ardent and acute experience. In Surrey's Psalms it is the sixteenth century England that

¹ Among the poems by 'uncertain authors' in Tottel's *Miscellany*, no less than thirty are elegiac in character. Cf. 128, 129, 130 *et freq.*

² Cf. p. 68, and notes.

³ Cf. *Of thy life*, Thomas, *Ang.* 29. 335.

⁴ Only five chapters were completed; cf. *Ibid.* 303 ff.

⁵ Cf. *Ang.* 20. 420 ff., and 20. 318 ff.

⁶ Cf. Surrey, *The greate Macedon* (p. 66), and *In the rude age* (p. 67); and Leland, *Naeniae in Mortem T. Viati Equitis Incomparabilis*, *Viatus Psaltes* :

Transtulit in nostram Daudis carmina linguam,
Et numeros magna reddidit [arte] pares.
Non morietur opus tersum, spectabile, sacrum.
Clarior hac fama parte Viatus erit.

⁷ Wyatt used for these Psalms the *terza rima*, following the examples of Alamanni and Dante. Cf. *Eng. Metrik* 2. 895.

is pictured, and against this background the spiritual struggles of the poet.¹

Surrey's claim to a lasting place in the chronicles of English literary history is further enhanced by his translation of the second and fourth books of the *Æneid*, in which he 'furnished his fellow-countrymen with the first translation of an ancient poet that can rank as a masterpiece.'² In this work Surrey also did English poetry the inestimable service of introducing blank verse.³

Of the contemporary lyrists, none attained to anything like the excellence of Wyatt and Surrey, yet some of them wrote reputable verse, and the work of every one is interesting as part of a general literary movement. There are accordingly included in this anthology, poems by the King, Nicholas Grimoald, George Boleyn, Anthony Lee, Richard Hatfield, Cornysh, Edward Somerset, and others. These poems illustrate variously the love-poems, both those of Italian and those of French inspiration, the pastoral, the satire, the threnody, and the moral ode. The verses inserted from the works of Sir Thomas More date back to the days of his youth, and are specimens of the art of an older school; they are, indeed, not more than ingenious imitations of Lydgate's measures.

¹ Especially worthy of study is the translation of *Ps.* 55, *Give eare to my suit, Lord, fromward hide not thy face.* Ms. Pms.

² ten Brink, *Hist. of Eng. Lit.* 3. 259.

³ For a full discussion of his translation and use of blank verse, cf. ten Brink and Schipper, *Eng. Met.* 2. 260 ff., and for the relation of his version to others, Imelmann, *Surrey's Æneis in ursprünglicher Gestalt*, *Jahrbuch der Deut. Shakesp. Gesellschaft*, 1905.

Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

SIR THOMAS WYATT

I

My galy, charged with forgetfulnes,
thorrough sharpe sees, in Wynter nyghtes, doeth
pas
twene rock & rock ; & eke myn ennemy, alas !
that is my Lorde, sterith with cruelnes ;
and every owre a thought in redines, 5
as tho that deth were light in suche a case.
An endles wynd doeth tere the sayll, a pase,
of forced sigh []es and trusty ferefulnes ;
a rayn of teris, a clowde of derk disdain,
hath done the wered cordes great hinderaunce, 10
wret []hed with errour & eke with ignoraunce.
The starres be hid that led me to this pain ;
drowned is reason that should me confort ;
and I remain dispering of the port.

E. 21b. Signed Wyat. — 8 sightes. — 11 wretched.

*Found also in A[41b]., with the variants : — 6 life. — 8 sighes.
— 11 wreathid.*

*Variants in T[39].: — 3 my fo. — 8 sighes. — 11 wrethed, and
wyth ignorance. — 13 should be my comfort.*

2 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

II

Like to these vnmesurable montayns
 is my painfull lyff, the burden of ire :
 for of great height be they, & high is my desire ;
 and I, of teres, and they be full of fontayns.
 Vnder craggy rockes they have full barren playns ; 5
 herd thoughtes in me my wofull mynde doeth tyre.
 Small fruyt & many leues their toppes do atyre ;
 small effect with great trust in me remayns.
 The boys[t]eus wyndes oft their high bowghes
 do blast ;
 hote sighes from me continuely be shed. 10
 Cattell, in them ; and in me, love is fed.
 Immoveable ame I ; and they are full stedfast.
 Of th[e] restles birdes they have the tone & note ;
 and I, alwayes plaintes that passe thorough my
 throate.

E. 24a. Signed Tho., and marked Sonet. — 13 that.

Found also in A[42b]., with the variant : — 13 tune.

*Variants in T[70]. : — 1 vnto. — 2 so is. — 3 for hye be they.
 — 5 haue barren. — 8 with small effect great. — 9 boystous. — 10
 in me. — 11 wilde beastes, fierce loue in me. — 12 vnmoueable,
 they stedfast. — 13 of singing birdes, tune. — 14 plaintes passing.*

III

I fynde no peace, and all my warr is done ;
 I fere & hope ; I burn & freise like yse ;
 I fley above the wynde, yet can I not arrise ;
 and noght I have, & all the worold I seson.

That loseth nor locketh, holdeth me in prison; 5
 and holdeth me not, yet can I scape no wise;
 nor letteth me lyve, nor dye, at my devise,
 and yet of deth it gyveth me occasion.

Withoute iyen, I se; & withoute tong, I plain;
 I desire to perisse, and yet I aske helthe; 10
 I love an other, and thus I hate my self;
 I fede me in sorrowe, and laughe in all my pain;
 likewise displeaseth me boeth [deth & lyffe].
 And my delite is causer of this stryff.

E. 20b. Signed Wyat, and marked Sonet, 2 Ent. — 13 lyff & deth.

Found also in D[82a]., and P[32a]., with the variants: — 3 D. aboute the heaven. — 4 P. haue yet. — 8 P. gevethe none occasion. — 10 P. aske I. — 11 P. and yet. — 12 P. I feed in sorow. — 13 P. pleaseth, D., P. dethe and lyf.

Variants in T[36].: — 3 flye aloft. — 5 lockes nor loseth. — 6 scrape. — 9 without tong. — 10 I wish to perysh, yet I aske for helth. — 13 Lo thus displeaseth.

IV

Ever myn happe is slack & slo in commyng,
 desir encresing myn hope vncertain,
 that leve it, or wayt it, doeth me like pain,
 and tigre-like swift it is in parting.
 Alas! the snow shalbe black & scalding; 5
 the see, waterles; fisse, in the moyntain;
 the Tamys shall retorn back into his fontain;
 and where he rose the sonne shall take lodging;

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ere that I in this fynde peace or quyetenis,
 or that love or my lady rightwisely 10
 leve to conspire again me wrongfully.
 And if that I have after suche bitternis
 any thing swete, my mouth is owte of tast,
 that all my trust & travaill is but wast.

E. 22b. Signed Wyat, and marked Sonet, 2 Ent.

Found also in A[42a]., without variants.

*Variants in T[68]. : — 2 encreasyng ay my. — 3 that loue or
 wait it, alike doth me payne. — 4 so swift. — 5 shal it be. —
 6 and fishe. — 7 backe returne. — 8 his lodgyng. — 9 ere I in. —
 12 if I haue.*

V

Playn ye, my neyes, accompany my hart,
 for, by your fault, loe ! here is death at hand.
 Ye brought him first into this bytter band,
 and of his harme as yet ye felt no part ;
 but now ye shall : loe ! here begyns *your* smart. 5
 Wet shall ye be — ye shall yt not withstand —
with weeping teares that shall make dym *your*
 sight,
 and mistie clowdes shall hang still in *your* light.
 Blame but *your* selves that kyndyld have this
 brand,
 withe such desire to straine that past *your* might. 10
 But syure by yow the hart hathe cawght his
 harme ;
 his flamed heate shall somtyme make ye warm.

P[33a]. — 2 your inserted, same hand.

VI

Resound my voyse, ye wodes, that here me plain ;
 boeth hilles and vales causing reflexion ;
 and ryvers eke record ye of my pain ;
 which have ye oft forced by compassion,
 as iudges, to here myn exclamation, 5
 emong whome pitie, I fynde, doeth remayn.
 Where I it seke, alas ! there is disdain.

Oft ye, revers, to here my wofull sounde,
 have stopt *your* course ; and, plainly to expresse,
 many a tere by moystour of the grounde 10
 the erthe hath wept, to here my hevenes ;
 which, causeles to suffre without redresse,
 the howgy okes have rored in the wynde :
 eche thing, me thoughte, complayning in their
 kynde.

Why then, *helas* ! doeth not she on me rew ? 15
 or is her hert so herd that no pitie
 may in it synke, my ioye for to renew ?
 O stony hert ! he hath this joynded the —
 so cruell that art, cloked with beaultie :
 no grace to me, from the, there may procede, 20
 but, as rewarde[], deth for to be my mede.

E. 17b. Marked 3 Ent. — 21 rewarded.

*Found also in D[72a]., with the variants : — 2 hillis and valeis
 causers of reflexion. — 6 among whom I finde pitye. — 7 yt*

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sought. — 14 thought moving in the kinde. — 17 ioyis. — 18 o tygre's herte who hathe so cloked the. — 19 that arte so cruell couerd with. — 20 there is no grace from the that maye procede.

Variants in T[42]. : — 4 haue oft forced ye. — 5 lo to heare. — 6 amonge whom, such [ruth] I finde yet doth remaine. — 12 causelesse I endure without redresse. — 18 who hath thus framed thee. — 20 that from thee may no grace to me procede.

VII

Alas ! madame, for stelyng of a kysse
have I so much *your* mynd then offended ?
Have I then done so greuously amysse
that by no meanes it may be amended ?
Then revenge you ; and the next way is this, 5
an othr kysse shall have my lyffe ended ;
for, to my mowth, the first my hert did suck,
the next, shall clene oute of my brest it pluck.

E. 31a. Signed Tho., and marked 1 Ent. — 1 stelyng *altered from robbing, Wyatt's hand.* — 2 then *alt. to therin, later hand.* — 4 it may *alt. to the matter may, later hand.* — 5-6 *alt. fr. revenge you then and sure ye shall not mysse / to have my lyffe with an othr ended, Wyatt's hand ; alt. again to throughe endid, later hand.* — 7 the first *alt. fr. the ton, Wyatt's hand.* — 8 the next *alt. fr. the thother, clene inserted, Wyatt's hand.*

Found also in A[38b]., with the variants: — 2 thearein of-fendid. — 4 mendid. — 6 lief throughe endid.

Variants in T[41]. : — 2 therin. — 3 or haue I done. — 4 it may not be. — 5 Reuenge you then, the rediest way is this. — 6 my life it shall haue.

VIII

A face that should content me wonders well,
shuld not be faire, but louelie to behold,

with gladsome cheare all grief for to expell.
 With sober lookes so wold I that it should
 speake, without wordes, such woordes as non can
 tell.

5

The tresse also should be of crysped gold.
 With witt; and thus might chaunce I might be
 tyde,
 and knyt agayne the knott that should not slide.

P. 32b. — 8 (?) a gayne.

Variants in T[68]. : — 3 of luely loke, all grieve for to repell.
 — 4 With right good grace so. — 5 word. — 7 and these per-
 chance I might be tryde. — 8 with knot.

IX

He is not ded yat somtyme hath a fall;
 the sonne retorneth that was vnder the clowde;
 and when fortune hath spitt oute all her gall,
 I trust good luck to me shalbe allowede.
 For I have sene a shipp into haven fall,
 after the storme hath broke boeth mast &
 shrowde;
 and eke the willowe, that sto[u]peth with the
 wynde,
 doeth ryse again, and greater wode doeth bynd.

5

E. 40a. Signed Tho., and marked 2 Ent. — 1 *alt. fr.* I ame
 not ded all though I had a fall, *Wyatt's hand.* — 7 stoppeth.

Found also in D[74a]., and P[32a]., with the variants: —
 1 *D.*, *P.* I am not ded altho I had. — 2 *P.* that was hid vnder.
 — 4 *P.* shalbe to me. — 5 *P.* into the haven. — 6 *P.* when
 storme, & also shrowde. — 7 *D.* stewpith.

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Variants in T[54]. : — 1 had. — 2 hid was vnder clowd. — 5 in hauen. — 6 after that storme. — 7 the willow eke. — 7 stoupe-eth.

X

What? No, *perdy*! ye may be sure;
thinck not to make me to *your* lure
with wordes amd chere so contrarieng,
swete and sowre contrewaing;
to much it were still to endure. 5
Trowth is tryed where craft is in vre;
but, though ye have had my hertes cure,
trow ye I dote withoute ending?

What? No, *perdy*!
Though that with pain I do procure 10
for to forgett that ons was pure,
within my hert shall still that thing
vnstable, vnsure, and wavering,
be in my mynde withoute recure?

What? No, *perdy*! 15

E. [31b]. Signed Tho., and marked 1 Ent.

Found also in D[19a]., with the variants: — 6 trayde. — Followed by fynys quod Wyatt.

XI

Who so list to hunt, I knowe where is an hynde;
but, as for me, alas! I may no more,
the vayne travaill hath weried me so sore.
I am of them that furdest *cumme* behinde,

yet may I, by no meanes, my wried mynde 5
 drawe from the dere, but, as she fleeth afore,
 fayntyng I folowe. I leve of, therefore,
 sins in a nett I seke to hold the wynde.
 Who list her hunt, I put him owte of dowbte,
 as well as I may spend his tyme in vain; 10
 and, graven with diamondes, in letters plain
 there is written her faier neck rounde abowte :
 ‘Noli me tangere, for Sesar’s I am,
 and wylde for to holde, though I seme tame.’

E. 7b. Signed Wyatt, and marked Sonet, 2 Ent. — 1 orig. hounte. — 2 orig. helas. — 4. orig. ame, farthest cometh. — 6 orig. diere. — 8 orig. sithens. — 9 orig. hount. — 13. orig. ame. Found also in A[38a], with the variant : — 6 sleethe.

XII

Ye old mule, that thinck *your* self so fayre,
 leve of with craft *your* beautie to repaire,
 for it is time, withoute any fable.
 No man setteth now by riding in *your* saddell;
 to muche travaill so do *your* train apaire; 5
 ye old mule!
 With fals favour though you deceve thayes,
 who so tast you shall well *perceive your* layes
 savoureth som what of a kappier’s stable,
 ye old mule! 10
 Ye must now serve to market & to faire
 all for the burden, for pannyers a paire;

10 **Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics**

for syns gray heres ben powdered in *your* sable,
 the thing ye seke for you must yourself enable
 to pourchase it by payement & by prayer, 15
 ye old mule !

E. 25a.

XIII

My loue ys lyke vnto theternall fyre,
 and I as those whyche therin do remayn ;
 whose grevous paynes ys but theyre gret desyre
 to se the syght whyche they may not attayn.
 So in helle's heate my self I fele to be, 5
 that am restrynd by gret extremyte
 the syght of her whyche ys so dere to me.
 O ! puissant Loue ! & power of gret avayle !
 By whome hell may be felte or dethe assayle.

D. 53a.

XIV

‘ A Robyn,
 joly Robyn,
 tell me how thy leman doeth,
 and thou shall knowe of myn.

‘ My lady is vnkynd, perde ! 5
 Alack ! whi is she so !
 She loveth an othr better then me,
 and yet she will say no.’

Responce.

‘ I fynde no suche doublenes,

I fynde women true ;
 my lady loveth me, dowltes,
 and will chaunge for no newe.' 10

Le Plaintiff.

'Thou art happy while that doeth last,
 but I say, as I fynde,
 that women's love is but a blast,
 and torneth like the wynde.' 15

Response.

'Suche folke shall take no harme by love
 that can abide their torn ;
 but I, alas ! can no way prove
 in love but lake & morn.' 20

Le Plaintiff.

'But if thou will avoyde thy harme,
 lerne this lessen of me :
 at other fieres thy self to warme,
 and let them warme with the.'

E. 37b. Signed Wyat, and marked 1 Ent.

Found also in D [incomplete, 22b ; complete 24a] ; and the first three stanzas, set to music by Cornysh, in Add. Ms. 31022, with the variants : — 1-2 D¹. He Robyn / gentyll Robyn ; D². Hey Robyn / ioly Robyn ; Add. Ms. A Robyn / gentyl Robyn. — 3 D¹, D². lady. — 5 Add. Ms. vnkynde I wis. — 6 D¹. Allas ; D². alas. — 7 D¹, D². then I. — 9-24 not in D¹. — 9 Add. Ms. I can not thynk such doubylnes. — 10 D², Add. Ms. for I. — 11 Add. Ms. In facth my lady louith me well. — 12 Add. Ms. she

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will. — 13 *D*². happy yf ytt doth. — 13-24 *not in Add. Ms.* — 16 *D*². tornyth as. — 17 *D*². Much folke shal tak ye hurt by louee. — 19 *D*². ways. — 21 *D*². Yet, the harm. — 23 *D*². others, warn. — 24 *D*². warn — *Responce and Le Plaintiff found only in E.* — *After v. 8 follows in D*¹. *the stanza :*

‘ A wel I hawe at other lost
not as my nowen I do protest,
bot wan I hawe got that I hawe mest,
I shal regoys among the rest.’

Mary Shelton.

*After v. 16 follows in D*². *the stanza :*

‘ Yf that be trew, yea, as thow sayst,
that women turn their hart,
then speke better of them thou mayst,
in hop to hau thy partt.’

XV

Howe shulde I
be so plesunte
in mye semblaunt
as my fellowes bee ?

Not long agoo	5
it chaunsed soo,	
as I ded walke alone,	
I harde aman	
that, nowe and than,	
himself ded thus bemone :	10

‘ Alas !’ he saide,
‘ I am betraide,
and vttrelye ondone ;

whom I dede trust,
and think so iuste, 15
anothr man hath wone.

‘ Mye *servise* due
and harte so true,
on her I ded bestowe ;
I never ment 20
for to repente,
yn welthe, nor yet in woo.

‘ Eche Westerne winde
hath turned his minde,
and blowen it clene awaye ; 25
therebye my welth,
my mirth, & helthe,
are dryven to grete dekaye.

‘ Fortune ded smyle
a right shorte while, 30
and never saide me naye,
with plesaunt plaes
and ioyfull dayes,
my tyme to passe awaye.

‘ Allas ! ah las ! 35
the tyme so was ;
so never shall it be,

14 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

sins she is gone,
and I alone
armeles, as ye maye see. 40

‘ Whre is the othe,
whre is the trothe,
that she to me ded gyve ?
Suche fayned wordes,
with silie boordes, 45
lett no wise man beleve.

‘ For even as I
thus wofullye
vnto my self complaine,
yf ye then truste, 50
nedes lerne ye muste
to sing my song in vayne.

‘ Howe shulde I
[be so plesunte
in mye semblaunt 55
as my fellowes bee ? ’]

*D. 77a. — 18 (?) herte. — 26 alt. fr. thereby my helthe
/ my mirth & welthe, same hand. — 27 crossed out h before
mirth, same hand.*

*Also found at D[43a]., with the variants : — stanzas 6-7 are
wanting, but after st. 4 occurs the following : ‘ Love ded asyen /
her to be myn, / and nat to love non nwe ; / but who can bynd
/ the ffeckell kynd, / that never wyll be tru ? ’ — 7 as Y*

walkyt. — 10 thys ded bemone. — 23 the Western. — 25 her.
— 26 wher be. — 27 my helth. — 28 ys turned to. — 41
trowth. — 42 owth. — 53 *refrain is written entire.*

XVI

There was never nothing more me payned,
nor nothing more me moved,
as when my swete hert her complayned
that ever she me loved.

Alas ! the while.

5

With pituous loke she saide & sighed,
' Alas ! what aileth me,
to love and set my welth so light
on hym that loveth not me ?

Alas ! the while.

10

' Was I not well voyde of all pain
when that nothing me greved ?
And now with sorrous I must complain,
and cannot be releved.

Alas ! the while.

15

' My restfull nyghtes & ioyfull daies,
syns I began to love
be take from me ; all thing decayes,
yet can I not remove.

Alas ! the while.'

20

16 **Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics**

She wept and wrong her handes with all ;
the teres fell in my nekke ;
she torned her face & let it fall,
scarsely therewith coulde speke.

Alas ! the while. 25

Her paynes tormented me so sore
that comfort had I none,
but cursed my fortune more & more
to se her sobbe and grone.

Alas ! the while. 30

E. 27a. Signed Tho., and marked 1 Ent.

XVII

To cause accord, or to aggre
two contraries in oon degre
and in oon poynt, as semeth me,
to all man's wit it cannot be ;
it is impossible. 5

Of hete and cold when I complain,
and say that hete doeth cause my pain
when cold doeth shake me every vain,
and boeth at ons, I say again
it is impossible. 10

That man that hath his hert away,
if lyff lyveth there, as men do say,

that he hertles should last on day
a lyve, & not to torn to clay,
it is impossible. 15

'Twixt lyff and deth, say what who sayth,
there lyveth no lyff that draweth breth,
they ioyne so nere; & eke, i' feith,
to seke for liff by wissh of deth,
it is impossible. 20

Yet love, that all thing doeth subdue,
whose power ther may no liff eschew,
hath wrought in me that I may rew
these miracles to be so true,
that are impossible. 25

E. 53a. Signed Tho., and marked 1 Ent.

*Found also in D[69a]., with the variants: — 4 menn's. —
21 thinges.*

XVIII

If chaunce assynd
were to my mynde
by very kynd
of destyne,
yet would I crave 5
nought els to have
but liff & libertie.

Then were I sure
I myght endure
the displeasure
of crueltie;
where now I plain,
alas! in vain,
lacking my liff, for libertie.

For, without thone, 15
thothr is gone,
and there can none
it remedy ;
if thone be past,
thothr doth wast, 20
and all for lack of libertie.

And so I dryve
as yet alyve,
all tho I stryve
with myserie ;
drawing my breth,
lowking for deth,
& losse of liff for libertie.

But thou that still
maist, at thy will,
torn all this ill
aduersitie,

for ye repare
of my welfare
graunt me but liff & libertie. 35

And if not so,
then let all goo
to wretched woo,
and let me dye ;
for thone or thothr 40
there is non othr :
my deth, or liff with libertie.

E.44b. Signed Tho., and marked 1 Ent.

XIX

The restfull place, revyver of my smarte ;
the labor's salve, inccessyng my sorow ;
the body's ese, and trobler off my hart ;
quieter of mynd, and my vnquyet foo ;
fforgetter of payn, remembryng my woo ; 5
the place of slepe, wherin I do but wake ;
be sprent *with teres*, my bed, I the forsake.

The frost, the snow, may not redresse my hete,
nor yet no heate abate my fervent cold ;
I know nothyng to ese my paynes mete. 10
Eche care cawsythe increse by XXty fold,
revyvyng carys vpon my sorows old.
Suche overthwart affectes they do me make,
by sprent *with terys*, my bed for to forsake.

20 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

Yet helpythe yt not : I fynd no better ese 15
in bed, or owt. Thys moste cawsythe my payn :
where most I seke how beste that I may plese,
my lost labor, alas ! ys all in vayn ;
yet that I gave, I cannot call a gayn.
No place fro me my greffe away can take ; 20
wherfor *with* terys, my bed, I the forsake.

D. 18a. Foll. by Fynys quoth Wyatt. — 6 wake alt. fr. walk, same hand. First st. also found in E[8b]., preceded by the title Too his bedde :—

O restfull place, reneewer of my smart ;
o laboorz salue, encreasing my sorowe ;
o bodyez eaze ; ô troobler of my hart ;
peaser of mynde, of myne unquyet fo ;
refuge of payene, remembrer of my wo ;
of care, coomefort, where I dispaye my part ;
the place of slepe, wherin I doo but wake ;
bysprent *with* tearez, my bedde, I thee forsake.

XX

And wylt thou leve me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay ! ffor shame !
to save the from the blame
of all my greffe & grame.
And wylt thou leve me thus ? 5
Say nay ! say nay !

And wylt thou leve me thus,
that hathe lovyd the so long
in welthe & woo among ?
& ys thy hart so strong 10

as for to leve me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

And wylt thou leve me thus,
that hathe gevyn the my hart,
neuer for to depart, 15
nother for payn nor smart ?
And wylt thou leve me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

And wylt thou leve me thus
& have nomore pyttye 20
of hym that lovythe the ?
Helas ! thy crueltie !
& wylt thou leve me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

D. 172. Foll. by Fynys quod W.

XXI

Forget not yet the tryde entent
of suche a truthe as I haue ment ;
my gret travayle so gladly spent
forget not yet !

Forget not yet when fyrst began 5
the wery lyffe ye know, synes whan
the sute, the *seruys*, none tell can ;
forgett not yett !

22 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

Forget not yet the gret assays,
the cruell wrong, the skornfull ways,
the paynfull pacyence in denays,
 forgett not yet !

Forget not yet, forget not thys,
how long ago hathe ben, & ys,
the mynd that never ment amys,
forget not yet !

Forget not then thyn owne aprovyd,
the whyche so long hathe the so louyd,
whose stedfast faythe yet never movyd,
forget not thys!

D. 54b.

XXII

Hevyn, and erth, & all that here me plain,
do well *perceve* what care doeth cause me cry,
save you a lone, to whom I cry in vain,
'Mercy! madame; alas! I dy! I dy!'

Yf that you slepe, I humbly you require
forbere a while & let your rigour slake ;
syne that by you I burn thus in this fire,
to here my plaint, dere hert, awake ! awake !

Syns that so oft ye have made me to wake
in plaint & teres, & in right pitious case,

displease you not, if force do now me make
to breke your slepe, crieng, ' Alas ! alas ! '

It is the last trouble that ye shal have
of me, madame, to here my last complaint ;
pitie at lest *your* poure, vnhappy, slave, 15
for in dispere, alas ! I faint, I faint.

It is not now, but long, and long ago
I have you *serued*, as to my powre & myght,
as faithfully as any man myght do,
clayming of you nothing of right, of right, 20

save of your grace only to stay my liff
that fleith as fast as clowd afore the wynde ;
for syns that first I entred in this stryff,
an inward deth hath fret my mynde, my mynd.

If I had suffered this to you vnware, 25
myn were the fawte, & you nothing to blame,
but syns you know my woo & all my care,
why do I dy ? Alas ! for shame ! for shame !

I know right well my face, my lowke, my teeres,
myn iyes, my wordes, & eke my drery chiere, 30
have cryd my deth full oft vnto *your* eres ·
herd of belefe it doeth appere, appere.

24 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

A better prouff, I se that ye would have :
 how I am dede, therefore, when ye here tell,
 beleve it not, all tho ye se my grave. 35
 Cruell, vnkynd, I say ' Farewell ! farewell ! '

*E. 47b. The last three stanzas only are found in D[11a]..
 with the variant : — 30 dere chere.*

XXIII

My hope, alas ! hath me abused,
 and vain reioysing hath me fed ;
 lust and ioye have me refused,
 and carefull plaint is in their stede ;
 to muche avauncing slaked my spede, 5
 myrth hath caused my hevines,
 and I remain all comfortles.

Whereto did I assure my thought
 withoute displeasure stedfastly ?
 In fortune's forge my ioye was wrought, 10
 and is revolted redely.
 I ame mystaken wonderly,
 for I though[t] nought but faithfulness,
 yet I remain all comfortles.

In gladsom chere I did delite, 15
 till that delite did cause my smert
 and all was wrong where I thought right ;
 for right it was, that my true hert

should not from trouth be set apart,
 syns trouth did cause me hardines ; 20
 yet I remain all comfortles.

Sometyme delight did tune my song,
 and led my hert full pleasauntly ;
 and to my self I saide among :
 ' My happ is comyng hastely ' ; 25
 but it hath happed contrary :
 assuraunce causeth my distres,
 and I remain all comfortles.

Then if my note now do vary
 and leve his wonted pleasauntnes, 30
 the hevy burden that I cary
 hath alterd all my ioyefulnes.
 No pleasure hath still stedfastnes,
 but hast hath hurt my happenes,
 and I remain all comfortles. 35

E. 41a. Marked 1 Ent. — 13 though.

Found also in D[74b]., and A[46a]., with the variants:—

12 D. mistaking. — 13 D., A. thought. — 19 D. for trouthe. —

22 A. turne. — 28, 35 D. all comfortles wanting.

XXIV

My lute, awake, *perfourme* the last
 labour that thou and I shall wast,
 and end that I have now begon ;

26 **Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics**

for when this song is song & past,
my lute, be still, for I have done. 5

As to be herd where ere is none,
as lede to grave in marbill stone,
my song may perse her hart as sone.
Should we then sigh or syng or mone ?
No, no, my lute, for I have done. 10

The rokkes do not so cruelly
repulse the waves continually,
as she my suyte & affection ;
so that I ame past remedy :
whereby my lute & I have done. 15

Prowd of the spoyll that thou hast gott
of simple hertes thorough love's shot,
by whome, vnkynd, thou hast them wone,
thinck not he haith his bow forgot,
all tho my lute & I have done. 20

Vengeaunce shall fall on thy disdayn
that makest but game on earnest pain ;
thinck not alone vnder the sonne
vnquyt to cause thy lover's plain,
all tho my lute and I have done. 25

Perchaunce the lye wethered and old
the wynter nyght that are so cold,

playnyng in vain vnto the mone ;
 thy wisshe then dare not be told.
 Care then who lyst, for I have done. 30

And then may chaunce the to repent
 the tyme that thou hast lost and spent
 to cause thy lover's sigh & swoune ;
 then shalt thou knowe beaultie but lent,
 and wisshe and want as I have done. 35

Now cesse, my lute, this is the last
 labour that thou & I shall wast,
 and ended is that we begon.
 Now is this song boeth song & past ;
 my lute, be still, for I have done. 40

E. 43b. Signed Tho., and marked 1 Ent. — 8 as alt fr. so, Wyatt's hand. — 26 the lye alt. fr. they lay, Wyatt's hand.

XXV

‘ Most wretched hart ! most myserable !
 syns the comferte is from the fled,
 syns all the trouthe is turned to fable,
 most wretched harte ! why arte thou nott ded ? ’

‘ No ! no ! I lyve, and must doo still, 5
 wherof I thank God, and no mo ;
 ffor I me selff have all my will
 and he is wretched that wens hym so.’

28 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

‘ Butt yete thow hast bothe had, and lost,
the hope so long that hathe the fed, 10
and all thy travayle and thy cost.
Most wretchid harte ! why arte thow nott ded ? ’

‘ Som other hope must fede me new ;
yff I have lost, I say, what tho !
dyspayr shall nott throwghe ynsew, 15
for he is wretchid that wenys hym so.’

‘ The sonne, the mone, doth frowne on the ;
thow hast darkenes in daylightes stede ;
as good in grave as soo to be,
moost wretched hert ! Why art you not ded ? ’ 20

‘ Some plesaunt sterre may shewe me light ;
but tho ye heven wold worke me woo,
who hath himself shal stande vp right,
and he is wretched that wens him soo.’

‘ Hath he himself that is not sure ? 25
His trust is like as he hath sped ;
against the streme thou maist not dure,
most wretched herte ! Why art you not ded ? ’

‘ The last is worst ; who feres not yat,
he hath himself where so he goo ; 30
and he yat knoweth what is what,
sayeth he is wretched that wens him soo.’

‘Seist you not how they whet their teth,
 which to touche ye sometime ded drede?
 They finde comforte for thy mischief. 35
 Moost wretched hert! why art you not dede?’

‘What tho that currs do fal by kinde
 on him that hathe the overthro;
 al that can not opresse my minde,
 for he is wretched that wens him soo.’ 40

‘Yet can it not be thenne denyd,
 it is as certain as thy crede,
 thy gret vnhap you canst not hid;
 vnhappy, thenne, why art you not dede?’

‘Vnhappy, but no wretche therfore, 45
 for happe doth comme again and goo;
 for whiche I kepe my self in store,
 sins vnhap cannot kil me soo.’

E. 63b. Signed Tho. With st. 5 begins a new part, in a different hand, and it is marked 1 Ent, as if a separate poem, but the metre and sense join it to the preceding stanzas.

XXVI

You that in love finde lucke and habundance,
 and live in lust and ioyfull iolitie,
 arrise, for shame, do away your sluggardie;
 arise, I say, do May some observaunce.

30 Early Thirteenth Century Lyrics

Let me in bed lye dreeming in mischaunce; 5
 let me remembre the happs most unhappy,
 that me betide in May most comonly,
 as oon whome love list litil to avaunce.

Sephame saide true, that my natiuitie
 mischaunced was *with* the ruler of the May. 10
 He gest, I prove, of that the veritie ;
 in May my welth and eke my liff, I say,
 have stonde so oft in such perplexitie.
 Reioyse, let me dreme of your felicitie.

E. 64b. Signed Tho., and marked Sonet 2 Ent. Foll. by Finis.
 — 12 in *alt. fr* ine; my welth *alt. fr.* my self; *same hand.*
Found also in A[43b]., with the omission of w. 6.

Variants in T[36].: — 1 and swete abundance. — 2 lust of
ioyfull. — 5 dreamyng of. — 6 remember my missehappes vnhappy.
— 12 eke my wittes. — 14 Ioye.

XXVII

In Spayn.

Tagus, fare well! yat westward *with* thy strems
 torns vp the grayns off gold alredy tryd;
with spurr and sayle, for I go seke the Tems,
 gaynward the sonne yat shewth her welthi pryd,
 and, to the town which Brutus sowght by drems, 5
 like bendyd mone doth lend her lusty syd.
 My Kyng, my Contry, alone for whome I lyve,
 of myghty love the winges for this me gyve.

E. 69a. In autograph, and marked 1 Ent; foll. by finis. —

7 *alt. fr.* for whome alone, and that *fr.* a still earlier for whom only.

Variants in T[84]: — 6 mone that leanes her. — 7 I seke for whom I liue. — 8 O mighty Ioue the windes for this me geue.

XXVIII

Luckes, my faire falcon, and your fellowes all,
 how well pleasaunt yt were your libertie,
 ye not forsake me that faire might ye befall;
 but they that somtyme lykt my compayne,
 like lyse awaye from ded bodies thei crall. 5
 Loe! what a profe in light aduersytie!
 But ye, my birdes, I swear by all your belles,
 ye be my fryndes, & so be but few elles.

P. 32b.

Variants in T[68]: — 1 Lux, thy. — 3 you fall. — 8 and very few elles.

XXIX

The piller pearisht is whearto I lent,
 the strongest staye of myne unquyet mynde;
 the lyke of it no man agayne can fynde,
 from East to West, still seking, thoughe he went.
 To myne unhappe; for happe away hath rent 5
 of all my joye the very bark and rynde,
 and I, alas! by chaunce am thus assynde
 dearlye to moorne till death do it relent.
 But syns that thus it is by destenye,
 what can I more but have a rooful hart? 10

32 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

my penne in playnt, my voyce in woofull crye,
my mynde in woe, my bodye full of smart,
and I my self, my self alwayes to hate,
till dreadfull death do c[ea]se my dolefull state.

A. 60b. — 14 cause.

Variants in T[72].: — 8 daily. — 10 wofull. — 14 do ease.

XXX

Vulcane bygat me; Mynerua me taught;
Nature, my mother; Craft norischt me yere
by yere;
thre bodyes ar my fode; my streng[t]h is in
naught;
angre, wrath, wast, and noyse, are my chil-
dren dere.
Gesse, frend, what Y ame, and how Y ame
wrought;
monstre of see, or of lande, or of els where.
Know me and use me, and Y may the defende,
and if Y be thine enmye, Y may thy life ende.

5

E. 70a.

*Found also in Harl[29b]., with the variants: — 3 is naught.
— 4 slawghter, wrathe. — 5 or how. — 6 of land see or els
wheare. — 7 have me.*

No variants in T[82].

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

XXXI

Yf he that erst the fourme so lively drewe
of Venus' faas, tryvmpt in payntere's arte,
thy father then what glorye did ensew,
by whose pencell a goddesse made thow arte!
Touchid with flame, that figure made some rewe, 5
and *with* her love surprysed manye a hart;
there lackt yet that should cure their hoot de-
syer:
thow canst enflame and quenche the kyndled
fyre.

P. 56b. Foll. by H. S.

Found also in H., with the variant: — 3 shall ensue.

XXXII

Alas! so all thinges nowe doe holde their peace:
heauen and earth disturbed in nothing;
the beastes, the ayer, the birdes their song doe
cease;
the night's chare the starres aboute dothe bring;
calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse and
lesse.

So am not I, whom loue, alas! doth wring,
bringing before my face the great encrease

34 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

of my desires. Whereat I wepe and syng,
 in ioye and wo, as in a doutfull ease ;
 for my swete thoughtes sometyme doe pleasure
 bring, 10
 but, by and by, the cause of my disease
 geues me a pang that inwardly dothe sting,
 when that I thinke what grieve it is againe
 to liue and lacke the thing should ridde my paine.

T[10].

XXXIII

The soote season, that bud and blome furth
 bringes,
 with grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale ;
 the nightingale with fethers new she singes ;
 the turtle to her make hath tolde her tale ;
 Somer is come, for euery spray nowe springes ; 5
 the hart hath hong his olde hed on the pale ;
 the buck in brake his Winter cote he flinges ;
 the fishes flote with newe repaired scale ;
 the adder all her sloughe awaye she slinges ;
 the swift swallow pursueth the flyes smale ; 10
 the busy bee her honye now she minges.
 Winter is worne, that was the flowers bale.
 And thus I see among these pleasant thinges
 eche care decayes, and yet my sorow springes.

T[4]. — 8 Second ed. flete.

XXXIV

Set me wheras the sonne dothe perche the grene,
 or whear his beames may not dissolue the ise,
 in temprat heat, wheare he is felt and sene ;
with prowde people, in presence sad and wyse ;
 set me in base, or yet in highe degree ; 5
 in the long night, or in the shortyst day ;
 in clere weather, or whear mysts thickest be ;
 in lofte yowthe, or when my heares be grey ;
 set me in earthe, in heauen, or yet in hell ;
 in hill, in dale, or in the fowming floode ; 10
 thrawle, or at large, aliuie whersoo I dwell ;
 sike, or in healthe ; in yll fame, or in good ;
 yours will I be, and *with* that onely thought
 comfort my self when that my hape is nowght.

P. 57a. T's version [11] differs radically :

Set me wheras the sunne doth parche the grene,
 Or where his beames do not dissolue the yse ;
 In temperate heate where he is felt and sene ;
 In presence prest of people madde or wise.
 Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree :
 In longest night, or in the shortest daye :
 In clearest skye, or where clowdes thickest be :
 In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye.
 Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,
 In hyll, or dale, or in the fomyng flood :
 Thrall, or at large, aliuie where so I dwell :
 Sicke, or in health : in euyl fame, or good.
 Hers will I be, and onely with this thought
 Content my selfe, although my chaunce be nought.

XXXV

In Cipres springes — wheras dame Venus
 dwelt —
 a well so hote, that who so tastes the same,

36 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

were he of stone, as thawed yse shuld melt,
 and kindled fynde his brest with secret flame ;
 whose moist poison dissolved hath my hate. 5
 This creping fier my cold lymmes so oprest
 that, in the hart that harbred fredom late,
 endles dispaire long thraldom hath imprest.
 One, eke so cold, in froson snow is found,
 whose chilling venume of repugnant kind 10
 the fervent heat doth quenche of Cupide's
 wound,
 and *with* the spote of change infectes the mynd ;
 where of my deer hath tasted to my payne.
 My service thus is growne into disdayne.

P. 56a. Foll. by H. S. — 9 snow alt. fr. sone, same hand.

*Variants in T[9]. : — 4 fired flame. — 9 An other so colde in
 frozen yse.*

XXXVI

I neuer saw youe, madam, laye aparte
 your cornet black, in colde nor yet in heate,
 sythe first ye knew of my desire so greate,
 which other fances chaced cleane from my harte.
 Whiles to my self I did the thought reserve 5
 that so vnware did wounde my wofull brest,
 pytie I saw *within* your hart dyd rest ;
 but since ye knew I did youe love and serve,
 your golden tresse was clad alway in blacke,
 [your smilyng lokes were hid thus euermore,] 10
 all that *with*drawne that I did crave so sore.

So doth this cornet governe me, a lacke !
 in somere's sone, in winter['s] breath of frost ;
 of your faire eies whereby the light is lost.

P. 55b. — 10 omitted, probably through carelessness ; I have supplied the v. conjecturally, from the suggestion of the corresponding v. in T.

T.'s version [12] differs radically :

I neuer sawe my Ladye laye apart
 Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
 Sith first she knew my grieft was growen so great,
 Which other fansies driueth from my hart
 Tha. to my selfe I do the thought reserue,
 The which vnwares did wounde my wofull brest :
 But on her face mine eyes mought neuer rest,
 Yet, sins she knew I did her loue and serue
 Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke,
 Her smilyng lokes that hid thus euermore,
 And that restraines whiche I desire so sore,
 So dothe this cornet governe me alacke :
 In somer, sunne : in winters breath, a frost :
 Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

XXXVII

Ffrom Tuscan cam my ladies worthi race ;
 faire Fflorence was sometime her auncient seate ;
 the westorne Ile, whose pleasaunt showre doth
 face
 wylde Chambaré's cliffes, did geve her lyvely
 heate ;
 ffostred she was *with* mylke of Irishe brest ; 5
 her syer [an] erle, hir dame, of princes' bloud ;
 from tender yeres in Britaine she doth rest,
with a kinge's child, where she tastes gostly foode ;
 Honsdon did furst present her to myn eyen ;
 bryght ys her hew, and Geraldine shee highte ; 10

38 Early Thirteenth Century Lyrics

Hampton me tawght to wishe her furst for myne;
and Windesor, alas! doth chace me from her
sight.

Bewty of kind, her vertues from a bove,
happy ys he that may obtaine her love.

P. 55a. — Foll. by H. S. — 6 an ins bef erle, diff. hand. — 11 furst ins., same hand. — 13 of kind replaces orig. her mate, or her mace.

Variants in T[9].: — 6 an erle. — 8 no article, tasteth costly. — 13 Her beauty. — 14 can.

XXXVIII

As oft as I behold and see
the soveraigne bewtie that me bound,
the ner my comfort is to me,
alas! the fressher is my wound.

As flame dothe quenche by rage of fier, 5
and roounyng streames consumes by raine,
so doth the sight that I desire
apeace my grief and deadly payne.

Like as the flee that seethe the flame 10
and thinkes to plaie her in the fier,
that fownd her woe, and sowght her game,
whose grief did growe by her desire.

When first I saw theise christall streames
whose bewtie made this mortall wound,

I litle thought *with* in these beames 15
so sweete a venvme to have found.

Wherein is hid the crewell bytt
whose sharpe repulse none can resist,
and eake the spoore that straynith eche wytt
to roon the race against his list. 20

But wilful will did prick me forthe ;
blynd Cupide dyd me whipp & guyde ;
force made me take my grief in worthe ;
my fruytles hope my harme did hide.

I fall and see my none decaye, 25
as he that beares flame in his brest
fforgetes, for payne, to cast awaye
the thing that breadythe his vnrest.

And as the spyder drawes her lyne,
with labour lost I frame my sewt ; 30
the fault is hers, the losse ys myne.
Of yll sown seed such ys the frewte.

P. 53b. — 19 straynith *alt. fr.* (?) straynneth.

Variants in T[24].: sts. 3, 5, and 8 lacking, but the foll. st. occurs after the st. 'But wilfull will . . .':

As cruell waues full oft be found
Against the rockes to rore and cry:
So doth my hart full oft rebound
Ageinst my brest full bitterly.

— 13 First when, those. — 14 my mortall. — 15 within her.
22 and blinde Cupide did whippe. — 27 in paine to put. — 28
mine vnrest.

XXXIX

When youthe had ledd me half the race
that Cupide's scourge did make me rune,
I loked backe to mete the place
ffrom whence my werye course begune.

And then I sawe how my desyre, 5
by ill gydyng, had let my waye ;
whose eyes, to greedye of their hire,
had lost me manye a noble praye.

Ffor when in sigh[]es I spent the daye,
and could not clooke my grief by game, 10
their boyling smoke did still bewraye
the fervent rage of hidden flame.

And when salt teares did bayne my brest,
where love his pleasaunt traynes had sowne,
the brewt therof my frewt opprest, 15
or that the bloomes were sprunge & blowne.

And where myne eyes did still pursewe
the flying chace that was their quest,
their gredye lookes did oft renewe
the hydden wounde within my brest. 20

When everye looke these cheekes might stayne,
from dedlye pale to flaming redd,

by owtward signes apperyd playne
the woo wherwith my hart was fedd.

But all to late love learneth me 25
to paynt all kynd of coloures newe,
to blynde their eyes that elles should see
my spar kled chekes with Cupyde's hewe.

And now the covert brest I clayme 30
that worships Cupyd secretlye,
and nourysheth hys sacred flame
ffrom whence no blasing sparckes do flye.

*P. 54a. — Foll. by Ffinis, H. S. — 9 sightes. — 27 e of
blynde doubtful. — 28 sparskled.*

*Variants in T[5].: — 2 me cause. — 6 misguiding me had led
the way. — 7 mine eyen. — 8 had made me lose a better. — 9
sighes. — 10 with game. — 11 the boiling smoke. — 12 the per-
saunt heate of secret flame. — 13 doe bayne. — 15 her bewty
hath the fruites. — 22 glowing red. — 24 wherin.*

XL

I that Vlisses' yeres have spent
to seeke Penelope,
fynde well the foyle I have ment
to say yat was not soo,
Sins Troilus' cause hath caused me 5
from Crised for to goo ;

and to repent Ulisses' truthe
in seas and storne skyes

42 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

of raginge will & wanton youthe,
wherewith I have tossed sore 10
 from Cilla's seas to Carribes' clives
 vppone the drowninge shore.

Wheare I sought heaven, ther founde I happe ;
 ffrom daynger vnto deathe,
 lyke vnto the mouse that treades the trappe 15
 in hope to fynde her fode,
 and bytes the breade yat stoppes his brethe ;
 for in lyke case I stode.

Tyll now, repentance hastethe hym
 to further me, so fast, 20
 that wheare I sanke, now ther I swyme,
 and have bothe streame and wynde ;
 and lucke is good yf yt may last,
 that any mane may fynde.

Harl. 306. Foll. by Ffinis

Variants in T[241]., where the poem is not assigned to Surrey :
 — 2 finde. — 3 what folly. — 7 to bewaile. — 9 wanton will and
 raging youth. — 10 which we haue. — 11 Sicilla to Caribdis. — 21
 there now. — 24 — :

That where I perished, safe I passe,
 And find no perill there :
 But stedy stone, no ground of glasse,
 Now am I sure to saue,
 And not to flete from feare to feare,
 Such anker hold I haue

XLI

The sonne hath twyse brought forth the tender
grene,

and cladd the yerthe in livelye lustynes ;
ones have the wyndes the trees dispoyled clene,
and now agayne begynnes their cruelnes ;
sins I have hidd vnder my brest the harme 5
that never shall recover helthfulnes.

The Wynter's hurt recovers *with* the warme ;
the perched grene restored is *with* shade ;
what warmth, alas ! may sarve for to disarm
the froosyn hart, that my inflame hath made ? 10

What colde agayne is hable to restore
my freshe grene yeres, that wither thus & faade ?

Alas ! I see nothinge to hurt so sore
but tyme somtyme reduceth a retourne ;
yet tyme my harme increseth more & more, 15
and semes to have my cure allwayes in skorne.

Straunge kynd of death, in lief that I doo trye :
at hand to melt, farr of in flame to bourne,

[and like as time list to my cure aply ;
so doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.] 20

Eche thing alive that sees the heaven *with* eye,
with cloke of [n]ight maye cover and excuse
him self from travaile of the dayes vnrest,
save I, alas ! against all others vse,
that then sturres vpp the torment of my brest, 25
to curse eche starr as cawser of my faat.

44 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

And when the sonne hath eke the darke repress
 and brought the daie, yet doth nothing abaate
 the travaile of my endles smart & payne;
 ffor then, as one that hath the light in haat, 30
 I wishe for night, more covertlye to playne,
 and me withdrawe from everie haunted place,
 lest in my chere my chaunce should pere to
 playne;

and *with* my mynd I measure, paas by paas,
 to seke that place where I my self hadd lost, 35
 that daye that I was tangled in that laase,
 in seming slacke that knytteth ever most.

But never yet the trayvaile of my thought
 of better state could catche a cawse to bost,
 for yf I fynde, somtyme that I have sought, 40
 those starres by whome I trusted of the port,
 my sayles do fall, and I advaunce right nought;
 as anchord fast, my sprites do all resort
 to stand atgaas, and sinke in more & more:
 the deadlye harme which [she] dooth take in
 sport. 45

Loo! yf I seke, how I do fynd my sore!
 And yf I flye, I carrey *with* me still
 the venymd shaft which dothe his force restore
 by hast of flight. And I maye playne my fill
 vnto my self, oneles this carefull song 50
 prynt in *your* hert some *percell* of my will;
 [for] I, alas! in sylence all to long,

of myne old hurt yet fele the wound but grene.
 Rue o[n] me lief, or elles your crewell wrong
 shall well appeare, and by my deth be sene. 55

P. 50a. Foll. by Ffinis, H. S. — 19-20 supplied fr. T. — 22 might. — 28 yet replaced by it above, later hand. — 44 t in atgaas seems to replace some earlier letter. — 45 she ins. by later hand. — 52 or.

Found also in A[24a]. and H[115]., with the variants: — 1 A. the tender grene lacking. — 10-40 A. lacking, due to mutilation of Ms. — 19-20 H. lacking. — 25 H. stirs. — 44 A., H. suck. — 51 A. good will. — 53 A. fele the wovnd yet greene.

Variants in T[1].: — 1 his tender. — 4 new. — 8 the shade. — 10 mine. — 13 hath. — 14 time in time. — 15 in time. — 17 Kindes. — 18-19 the couplet ins. in text. — 21 all thing. — 22 night. — 23 it self. — 25 tormentes, — 26 and curse. — 27 opprest. — 28 it doth. — 29 trauailes. — 33 lest by my chere my chance appere to playn. — 34 in my minde. — 35 the place. — 36 the lace. — 44 agazed. — 51 of my tene.

XLII

Suche waywarde [wais] hath love, that moste
 parte in discorde

our willes do stand, wherby our hartes but sel-
 dom dooth accorde.

Disceyte is his delight, and to begyle and mocke
 the symple hertes which he doth stryke with fro-
 ward, dyvers stroke.

He cawseth hertes to rage with golden burninge
 darte,

and doth alaye with ledden cold agayne the
 tother's harte.

46 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

Hot gleames of burning fyre, & easye sparkes of
 flame,
 in balaunce of vnegall weight he pondereth by
 ame.

Ffrom easye fourde, where I might wade & passe
 full well,

he me *withdrowes*, and doth me drive into the
 darke, diep well;

and me *withholdees* where I am cald and offerd
 place;

and wooll that still my mortall foo I do besече
 of grace.

He lettēs me to pursue a conquest well nere
 woon,

to follow where my paynes wer spilt or that my
 sute begune.

Lo! by these rules I know how sone a hart
 can turne

from warr to peace, from trewce to stryf, and so
 again returne.

I knowe how to convert my will in others lust;
 of litle stuff vnto my self to weyve a webb of
 trust;

and how to hide my harme *with* soft dissembled
 chere,

when in my face the paynted thoughtes wolde
 owtwardlye appere.

I knowe how that the blood for *sakes* the faas for
 dredd,

10

15

20

and how by shame it staynes agayne the chekes
with flaming redd.

I knowe vnder the grene, the serpent how he
lurckes ;

the hamer of the restles forge, I know eke how
yt workes.

I know, and can be roote, the tale that I wold
tell,

25

but ofte the wordes come forth a wrye of hym
that loveth well.

I know in heat and cold the lover how he shakes,
in singinge how he can complayne, in sleaping
how he wakes,

to languishe without ache, sickles for to con-
sume,

a thousand thinges for to devyse resolving all hys
fume.

30

[And thoughe he lyke to see his ladies face full
sore,

suche pleasure as delightes his eye doth not his
health restore.]

I know to seke the tracke of my desyred foo,
and fear, to fynd that I do seke ; but chefelye
this I know,

that lovers must transforme into the thing be-
loved,

35

and live— alas, who colde beleve ! — with spryte
from lief removed.

48 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

I know in hartye sighes and lawghters of the
 splene
 at ones to chaunge my state, my will, & eke
 my colour clene.

I know how to disceyve my self withouten helpp;
 and how the lyon chastysed is by beating of the
 whelpp.

In standing nere my fyer, I know how that I
 frese;
 ffarr of, to burn; in both to wast, & so my lief
 to lese.

I know how love doth rage vppon the yeldon
 mynd,

how small a nett may take & mashe a harte of
 gentle kynd;

which seldome tasted swete to seasoned heaps of
 gall;
 revyved *with* a glyns of grace olde sorowes to
 let fall.

The hidden traynes I know, & secret snares of
 love;

how sone a loke may prynt a thought that never
 will remoue.

That slipper state I know, those sodayne tournes
 from welthe,

that doutfull hope, that certayne woo, & sure dis-
 paire of helthe.

same hand. — 30 *his crossed out and repld. by in, later hand.* — 36 *e of colde doubtful.*

Found also in A[26a], with the variants: — 1 *wayes.* — 2 *wills doth.* — 5 *and causeth.* — 11 *me lacking.* — 13 *and lettes.* — 21 *dead.* — 22 *cheekes.* — 30 *in fume.* — 31–32 *couplet ins. in text.* — 35 *lover* — 41 *the fyer.* — 43 *a yolden.* — 46 *glyntt*

Variants in T[6]. : — 1 *waies.* — 2 *doe* — 4 *whom.* — 5 *He makes the one to rage.* — 6 *other.* — 10 *a depe dark hel.* — 11 *and me withholdes* — 12 *willes me that my.* — 14 *were lost.* — 15 *So, may turne.* — 17 *content my self.* — 19 *harmes, dissembling.* — 24 *wote.* — 30 *in fume.* — 31–32 *the couplet:* and though he list to se his ladies grace ful sore, / such pleasures as delight the eye doe not his health restore. — 36 (*alas who would beleue ?*). — 39 *with others help.* — 42 *I burne, I wast, I leze.* — 43 *a yelding.* — 45 *or els with seldom swete to season.* — 48 *wil printe.* — 49 *the slipper, the sodain.* — 50 *the doubtful, the certain.*

XLIII

O happy dames, that may e[m]brayes
the ffrwte off your delyet,
helpe to be walle the woffulle casse,
& eke the hewy plyet,
off me, that wontede to rejoyes 5
the ffortwne offe my pleassante chyres.
Good lades, helpe to ffelle my mowernenge woyce.

En a shepe, ffrawoghte with remiemberances
off wordes & pleassures paste,
he ssaylles that haytht en guvernances 10
my lyffe whylle et maye laste ;
with scaldenge sseythes, ffor wante off gayle,
ffurtheringe his hope, that is his ssaylle,
to warde me, the sswete porte off hes awalle.

50 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

Alas! howe ofte in dremes I see 15
 thoos yees that were my ffoode,
 wyche ssumetyme sso dellyted me
 that yet they do me good;
 where *with* I wake *with* his retourne,
 whoosse absente fflamme dootht make me boren, 20
 but whan I ffynde the lake, Lorde! howe I
 mowren.

Whan owther lowers, en armes acrossse,
 rejoyes ther cheffe dellyet,
 drowned en teares, to mowren my losse,
 I stande the better nyghtes 25
 in my wyndowe, wher I maye ssee
 beffore the wyndes howe the clowdes fflye;
 loo! whate amarryner lowe hays made me!

& en grene wawes when the ssallte fflode
 dootht ssalle by rayges off wynde, 30
 a thwssande ffaynsys en that moode
 assales my resteles mynde:
 alas! now drenches my sswete ffoo,
 that *with* sspoyle off my harte ded goo,
 & lyfte me; but alas! whye ded he sso? 35

& when the sscs wax clame agane,
 to chasse ffrom me anoye,
 my dowteffwille hopee makes me to playne;

ssso drede cwtes off my joye.

Thus es my mowrtht meynghed with woo, 40
& off eyche thowet a dowete dowtht growe :
nowe he comes ! wylle he cume ? allas ! no ! no !

D. 55a. The hand is very slovenly ; words, and even lines, are scratched out, to be replaced by slightly different spellings. — 1 enbrays. — 12 partly rewritten, without change. — 15 I in repld. by in. — 16 orig. ffodde. — 19 his rewrit. ; orig. retorene. — 24 orig. drowenede en teyeres to (?) moweren. — 28 me rewrit. — 29 (?) way started, then scratched out. — 31 orig ffayncys. — 34 orig. hartte. — 38 orig. payne. — 42 he cume ins. above.

The first st., also in Harl[306].

Variants in T[15]. : — 8 In ship, freight with remembrance. — 9 thoughts. — 10 gouernance. — 11 wil last — 12 lack. — 20 did. — 30 rise, rage. — 34 the spoyle. — 40 my wealth.

XLIV

Good ladies, you that have
 your pleasure in exyle,
stepp in your foote, come, take a place,
 and mourne with me awhyle ;
and suche as by their lords
 do sett but lyttle pryce,
lett them sitt still, it skills them not
 what chaunce come on the dyce.
But you whome love hath bound,
 by order of desyre
to love your lordes, whose good desertes
 none other wold requyre,
come you yet once agayne,
 and sett your foote by myne,

52 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

whose wofull plight, and sorowes great,
 no tongue may well defyne.

My lord and love, alas!

 in whome consystes my wealth,
 hath fortune sent to passe the seas,
 in haserd of his health.

10

That I was wontt for to embrace,
 contentid myndes,

ys now amydd the foming floodds,
 at pleasure of the wyndes.

Theare God hym well preserve,
 and safelye me hym send ;
 without whiche hope, my lyf, alas !
 weare shortlye at an ende.

[Whose absence yet, although
 my hope doth tell me plaine
 with short returne he comes anon,
 yet ceasith not my payne.]

15

The fearefull dreames I have,
 oft tymes they greeve me so
 that then I wake, and stand in dowbtt
 yf they be trew or no.

Somtyme the roring seas,
 me seemes, they grow so hye,
 that my sweete lorde in daunger greate,
 alas ! doth often lye.

20

Another tyme, the same
 doth tell me he is comme,

and playng, wheare I shall hym fynd,
with T., his lytle sonne.

So forthe I goe apace,
to see that lyfsome sight,
and with a kysse, me thinckes

I say,

‘ Now well come home, my knight ;
welcome, my sweete, alas !

the staye of my welfare ;
thy presence bringeth forthe a truce
betwixt me and my care.’ 25

Then lyvelye doth he looke,
and saluith me agayne,
and saith, ‘ My deare, how is it now
that you have all this payne ? ’

Wheare with the heavie cares,
that heapt are in my brest,
breakes forth, and me dischardgeth cleane
of all my great unrest. 30

Butt when I me awayke,
and fyndes it but a dreame,
the angwyshe of my former woe
beginneth more extreame,
and me tourmentith so
that vnneth may I fynde
some hydden wheare, to steale the gryfe
of my unquyet mynd.

Thus, euerye waye, you see
with absence how I burne, 35

54 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

and for my wound no cure there is
 but hope of some retourne,
 save when I feele, the sower,
 how sweete is felt the more,
 it doth abate some of my paynes
 that I abode before ;
 and then unto my self I saye,
 ‘ When that we two shall meete,
 but lyttle tyme shall seeme this payne,
 that joye shall be so sweete.’
 Ye wyndes, I you conuart,
 in chieffest of your rage,
 that you my lord me safelye send,
 my sorowes to asswage ;
 and that I may not long
 abyde in suche excesse,
 do your good will to cure a wight
 that lyveth in distresse.

40

A. 31a. Foll. by Ffinis, Preston. The lines in the Ms. are long, each indentation in the above, representing a caesura. — 30. y of angwyshe alt. fr. i.

Variants in T[19].: 11 Whome I was wont tembrace with well contented minde. — 12 winde. — 13 Where, well him, sone him home me. — 15-16 couplet in text. — 17 oft times do greue. — 18 that when I wake I lye in doute where. — 19 me semes do grow. — 20 dere Lod ay me alas me thinkes I see him die. — 21 with his faire little sonne. — 24 I say welcome my lord. — 30 breake, huge vnrest. — 31 finde. — 34 sum hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing of my mind. — 36 no cure I find, good return. — 37 saue whan I think, by sowre. — 39 and then vnto my self I say when we shall meete. — 40 litle while, the ioy. — 41 I you coniure. — 43 this excesse.

XLV

London, hast thou accused me
of breche of lawes, the roote of stryfe?
Within whose brest did boyle to see,
so fervent hotte, thy dissolute lief,
that even the hate of synnes, that groo 5
within thy wicked walles so rife,
ffor to breake forthe did convert soo
that terroure colde it not repress.
The which, by wordes, syns prechers knoo
what hope is le[f]t for to redresse, 10
by vnknowne meanes, it liked me
my hydden burden to expresse,
wherby yt might appere to the
that secret synn hath secret spight;
ffrom iustice rodd no fault is free; 15
but that all such as wourke vnright
in most quyet, are next ill rest.
In secret sylence of the night
this made me, with a reckles brest,
to wake thy sluggardes with my bowe; 20
a fygure of the Lorde's behest,
whose scourge for synn the Sc[r]eptions shew.
That, as the fearfull thonder clapp
by sodayne flame at hand we knowe,
of peoble stones the sowndles rapp, 25
the dredfull plage might mak the see,
of Godde's wrath. that doth the enwrapp;

56 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

that pryde might know, from consyence free,
how lofty workes may her defend ;
and envye fynd, as he hath sought, 30
how other seke hym to offend ;
and wrath tast of eche crewell thought
the iust shapp hyer in the end ;
and ydell slouthe, that never wrought,
to heven hys spirite lift may begyn ; 35
& gredye lucre lyve in drede
to see what haate ill gott goodes wynn ;
the lechers, ye that lustes do feed,
perceve what secrecy is in synne ;
and gluttons' hartes for sorow blede, 40
awaked, when their faulte they fynd.
In lothsome vyce, eche dronken wight
to styrr to godd, this was my mynd.
Thy wyndowes had don me no spight ;
but prowd people that drede no fall, 45
clothed with falshed and vnright
bred in the closures of thy wall,
but wrested to wrathe in fervent zeale,
thow hast to strief, my secret call.
Endured hartes no warning feale. 50
Oh shameles hore ! is dred then gone
by suche thy foes, as ment thy weale ?
Oh membre of false Babylon !
the shopp of craft ! the denne of ire !
thy dredfull dome drawes fast vpon ; 55

thy martyres' blood, by swoord & fyre,
 in Heaven & earth for iustice call.
 The Lord shall here their iust desyre;
 the flame of wrath shall on the fall :
 with famyne and pest lamentable 60
 stricken shalbe [thy] lecheres all;
 thy prowde towers and turrets hye,
 enmyes to God, beat stone from stone;
 thyne idolles burnt, that wrought iniquitie.
 When none thy ruine shall bemone, 65
 but render vnto the right wise Lord,
 that so hath iudged Babylon,
 imortall praise with one accord.

P. 52a. Foll. by Ffynis, H. H. — 10 lest. 61. they.

*Found also in A[25a]., with the variant: — 66 vnto thie
 rightuous.*

XLVI

Eache beeste can chuse his feere
 according to his minde,
 and eke to shew a frindlie cheare,
 lyke to their beastly kynd.
 A lyon saw I theare,
 as whyte as any snow,
 whiche seemyd well to leade the race,
 his porte the same did shew.
 Uppon this gentyll beast
 to gaze it lyked me, 5

58 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

for still me thought, it seemyd me,
 of noble blood to be.
 And as he praunced before,
 still seeking for a make,
 as whoe wolde say, 'There is none heare,
 I trow, will me forsake,'
 I might perceave a woolf,
 as whyte as whale his bone,
 a fayrer beast, a fressher hew,
 beheld I never none, 10
 save that her lookes wear fearce
 and froward eke her grace.
 Toward the whiche, this gentle beast
 gan hym advaunce apace,
 and, with a beck full low,
 he bowed at her feete
 in humble wyse, as who wold say,
 'I am to farr unmeete';
 but suche a scornfull cheere,
 wheare with she hym rewarded, 15
 was never seene, I trow, the lyke,
 to suche as well deservid.
 Wheare with she startt asyde
 well neare a foote or twayne,
 and unto hym thus gan she saye,
 with spight and great disdayne:
 'Lyon,' she said, 'yf thou
 hadest knowen my mynde beforene,

thow hadst not spentt thie travaile thus,
and all thie payne forlorne. 20
Do waye ! I lett the weete,
thow shalt not play with me ;
but raunge aboute : thow maiste seeke oute
some meeter feere for the.'
Forthwith he beatt his taile,
his eyes begoznne to flame ;
I might perceave his noble hartt
moche moved by the same.
Yet saw I him refrayne,
and eke his rage asswage, 25
and unto her thus gan he say,
whan he was past his rage :
' Crewell, you do me wronge
to sett me thus so light ;
without desert, for my good will
to shew me such dispight.
How can you thus entreat
a lyon of the race,
that with his pawes a crowned kinge
devoured in the place ? 30
Whose nature is, to prea
uppon no symple foode
as longe as he may suck the flesshe,
and drincke of noble bloode.
Yf you be faire and fresshe,
am I not of your hew ?

60 **Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics**

And, for my vaunte, I dare well say

my blood is not untrew;

ffor you your self dothe know,

it is not long agoe,

35

sins that, for love, one of the race

did end his life in woe

in towre both strong and highe,

for his assured truthe.

Wheare as in teares he spent his breath,

alas ! the more the ruthe ;

this gentle beast lykewise,

who nothinge could remove,

but willinglye to seeke his death

for losse of his true love.

40

Other ther be whose lyfe,

to lynger still in payne,

against their will preservid is,

that wold have dyed right fayne.

But well I may perceave

that nought it movid you,

my good entent, my gentle hart,

nor yet my kynd so true ;

but that your will is suche

to lure me to the trade,

45

as others some full many yeares

to trace by crafte you made.

And thus beholde my kynd,

how that we differ farr :

I seke my foes, and you my frends
do threaten still with warr ;
I fawne wheare I am fedd,
you flee that seekes to you ;
I can deuoure no yelding pray,
you kill wheare you subdue ; 50
my kynd, is to desyre
the honour of the field,
and you, with blood to slake your thirst
of suche as to you yelde.
Wherefore I wolde you wist,
that for your coy lookes
I am no man that will be traynd,
nor tanglyd bye suche hookes ;
and thoughe some list to bow,
wheare blame full well they might, 55
and to suche beastes a currant fawne,
that shuld have travaile bright,
I will observe the law
that nature gave to me,
to conqueare such as will resist,
and let the rest go free.
And as a ffaulcon free,
that soreth in the ayre,
whiche never fedd on hand or lure,
that for no stale doth care, 60
while that I live and breathe,
suche shall my custome be

62 **Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics**

in wildnesse of the woods to seeke
 my prea, wheare pleasith me ;
 where many one shall rew
 that never made offence :
 thus your refuse agaynst my powre
 shall bode them no defence.

In the revendge wherof,

 I vowe and sweare therto,
 a thowsand spoyles I shall commytt
 I never thought to do ;
 and yf to light on you

65

 my happ so good shall be,
 I shall be glad to feede on that
 that wold have fed on me.

And thus, farewell ! Unkynd,

 to whome I bent to low,
 I, would you wist the shipp is safe
 that bare his saile so low !

70

Syns that a lyon's hart

 is for a wolfe no pray,
 with blooddye mowth of symple sheepe
 go slake your wrath, I say.

With more dispight and ire

 than I can now expresse,
 whiche to my payne though I refrayne
 the cause you may well gesse :

as for becawse my self

 was awthour of this game,

75

it bootes me not that, by my wrath,
I shuld disturbb the same.

A. 27a. — Foll. by Ffinis.

Variants in T[218]. : 2 can shew. — 3 I late. — 5 the gentle,
it pleased. — 6 he semed well. — 10 of fresher. — 11 were coy. —
12 vnto the which. — 17 With that she. — 20 nor al. — 22 go
range. — 23 With that he. — 25 his wrath. — 35 your self haue
heard. — 37 both *omitted*. — 40 to lese his life. — 41 whose liues.
— 42 their willes preserued ar, right *omit*. — 43 But now I doe, it
moueth. — 47 our kyndes. — 48 your frendes. — 49 am fled. —
52 on such. — 53 coyed. — 54 be trapt, with such. — 55 lust to
loue. — 56 of currant sort. — 60 nor lure nor. — 64 this your re-
fuse. — 65 And for reuenge therof. — 66 I thousand. — 69 bent
and bow. — 70 sailes. — 72 with bloody mouth go slake your thirst
on simple shepe I say.

XLVII

When Windesor waller sustained my wearied
arme,
my hand, my chyn, to ease my restles hedd,
ech pleasaunt plot reuested green *with* warm,
the blossomed bowes, with lustie veare yspred,
the flowred meades, the weddyd birdes so late, 5
myne eyes discouered. Than did to mynd resort
the ioily woes, the hateles shorte debate,
the rakhell life, that longes to loves disporte.
Wherwith, alas ! myne hevy charge of care,
heapt in my brest, brake forth against my will ; 10
and smoky sighes, that over cast the ayer ;
my vaped eyes such drery teares distill,

64 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

the tender spring to quicken wher thei fall;
and I have bent to throwe me downe with all.

P. 55a. — Foll. by H. S. — 3 orig. plat. — 7 i of ioily ins. — 12 bef. distill stands doth crossed out. — 14 have alt. fr. half, hand uncertain.

Variants in T[11].: 6 discouer and to my minde. — 14 halfe bent.

XLVIII

So crewell prison ! howe could betyde, alas !
as prowde Wyndsour, where I, in lust & ioye,
with a Kinge's soon my childishe yeres did passe,
in greater feast then Priam's sonnes of Troye.
Where eche swete place retournes a tast full
sowre.

5

The large grene courtes, where we wer wont to
hove,

with eyes cast vpp vnto the mayden's towre,
and easye sighes, such as folke drawe in love.
The statelye sales : the ladyes bright of hewe ;
the daunces short ; long tales of great delight ; 10
with wordes and lookes, that tygers could but
rewe,

where eche of vs did plead the others right.
The palme playe, where, dispoyled for the game,
with dased eyes oft we by gleames of love
have mist the ball, and got sight of our dame, 15
to bayte her eyes which kept the leddes above.
The graveld ground : with sleeves tyed on the
helme,

on fomyngē horse, *with swordes* and frendlye
hertes,
with chere, as thoughe the one should over-
whelme,
where we have fought & chased oft *with dartes*. 20
With sylver drops the meades yet spredd for
rewthe,
in active games of nymblenes and strengthe
where we dyd strayne, trayled by swarmes of
youthē,
our tender lymes, that yet shott vpp in lengthe.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound 25
of pleasaunt playnt, & of *our* ladye's prayes,
recording soft, what grace eche one had found,
what hope of spede, what dred of long delayes.
The wyld forest, the clothed holtēs *with* grene,
with raynes avaid and swift ybrethed horse, 30
with crye of houndes and merey blastēs bitwen,
where we did chace the fearfull hart a force.
The voyd wallēs eke, that harbourde vs eche
night;
wherwith, alas! revive within my brest
the swete accord, such slepes as yet delight, 35
the pleasaunt dreames, the quyet bedd of rest,
the secret thoughtēs imparted *with* such trust,
the wanton talke, the dyvers chaung of playe,
the frendshipp sworne, eche promyse kept so iust,
wherwith we past the Winter nightēs awaye. 40

66 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

And with this thought the blood forsakes my face,
 the teares berayne my chekes of dedlye hewe;
 the which, as sone as sobbing sighes, alas!
 vpsupped have, thus I my playnt renewe:
 ' O place of blys! renewer of my woos! 45
 geve me accompt wher is my noble fere,
 whome in thy walles thow didest eche night
 enclose,
 to other lief, but vnto me most dere.'
 Eache, alas! that dothe my sorowe rewe,
 retournes therto a hollowe sound of playnt. 50
 Thus I, alone, where all my fredome grew,
 in pryson pyne *with* bondage and restrynt;
 and *with* remembraunce of the greater greif,
 to bannishe the lesse, I fynde my chieff releif.

P. 51a. — Foll. by Ffinis, H. S. — 54 in releif, it looks as if the writer started to make a y, and then altered it to i.

Found also in H[117].; no variants.

Variants in T[13].: — 9 seates. — 16 leads. — 19 though one should another whelme. — 23 trayned with. — 29 holtes. — 32 of force. — 33 wide vales eke. — 40 night. — 47 doest. — 49 Eccho.

XLIX

The greate Macedon, that out of Persy chased
 Darius, of whose huge powre all Asia range,
 in the riche arke yf Hommer's rymes he placed,
 who fayned gestes of heathen princes sange;
 what holie grave, what worthye sepulture, 5
 to Wyate's Psalmes should Christians than purchase?

Where he doth painte the lively fayth and pure,
 the stedfast hope, the sweet returne to grace,
 of iust David, by perfect penitence ;
 where rulers may see, in a myrrour clere, 10
 the bytter frute of false concupiscence :
 how Iurye bowght Vryas' death full deere.
 In princes' hartes Gode's scourge yprinted deepe
 mowght them awake out of their synfull sleepe.

P. 56a. — Foll. by H. S. — 6 Spalmea. — 13 yprinted alt. fr. imprinted, same hand.

Found also in E[856]., without variants.

Variants in T[28]. : 3 dan Homers. — 13 imprinted. — 14 ought.

L

In the rude age when scyence was not so rife,
 if Iove in Crete, and other, where they taught
 artes to reverte to profyte of our lyfe,
 wan after deathe to have their temples sought ;
 if vertue yet, in no vnthankfull tyme, 5
 fayled of some to blast her endles fame
 — a goodlie meane bothe to deter from cryme,
 and to her steppes our sequell to enflame ;
 in deyes of treuthe, if Wyatte's frendes then
 waile
 — the onelye debte that ded of quycke may
 clayme — 10
 that rare wit spent, employde to our avayle,
 where Christe is tough, deserve they monni's
 blame ?

His livelie face thy brest how did it freate,
whose cynders yet with envye doo the eate!

P. 56b.

Variants in T[218]. :— 1 knowledge was not rife. — 2 other were. — 3 conuert. — 4 wende. — 5 yet no voyde. — 12 we led to vertues traine. — 13 brestes. — 14 they do eate.

41

Wher recheles youthe in a vnquiet brest,
set on by wrath, revenge, and crueltye,
after long warr pacyens had opprest,
and iustice wrought by pryncelye equitie;
my Deny, then myne errour, depe imprest, 5
began to worke dispaire of libertye,
had not David, the perfytt warriour, tought
that of my fault thus pardon shold be sought.

P. 63a.

Found also in *A*[28^b], without variants.

LII

Marshall, the thinges for to attayne
the happy life be thes, I fynde:
the riches left, not got *with* payne;
the frutfull grownd; the quyet mynde;
the equall freend; no grudge, nor stryf; 5
no charge of rule nor governance;
*with*out disease, the helthfull life;
the howshold of contynvance;
the meane dyet, no delicate fare;

wisdom ioyned with simplicitye; 10
 the night discharged of all care,
 where wyne may beare no soveranty;
 the chast wife, wyse, without debate;
 suche sleapes as may begyle the night;
 contented with thyne owne estate, 15
 neyther wisshe death, nor feare his might.

*P. 54b. — Foll. by H. S. — 8 contynvance alt. fr. conten-
 aunce, same hand. — 12 soveranty alt. fr. soventy, same hand.*

*Variants in T[27].: 1 that do. — 5 no strife. — 10 trew wisdom
 ioyned with simplenesse. — 12 the wit may not oppresse. — 13 the
 faithful wife, without. — 16 ne wish for death, ne.*

LIII

Laid in my quyett bedd, in study as I weare,
 I saw within my troubled hed a heape of
 thoughtes appeare;
 and every thought did shew so lyvelye in myne
 eyes,
 that now I sight, and then I smylde, as cawse of
 thought did ryse.
 I saw the lytle boye, in thought how ofte
 that he 5
 did wishe of Godd to scape the rodd, a tall
 yong man to be;
 the yong man, eke, that feles his bones with
 paynes opprest,
 how he wold be a riche olde man, to lyve and
 lye att rest;

70 **Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics**

the ryche olde man, that sees his end draw on
 so sore,
 how he wolde be a boye agayne, to lyve so
 moche the more. 10
 Wheare at, full ofte I smylde, to see how all
 theise three,
 from boy to man, from man to boy, wold chopp
 and chaunge degree ;
 and musinge thus, I thincke the case is very
 straunge,
 that man from wealth, to lyve in woe, doth
 ever seeke to chaunge.
 Thus thoughtfull as I laye, I saw my witheryd
 skynne 15
 how it doth shew my dynted jawes, the flesshe
 was worne so thynne,
 and eke my tothelesse chapps, the gates of my
 right way,
 that opes and shuttes as I do speake, do thus
 unto me say :
 ‘ Thie whyte and horishe heares, the messen-
 gers of age,
 that shew lyke lynes of true belief that this lif
 doth asswage, 20
 bides the lay hand, and feele them hanging on
 thie chyn,
 the whiche do wryte twoe ages past, the thurd
 now cumming in.

Hang upp, therfore, the bitt of thie yonge
wanton tyme,
and thow that theare in beaten art, the happyest
lif defyne.'

Wheare at I sight, and said, 'Farewell! my
wonted joye;
trusse upp thie pack, and trudge from me to ²⁵
every lytle boye,
and tell them thus from me, their tyme moste
happie is,
yf, to their tyme, they reason had to know the
truthe of this.'

A. 26a. — Foll. by Ffinis.

Variants in T[30].: — 4 doth. — 16 dented chewes.

MISCELLANEOUS POETS

LIV

Geue place, you ladies, and begon,
boast not your selues at all,
for here at hande approcheth one
whose face will staine you all.

The vertue of her liuely lokes 5
excels the precious stone;
I wishe to haue none other bokes
to read or loke vpon.

In eche of her two cristall eyes
smileth a naked boye; 10
it would you all in harte suffice
to see that lampe of ioye.

I thinke nature hath lost the moulde
where she her shape did take,
or els I doubt if nature could 15
so faire a creature make.

She may be well comparde
vnto the Phenix kinde,
whose like was neuer sene or heard —
that any man can finde. 20

In life, she is Diana chast;
in trouth, Penelopey;

in word and eke in dede stedfast ;
what will you more we sey ? 25

If all the world were sought so farre,
who could finde such a wight ?
Her beauty twinkleth like a starre
within the frosty night.

Her rosiall colour comes and goes 30
with such a comely grace,
more redier, to, then doth the rose,
within her liuely face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her mete,
ne at no wanton play ; 35
nor gasyng in an open strete,
nor gaddyng as a stray.

The modest mirth that she dothe vse
is mixt with shamefastnesse ;
all vice she dothe wholly refuse, 40
and hateth ydlenesse.

O Lord ! it is a world to see
how vertue can repaire,
and decke in her such honestie,
whom nature made so fayre. 45

Truely, she dothe as farre excede
our women now adayes,
as dothe the ielifloure a wede,
and more a thousande wayes.

How might I do to get a graffe 50
of this vnspotted tree ?

74 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

for all the rest are plaine but chaffe,
which seme good corne to be.

This gift alone I shall her geue :
when death doth what he can, 55
her honest fame shall euer liue
within the mouth of man.

T. 163.

[*John Heywood.*]

LV

May not thys hate from ye estarte,
but fermly for to sytte ?
Yat vndeservyd cruell harte,
when shall yt change ? Not yet ! not yet !

Yowre changyng mynd & feynynd chere, 5
with yowre love whyche was so knytte,
how hyt hathe turnyd, yt dothe apere.
When shall yt change ? Not yet ! not yet !

Hathe changyng suche power for to remove,
& clene owte for to shytte, 10
sso fervent heate & hasty love ?
When shall yt change ? Not yet ! not yet !

Syns I am leste, what remedy ?
I marvell neuer a whytte.
I am not the fyrst, *per dy* ! 15
nor shall not be the last ; not yet.

Now syns your wyll, so waveryng,
to hate hathe turnyd your wytte,
example as good as wrytyng,
hyt wyll not be ; not yett. *Anthony Lee.* 20

D. 10b. — Fl., Neueng. Leseb. 38. — Foll. by fynys quod Anthony Lee.

LVI

As I came by a grene forest syde,
I met with a forster yat badde me abyde,
With hey go bet, hey go bet, hey go howe !

Underneath a tre I dyde me set,
and with a grete hert anone I met ; 5
I badde let slyppe, and sayd ‘ Hey go bet ! ’
with hey go bet, hey go bet, howe !

I had not stande there but a whyle,
for the mountenaunce of a myle
there came a grete herte, without gyle. 10
There he gothe, there he gothe ! [Hey go
howe !]

We shall haue sporte and game ynowe !

Talbot, my hounde, with a mery taste
all about the grene wode he gan cast.
I toke my horne and blew him a blast, 15
with ‘ Tro, ro, ro, ro ; tro, ro, ro, ro ! ’
With hey go bet, hey go bet, howe !

Yf contrarye,
what remedy ?

God yt amen[d].

King Henry VIII.

Add. Ms. 31922, 68b. ; Ang. 12. 237.

LVIII

Grene growith þe holy, so doth þe iue ;
thow wynter blastys blow neuer so hye,
grene growth the holy.

As the holy grouth grene
and neuer chaungyth hew,
so I am [and] euer hath bene
vn to my lady trew.

5

[*Refrain.*]

A ! the holy grouth grene,
with iue all alone,
when flowerys can not be sene,
and grene wode leuys be gone.

10

[*Refrain.*]

Now vnto my lady,
promyse to her I make :
ffrome all other, only
to her, I me be take.

15

[*Refrain.*]

78 **Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics**

A dew ! myne owne lady,
a dew ! my specyall ;
who hath my hart, trewly
he suere & euer shall.

[*Refrain.*]

King Henry VIII.

Ibid. 37b. ; *Ang.* 12. 237.

LIX

A las ! what shall I do for love ?
a lasse ! what shall I do ?
syth now so kynd
I do yow fynde,
to kepe yow me vn to.
A las ! what shall I do for love ?
a lasse ! what shall I do ?

5

King Henry VIII.

Ibid. 20b. ; *Ang.* 12. 231.

LX

Iff I had wytt for to endyght
of my lady both fayre and fre,
of her godnes than wold I wryght.
Shall no man know her name for me ;
shall no man know her name for me.

I loue her well with hart & mynd ;
she ys ryght trew I do it se ;

my hart to haue she doth me bynd.
Shall no mane know her name for me.

She doth not wauer as the wynde ; 10
nor for no new me chaung doth she ;
but all way trew I do her fynd.
Shall no man know her name for me.

Yf I to her than war vn kynd,
pytte it war that I shuld se,
ffor she to me ys all way kynd.
Shall no man know her name for me.

Lernyng it war for women all
vn to ther louers trew for to be.
Promyse I mak that know non shall,
whill I leue, her name for me. 20

My hart she hath, and euer shall,
[tyll by] deth departed we be.
Happe what wyll, happ fall what shall,
shall no man know her name for me. 25

Ibid. 34b. ; *Ang.* 12. 235. — 23 to ; *emend. aft. Prof. Flügel.*

LXI

A! the syghes that come fro my herte,
they greue me passyng sore,
syth I must fro my loue depart.
Ffare well! my ioye, fore euermore.

80 **Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics**

Oft to me, wyth hur goodly face, 5
 she was wont to cast an eye,
 and now absence to me in place.
 Alas! for woo I dye, I dye.

I was wonte hure to be holde
 and takyn in armys twayne; 10
 and now, wyth syghes manyfolde,
 fare well! my ioye, & welcome! payne.

A! my thynke that I se hur yete,
 as wolde to Gode that I myght;
 there myght no ioyes compare wyth hit 15
 vnto my hart, to make hyt light.

Royal Ms., Appendix 58, 1a.; Ang. 12. 258.

LXII

My loue she morneth for me;
 my loue sche morneth for me.
 ‘Alas! pour hart,
 sen we depart
 morne ye no more for me. 5

‘In louy’s dance,
 syth that oure chaunce
 of absence nedes must be,
 my loue, I say,
 your loue do way, 10
 and morne no more for me.

‘ It is boote
to me hart roote
but anguysch and pete ;
wherfore, swete hart, 15
your mynde reuert,
& morne no more for me.’

O her kyndnesse !
O her gentylnes !
What sayd sche then to me ? 20
‘ The Gode aboue
her schuld not moue
but styll to morne for me.’

‘ Alas ! ’ thought I,
‘ wha remedye ? 25
Venus, to blame are ye ;
now of sum grace
let se purchase,
to helpe my loue and me.’

Her, for to say, 30
I tooke this way :
I dyspraysed her beawte.
Yet, for all that,
stynt wold sche not,
so trew of loue was sche. 35

Thus here an end. 60
 Goode Lord, deffend
 all louers that trew be,
 and, in especyall,
 from iebardyse all,
 my loue þat mornyth for me. 65
Cornysb.

Add. MS. 31922, 30b. ; Ang. 12. 232.

LXIII

Colle to me the rysshys grene, colle to me;
 colle to me the rysshes grene, colle to me.

Ffor my pastyme, vpon a day,
 I walkyde a lone ryght secretly;
 in amornynge of lusty May, 5
 me to reioyce I dyd a plye.

[*Refrain.*]

Wher I saw one in gret dystresse
 complaynyng hym thus pytuously:
 ‘Alas!’ he sayde, ‘for my mastres,
 I well perseyue that I shall dye. 10

[*Refrain.*]

‘Wythout that thus she, of hure grace,
 to pety she wyll some what reuert,

84 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

I haue most cause to say, "A las!"
ffor hyt ys she that hath my hart

[*Refrain.*]

'Soo to contynew whyll my lyff endure, 15
though I fore hure sholde suffre dethe.
She hath my hart wyth owt recure,
and euer shall duryng my brethe.

[*Refrain.*]

Royal MS., Appendix 58, 2a.; Ang. 12. 259.

LXIV

'Hey, troly, loly, lo; made, whether go you?'
'I go to the medowe to mylke my cowe.'
'than att the medow I wyll you mete,
to gather þe flowres both fayer & swete.'

[*Refrain.*]

'Nay, God for bedede! that may not be; 5
I wysse my mother then shall vs se.'

'Now, yn þis medow fayer & grene
we may vs sport & not be sene,
& yf ye wyll, I shall consent.
How sey ye, mayde, be ye content?' 10

[*Refrain.*]

‘Nay, in good feyth, I wyll not melle *with*
you.

I pray you, *sir*, lett me go mylke my cow.’

‘Why wyll ye nott geve me no comfortt,
þat now in þe feldes we may vs sportt?’

[*Refrain.*]

‘Ye be so nyce & so mete of age 15

þat ye gretly move my corage.

Syth I loue you, love me a gayne;

let vs make one though we be twayne.’

[*Refrain.*]

‘I pray you, *sir*, let me go mylk my cowe,’ *ut*
supra. 20

‘Ye haue my hert, sey what ye wyll;
wherefore ye muste my mynde fulfyll
and graunte me here *your* maydynhed,
your maydynhed, or elles I shall for you be ded.’

[*Refrain.*]

‘Then for þis onse I shal you spare, 25
but þe nexte tyme ye must be ware

86 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

how in the medow ye mylke your cow.
Adeu ! ffare well ! & kysse me now.'

[*Refrain.*]

Add. Ms. 31922, 124b. I have cut the repetitions that the score demands ; for the words entire, cf. Anglia 12. 255. — 20 The ' refrain ' for the last three stanzas consists of vs. 12, 13, 14, 5, and 6.

LXV

Phylida was a fayer mayde,
and fresh as any flowre,
whom Harpalus, the herdman, prayed
to be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin, 5
were herdmen both yfere ;
and Phillida could twist and spin,
and therto sing full clere.

But Phillida was all to coy
for Harpelus to winne, 10
for Corin was her onely ioye,
who forst her not a pynne.

How often would she flowers twine,
how often garlandes make
of couslippes and of colombine, 15
and all for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had haukes to lure,
and forced more the field ;
of loue's lawe he toke no cure,
for once he was begilde. 20

Harpalus preualed nought,
his labour all was lost,
for he was fardest from her thought —
and yet he loued her most.

• Therefore waxt he both pale and leane, 25
and drye as clot of clay;
his fleshe it was consumed cleane,
his colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shaue,
his heare hong all vnkempt: 30
a man moste fitte euen for the graue,
whom spitefull loue had spent.

His eyes were red and all forewatched,
his face besprent with teares:
it semed vnhap had him long hatched 35
in middes of his dispayres.

His clothes were blacke and also bare;
as one forlore was he;
vpon his heade alwaies he ware
a wreath of wilow tree. 40

His beastes he kept vpon the hyll,
and he sate in the dale;
and thus, with sighes and sorowes shryll,
he gan to tell his tale:

‘O Harpelus!’ thus would he say, 45
‘vnhappiest vnder sunne,
the cause of thine vnhappy day
by loue was first begone.

88 **Early Thirteenth Century Lyrics**

‘ For thou wentest first my sute to seeke,
a tygre to make tame, 50
that sets not by thy loue a leke,
but makes thy grefe her game.

‘ As easye it were, for to conuert
the frost into the flame,
as for to turne a froward hert 55
whom thou so fain wouldst frame.

‘ Corin, he liueth carelesse,
he leapes among the leaues,
he eates the frutes of thy redresse,
thou reapes, he takes, the sheaues. 60

‘ My beastes, a while your fode refrayne,
and herken your herdman’s sounde,
whom spitefull loue, alas! hath slaine,
throughgirt with many a wounde.

‘ Oh! happy be ye, beastes wilde, 65
that here your pasture takes;
I se that ye be not begylde
of these your faythfull face.

‘ The hart, he fedeth by the hynde;
the bucke, hard by the doo; 70
the turtle doue is not vnkinde
to him that loues her so;

‘ the ewe, she hath by her the ramme;
the yong cow hath the bulle;
the calf, with many a lusty lamme, 75
do feede their honger full.

‘ But, wellaway! that nature wrought

- . thee, Phillida, so faire,
for I may say that I haue bought
thy beauty all to deare. 80
- ‘What reason is it that cruelty
with beauty should haue part,
or els that such great tyranny
should dwell in woman’s hart ?
- ‘I see, therefore to shape my death,
she cruelly is prest,
to thend that I may want my breathe.
My dayes been at the best. 85
- ‘O Cupide, graunt this my request
and do not stoppe thine eares,
that she may fele within her brest
the paynes of my dispayres. 90
- ‘Of Corin, that is carelesse,
that she nay craue her fee,
as I haue done in great distresse,
that loued her faythfully. 95
- ‘But sins that I shall die her slaue,
her slaue and eke her thrall,
write you, my frendes, vpon my graue
this chance that is befall: 100
- “Here lieth vnhappy Harpelus,
whom cruell loue hath slayne;
by Phillida vniustly thus
murdred with false disdaine.”’

T. 138. — 68 *Second ed.* faithfull makes. — 103 *ibid.* whom
Phillida. — 104 *ibid.* hath murdred with disdaine.

LXVI

Whilles lyue or breth is in my brest
my souerayne lord I shall loue best.

My souerayne lorde, for my poure sake,
VI coursys at the ryng dyd make,
of which .IIII. tymes he dyd it take; 5
wher for my hart I hym beqwest,
and, of all other, for to loue best
my souerayne lord.

My seuerayne lorde, of pusant pure
as the chefteyne of a waryowere, 10
with spere and sword at the barryoure,
as hardy with the hardyest
he prouith hym selfe, that I sey best —
my souerayne lorde.

My souerayne lorde in euery thyng, 15
a boue all other as a kyng,
in that he doth no comparyng;
but, of a trewth, he worthyest is
to haue the prayse of all the best —
my souerayne lorde. 20

My souerayne lorde when that I mete,
his cherfull contenance doth replete
my hart with ioe, that I be hete,
next God, but he and euer prest

with hart and body to loue best
my souerayne lorde. 25

So many vertuse geuyn of grace
yer is none one lyue þat hace.
Be holde his fauour and his face,
his personage most godlyest ! 30
A vengeaunce on them þat loueth nott best
my souerayne lorde !

The souerayne Lorde, þat is of all,
my souerayne lorde saue, principall !
He hath my hart, & euer shall ; 35
of God I ask for hym request :
off all good fortu[n]es to send hym best,
my souerayne lorde.

W. Cornyshe.

Add. Ms. 31922, 54b.; Ang. 12. 242.

LXVII

[*Refrain.*]

(a) I loue. (b) I loue. (c) & whom loue ye ?
(a) I loue a floure of fresshe beaute.
(b) I loue another as well as ye.
(c) Than shalbe preuid here anon,
yff we III can agre in on. 5

(a) I loue a floure of swete odour.
(b) Magerome gentill, or lavendour ?

92 Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

(c) Columbyne, goldis, of swete flavoure?

(a) Nay, nay, let be;

is non of them þat lykyth me.

10

[*Refrain.*]

(b) Thes is a floure where so he be,

(c) and shall not yet be namyd for me,

(a) prymeros, violet, or fressh daysy?

(b) He pass them all in his degre

that best lykyth me.

15

[*Refrain.*]

(c) On that I loue most enterly —

(a) Gelofyr gentyll or rose mary?

(b) Camamyll, borage, or savery?

(c) Nay, certesly,

here is not he

that best lykyth me.

20

[*Refrain.*]

(a) I chese a floure fresshyst of face.

(b) What is his name that thou chosyn has?

(c) The rose I suppose thyn hart vnbrace?

(a) That same is he

in hart so fre

that best lykyth me.

25

[*Refrain.*]

(a) Nowe haue I louyd, (c) & whom loue ye?
(*ut supra*).

(b) The rose it is a ryall floure.
(c) The red or the white? Shewe his colour. 30
(a) Both be full swete & of lyke savoure.
(b) All on they be
that day to se,
it lykyth well me.

[*Refrain, as for last stanza.*]

(c) I loue the rose both red & white. 35
(a) Is that your pure perfite appetite?
(b) To here talke of them is my delite.
(c) Joyed may we be
oure prince to se
and roses three. 40

[*Refrain.*]

(a. b. c) Nowe haue we louyd & loue will we
this fayre fressh floure full of beaute;
most worthy it is as thynketh me.
Than shalbe provid here anon
pat we III be a gred in oon. 45
Syr Thomas Phelyppis.

Add. Ms. 5465, 41a.; Archiv 106, xxix. v. 21 that plesyth me in one score. — 44 may be in one score. The assignment of the verses is purely conjectural. As set to music, almost every v. is sung by at least two voices.

Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics

LXVIII

A student at his book so plast
that welth he might haue wonne,
from boke to wife did flete in haste,
from wealth to wo to runne.

Now, who hath plaied a feater cast 5
since iuglyng first begoon?

In knittyng of him selfe so fast,
him selfe he hath vndoon.

T. 157.

LXIX

All women have vertues noble & excelent.
Who can perceyve that they do offend?
Dayly they *prove* God *with* good intent.
Seldome they dysplease there husbondes, to theyr
lyves' end;

always to plesse them they do intend. 5

Neuer man may fynd in them s[h]rewdnes.
Comonly suche condycyons they haue more &
lesse.

What man can perceyve that women be
evyll?
Euery man that hathe wytt grettly wyll them
prayse:

ffor vyce they abhorre *with* all theyre will; 10
prudence, *mercy*, & *pacyence* they vse always;

ffoly, wrathe, & cruelte they hate as men says;
meknes & all vertue they prattyse euer;
syn to avoyde, vertues they do procure.

Sum men speke muche evyll be women; 15
truly there fore they be to blame:
nothyng a man may chekk in them;
haboundantly they haue of grace & good fame;
lakkyng few vertues to a good name;
in them fynd ye all constantnes; 20
they lak, perde! all s[h]rewdnes, as I gesse.

All women have vertues noble & excelent;
who can perceyve that? They do offend
dayly; they prove God with good intent
seldome; they dysplease there husbondes to theyr
lyves' end 25
always; to plesse them they do intend
never; man may fynd in them s[h]rewdnes
comonly; suche condycyons they haue more &
lesse.

What man can perceyve that women be
evyll?
Euery man that hathe wytt: grettly wyll them
prayse 30
ffor vyce; they abhorre, with all theyre wyll,
prudence, mercy, & pacyence; they vse always

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ffoly, wrathe, & cruelte; they hate, as men says,
meknes & all vertue; they.prattyse euer
sin; to avoyde vertues they do procure. 35

Sum men speke muche evyll be women
truly, — there fore they be to blame
nothyng; a man may chekk in them
haboundantly; they haue of grace & good fame
lakkyng; few vertues to a good name 40
in them fynd ye; all constantnes
they lak, perde! All shrewdnes, as I gesse.

Fynys quod Rychard Hattfeld.

D. 18b.; Fl., Neueng. Leseb. 39.

LXX

The Garden.

The issue of great Ioue, draw nere, you Muses
nine,

help vs to praise the blisfull plott of garden
ground so fine.

The garden giues good food, and ayd for leaches'
cure;

the garden, full of great delite, his master dothe
allure.

Sweet sallet herbs bee here, and herbs of euery
kinde;

the ruddy grapes, the seemly frutes, bee here at
hand to finde. 5

Here pleasans wanteth not, to make a man [full]
fayn ;

here marueilous the mixture is of solace and of
gain.

To water sondry seeds, the sorow by the waye,
a ronning riuier, trilling down with liquor, can
conuay.

10

Beholde, with liuely heew, fayr flowrs that shyne
so bright ;

with riches, like the orient gems, they paynt the
molde in sight.

Beez, humming with soft sound — their murmur
is so small —

of blooms and blossoms suck the topps, on dewed
leaues they fall.

The creping vine holds down her own bewedded
elms,

15

and, wandering out with branches thick, reeds
folded ouerwhelms.

Trees spred their couerts wyde, with shadows
fresh and gaye ;

full well their branched bowz defend the feruent
sonne awaye.

Birds chatter, and some chirp, and some sweet
tunes doo yeeld ;

all mirthfull, with their songs so blithe, they
make both ayre and feeld.

20

The garden, it allures, it feeds, it glads the sprite ;

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from heauy hartes all doolfull dumps the garden
chaseth quite.

Strength it restores to lims ; draws, and fulfils,
the sight ;

with chere reuiues the senses all, and maketh
labour light.

O ! what delites to vs the garden ground dothe
bring !

seed, leaf, flouwr, frute, herb, bee, and tree, and
more then I may sing.

25

Nicholas Grimoald.

T. III. — 7 sull.

LXXI

Description of Vertue.

‘ What one art thou, thus in torn weed yclad ? ’

‘ Vertue, in price whom auncient sages had.’

‘ Why, poorely rayd ? ’ ‘ For fadyng goodes past
care.’

‘ Why doublefaced ? ’ ‘ I marke eche fortune’s
fare.’

‘ This bridle, what ? ’ ‘ Minde’s rages to re-
strain.’

‘ Toolles, why beare you ? ’ ‘ I loue to take great
pain.’

5

‘ Why, winges ? ’ ‘ I teach aboue the starres to
flye.’

‘ Why tread you death ? ’ ‘ I onely cannot dye.’

Nicholas Grimoald.

T. 108.

LXXII

E xperience now doth shew, what God vs
taught before :

D esired pompe is vaine, and seldome dothe it
last ;

W ho climbs to raigne with kinges, may rue
his fate full sore.

A las ! the wofull ende that comes with care
full fast !

R eiect him, dothe renowne ; his pompe full
lowe is caste.

D eceiued is the birde by swetenesse of the call ;
E xpell that pleasant taste, wherein is bitter gall.

5

S uch as with oten cakes in pore estate abides,
O f care haue they no cure ; the crab with
mirth they rost ;

M ore ease fele they then those that from their
height downe slides.

10

E xcesse doth brede their wo ; they saile in
Scilla's cost,

R emainyng in the stormes till shyp and all be
lost.

S erue God, therfore, thou pore, for lo ! thou
liues in rest ;

E schue the golden hall, thy thatched house is
bes T.

*T. 164. - 14, bes T ; so in the second ed., thus completing the au-
thor's name, — Edwarde Somerset (Arber).*

LXXIII

Chyldhod.

I am called Chyldhod; in play is all my
 mynde,
 to cast a coyte, a cockstele, and a ball;
 a toppe can I set, and drvue it in his kynde.
 But would to God these hatefull bookes all
 were in a fyre brent to poudre small, 5
 then myght I lede my lyfe alwayes in play;
 whiche lyfe God sende me to myne endyng
 day.

Manhod

Manhod, I am; therefore I me delyght
 to hunt and hawke, to nourishe vp and fede
 the grayhounde to the course, the hawke to the
 flyght, 10
 and to bestryde a good and lusty stede.
 These thynges become a very man in dede.
 Yet thynketh this boy, his peuishe game swet-
 ter;
 but what no force, his reason is no better.

Venus and Cupyde

Who so ne knoweth the strength, power, and
 myght 15
 of Venus, and me, her lytle sonne Cupyde?
 Thou, Manhod, shalt a myrour bene a ryght,

by vs subdued for all thy great pryde.
 My fyry dart perceth thy tender syde;
 now thou, whiche erst despysedst children small, 20
 shall waxe a chylde agayne, and be my thrall.

Age

Olde Age am I, with lokkes thynne and hore;
 of our short lyfe the last and best part.
 Wyse and dyscrete; the publike wele, therefore,
 I helpe to rule to my labour and smart. 25
 Therefore, Cupyde, withdrawe thy fyry dart;
 chargeable matters shall of loue oppresse
 thy childish game and ydle bysnesse.

Deth

Though I be foule, vgly, lene, and mysshape,
 yet there is none in all this worlde wyde 30
 that may my power withstande or escape.
 Therefore, sage father, greatly magnified,
 discende from your chayre, set a part your pryde,
 witsafe to lende — though it be to your payne —
 to me a fole, some of your wise brayne. 35

Thomas More.

Works of Sir Thomas More (London, 1557.) 9b ff. Cf. *Fl.*,
Neueng. Leseb. 40.

LXXIV

O Death ! rocke me asleepe ;
 bringe me to quiet reste ;
 let pass my weary, guiltles ghost
 out of my carefull brest.

Toll on, the passinge-bell ; 5
 ring out my dolefull knell ;
 let thy sounde my death tell.
 Death dothe drawe ny ;
 there is no remedie.

My paynes, who can expres ? 10
 Alas ! they are so stronge
 my dolor will not suffer strength
 my lyfe for to prolonge.

Toll on, the passinge-bell ;
 ring out my dolefull knell ; 15
 let thy sounde my death tell.
 Death dothe drawe ny ;
 there is no remedie.

Alone, in prison stronge,
 I wayte my destenye. 20
 Wo worth this cruel hap, that I
 should taste this miserie !

Toll on, the passinge-bell ;
 ring out my dolefull knell ;
 let thy sounde my death tell. 25

Death dothe drawe ny ;
there is no remedie.

Farewell ! my pleasures past ;
welcum ! my present payne.
I fele my tormentes so increse 30
that lyfe cannot remayne.

Cease now, the passinge-bell ;
rong is my dolefull knell,
for the sound my dethe doth tell.
Death doth drawe ny ; 35
there is no remedie.

George Buleyn, Viscount Rochford.

Fl., Neueng. Leseb. 37, from Rimbault Ms.

Found also in Add. Ms. 15117 (circ. 1600), with the variants : 5 thou passeing bell. — 8-9 for I must dye / there is no remedie. — 37-38 iound my end dolefully / for now I dye.

Table of Abbreviations

For description of the manuscripts and books, cf. Bibliography.

A. = *Add. Ms.* 28635.

D. = *Add. Ms.* 17492.

E. = *Egerton Ms.* 2711.

Fl. = Flügel (E.), *Die Handschriftlichen Ueberlieferung der Gedichte von Sir Thomas Wyatt, Anglia* 18, 19.

Harl. = *Ms. Harleian* 78.

H. = *Hill Ms.*

K. = Koeppel (E.), *Studien zur Geschichte des Englischen Petrarchismus, Romanische Forschungen* 5.

N. = Nott (G. F.), *The Works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Elder.* London, 1815-1816.

P. = *Add. Ms.* 36529.

Notes

SIR THOMAS WYATT was born at Allington Castle, near Maidstone in Kent, in the year 1503. He was the son of Sir Henry Wyatt, a staunch supporter of Henry VII, and one of the guardians of Henry VIII. (Cf. *D. N. B.* 1833, and the traditional anecdotes from Mss. of the Wyatt family: John Bruce, *Unpublished Anecdotes of Sir Thomas Wyatt and Other Members of that Family*, *Gentlemen's Magazine* 1850, 2. 234 ff.) At twelve years of age he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, taking his B.A. in 1518, and two years later, his M.A. At Cambridge began the friendship with Leland, which found its fruition in the eulogy which the latter wrote upon Wyatt's death. (*Naeniae in Mortem T. Viati*; also *N. ci.*) As early as 1520 (presumably, for in the *inquisitio post mortem*, dated Jan. 8, 1542, his son is described as of age) he was married to Elizabeth Brooke, daughter of Thomas, Lord Cobham. (*D. N. B.*)

Shortly afterward he must have become attached to the Court, for in 1524 he was made Clerk of the King's Jewels, having already held the position of Esquire of the Royal Body. (Brewer, Gairdner, and Brodie, *Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII* 5. 278 [10].) 'Against the feast of Christmas,' 1525, he took part in 'feactes of armes' performed before the King, and won distinction. (Hall, *Chronicle* 688; cf also *N.* 435 ff.) In the following year he accompanied Sir Thomas Cheney on a diplomatic visit to France, for on May 1st Cheney sent a letter to Wolsey by Wyatt, and commented that Wyatt 'hath been at the court with us from time to [time], and, as we think, hath as much wit to mark and remember everything he saith as any young man hath in England.' (*Let. and Pap* 4. 2135.) At this time he may have made the acquaintance of the poet Melin de Saint-Gelais. (Cf. note to No. II.)

The next year offered a still richer opportunity to travel, and become acquainted with foreign literature. As the old Ms. relates:

'Sir John Russel . . . having his depeache of ambassage from Henry VIII to the Pope, in his journey on the Thames encountered Sir Thomas Wyatt, and after salutations was demanded of him whither he went, and had answer "To Italy, sent by the King." "And I," said Sir Thomas, "will, if you please, ask leave, get money, and go with you." "No man more welcome," answered the ambassador. So this accordingly done they passed in port together.' (*Gent. Mag. l. c. 237.*) It was doubtless upon this trip that Wyatt became acquainted with the poetry of Italy, and his visit was consequently of great significance to English literature. After visiting Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, and Rome, and undergoing a variety of novel experiences, not the least of which was imprisonment (cf. 238) he returned to England. In 1529, however, he was again abroad, this time as Field-marshal at Calais. (*Let. and Pap. 5. 2322.*)

At the marriage of Anne Boleyn in 1533, Wyatt acted as Chief Ewer, in place of his father. (*Let. and Pap. 6. 701.*) In 1535 he leased Ayrngdon Park in York. (*Let. and Pap. 8. 1158[16].*)

The most puzzling chapter in Wyatt's life is his commitment to the Tower in 1536, in conjunction with the imprisonment of Anne Boleyn. This occurred on May 5. On May 11 his father, Sir Henry, thanks Cromwell for his 'comfortable' letter touching his son's delivery, and 'asks Cromwell, when it shall be the King's pleasure to deliver him, to show him "that this punishment that he hath for this matter is more for the displeasure that he hath done to God otherwise," and to admonish him to fly vice and serve God better.' (*Let. and Pap. 10 840.*) On May 12th John Hussey writes to Lord Lisle that Wyatt is in the Tower, but it is thought 'without danger of life.' (*Let. and Pap. 855.*) On the following day he again writes, but reports that Wyatt 'is as likely to be killed as the rest.' (*Let. and Pap. 865.*) On May 19th Chapuys alludes to Wyatt's imprisonment, and reports that 'the King has said he believed that more than 100 had to do with her.' (*Let. and Pap. 909.*) On the same day, Hussey writes of Wyatt and Page 'what shall become of them God best knoweth.' (*Let. and Pap. 920.*) On or before June 14th he is released, for on that day his father

exhorts him to leave 'of such slanderous fashion as hath engendered unto him the displeasure of God and of his master' (*Let. and Pap.* 1131), and later writes to the King thanking him for being lenient to his son. (*Let. and Pap.* 1492.)

Of Wyatt's actual relations to Anne one cannot speak with absolute certainty. Three records, all of them written by Catholics, and the earliest as late as 1550, accuse Wyatt of illicit relations with her. Sanders (*Rise and Growth of the Anglican Schism* 28) contends that, before the marriage of Henry and Anne, Wyatt actually confessed that she was his mistress: 'Among the courtiers was Thomas Wyatt, who being afraid, if the King discovered afterwards how shameless Anne's life had been, that his own life might be imperilled, went before the council, for his conscience accused him grievously, as soon as he knew it to be assembled for the purpose, and confessed that he had sinned with Anne Boleyn, not imagining that the King would ever make her his wife.' (p. 28.) The account continues to say that when the Council informed Henry, he would not believe the charge, whereupon Wyatt was angry, and said that he would put it in the King's power to see with his own eyes the truth of the story, that the Duke of Suffolk reported Wyatt's words to the King, who replied that 'Wyatt was a bold villain, not to be trusted.' Harpsfield (*A Treatise on the Pretended Divorce* 3. 87) repeats the same story. This story may represent the busy gossip of the time reflected in a letter written by Chapuys to Charles V, on May 10, 1530 (*Vienna Archives* 226. 1. 50), in which he states that the 'Duke of Suffolk is reported to have apprised the King that Anne had been the mistress of one of his gentlemen.'

The *Spanish Chronicle* (c. 31) varies the story by narrating that Wyatt angered the King before the marriage by intimating that Anne was a 'bad woman,' and that after his arrest he confessed that, prior to the King's marriage, he had himself enjoyed her. The writer puts a very melodramatic and Boccacian account of the escapade into Wyatt's mouth, that taxes one's credulity by its elaborateness. It is a recognized fact that this chronicler received his version of court scenes very indirectly (*Introd. to the Chronicle* xix), and this story is probably mere scandal. (The absurdity of

these stories is well exposed by Wyatt's grandson, George, in *Extracts from the Life of Anne Boleigne* 9 ff.)

It may be a mooted question whether Anne confessed that she was guilty, but it is certain that, if she confessed, she cleared Wyatt. (Cf. *Cott. Ms. Otho. cx*, f. 225, and Friedmann, *Hist. of Anne Boleyn* 2. 273.) Wyatt's release doubtless owed much to the solicitation of his friend Cromwell, yet even Cromwell could not have written so confidently as he did to Sir Henry, if there had been serious question of Wyatt's innocence.

That Wyatt and Anne were friends prior to her marriage is borne out by an anecdote cited by George Wyatt, the grandson of Sir Thomas (*Life of Anne Boleigne* 5 ff.), on the authority of Mrs. Anne Gainsford, who had been a maid in attendance both before and after Anne's marriage: 'About this time, it is saide that the Knight intertaininge talke with her as she was earnest at worke, in sportinge wise caught from her a certain smale jewel hanginge by a lace out of her pocket, or otherwise loose, which he thrust into his bosome, neither with any earnest request could she obtaine it of him againe. He kept it therefore and ware it after about his necke under his cassoque, promisinge to himself either to have it with her favour, or as an occasion to have talke with her, wherein he had singular delight, and she after seemed not to make much reconinge of it, either the thinge not beinge much worth, or not woorth much strivinge for. The noble prince, havinge a watchful eie upon the Knight, noted him more to hover about the lady, and she more to keepe a loofe of him; was whetted the more to discover to her his affection, so as rather he liked first to trie of what temper the regard of her honour was, which he findinge not any way to be tainted with thos things his kingly majestie and meanes could bring to the batterie, he in the end fel to win her by treatie of marriage, and in this talke tooke from her a ringe, and that ware upon his littel finger; and yet al this with such a secresie was carried, and on her part so wisely, as none or verie few esteemed this other then an ordinarie cours of dalliance. Within few daise after it happened that the Kinge sportinge himself at bowles had in his company (as it fales out) divers noble men and other courteours of account, amongst whom might be the Duke of Suffolke, Sir F. Brian, and Sir T. Wiat, himself beinge

more then ordinarily pleasantly disposed, and in his game takinge an occasion to affirme a cast to be his that plainly appeared to be otherwise, thos on the other side saide, with his Grace's leave, they thought not, and yet stil he, pointinge with his finger whereon he ware her ringe, replied often it was his, and especialy to the Knight he said, "Wiat I tel thee it is mine," smilinge upon him withal. Sir Thomas at the leangth castinge his eye upon the King's finger, perceived that the Kinge ment the Lady whose ring that was, which he wel knew, and pausinge a littel, and findinge the Kinge bent to pleasure, after the words repeated againe by the Kinge, the Knight replied, "And if it may like your Majestie to give me leave to measure it, I hope it will be mine;" and with al tooke from his necke the Lase where at honge the tablet, and therewith stooped to measure the cast, which the Kinge espiinge knew, and had seene her were, and therewithal sporn'd away the bowle, and saide, "It may be so, but then am I deceived," and so brake up the game. This thinge thus carried was not perceived for al this of many, but of some few it was. Now the Kinge resortinge to his chamber shewinge some discontentment in his countenance found meanes to breake this matter to the Lady, who with good and evident prooffe how the Knight came by the Jewel satisfied the Kinge so effectually, that this more confirmed the King's opinion of her truth, then himself at the first could have expected.'

Tradition has it that Anne was the object of Wyatt's amorous verse, and the attempt has even been made to arrange the poems chronologically in accordance with this theory. (W. E. Simonds, *Sir Thomas Wyatt and his Poems*.) It is a sufficient refutation of this attempt that the sequence of poems in Wyatt's autograph Ms. entirely disproves it. There is certainly no evidence in the poems to prove that they were addressed to Anne. The poem *What word that is that chaungeth not* (Fl. 51) plays upon the word 'Anne,' but it need not refer to Anne Boleyn, and the poem *Who so list to hunt* (p. 8.), in which the lady is called 'Caesar's,' is after Petrarch and Romanello (cf. note to No. xi), and may have been undertaken merely as a translation.

Of Wyatt's domestic life little is known, save that he early separated from his wife, and thereafter refused to support her. (*Let. and Pap.* 12. 766, 16. 662.) Of the ideal relation that existed

between him and his son, however, we need no better proof than the affectionate letters which the father wrote while abroad. (Cf. *N.*)

After his release in 1536, Wyatt assumed a prominent place in political affairs. On March 12, 1537, he received his instructions from the King as Ambassador to Spain (*Let. and Pap.* 12. 637); a week later he was knighted; and in April he embarked. For the three succeeding years he was engaged in the impossible task of establishing a sincere friendship between England and Spain. Charles was anxious to appear friendly, and he was ever promising to translate his declarations of friendship into deeds, but he never performed. Wyatt was vigorous, resourceful, and judicious, but he could accomplish nothing. (For a full account of his labors, cf. *N.* xxxv. ff.; Froude, *History of England* 3. 271 ff.; and consult *Let. and Pap.* 12-14, and *Calendar State Papers, England and Spain* 5-6)

In May, 1538, Simon Heynes, and the smooth-tongued Edmund Bonner, later Bishop of London, were despatched to Nice, to assist Wyatt in frustrating the Pope's efforts to convene a general council. (Froude, 3. 284 ff.) Bonner took offense at Wyatt for some unknown cause, and wrote to Cromwell that Wyatt was in secret correspondence with the traitor Pole, and had also spoken contemptuously of the King. (*Let. and Pap.* 13. 2. 269.) Cromwell apparently ignored the charge, as he made no allusion to it in his correspondence, and continued to write in friendly character to Wyatt. (*Let. and Pap.* 13. 2. 924.) Cromwell always shielded and supported Wyatt. He explained away Wyatt's diplomatic mistakes (*Let. and Pap.* 12. 870); looked after his private interests, of which Wyatt seems to have been extremely careless (*Let. and Pap.* 12. 1143); and even assumed some of his debts. (*Let. and Pap.* 5. 1285 [5].) But the downfall of Cromwell gave Bonner his opportunity, and he so far convinced the King of Wyatt's disloyalty, that he was committed to the Tower. Wyatt prepared a spirited defense, logical, manly, scornful, in which he demonstrated that his correspondence with Pole had been in order to keep informed of the traitor's purposes, and that Bonner had maliciously misinterpreted the spirit of his remarks about the King. (The *Defence* is a model of direct and powerful prose; *N.* [277] gives it entire.) Wyatt was honorably acquitted, and

shortly afterwards, as if to express his regard, the King bestowed upon him extensive grants of land. (*Let. and Pap.* 16. 305 [66].)

It was doubtless at this period in his career that Wyatt was able to steal a few brief months from public life, to enjoy the quiet pleasures of country retirement, and that he wrote his satires upon the courtier's life. But so able a man was not to be relieved of service. Early in 1542 he was returned to Parliament (*D. N. B.* 185 *b*), and in the summer was delegated to meet an ambassador from Spain and conduct him to London. The fatigue of the journey proved too much for Wyatt; he contracted a fever and died at Sherborne. (*Let. and Pap.* 17. 918. 1017.) There he was buried in the parish church, October 11, 1542. (*D. N. B.*)

I

Tr. from Pet. Son. in *Vita* 137 (*N.*¹ 541):

Passa la nave mia colma d' obblo, &c.

Cf. also Serafino Aquilano, *Le Rime* (Bologna, 1896), p. 164 (*K.*¹):

Vanne, mio cor, in la infelice barca
De dolor fatta, che di gravi e diri
Affanni ha i remi, e d' asperi martiri
Ha le sue vele, e sol di pene è carca.

E del mio pianto amaro in el mar varca
Spenta da un vento d' ardenti sospiri
A quella ingrata, i cui crudi desiri
Braman che rompa il fil mia fatal Parca, &c.

For similarity of theme, cf. also Romanello, *Rhythmorum Vulgarium*, Son. 4: Passa la naue mia de dolor carca.

For the metrical character of Wyatt's *Sonnets*, cf. *Eng. Metrik* 2. 835, *et freq.* Cf. *Introd.* xxi

II

K. (*Anglia* 13. 17) finds the source in Melin de Saint-Gelais, 1. 78:

¹ Whenever the discovery of a source is to be attributed to Nott, or to Prof. Koepfel, it is thus indicated.

Voyant ces monts de veue ainsi lointaine,
 Je les compare à mon long desplaisir:
 Haut est leur chef, et haut est mon désir,
 Leur pied est ferme, et ma foy est certaine.

D'eux maint ruisseau coule, et mainte fontaine:
 De mes deux yeux sortent pleurs à loisir;
 De forts souspirs ne me puis dessaisir,
 Et de grands vents leur cime est toute plaine;
 Mille troupeaux s'y promènent et paissent,
 Autant d'Amours se couvent et renaissent
 Dedans mon cœur, qui seul est leur pasture.

Ils sont sans fruit, mon bien n'est qu'apparence,
 Et d'eux à moy n'a qu'une difference,
 Qu'en eux la neige, en moy la flamme dure.

A note to v. 11 reads: 'Les précédentes éditions portaient *ma pasture*, qui n'a pas de sens. Les Mss. m'ont fourni la leçon que je donne.'

A note to the entire poem reads: 'Ce sonnet a pu être composé en 1536, quand François I^{er} et ses enfants alloient organiser la défense contre Charles-Quint en Provence. Saint-Gelais étoit premier aumônier du dauphin François, qui mourut à cette époque. Les monts dont il parle seroient les Alpes.' Did Wyatt imitate this French sonnet, or did Saint-Gelais imitate Wyatt's, or did they both translate from a common original? They doubtless met at the court of Francis I (cf. *Notes*, p. 105), for Saint-Gelais was a great favorite with the King, and on such an occasion, one of the poets may have read his sonnet to the other. It will be observed that the details of the comparisons are not identical in the two sonnets. If Wyatt borrowed from Saint-Gelais, the latter could not have written his poem as late as 1536, for the rough metre of Wyatt's poem shows that it was one of his early compositions.

III

Tr. from Pet. *Son. in Vita* 90 (N. 540):

Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra, &c.

Cf. *Introd.* xvi, xxiii.

IV

Tr. from Pet. *Son. in Vita* 37 (N. 542):

Mie venture al venir son tarde e pigre, &c.

V

In *Nugae Antiquae* 3. 249, printed as one of a group of 'Sonnets by John Harington, Esq., and some others, 1547.' As in the Ms. it follows directly upon six of Wyatt's sonnets, it is probably his work. It is adapted from Pet. *Son. in Vita* 55:

Occhi, piangete; accompagnate il core, &c.

9-12. 'For your grief, you have but yourselves to blame. When you eagerly and cruelly incited the heart to love, you fancied that you were immune, and did not appreciate that you were endangering yourselves. But now that you have inflamed the heart with love, you shall yourselves be hot with scalding tears.'

VI

N. (546) suggests that Wyatt may have had in mind the following *Strambotto* of Serafino's (*Opere* 125a):

L'aer, che sente el mesto e gran clamore,
 Diuulga in ogni parte la mia doglia,
 Tal che, per compassione del mio dolore,
 Par che ne trema in arbore ogni foglia.

Ogni fiero animal posa el furore,
 Che daiutarmi ognun par ch'abbia uoglia,
 Et con mugito stran uoglion le carmi,
 Et uorrian sol parlar per consolarmi.

Cf. *Introd.* xxvi.

3. *record ye of my pain*: note the genitive construction.

4. *Which* is the subject of *have forced*, and its antecedent is the plural idea in *pain*.

18. 'Oh hard-hearted one! cruel, though beautiful, he (Love) has put it into your heart to be ungracious to me, and has ruled that death shall be my reward.'

Written in *rhyme royal* a. b. a. b. b. c. c. For Wyatt's use of the measure, cf. *Eng. Metrik* 2. 621 ff.

VII

Tr. from Serafino, *Str.* 437 (*N.* 555):

Incolpa, donna, amor se troppo io volsi
 Aggiungendo alla tua la bocca mia.
 Se pur punir mi uoi di quel chio tolsi
 Fá che concesso replicar mi sia.
 Che tal dolceza in quelli labri accolsi,
 Chel spirto mio fú per fugini uia.
 Só che al secondo tocco uscirá fora
 Bastar ti dé, che per tal fallo io mora.

This poem is known in prosody as a *strambotto*, a stanza of eight verses of five feet each, with the rhyme scheme a. b. a. b. a. b. c. c. The *strambotto* usually deals with amorous ideas in a light and playful way. It was much cultivated by the Italians. Wyatt employed this metre, the *ottava rima*, in his epigrams. For Wyatt's use of the measure, cf. *Eng. Metrik* 2. 911.

VIII

Cf. *Introd.* xxvii.

1. Note the adverb without *ly*; cf. Abbott, *Shak. Gram.* 23.

IX

Tr. from Serafino, *Str.* 42 (*N.* 558):

S' io son caduto in terra, inon son morto,
 Ritorna el Sol benche talhor si cele;
 Spero mi dará el ciel qualche conforto,
 Poi che fortuna hará sfocato el fele.

Chi hó uisto naue ritornarsi in porto,
 Dapoi che rotte há in mar tutte soe uele;
 El salce anchora el uento abassa & piega,
 Poi se ridriza, & gli altri legni lega.

X

It is suggested that this indignant poem is directed against Anne Boleyn, though this must be regarded as mere conjecture; cf. *Notes*, p. 106.

6. 'Where craft is employed, truth is put to the test.'—In *Harleian Ms.* 7578. f. 93^b is the fragment of a song with music, entitled *When truth is tryed*.

This verse is the French rondeau, the rhyme-scheme being a. a. b. b. a. + refrain, a. a. b., a. a. b. b. a. + ref. The opening words of the poem always furnish the refrain. For Wyatt's use of the rondeau, cf. *Eng. Metrik* 2. 919 ff.

XI

The ultimate source of this sonnet is *Pet. Son. in Vita* 138 (*N.* 571):

Una candida cerva sopra l' erba
 Verde m' apparve, &c.

N. also observes that Romanello imitated this sonnet, and that Wyatt's sonnet shows rather more indebtedness to Romanello than to Petrarch. Romanello's version (*Rhythmorum Vulgarium, Soneto* 3) reads:

Una cerua gentil, che intorno auolto
 Al suo bel collo haueua un cerchio doro,
 A me se offerse, a pe de un sacro aloro,
 Mentre era a contemplar ne lumbra accolto.
 Tanto piacer mi porse el suo bel uolto,
 Che abandonai el mio digno lauoro
 Spreciando lumbra, & ogni altro restoro,
 Col cor dogni pensier spogliato e solto.

Et qual falcon po la siluaggia fera
 Volando corsi, & quando a lei fu gionto
 Si uolse indietro, & disse in uoce altera ;
 'Tocar non lice la mia carne intera,
 CAESARIS enim sum,' & a quel ponto
 La cerua sparue, e fece el giorno sera.

8. Cf. Pet. *Sest. in Vita* 8.37 (K.) : In rete accolgo l' auro.
 13. An old motto : *Caesaris sum ; noli me tangere.*

XII

N. (573) observes : 'The term "Mule," on which the whole satire turns, was a word used formerly to describe a woman of a licentious character. Thus Sanders (*De Schismate Anglicano* [1586] 1. 25.), in his malevolent account of Anne Boleyn, says, that after she had been introduced at the French court, "ibi tam impudicè vixit, ut vulgo à Gallis appellaretur 'Hacnea,' seu equa Anglicana. Cum autem et in Regis Galliarum familiaritatem ascita esset, coepta est vocari, 'Mula Regina.' "'

Eques was a term of reproach in medieval times ; cf. Charpentier, *Glossarium*, *eques*, and Du Cange, *Gloss. equites*.

4. Cf. *Add. Ms.* 5465. f. 97b (*Neueng. Leseb.* 148. 12), Skelton, *Poetical Works* (Boston, 1856) 1. 35.

5. 'Your appearance has been impaired by too much use.'

XIII

This poem is probably a translation. The metre, nine iambic pentameter verses, with the rhyme scheme, a. b. a. b. c. c. c. d. d., is French.

Cf. *Introd.* xxviii, note.

XIV

A pastoral dialogue ; cf. *Introd.* xlii. This song was very popular. As the variants show, it was rearranged, and new stanzas were added ; Cornysh (cf. note to No. LXII) set it to music (*Add. Ms.* 31922. 53b) ; and Shakespeare put it, or some song with the same refrain,

into the mouth of his Clown in *Twelfth Night* 4. 2. Robert Jones includes a song *Hey Jolly Robin* in his *A Mustcall Dreame* (London, 1609).

Anglia 12. 241, note.

1-2. For the name *Robin*, as a shepherd's name, cf. *Introd.* p. xliii, note. The epithet *jolly* was probably borrowed from Robin Hood, to whom it was commonly applied; Flügel (*Leseb.* 382) cites the ballad of *The King and the Shepherd* (Hartshorn *Anc. Met. Tales* 57.), in which King Edward IV assumes the rôle of 'Joli Robyn.'

17-24. The sense would seem to demand that vs. 17-20 be assigned to *Le Plaintiff*, and vs. 21-24 to *Responce*.

XV

For the genesis of this style of lyric, cf. *Introd.* xxxvi.

1-4. These vs. are, as it were, a prelude.

XVII

For general observations on this poem, cf. *Introd.* xxvii.

K. notes a general indebtedness to Pet. *Son. in Vita* 11:

Io mi rivolgo indietro a ciascun passo

Col corpo stanco, &c.

7-8. Cf. Pet. *Trionfo D'Amore* 3. 168: Arder da lunge ed agghiacciar da presso; *Son. in Vita* 90. 2: ed ardo, e son un ghiaccio.

XVIII

Cf. *Introd.* xl.

XIX

N. (546) suggests that Wyatt may have had in mind Pet. *Son. in Vita* 178:

O cameretta, che già fosti un porto, &c.

XXI

Cf. *Introd.* xli. Music composed for this song is to be found in *Royal Ms. App.* 58, p. 50, 53 b.

For the metre, cf. *Eng. Metrik* 2. 541.

XXII

Cf. *Introd.* xlvii.

21-22. *K.* notes indebtedness to *Pet. Sest. in Vita* 3. 37: *Ma non fuggio giammai nebbia per vanti*; and *Son. in Morte* 48. 5-8:

Che, come nebbia al vento si dilegua,
Così sua vita subito trascorse
Quella che già co' begli occhi mi scorse,
Ed or conven che col penser la segua.

24. Conflict of hopes and fears.

XXIII

8-11. 'How could I have been so confident that my pleasure would be lasting? Now I see that treacherous Fortune wrought my joy; so, of course, it endured only a little time.' The figure is that of an instrument which is not properly hardened, so that the edge is readily turned.

15-20. 'I was very happy until my "gladsome chere" discovered to her that she was the cause of my happiness. Then all was changed. Yet it was my sincerity that made me appear bold when I felt confident, and certainly one should not be condemned because he is truthful.'

XXIV

Cf. *Introd.* xlvii. Another poem of like theme, and of almost equal dignity and passion, is *Blame not my lute* (*N.* 205). Wyatt also imitated this poem, both in spirit and metre, in an address to his pen: *My pen, take pain a little space* (*N.* 207). A superficial similarity to Horace's *Ode to Lydia* 1. 25 is to be observed.

16-20. 'You are very elated at your success in wounding hearts with Cupid's arrows, but he has not forgotten his cunning, and some day an arrow will pierce your heart, and rebuke you for your cruelty.'

23-25. 'Do not think that you are going to escape unpunished for your cruelty, for though your punishment will not come from me, it will be meted you in like kind.'

27. Note the uninflected plural.

XXV

31. Chaucer. The refrain is taken from his poem on *Fortune*.

XXVI

The writing of May-day poems was a literary custom in part inherited from the popular festivities, and in part borrowed from the French. Cf. *Introd.* xxxvii; Paris, *Chansons du XV^e Siècle* 63, 67, 70, *et al.*; and *The Complaint of Scotland* (E. E. T. S. *Extra Series* 17) 64. 26 for a list of popular May songs.

4. Cf. Chaucer, *Tr. and Cres.* 2. 110 (*N.* 539):

Do way your book, ryse up and let us daunce,
And let us do to May som observaunce.

On May-day, cf. Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology* 1526 ff.; Brand and Ellis, *Pop. Antiquities* 397; Ritson's *Introduction to the Robin Hood Ballads*; Chappell *Pop. Music* 132, etc. Cf. also Giustiniano's account (79 ff.) of the royal observance of May-day, 1515, and the similar accounts in Hall's *Chronicle* and *Let. and Pap.* under same date.

6. On May 5, 1536, Wyatt was committed to the Tower, because of his suspected complicity with Anne Boleyn. Cf. *Notes*, p. 106.

9. Sephame, some astrologer of the day, of whom I can find no record.

26. Cf. interesting discussion of the origin of *the ruler of the May* in Chambers, *Med. Stage*.

XXVII

In April, 1539, Wyatt left Spain after a residence of two years, and this poem was probably written at that time; cf. *Notes*, p. 110.

- 4-6. The Thames, resplendent in the sun, bends around the city like a crescent.

XXVIII

1. *Luckes* is the name of a falcon.

7. On the use of bells, and falconry in general, cf. Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*.

XXIX

Cromwell's downfall was in part occasioned by Wyatt's diplomatic failures; cf. *Notes*, p. 110, and *Introd.* xlvii.

The sonnet is adapted from Pet. *Son. in Morte* 2 (*N.* 544):

Rotta è l'alta Colonna e'l verde Lauro, &c.

XXX

Translated from the Latin of Pandulfo Collenutio (fl. 1500), Governor of Siena; cf. *Anglia* 19. 210.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY (?1517-1547), was the son of Lord Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, the enemy of Wolsey and Cromwell. To the age of twelve he spent a part of each year at his father's home, and a part at the home of his distinguished grandfather, Thomas Howard, second Duke of Norfolk, the hero of Flodden Field. During these years he was carefully trained in Latin and modern literatures by eminent scholars, and was distinguished for his elegant translations when scarcely more than a child. (Cf. Bapst, *Deux Gentilshommes-Poètes* [Paris, 1891] 153-165, on birth and education of Surrey.)

In December, 1529, at the request of Henry VIII, he became the companion (*Calendar State Papers, Eng. and Spain*, Dec. 9, 1529) of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond (cf. *D. N. B.* 204), a natural son of the King, and then began a beautiful friendship, which was only broken by Richmond's death in 1536. After two years and nine months of happy association at Windsor (Bapst, 166-180), a period which Surrey has pathetically described in the poem, *So crewell prison howe could betyde alas* (cf. p. 64), in October, 1532, they accompanied the King to Boulogne, where an interview had been arranged with Francis I. (*Let. and Pap.* 5, *Introd.* xxvii, 1538, *App.* 33.) At this meeting it was agreed that the lads should spend a year in France, as the guests of the King, and in the companionship of his sons. (*Let. and Pap.* 5. 1616, 1627.) The winter months were spent at Chantilli, and in the spring Francis took them South. (Cf. the interesting chapter on Surrey's sojourn in France in Bapst, 180-

196.) In June, Surrey returned to England long enough to be present at the marriage of Henry to Anne Boleyn, his cousin, where he carried the fourth sword before the King (citations in Flügel, *Leseb.* 384), and then went back to France, where he remained until September, when Richmond returned to England to marry his friend's sister, Mary Howard. (*Let. and Pap.* 6 1460.)

Although definite evidence is lacking, it is probable that Surrey spent the two following years at Court with Richmond. (On Jan. 1, 1534, he gave the King a New Year's present; *Let. and Pap.* 7. 92.) This may well have been the period when he produced much of his lighter verse; he was now cultivated by study and travel, overflowing with exuberant spirits, and unharassed by those trying military and court services that later demanded his attention.

A tenacious literary tradition that sprang up in the latter part of the century (for full account, cf. notes to No. xxxvii), and that found ardent supporters in Warton (4. 23) and Nott (cxviii ff.), has it that the object of his amorous verse was Lady Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth earl of Kildare. Considering that 'the fair Geraldine,' as she is sententiously called, was only five years of age in 1533, when she was brought to England (*D. N. B.* 113 a.), and only seven at the time of the poet's marriage, the supposition is absurd. The one poem addressed to her was probably intended as a playful and pretty compliment, to a little girl whose beauty pleased the poet. (Cf. No. xxxvii.) There is no reason for thinking that most of Surrey's amorous verses were other than mere products of his fancy, addressed, like the poems of most sonneteers, to a fancied mistress. To attach them to any actual experience is to confess one's self unversed in the very primer of the courtly movement. (Cf. Sidney Lee, *Elizabethan Sonnets*, Introduction.)

On July 22, 1536, Richmond died, and Surrey was disconsolate. Both this year and the following he is described (*Let. and Pap.* 12. 2. 248. 104) as ill from the effects of his grief. In the summer of 1537, while imprisoned at Windsor, amid scenes which were all reminiscent of their fellowship, he gave utterance to a most affecting threnody. (Cf. No. XLVIII, and notes.)

In the meantime Surrey had been married. Late in 1529 we find Anne Boleyn urging Henry to affiance the Princess Mary to Surrey (*D. N. B.*), perhaps because she feared that she might be diverted from the King, by herself being married to her cousin, for in June, 1530, it is reported that Boleyn wishes the marriage of Surrey and Anne. (*Let. and Pap.* 4. 6452.) In October Anne's sentiments have changed, and she so effectually opposes the marriage of Surrey and the Princess that she forces the reluctant and ambitious Norfolk to affiance his son to Lady Frances Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. (*Let. and Pap.* 5. 941.) The contract was signed in February, 1532, and the marriage followed shortly (*Let. and Pap.* 6. 720[9]), but due to their youth, Surrey and his wife did not live together until 1535. Surrey was faithful to his wife, and their married life was happy. The poem, *Good ladies you that have your pleasure in exyle*, which describes the distress of Lady Surrey at his absence over seas, bears testimony of their true affection. (Cf. No. XLIV, and notes.)

From 1536, Surrey's life was full of the vicissitudes of a man of the Court. His skill and his daring won him distinction in military operations, and his breeding and knowledge of Court affairs entailed important diplomatic offices upon him, while his love of mischief, his hot-headedness, and his extreme pride were constantly embarrassing him.

In the autumn of 1536 he assists his father in repressing the rebellion in the North, called the Pilgrimage of Grace. (*Let. and Pap.* 12. 1. 1157, 1162.) In the following June he strikes a courtier, who, in the park at Hampton Court, accuses him of secret sympathy with the rebels. For this hasty blow he is imprisoned at Windsor. (*D. N. B.* 24a, Bapst, 225 ff., *Let. and Pap.* 11. 21.) In November he appears as a principal mourner in the funeral procession of Jane Seymour from Hampton to Windsor (*Let. and Pap.* 12. 2. 1012, 1060. p. 373. l. 33.) In May, 1540, he wins distinction in the jousts held at Westminster in honor of the marriage of Henry to Anne of Cleves. (Wriothesley, *Chronicle* [London, 1875] I. 118.) He makes enemies by rejoicing at the fall of Cromwell, which implies the advancement of his father. (Bapst, 247 and note.) In May, 1541, he is made a Knight of the Garter (*Anstis, Register of the Order of the Garter*

[1724] 2. 423); and in September appointed steward of Cambridge University, a position previously held by Cromwell. (Bapst, 249, from a Ms. of Bennet College.) In February, 1542, he attends, for policy's sake, the execution of his cousin, Catherine Howard (Bapst, 254), though his growing disgust at the King's concupiscence is voiced in an indignant sonnet. (Cf. No. XLIX, and notes.) We next hear of him as striking a certain John a Leigh, over some disagreement, and on July 12, he is committed to the Fleet. A humble letter, in which he frankly confesses his hasty temper, is followed by his release in August. (*Acts of the Privy Council* I. 17, 19.) In the following April, however, he is again committed to the Fleet, and this time on a double charge: he has eaten meat in Lent, and he has gone about the streets at night 'in a lewde and unsemely manner,' smashing windows with a stone-bow. (Cf. No. XLV, and notes.) It is interesting to note that one of his accomplices in this escapade is Thomas Wyatt, the son of the poet. (*Acts of the Privy Council* I. 104.)

In October he is present at the siege of Landrecy, where he wins golden opinions from Charles V of Spain, and is granted a special audience by the Emperor. (Bapst, 274 ff.) On his return to England in November, he is made the King's Cup-bearer. He now busies himself with the erection of a pretentious palace near Norwich, to be called Mount Surrey. (Cf. *N.* LXI ff.) In February, 1544, he entertains a Spanish general, who has been sent to England as the Emperor's Envoy. In June he is Marshal of the forces despatched to Montreuil, and in September is wounded in an attempt to take the city. On St. George's Day, 1545, he is present at a Chapter of the Garter. September finds him in command of the strategic post of Boulogne, which Henry has previously captured. He conducts himself with credit in this office (cf. *N.* LXXII ff. and Bapst, 309 ff. for all of the details of this campaign in France), but the many enemies in England whom his pride, outspokenness, and accomplishments have won him, succeed in arousing the King's suspicion, and in March he is displaced by his arch-enemy, Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford. (Cf. *D. N. B.* and notes to No. XLVI.)

Were he more politic he could yet save himself, but his ill-advised conduct lays him open to the suspicion of a dying King. He

champions the superiority of his father's claim over Hertford to the regency during the anticipated minority of Edward, and he chooses this unfortunate time to emblazon upon the first quarter of his escutcheon the arms of Edward the Confessor, to which, technically, he has a right. As a result, he is accused of treason, of the foolish ambition eventually to divert the crown to himself. The Council summon him to confront his accuser, Southwell; Surrey responds to the charge by offering to fight Southwell. He is retained in custody. Meanwhile his enemies trump up other charges: a courtier willfully misconstrues a jest, and asserts that Surrey tried to persuade his sister to become a mistress of the King; another testifies that Surrey is un-English in dress and manners, and keeps a jester. Even his sister, who has been offended by his pride, testifies against him. The charges are taken seriously by an all too willing Council. On December 12 he is committed to the Tower, on January 13 he is indicted at the Guildhall, despite his frank and noble defense, and on the 21st he is beheaded on Tower Hill. (*N. LXXXVI ff.*, and *Bapst*, 342-364, give exhaustive details concerning the arrest, trial, and conviction.)

XXXI

Written in the *ottava rima* a. b. a. b. a. b. c. c; for Surrey's use of this measure, cf. *Eng. Metrik* 2. 911.

8. A common conceit: she can both arouse the passion of love by her charms, and quench it by her disdain.

XXXII

Imitated from *Pet. (N. 284)*; cf. *Introd.* xlviii.

Like Wyatt (cf. *Introd.* xxiii) Surrey made much use of antithesis. The present poem is antithetical throughout, and Nos. xxxii and xxxv each turn upon a single elaborate antithesis. Cf. also Nos. xli. 45-46, xlii. 41-44, *et al.*

XXXIII

Adapted from *Pet. Son. in Morte* 42 (*N. 281*):

Zefiro torna, e 'l bel tempo rimena, &c.

Cf. *Introd.* lv.

XXXIV

Tr. from Pet. *Son. in Vita* 95 (*N.* 268) ;

Ponmi ove 'l Sol occide i fiori e l' erba, &c.

Pet., in turn, is indebted to Horace 1. 22 (*N.* 268) ;

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis, &c.

Puttenham ascribes the sonnet to Wyatt, but *T.* assigns it to Surrey, and in *P.* it occurs in a group of his sonnets.

4. As pride is really based upon ignorance, the proud are rightly contrasted with the wise. This v. is interpolated by Surrey.

XXXV

Cf. Ariosto *Orlando Furioso* 1. 78 (*N.* 279) :

E questo hanno causato due fontane,
Che di diverso effetto hanno liquore ;
Ambe in Ardenna, e non sono lontane.
D' amoroso desio l' una empie il core;
Chi bee de l' altra senza amor rimane,
E volge tutto in ghiaccio il primo ardore.
Rinaldo gustò d' una, e amor lo strugge;
Angelica de l' altra, e l' odia e fugge.

Cf. Rajna, *Le Fonti dell' Orlando Furioso* 93-95 (1900), for an exhaustive discussion of the Italian and Classical analogues.

12. So in the sonnet, 'The golden gift that nature did thee geue' (*T.* 12) :

Now certesse Ladie, sins all this is true,
That from aboue thy gyfts are thus elect :
Do not deface them than with fansies newe,
Nor chaunge of mindes let not thy minde infect.

The 'chilling venume' of which his mistress has drunk, has infected her mind with the poison of inconstancy.

XXXVI

Tr. from Pet. *Bal.* 1 (*N.* 271) :

\\ Lassare il velo o per Sole o per ombra, &c.

5-11. 'So long as I kept my passion secret, I was privileged to see your face, but, since you learned of my love, you have never laid your veil aside.'

14. *Whereby*, i. e. the cornet.

XXXVII

This sonnet is addressed to Elizabeth Fitzgerald, a beautiful little maiden of nine, the daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth Earl of Kildare. Fitzgerald had been brought to England to answer to the charge of rebellion, and his young daughter was attached to the princes. The poem was probably written in July, 1537, at Windsor, where Surrey was confined for having struck a courtier. We know that Elizabeth was in the Princess Mary's household in 1537 (*Ms. Vesp. C. XIV.* 1. 274), and that Mary was at Hunsdon in March (Madden, *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary* [London, 1831] 21, 23), and at Hampton in July, prior to the ninth (*Ibid.* 33). These were doubtless the occasions when Surrey met her. He committed his offense in June, but was probably not imprisoned before July 12, for on that date he was ill at Kennington, his father's home (*Let. and Pap.* 12. 2. 248).

The tradition that Elizabeth Fitzgerald was the object of most of Surrey's love-poems sprang up in the latter part of the 16th century, when Nash romantically associated the names of Elizabeth and Surrey in his *Jack of Wilton* (1594). Drayton perpetuated the fiction in his *Englands Heroical Epistles*, *Henry Howard Earle of Surrey to Geraldine*, 1598; Warton admitted it as sober fact into his *History of English Poetry* (4. 23); and Nott even changed the titles of the poems, to admit her name. (Cf. Flügel's exposure of this, *Lesebuch* 384 note.) Drayton's poem is further interesting as evidence of the hero-worship that was accorded Surrey, fifty years after his death. The *Argument* reads as follows: 'Henry Howard, that true noble Earle of Surrey, and excellent Poet, falling in love with Geraldine; descended of the noble family of the Fitzgeralds of Ireland, a faire and modest Lady; & one of the honorable maydes to Queen Katherine Dowager; eternizeth her prayses in many excellent Poems, of rare and sundry inuentions: and after some fewe yeares, being determined to see that famous Italy, the

source and Helicon of al excellent Arts ; first visiteth that renowned Florence, from whence the Geralds challenge their descent, from the ancient family of the Geraldi : there in honor of his mistresse he aduanceth her picture : and challengeth to maintaine her beauty by deedes of Armes against all that durst appeare in the lists, where after the prooffe of his braue and incomparable valour, whose arme crowned her beauty with eternall memory, he writeth this Epistle to his deerest Mistris.'

1. The Fitzgeralds were supposed to be descended from a Florentine family, the Geraldi.

2. *Her* : the possessive plural.

6. Her mother.

XXXVIII

In this poem are brought together a variety of illustrations from the sonnets of Petrarch, to define the effect which his mistress's presence has upon the lover.

In *Ms. Harl. 78*, f. 27*b* is a poem, attributed to Wyatt, which bears a close resemblance :

Lyke as the wynde with rasinge blaste
doth cawre eche tree to bowe and bende,
even so do I spende my tyme in wast,
my lyff consumynge vnto an ende.

Ffor as the flame by force dothe quenche the fier,
and runnyng streames consume the rayne,
even so do I my self desyer
to augment my greff and deadly payne.

Whear as I fynde yat whot is whott,
and colde is colde by course of kynde,
so shall I knet an endeles knott ;
such fructe in love, alas ! I fynde.

When I forsaw those christall streames
whose bewtie dothe cawse my mortall wounde,
I lyttyll thought within those beames
so swete a venim for to have founde.

I fele and se my owne decay ;
 as on that beareth flame in his brest,
 forgetfull thought to put away
 the thyng yat breadethe my vnrest.

Lyke as the flye dothe seke the flame,
 and after warde playethe in the fyer,
 who fyndethe her woe, and sekethe her game,
 whose greffe dothe growe of her owne desyer.

Lyke as the spider dothe drawe her lyne,
 as labor lost so is my sute.
 The gayne is hers, the lose is myne ;
 of euell sowne seade suche is the frute.

Nott inaptly suggests that the two poems were translated by Wyatt and Surrey from a common original, in friendly competition. This is hardly tenable ; no corresponding Italian poem is known to exist, and the two poems are so nearly identical in many lines that it is not possible that they could have been written independently. *Harl.* is probably mistaken in assigning the poem to Wyatt, and the above version I take to be a corruption of the one in the text, the fresh stanzas being contributed by some reviser.

5. Cf. Pet. *Son. in Vita*, 33. 1-4 (*N.* 252.) :

Se mai foco per foco non si spense,
 Nè fiume fu giammai secco per pioggia ;
 Ma sempre l' un per l' altro simil poggia,
 E spesso l' un contrario l' altro accense.

As fire increases flame and rain swells the streams, so does her presence heighten his distress.

9. Cf. *Ibid.* 15. 5-7 (*K.*) :

Ed altri, col desio folle, che spera
 Gioir forse nel foco perchè splende,
 Provan l' altra virtù, quella che 'ncende.

Wyatt translated this sonnet ; cf. Fl. 25 : *Some fowles ther be.*

14. Cf. *Ibid.* 89. 5 (*K.*) : Dagli occhi vostri uscio 'l colpo mortale.

15. Cf. *Ibid.* 101. 8 (K.), *Canz.* 16. 7 (K.): Dolce veneno.

17. Cf. *Ibid.* 97. 1-4 (N.):

Quando 'l voler che con duo sproni ardenti
E con un duro fren mi mena e regge,
Trapassa ad or ad or l'usata legge
Per far in parte i miei spirti contenti.

Ibid. 121. 8 (K.): Ch'ha sì caldi gli spron, sì duro il freno.

21. *Ibid.* 157. 1-4 (K.):

Voglia mi sprona, Amor mi guida e scorge,
Piacere mi tira, usanza mi trapianta,
Speranza mi lusinga e riconforta,
E la man destra al cor già stanco porge.

25. *Ibid.* 180. 1 (K.):

Amor, io fallo, e veggio il mio fallire;
Ma fo sì com'uom ch'arde e' l'foco ha'n seno,
Che 'l duol pur cresce, e la ragion vien meno
Ed è già quasi vinta dal martire.

29. *Ibid.* 121. 6-7 (K.): Quanto al mondo si tesse, opra d'aragna / Vede.

Wyatt translated 'his sonnet'; cf. *Introd.* xxii.

31. *Ibid.* 169. 14 (K.): Vostro, Donna, il peccato, e mio fia 'l danno.

32. *Ibid.* 121. 14 (K.): Tal frutto nasce di cotal radice.

XXXIX

Reviewing his career, the lover appreciated that his fatal error was in not keeping his passion secret.

23. Cf. *Pet. Son. in Morte* 70, 1-4. (K.):

Del cibo onde 'l Signor mio sempre abbonda,
Lagime e doglia, il cor lasso nudrisco;
E spesso tremo e spesso impallidisco,
Pensando alla sua piaga aspra e profonda.

10. *Son. in Vita* 62. 13-14 (N. 295):

Forse non avrai sempre il viso asciutto:
Ch' i' mi pasco di lagrime; e tu 'l sai.

XL

3-4. The antecedent of *yar* is the idea suggested in v. 2 : 'My importunate attempts to insinuate myself.'

XLI

10. Cf. Pet., *Son. in Vita* 150. 1-2 (K.):

D' un bel, chiaro, polito e vivo ghiaccio
Move la fiamma che m' incende e strugge.

18. K. suggests reading *at hand to freeze*, which is necessary for the antithesis, and he quotes in its support Pet. *Son. in Vita* 169. 12:

S' arder da lunge ed agghiacciar da presso;

and also vs. 41-42 of the poem 'Suche waywarde wais hath love':

In standing nere my fyer, I know how that I frese;
ffarr of, to burn. . . .

Cf. also *Son. in Vita* 142. 13-14, (N. 237):

Ma perir mi dà 'l Ciel per questa luce;
Che da lunge mi struggo, e da press' ardo;

and *Tr. Amore* 3. 168: Arder da lunge ed agghiacciar da presso.

30. Cf. Pet. *Sest.* 1. 2 (N.): Se non se alquanti c' hanno in odio il sole.

32. So Pet. is ever seeking solitude; cf *Son. in Vita* 22 (N.).

34-38. *Ibid.* 123. 1-4 (N.):

Quando mi vene innanzi il tempo e 'l loco
Ov' io perdei me stesso, e 'l caro nodo
Ond' Amor di sua man m' avvinse in modo
Che l' amar mi fe dolce e 'l pianger gioco

40-44. The whole passage is reminiscent of *Son. in Vita* 137. 6-14 (K.):

La vela rompe un vento umido eterno, &c.

Cf. also *Canz.* 8. 4 (K.).

44 *A.* and *H.* both read *suck* for *sinke*, and Nott defends this reading by quoting the following from *Son. in Vita* 198. 5-6:

Così gli afflitti e stanchi spirti miei
A poco a poco consumando sugge.

The citation hardly seems apposite, and the mixed metaphor which results from reading *suck* is vulgar and absurd. I prefer to read *sinke*, and to regard *the deadlye harme*, v. 45, as in apposition with vs. 40-44: 'It is fatal for me when my sails fall and my ship sinks, but she only makes light of this, my deadly harm.'

46. *Seke*, i. e., seek her presence.

XLII

This poem is designed to show the contrariness of love; it is largely drawn from Petrarch's *Trionfo D' Amore* 3. 152-190, and 4. 141-153 (*N.* 297).

1 ff. Cf. *Ariosto* 2. 1 (*N.*):

Ingiustissimo Amor! perchè sì raro
Correspondenti fai nostri desiri?
Onde, perfido! avien che t'è sì caro
Il disco le voler ch' in due cor miri?
Ir non mi lasci al facil guado e chiaro,
'E nel più cieco e maggior fondo tiri:
Da chi desia il mio amor tu mi richiami;
E chi mi ha in odio vuoi ch' adori, ed ami.

3. Cf. *Pet. Tr. Am.* 3. 176: E so com' or minaccia ed or percote, 180: Sue promesse di fe' come son vote; 4. 147: Perfida lealtate, e fido inganno.

5. Cf. *Pet. Canz.* 15. 2. 1-2 (*K.*):

S' i' 'l dissi, Amor l' aurate sue quadrella
Spenda in me tutte, e l' impiombate in lei.

Cf. also *Ovid Metam.* 1. 466.

8. Takes careful aim.

9. Cf. *Pet. Son. in Vita* 175. 7-8:

Che non pur ponte o guado o remi o vela,
Ma scampar non potiemmi ale nè piume.

16. Cf. Pet. *Tr. Am.* 3. 152 : E come sa far pace, guerra e tregua.

17. To conform to the desires of another.

18. Cf. Pet. *Son. sopra vari Arg.* 7. 1-2.

S' Amore o Morte non dà qualche stroppio
Alla tela novella ch' ora ordisco.

19-20. Cf. *Tr. Am.* 3. 153 : E coprir suo dolor quand' altri
'l punge.

21-22. Cf. *Ibid.* 154-155 :

E so come in un punto si dilegua
E poi si sparge per la guance il sangue ;

and 164 : Stato voglia, color cangiare spesso.

25-26. Cf. *Ibid.* 187-188 :

E so i costumi e i lor sospiri e canti
E 'l parlar rotto e 'l subito silenzio.

28-29. Cf. *Ibid.* 158-159 :

Come sempre fra due si vegghia e dorme;
Come senza languir si more e langue ;

and 4. 145 : Stanco riposo e riposato affanno.

33-35. Cf. *Tr. Am.* 3. 160-162 :

So della mia nemica cercar l' orme,
E temer di trovarla; e so in qual guisa
L' amante nell' amato si transforme.

36. This phenomenon is explained by Pet. in his *Son. in Visa*
11. 9-14 (N.) :

Talor m' assale in mezzo a' tristi pianti
Un dubbio, come posson queste membra
Dallo spirito lor viver lontane.
Ma rispondemi Amor : Non ti rimembra
Che questo è privilegio degli amanti
Sciolti da tutte qualitati umane ?

N. observes that the Duke of Orleans, with the work of whom Surrey was probably familiar, also translated this passage ; cf. *Poésies Complètes* (1874) p. 12.

39. Cf. *Tr. Am.* 3. 166 : So mille volte il dì ingannar me stesso.
40. Cf. Chaucer, *Sq. Tale* 491-492 (*N.*) :
 And for to maken other be war by me,
 As by the whelp chasted is the leoun.
41. Cf. *Tr. Am.* 3. 168 : Arder da lunge ed agghiacciar da presso.
- 43-44. Cf. *Ibid.* 169-171 :
 So com' Amor sopra la mente rugge,
 E com' ogni ragione indi discaccia ;
 E so in quante maniere il cor si strugge.
45. Cf. *Ibid.* 186 : Ch' un poco dolce molto amaro appaga ;
 190 : E qual è 'l mel temprato con l' assenzio.
47. Cf. *Ibid.* 177 : Come ruba per forza e come invola ; 4.
 141 : E false opinioni in su le porte. Probably Surrey also had in
 mind the description of love's prison, 149 ff.
49. Cf. *Ibid.* 3. 178 : E come sono instabili sue rote ; 4. 142-
 143 :
 E lubrico sperar su per la scale ;
 E dannoso guadagno, ed util danno.
50. Cf. *Ibid.* 3. 182-183 :
 E nelle vene vive occulta piaga,
 Onde morte è palese e 'ncendio aperto ;
- 179 : Le speranze dubbiose e 'l dolor certo ; 4. 153 : Di doglie
 certe e d' allegrezze incerte

XLIII

This exquisite lyric is adapted, and in part translated, from Serafino del Aquilo, *Epist.* v (*K.*):

Quella ingannata, afflitta et miseranda
 Donna, non donna piu, ma horrendo mostrio.

The epistle is itself adapted from Phyllis' complaint of Demophoon, in Ovid *Heroides* 2.

8-14. This stanza, which rather mars the poem by its conceits, is after Pet *Son in Vita* 137.

XLIV

This fine narrative lyric was probably written for his wife, as a tribute to her loyalty, when the poet was absent in France. It is interesting to observe that when Surrey was in charge of Boulogne, he requested of the King that his wife might join him there.

22. Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, the eldest son of the poet, b. March, 1536.

31 Note the reflexive use in *me awayke*; cf. Abbott, *Shak. Gram.* 296.

XLV

See biographical note above.

The metre is the *terza rima*, but, in the exact middle of the poem, beginning with v 29, there are twelve vs. with the rhyme scheme, a. b. a. b. a. b, c. d. c. d. c. d. This leads *N* (363) to conjecture that some verses have been lost. I think that this change in metre was to secure rapidity; Surrey's indignation is so great, that he cannot hold himself to so slow a metre as the *terza rima*. As he is here inveighing against the seven deadly sins, pride, envy, wrath, sloth, avarice, lust, and gluttony, it may be a part of his waggishness to refuse to pollute the *terza rima* with them.

5 ff. 'My hatred of the sinfulness of the city is so great that it reconciled me to rebuking it in this drastic fashion, though aware that I should probably have to suffer for it. People are so hardened to preaching, that words would have been without avail, and I was forced to resort to physical violence'

21. Cf. Isaiah 47. 11.

27. Is a droll pun intended here?

45-55. Cf. in general, Revelation 18. and Jeremiah 51.

56-58. Cf. Jer. 51. 49.

59. Cf. Pet.'s invectives against the scandalous vices of the Papal Court at Avignon, *Son. sopra Varj Arg.* 14. 1 (*N.*):

Fiamma dal ciel su le tue trecce piova.

60-64. Adapted from Ezekiel 5. 12-17, 6 11-14, and Jer. 50. 15. Probably Surrey also has in mind another sonnet of Pet., in which he condemns Avignon as the modern Babylon, *Son. sopra Varj Arg.* 15. 9-10 (*N.*).

Gl' idioli suoi saranno in terra sparsi,
E le torri superbe, al Ciel nemiche.

65-68. Jer. 51. 48

XLVI

Under the guise of an allegory, Surrey expresses his resentment at the refusal of some lady to dance with him. As the ball was given by Surrey, or at his instigation (vs. 73-76), the insult was doubly galling. Bapst (371 ff.) conjectures that this affront was offered by Lady Hertford, the wife of Edward Seymour, the enemy of the Howards (p. 124). In justification he cites the enmity of the two families, the fact that the escutcheon of the Stanhopes, of which family Lady Hertford came, was supported by two wolves, and the traditional association of the names of Surrey and Lady Hertford, as shown by Drayton, *Her. Epist.*, *Surrey to Geraldine*, 145-148:

Nor beauteous Stanhope, whom all tongues report
To be the glory of the English Court,
Shall by our nation be so much admir'd,
If euer Surrey truly were inspir'd

3 The escutcheon of the Howards was supported by two lions.

9. Note the interesting possessive in *whale his bone*; cf. Abbott, *Shak. Gram.* 217.

30. Thomas Howard, the poet's grandfather, defeated and killed James IV at Flodden Field.

35-40. N. (307) comments: 'This means Thomas Howard, second son of Thomas, second Duke of Norfolk, by Agnes, his second wife, and consequently half uncle to Surrey. He was attainted of high treason, and committed to the Tower, in June, 1536, for having, without the knowledge or approbation of King Henry VIII, affianced himself to the Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, the King's sister. Lord Thomas Howard remained in confinement till his decease on Allhallows Eve, 1538. Upon his death the Lady Margaret, who had been confined likewise, was set at liberty. It is probable that this unfortunate affiance was the effect on the part of Lord

Thomas Howard, as well as on the part of the Lady Margaret, of real attachment, and not of ambition. Had he relinquished all claim to her hand, he probably would have been released from his confinement. It is likely, therefore, that his love, as Surrey intimates, really cost him his life.'

XLVII

For the time and circumstances of writing, cf. *Introd.* lvi, and *Notes*, p. 121.

7. *Soily woes*, reminiscent of It. *dolci guai*. *Debate* refers to the sweet quarrels of lovers. Bapst (369) thinks that Surrey is pining for Elizabeth Fitzgerald, whom he had recently met. Does it not tax one's credulity to fancy a girl of nine engaging in 'debate' with a gallant?

11. A conceit frequently met among the Italians; cf. Pet. *Son. in Morte* 20. 1-2 (*N.* 357): *I' ho pien di sospir quest' aer tutto*.

12-13. An extravagant conceit: his floods of tears would quicken the spring below.

XLVIII

Cf. *Introd.* lvi.

53-54. The beautiful sentiment of Francesca (Dante, *Inf.* v. 121-123):

Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Ne la miseria.

XLIX

1. Alexander the Great. The incident is twice related by Plutarch: *Lives* 467 (London, 1831), and *Morals, The Fortune or Virtue of Alexander* 4. The phraseology of vs. 1-3 would suggest that Surrey had in mind the opening lines of the Dedication to Henry VIII of Berthelette's edition of Gower's *Confessio Amantis* (1532): 'Plutarcke wryteth | whan Alexander had discomfyte Darius the Kynge of Perse | among other iewels of the

sayde kynges there was founde a curyous lyttell cheste of great value | whiche the noble Kynge Alexander beholdynge | sayde: This same shall serue for Homere. Whiche is noted for the great loue and fauour | that Alexander had vnto lernynge.' Cf. Flügel, *Neueng. Leseb.* 302 ff.

6. Wyatt's *Paraphrase*.

11-12. Cf. 2 Samuel xi-xii.

13-14. These verses may be directed against Henry VIII, who had sacrificed two of Surrey's cousins, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, to his lust.

L

The thought is rather hard to follow, as the sentence is involved: 'If, in an ignorant age, Jove won lasting homage in Crete, and others won similar gratitude and reverence elsewhere for teaching man the arts; if virtue never lacked, even in the blankest periods, some devotees to exalt her (useful then in preventing crime, and still potent in inflaming us with the desire to pursue her); are Wyatt's friends to be censured if they weep for one who taught, not virtue alone, but Christ? When living, his face vexed you, and his ashes yet consume you with envy.' The sonnet was evidently directed against the enemies of Wyatt, who resented the grief for his death. For Surrey's regard for Wyatt, cf. Tottel, 29.

2. Crete was celebrated as the birthplace of Zeus.

11-12. Cf. notes to preceding poem.

LI

Proem to the paraphrase of Psalm lxxxviii. Cf. *Introd.* lvii.

5. Sir Anthony Denny (1501-1549), a favorite of Henry VIII. Cf. *D. N. B.*

LII

Tr. of Martial's famous epigram *Ad Seipsum*.

Cf. *Introd.* lvii.

LIII

Surrey is perhaps mindful of the description of the various ages of man in Horace, *Ars Poetica* 156 ff. Cf. also No. LXXIII and notes.

LIV

John Heywood (c. 1500–1565), sometimes styled ‘the Epigrammatist.’ ‘He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards made the acquaintance of Sir Thomas More, who introduced him at court. His skill in music and his inexhaustible fund of ready wit made him a special favourite of Henry VIII, and afterwards of his daughter Mary. On the accession of Elizabeth, Heywood, who was a zealous Catholic, retired to Malines in Belgium, where he died.’ (Encyclopædia Britannica.)

This poem should be compared with Surrey’s *Gene place, ye louers here before*, p. li, of which it is more or less reminiscent.

27. Cf. *Cant. Tales, Prologue* 269–270 :

His eyen twinkled in his heed aright,
As doon the sterres in the frosty night.

LV

Little is known of Anthony Lee (d. 1550 ?), other than that he married Margaret Wyatt, the poet’s sister, and was the father of Sir Henry Lee. Cf. *D. N. B.* 356^a ; cf. *Neueng. Leseb.* 395.

LVI

This hunting-song may have been sung at some one of the elaborate revels that distinguished the earlier years of Henry’s reign. From internal evidence it seems probable that a similar song in *Add. Ms. 31922* (f. 65b.; cf. transcript in *Anglic* 12. 244) was sung at the revels held at Christmas, 1514. (Compare the song and *Let. and Pap.* 1. 718, 4642.) For other ‘foster’ songs, cf. *Add. Ms. 31922*, 69b (*Anglia* 12. 245, *Neueng. Leseb.* 151), *Add. Ms. 5665*, f. 53b (*Neueng. Leseb.* 151), *Royal Ms. App.* 58, f. 5b (*Anglia* 12. 262, *Neueng. Leseb.* 152).

Another version of this song, found in *Ms. Balliol* 354 (f. 177b.; cf. *Anglia* 26. 194), reads as follows :

As I walked by a fforest side
I met with a foster he bad me a bide.

At a place wher he me sett,
he bad me, what tyme an hart I met,
that I shuld let slyppe, and say : ' Go bett !'
With hay go bet, hay go bett, hay go bett how !
We shall haue game & sport ynow !

I had not stond ther but a while,
ye, not ye montenance of a myle,
but a gret hart cam rennyng with owt any gile,
with : ' Yer he goth, yer he goth, yer he gothe, how !
we shall haue game & sport ynow !'

I had no sonner my howndis lat goo
but the hart was over throwe.
Than euery man began to blowe,
with, ' Trororo, troro, troro, trow !'
We shall haue game & sport ynow !

LVII

Of Henry's love of music and ability as a musician, cf. Giustini-
ano, *Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII* (London, 1854) 1.
76 : ' He . . . plays almost on every instrument, sings and com-
poses fairly (*delag-amente*).' 79, 80 : ' In the mean while the
ambassadors told some of these grandees that I was a proficient on
some of these instruments ; so they asked me to play, and knowing
that I could not refuse, I did so for a long while, both on the
harpsichords and organs, and really bore myself bravely, and was
listened to with great attention. Among the listeners was a Bres-
cian, to whom the King gives 300 ducats annually for playing the
lute, and this man took up his instrument and played a few things
with me ; and afterwards two musicians, who are also in his
Majesty's service, played the organs, but very ill forsooth. . . .
The prelates who were present told me that the King would certainly
choose to hear me, as his Majesty practices on these instruments
day and night.' 86 : ' He . . . plays well on the lute and
harpsichord, sings from book at sight.' 296 : ' Friar Dionisius Nemo,
the organist of St. Mark's, arrived a few days ago with a most
excellent instrument. . . . He played . . . to the incredible

admiration and pleasure of everybody, and especially of his Majesty, who is extremely skilled in music. . . . Said Majesty has included him among his instrumental musicians, nay, has appointed him their chief, and says he will write to Rome to have him unfrocked out of his monastic weeds, so that he may merely retain holy orders, and that he will make him his chaplain.' 75, 102, 161; *Nugae Antiquae* 132; Hawkins, *Hist. of Music* (London, 1853) 362: 'Erasmus relates (*Opera Omnia* [Basle, 1540] 141) that he (Henry) composed offices for the Church; Bishop Burnet (*History of the Reformation* [Oxford, 1865] 1. 36) has vouched his authority for asserting the same; and there is an anthem of his for four voices, *O Lord, the maker of all things*, in the books of the royal chapel, and in the collection of services and anthems lately published (1760-1773) by Dr. Boyce (*Cathedral Music* [London, 1849] 309), which every judge of music must allow to be excellent.' 373, 384, 535; Chappell, *Pop. Music* 50, 53 *et freq.* *Ms. Harl. 1419A*. f. 200a contains a list of the musical instruments left by Henry: 'regalles, virginalles, githerons, vialles, lutes, flutes,' etc., etc.

LVIII

This song is reminiscent of the *débats* (cf. *Introd.* xxx) between the ivy, typifying Summer, and the holly, typifying Winter. Three such poems are preserved in English: one in *Ms. Harl.* 5396. f. 275b, printed in Ritson-Hazlitt, *Ancient Songs* 2. 10; a second in *Bodl. Ms. Eng. Poet. e. 1.* f. 30a, printed in Wright, *Songs and Ballads* (1860), 40; and a third in *Balliol Ms.* 354. f. 251a, printed in *Anglia* 26. 94 ff. Cf. also *Anglia* 26. 279, note; *Neueng. Leseb.* 135, and *Bodl. Ms. Eng. Poet. e. 1.* ffs. 53b, 54a (Wright, 69, 70). A French *débat* between Winter and Summer is to be found in *Ms. Harl.* 2253. f. 51a, and a similar English poem in Hazlitt, *Popular Poetry* 3. 29, after a printed version of the early sixteenth century. Brand and Ellis (*Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*, ed. by Hazlitt, London, 1905, p. 318) reprint from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1779 a description of an analogous game, called 'Holly boy and ivy girl.'

LX

Cf. *Introd.* xxxv.

LXI

For the music, cf. Chappell, *Popular Music* 1. 57, and *Songs and Madrigals of the Fifteenth Century*, Plain Song Society (London, 1891).

LXII

Cf. *Introd.* xxxvi.

William Cornysh (d. 1524²) was one of the favorite musicians of Henry VII and Henry VIII. He was a member of the Chapel Royal; was master of the children; and composed and performed many masques, interludes and pageants. So much was Henry VIII pleased with his productions that in 1520 Cornysh prepared the pageant given in connection with the banquet at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Cf. *D. N. B.* and *Let. and Pap.* which are the principal source for his biography. For other of his songs, cf. *Add. Ms.* 5465 (*Archiv.* 106 50 ff., and Hawkins, *History of Music* 3. 2). *Add. Ms.* 31922 (*Anglia* 12. 226 ff.), and *Neueng. Leseb.* 431.

LXIII

Cf. *Introd.* xxxix. In the *Complaynt of Scotland* the author cites (64. 26) *Cou thou me the raschis grene* as a popular song sung by the shepherds in the May season.

LXIV

Cf. *Introd.* xlii.

Hey, trolly, lolly is the refrain of an old drinking-song; cf. *Piers Plowman* :

And than satten some and songe at the nale
And holpen erie his halfe acre with *Hey, trolly, lolly*.

Cf. similar pastoral in *Ms. Rawlinson C.* 813. f. 58 b.

LXV

This pastoral is modeled upon the classical pastoral, rather than the French (Cf. *Introd.* xlii). Note the similarity to Virgil,

Eclogue 8, where the despairing Damon laments for Nysa, who has chosen a rival.

LXVI

Cf. *Introd.* xliii.

Of Henry's skill in the tourney, as a man of twenty-six, cf. Giustiniano, 2. 75, 81: 'The opposing party consisted of ten other noblemen, also in rich array, and very well mounted, so that really I never saw such a sight; and they began to joust, and continued this sport for three hours, to the constant sound of the trumpets and drums, the King excelling all the others, shivering many lances, and unhorsing one of his opponents.' 97: 'The King jousted with his brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk, and they bore themselves like Hector and Achilles.' 101. Of Henry's athletic prowess, cf. also *Venetian Report* (Camden Club, London, 1847), p. 72: 'He is very fond of hunting, and never takes this diversion without tiring eight or ten horses, which he causes to be stationed beforehand along the line of country he may mean to take, and when one is tired, he mounts another, and before he gets home they are all exhausted.' Cf. also *Index to Hall's Chronicle: joust, tourney.*

6. Cf. Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes* (London, 1801) pl. 12, for cut of a knight tilting at the ring.

LXVII

This poem is a *sirventois*, but I am uncertain to what occasion it refers. It may have been composed in honor of the birth of Prince Arthur, the first child of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, in which case Arthur would be the fair young Prince, uniting the lilies of York and Lancaster. I incline to think, however, that the poem was inspired by the birth of the first child of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon, and that it was sung at the revels that celebrated the birth. The Prince was born on New Year's day, 1511; on Epiphany night a revel was held; on February 12th-13th, a tourney; and the tourney was immediately followed by a second revel. Of the first revel, the entry in the State Papers is as follows: 'A revel was held, devised by Mr. Harry Gyllforth, "that is to understand, a hill summit, thereon a golden stock

branched with roses and pomegranates crowned, out of which hill issued a Morryke danced by the King's young gentlemen, as hynsmen, and thereto a lady." (Let. and Pap. 2. 2. 1494.) The entry for the second revel reads: 'After the jousts on the 12th and 13th February, 2 Henry VIII, on the same night the King ordered a revel to be held in the White Hall, Westminster, and a pageant was prepared called "the Golden Arber in the Arche yerd of Plesyer." The arbor was "set with wrethyd pilers of shynyng porpyll, Kevyrd with a type in bowd gylld, with fyen gold, raylyd with Kostly Karoufing, and ther over a vyen of sylver beryng graps of goolld, the benchys of thys erber seet and wrought with Kyndly flowers, as rosys, lyllyes, mary gollds, gelofers, prymroses, Kowslyps and seche other; and the orche yerde set with horengre trees, ponygarnat trees, happyll trees, per trees, olyvf trees, the porter of thys orchyerd in bowght and gylld; and with in thys arber wer syttyng xii. lords and ladyes, and without un the syds were viii. mynstrells with strange instréments, and befor un the steps stood dyvers persoons dysgysyd, as Master Sub Dean, Master Kornyché, Master Kaan and other, and un the top wer the chyldyrn of the chappell syngyng, so that oon thys pagent was xxx. persons, weche was marvelous wyghty to remevf and Karry, as yt dyd bothe up and down the hall and turnyd round.'" (ibid 1495-1496.) Cf. the full account of these revels in Hall's *Chronicle* 516 ff.

There can be little question that a song in *Add. Ms. 31922. f. 74b* (*Anglia* 12) was a postlude to one of these revels:

Adew ! adew ! le company ;
 I trust we shall mete oftener.
 Viue le Katerine ! et viue le Prince !
 le infant rosary.

Adew ! adew ! le company,
 I trust we shall mete oftener.
 Viue le Katerine, et noble Henry !
 Viue le Prince ! le infant rosary.

Of Sir Thomas Phelyppes nothing is known ; he was probably attached to one of the choirs. Of the title *Sir*, Burney (*Hist. of*

Music 2. 540) comments as follows: 'Sir was a title formerly given to persons in orders, as well as to Knights; and Fuller, in his *Church History* (6. 352), instances a great number of this class among the incumbents of Chauntries, in the Cathedral of St. Paul, in the time of Edward the Sixth; and says, that "such Priests as have the addition of Sir before their Christian names, were men not graduated in the University, being in orders, but not in degrees; whilst others, entitled masters, had commenced in the Arts."'

LXIX

For poems capable of a double interpretation, cf. Hazlitt, *Early Popular Poetry* 4. 73 ff.; *Trinity College Ms.* 366. f. 2; *Add. Ms.* 5465. f. 12a. Satires against women were very common in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; cf. for example, *Sloane Ms.* 2593 f. 9b (*Archiv.* 109. 49); *Ms. Ashmolean* 48. fs. 50 b, 125 b; *Ms. Balliol* 354. f. 228 et freq (*Anglia* 26. 275 ff.); Skelton, *Poetical Works* 1. 109, and Montaiglon, *Recueil de Poésies Françaises* 1. 17-32, 2. 5-17, et freq.

Of Hatfield I can learn nothing; cf. *Neueng. Leseb.* 395.

LXX

Nicholas Grimoald (1519-1562) was, next to Wyatt and Surrey, the most conspicuous poet of his time. 'Grimoald is best remembered by his contributions of English verse to Tottel's *Songs and Sonettes*, 1557. The first edition, issued 5 June 1557, contained forty poems by him, with his name attached to them. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, supplied exactly the same number. In the second edition, issued 31 July 1557, thirty of Grimoald's forty poems were suppressed, and the ten poems that remain have Grimoald's initials only, not his name, appended to them. The cause of this change is difficult to understand.' (*D. N. B.* 249b.) Grimoald also wrote Latin plays, sermons, religious tracts, letters, etc. He was an ecclesiastic, and is generally criticised for his change of faith at the accession of Mary. Fox says of him (*The Acts and Monuments*, London, 1843, 6. 627) that 'he was a man who had more store of good gifts than of great constancy.'

Poems on gardening and on the virtues of herbs are frequently to be met in the Mss. of the 15th and early 16th centuries. Cf. for example, *Trinity College Ms. 1376. f. 18b* :

Ho so wyl a gardener be,
here he may both hyre and se ; &c.

Cf. also *Ms. Sloane 2547. f. 1 ff.* ‘

LXXI

I cannot discover a source for these particular symbols, though of course the symbolical representation of the virtues and vices was very common in the Middle Ages. Cf. the descriptions in the *Romaunt of the Rose*.

LXXII

Cf. *Introd.* lvii.

Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset (c. 1500–1552), the Protector. This is the only extant poem of Somerset's, though his papers are voluminous. Of his relation to Surrey, cf. *Notes*, pp. 123, 135.

LXXIII

These pictures are explained by the context, as follows :

‘Mayster Thomas More in his youth deuysed in hys fathers house in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne paynted clothe, with nyne pageauntes, and verses ouer of euery of those pageauntes : which verses expressed and declared, what the ymages in those pageauntes represented : and also in those pageauntes were paynted, the thynges that the verses ouer them dyd (in effecte) declare, whiche verses here folowe.

‘In the first pageant was painted a boy playing at the top & squyrge. And ouer this pageant was written as foloweth,

¶ Chyldhod. [As in text.]

‘In the second pageant was paynted a goodly freshe yonge man, rydyng vppon a goodly horse, hauynge an hawke on his fyste, and a brase of grayhowndes folowyng hym. And vnder the horse fete, was paynted the same boy, that in the fyrst pageaunte was playinge

at the top & squyrge. And ouer this second pageant the wrytyng was thus.

¶ Manhod. [As in text.]

‘In the thyrd pagiaunt was paynted the goodly younge man, in the seconde pagiaunt, lyeng on the ground And vppon hym stode ladye Venus goddes of loue, and by her vppon this man stode the lytle god Cupyde And ouer this thyrd pageant, this was the wrytyng that foloweth.

¶ Venus and Cupyde. [As in text.]

‘In the fourth pageant was paynted an olde sage father sitting in a chayre. And lyeng vnder his fete was painted the ymage of Venus & Cupyde, that were in the third pageant. And ouer this fourth pageant the scripture was thus.

¶ Age. [As in text.]

‘In the fyfth pageant was paynted an ymage of Death : and vnder hys fete lay the olde man in the fourth pageaunte. And aboue this fift pageant, this was the saying.

¶ Deth. [As in text.]

‘In the sixt pageant was painted lady Fame. And vnder her fete was the picture of Death that was in the fifth pageant. And ouer this sixt pageant the wrytyng was as foloweth.

¶ Fame.

Fame I am called, maruayle you nothing
though with tonges am compassed all rounde,
for in voyce of people is my chiefe liuyng.
O cruel death ! thy power I confounde :
when thou a noble man hast brought to grounde,
maugry thy teeth, to lyue cause hym shall I
of people in parpetuall memory.

‘In the seuenth pageant was painted the ymage of Tyme, and vnder hys fete was lyeng the picture of Fame that was in the sixt pageant. And this was the scripture ouer this seuenth pageant.

¶ Tyme.

I whom thou seest with horyloge in hande,
am named Tyme, the lord of euery howre ;

I shall in space destroy both see and lande.
O simple Fame ! how darest thou man honowre,
promising of his name, an endlesse flowre,
Who may in the world haue a name eternall,
When I shall, in proces, distroy the world and all ?

‘ In the eyght pageant was pictured the ymage of lade Eternitee,
sittyng in a chayre vnder a sumptuous clothe of estate, crowned with
an imperiall crown. And vnder her fete lay the picture of Time,
that was in the seuenth pageant. And aboue this eyght pageaunt,
was it writen as foloweth.

¶ Eternitee.

Me nedeth not to bost I am Eternitee,
the very name signifyeth well
that myne empyre infinite shalbe.
Thou, mortall Tyme, euery man can tell
art nothyng els but the mobilitie
of sonne and mone chaungyng in euery degre ;
when they shall leue theyr course, thou shalt be brought,
for all thy pride and bostyng, into nought.

‘ In the nynt pageant was painted a Poet sitting in a chayre.
And ouer this page. nt were there writen these verses in latin fol-
owyng.

¶ The Poet.

*Has fictas quemcunque iuuat spectare figuras,
sed mira veros quas putat arte homines :
ille potest veris animum sic pascere rebus,
ut pictis oculos p[re]scit imaginibus.*
*Namque videbit vti fragilis bona lubrica mundi,
tam cito non veniunt, quam cito pretereunt ;
gaudia, laus, et honor, celeri pede omnia cedunt.*
Qui manet excepto semper amore dei.
*Ergo, homines, leuib[us] iam iam diffidite rebus,
nulla recessuro spes adhibenda bono ;
qui dabit eternam nobis pro munere vitam,
in permansuro ponite vota deo.’*

LXXIV

Written by George Boleyn, the brother of Anne, when imprisoned in the Tower, waiting his execution. On May 2, 1536, he was arrested, along with his sister, and committed to the Tower. (*Let. and Pap.* 10. 782, 784, 785, *et al.*) On May 15th he was arraigned for incest (*Let. and Pap.* 10. 876-878), and on May 17, along with other alleged paramours of the Queen, was beheaded (*Let. and Pap.* 10. 890, Holinshed, 3. 940a. 50). History has not substantiated the horrible charge against Rochford, but it is agreed that his conduct was indecorous. (Cf. Friedmann, 2. 273.) For the best account of his life, cf. Bapst.

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MANUSCRIPTS

Egerton 2711 [E.]. Wyatt's autograph Ms. Contains a large number of his poems, of which nearly a half are autograph. He has signed his initials or his name even to those copied by an amanuensis, and has classified the poems by marking them '1 Enter,' '2 Enter,' etc. No. 1 embraces the smaller pieces; No. 2, the sonnets; No. 3, the odes; No. 4, the paraphrase of the Penitential Psalms; No. 5, the satires; No. 6, the letters to his son. Used by G. F. Nott. Edited with variants, &c., by Prof Flügel, *Anglia* 17-18.

Add. 17492 [D.]. So-called *Duke of Devonshire Ms.* Thus catalogued: 'Poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt, with a few of Lord Surrey, Anthony Lee, Richard Hatfield, and E. K. (Edmund Knyve?); and with others [in autograph] by Thomas Lord Howard (written in the Tower), his wife, Lady Margaret [afterwards Duchess of Lennox], her son "Harry Stuart" [Lord Darnley] and Margaret Shelton [the mistress of Sir John Clere?].' As this Ms. is of the earlier half of the 16th century, it is of great value. Contains many of Wyatt's poems not found elsewhere. Cf. Nott 2. 7 ff., *Anglia* 17-18.

Add. 28635 [A.]. Professes to be exact copy of the so-called *Harrington Ms.* No. 2, used by Nott. Contains, besides other poems, about sixty of Wyatt's, and eleven of Surrey's. Of the later 16th cent., but comparison with E. and D. proves it to be tolerably reliable. For such comparison, and a transcript of the Surrey poems, cf. Padelford, *The Ms. Poems of Surrey*, *Anglia* 29. 273.

Add. 28636. Transcription of E.

Add. 36529 [P.]. Ms. of later 16th cent., containing, among other poems, nine of Wyatt's lyrics, eighteen of Surrey's, as well as his paraphrase of *Ecclesiastes*, and Ps. 55 and 63. Used by Park for *Nugae Antiquae*. For full descpt., compar. with *A.*, and transcpt., cf. *Anglia* 29. 273.

Hill [H.]. Ms. owned, in early part of last century, by Thomas Hill, of London. Used by both John Nott and G. F. Nott; and the former has noted its variants with Tottel's *Miscellany* in a fragmentary volume of his ed. now in British Museum. Cf. *Anglia* 29. pt. 2.

Harleian 78 [Harl.] A miscellany, containing among other papers, a few leaves furnishing seven of Wyatt's poems, and three of Surrey's. Late 16th cent. Cf. *Anglia* 29. 273.

Add. 31922. Song book of Henry VIII. Contains songs and compositions by Henry VIII, Cornysh, Farthing, Kemp, *et al.* For descpt. and transcpt., cf. Flügel, *Anglia* 12. 225 ff.

Royal, Appendix 58. English and other songs, set to music. Time of Henry VIII. For descpt. and transcpt., cf. Flügel, *Anglia* 12. 256 ff.

Add. 5465. Songs of the late fifteenth or early sixteenth centuries. Set to music, by William Newark, Robert Fairfax, *et al.* For descpt. and transcpt., cf. Fehr, *Herrig's Archiv* 106. 50 ff.

Add. 5665. A similar Ms. Cf. *Archiv* 106. 262 ff.

Sloane 2593. A similar Ms. Cf. Th. Wright, *Warton Club* 4; also *Archiv* 109. 32 ff.

Bodleian, Eng. Poet. E. 1. A similar Ms. Cf. Wright, *Percy Society* 23.

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Archiv 107. 48 ff. contains scattered songs from *Sloane* 1212, 3501; *Harleian* 541, 367, 7578.

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Glossary

ABBREVIATIONS

- N. E. D. : New English Dictionary.
 Dial. Dict. : J. Wright, English Dialect Dictionary.
 Cent. Dict. : Century Dictionary.
 Shak. Lex. : A. Schmidt, Shakespeare Lexicon.
 Ety. Dict. : W. W. Skeat, Etymological Dictionary of the English Language.
 Halliwell : J. O. Halliwell, Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words.
 Strutt : J. Strutt, Sports and Pastimes.

A

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|--|---|
| <p>abrayd, n., <i>a start</i>; at
 abrayd, <i>of a sudden</i>.
 As a subst. mostly confined to 16th c. Cf. O. E. <i>bregdan</i>. p. XL.
 abrere, cf. <i>brere</i>.
 accompt, n., <i>account</i>.
 XLVIII. 46.
 alone, adv., <i>solely</i>. LVII. 4.
 ame, n., <i>aim, design</i>. XLII. 8.
 among, adv., <i>at intervals, from time to time</i>. XXIII. 24.
 apaire, v., <i>impair, make worse</i>. For the ety., <i>ap-pair</i> and <i>impair</i> both</p> | <p>being derived from O. Fr. <i>empeirer</i>, cf. N. E. D. XII. 5.
 apeace, v., <i>appease</i>. XXXVIII. 8.
 appere, v., <i>appear, be visible</i>. p. XLIV.
 aprovyd, subst., <i>approved</i>. XXI. 17.
 arke, n., <i>chest, coffer</i>. XLIX. 3.
 armeles, adj., <i>unarmed, defenceless</i>. XV. 40.
 assay (pl. s), n., <i>trial imposed upon an object to test its fitness</i>. Cf. <i>essay</i>, N. E. D. XXI. 9.
 asswage, v., <i>diminish, fade</i>. LIII. 20.</p> |
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assynde, pf. p., *assigned*.

XXIX. 7.

atgaas, *at gaze*. XLI. 44.

auysing, pr. p., *beholding*. Obsolescent early in 17th c. p. XXII.

avaunce, v., *advance*. Cf. O. Fr. *avancer*. XXVI. 8.

avauncing, subst., *advancing*.^u Cf. **avaunce**. XXIII. 5.

awalle, n., *avail*. XLIII. 14.

B

band, n., *bond*. v. 3.

barryoure, n., '*a low railing or fence running down the centre of the lists, on opposite sides of which, and in opposite directions, the combatants rode, reaching their lances across*': N. E. D. *barrier*, 2. LXVI. 11.

bayne, v., *bathe*. Cf. Fr. *baigner*. XXXIX. 13.

bayte, v., *bait*, *allure*. XLVIII. 16.

beaultie, n., *beauty*. Cf. early M. E. *bealte*. VI. 19; XXIV. 34.

behete, n., *promise*. One of the forms of *behight*,

itself now obs. Cf. Surrey, Ps. 73. 60 (*Anglia* XXIX. 323): whom I have found in thy *behight* so iust.

berayne, v., *wet, bedew*. Rare; imit. fr. Ch. *Troilus* 4. 1144: 'After that he long had . . . with his teris salt hire breest by-reyned.' XLVIII. 42.

besprent, pf. p., *besprinkled*. Cf. *bespreng*, *besprinkle*, N. E. D. XIX. 7; LXV. 34.

better, adj., *bitter*. XLIII. 25.

bewraye, v., *reveal, expose, discover*. XXXIX. 11.

ble, adj., (?) *cheerful of countenance, radiant with happiness*. *Ble* as a noun meaning *complexion, hue*, is frequent in early texts, but its use here as an adj. is unique. LXII. 50.

bode, v., *portend, betoken*. XLVI. 64.

boord (pl. s), n., *bantering, raillery, jest*, etc. XV. 45.

boote, adv., *but*. LXII. 12.

boren, v., *burn*. XLIII. 20.

bowghe (pl. s), n., *bough*. II. 9.

boys[t]eus, adj., *boisterous, rough*. Cf. Surrey, *Aen.* iv. 582 (Nott's ed.): 'like to the aged *boysteus* bodied oke.' In *Ms. Harg.* 205, f. 6^a, spelled *boistrous*. II. 9.

brake, n., *thicket of bushes*. XXXIII. 7.

brere, in **a** + **brere**, n., orig. spel. of *brier*; cf. *N. E. D.* 1. a, **B**

brewt, n., *report noised abroad, din*. Cf. Surrey, *Eccles.* 2. 53 (*Anglia* XXIX. 307): 'as slanders lothsome *brute*'; Ps. 98. 8 (319): 'of whome ther is no further *brewte* which in their graues remayne.' Cf. O. Fr. *bruit*. XXXIX. 15.

C

carefull, adj., *full of grief, sorrowful*. Freq. in 16th c. XLI. 50.

Carribes, prop. n., *Charibdis*. XL. 11.

casse, n., *case*. XLIII. 3.

cast, n., *artifice, trick*. Cf. *N. E. D.* 24. LXVIII. 5.

Chambare, prop. n., *Cambría*. XXXVII. 4.

chapp (pl. s), n., *jaw*. Occurs first in 16th c. This instance earlier than any citation in *N. E. D.* LIII. 17.

chargeable, adj., *weighty, grave*. Use largely confined to 16th c., and then not freq. LXXIII. 27.

charged, pf. p., *loaded, freighted*. Earliest meaning of the verb; cf. *N. E. D.* 1. 1.

chaung, n., *change*. XLVIII. 38.

chaunge, cf. **chopp**. LIII. 12.

chekk, v., *rebuke, reprimand*. First so used in 16th c.; cf. *N. E. D.* LXIX. 17.

chere, **cheare**, **chiere**, n., *the face, expression of countenance*. VIII. 3; X. 3; XXII. 30; et freq.

chopp, v., 'to chop and change, an alliterative phrase in which, as the force of the word "chop" has become indistinct, the meaning has passed from that of "to barter" to

- that of "to change" : *N. E. D. chop* v.², 1. 4. LIII. 12.
- christall**, adj., *crystal*. XXXVIII. 13.
- chuse**, v., *choose*. XLVI. 1.
- chyas**, n., *choice*. XLIII. 6.
- clive** (pl. s), the usual spelling of *cliff* in 16th c. Cf. *Wyatt (Anglia* xvii. p. 185) : 'To seke eche where, where man doeth lyve, | the see, the land, the rock, the *clive*.' XL. 11.
- closure** (pl. s), n., *enclosure*. XLV. 47.
- cockstele**, n., *a stick used in cock-throwing, formerly a common Shrove-tide pastime. The game consisted in throwing sticks at a cock tied to a post, to try which should succeed in knocking it down or killing it.* Cf. *Strutt*. LXXIII. 2.
- colde**, v. pt., *could*. XLV. 8.
- colle**, v., *cull*. LXIII. 5.
- comparying**, in doth no comparying, n., *offers no comparison, is above compare*. LXVI. 17.
- contrewaing**, pr. p., *counterweighing*. X. 4.
- contynvance**, n., *long-standing*. Cf. *N. E. D.* 7 : '1581 Savile Tacitus' *Hist.* II. XLVIII (1591), 82 : 'Hauing . . . brought into a house of no great *continuanse* the honor of hauing an Emperor.' LII. 8.
- conuart**, v., *convert, turn in direction, reverse*. XLIV. 39.
- corage**, n., *courage* in sense of *desire*. Cf. *cits.* in *Schmidt, courage* 2. LXIV. 16.
- cornet**, n., 'part of a head-dress, consisting of lappets of lace, or the like, hanging down the sides of the cheeks' : *N. E. D.* Cf. *Fairholt, Costumes* s. v. XXXVI. 12.
- couert** (pl. s), n., *covering, shelter*. Cf. *N. E. D.* : 'Henry Wallace. II. 71 : Couert of treis sawit him full weille.' LXX. 17.
- coyte**, n., *quoit*. Cf. *M. E. coiten* ; *O. Fr. coiter*. LXXIII. 2.

cruelnes, n., *cruelty*. I. 4; XLI. 4.
cryped, adj., *curled*. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.* 3. 2. 92: 'Those *crisped* snakie golden locks.' VIII. 6.
cure, n., *care*. Cf. O. Fr. *cure*. Wyatt (*Anglia* XVII. 271): 'The holy oth, whereof she takes no *cure*.' p. XLIV; x. 7.
currant, adj. *servile*. Cf. *accurant*, *N. E. D.* XLVI. 56.
cwte, v., *cut*. XLIII. 39.

D

ded, v. pt., *did*. XLIII. 34.
denay (pl. s), n., *denial*, *refusal*. Confined to 16th to early 17th cs. XXI. 11; LVII. 18.
deserte (pl. s), n., *merit*. XLIV. 6.
devise, n., *inclination*, *desire*. Cf. *N. E. D.* 3. b. III. 7.
dispoyled, pf. p., *stripped of clothes*, *disrobed*. Cf. *N. E. D.* 3. b. XLVIII. 13.
distrain, v., *oppress*, *afflict*. p. LIII.

dole, n., *grief*. LVII. 8.
dolor, n., *anguish*. LXXIV. 12.
dolours, adj., *dolorous*, *sad*. p. XXXIII.
dowete, n., *doubt*. XLIII. 41.
dowtth, v. pr., *doth*. XLIII. 41.
dradfull, adj., *dreadful*. XLV. 26.
dryve, v., *suffer*, *endure*. *N. E. D.* observes no instance of this meaning after 1450. XVIII. 22.
dure, v., *endure*, *persist*. Cf. *Mat.* XIII. 21: 'Yet hath he no root in himself, but *dureth* for a while'; cf. Fr. *durer*. XXV. 27.

E

easye, in *easye sparkes*, adj., *easily kindled*. XLII. 7.
embrayes, v., *embrace*. XLIII. 1.
en, prep., *in*. XLIII. 8.
endured, pf. p., *hardened*. Cf. *cits.* in *N. E. D.* 1. 1. XLV. 50.
endyght, v., *indite*, *frame a composition*. LX. 1.

ensew, v., *ensue*. XXXI. 3.
entent, n., *intent*. XXI. 1.
erdest, adj., *genuine, honest*. XXIV. 22.
estarte, v., *break loose, give way*. LV. 1.

F

faas, n., *face*. XXXI. 2 ;
 XLI. 21.
fable, n., *falsehood*. *Cent. Dict.* cites *William of Palerne* (E. E. T. S.) 4608 : 'This 3e witeth wel alle withoute any *fabul*.' XXV. 3.
fall, in *fall into*, v., *come into*. Cf. *cits.* in *N. E. D.* 62, as applied to a ship. IX. 5.
fayne, adv., *fain, gladly*. XLVI. 42.
feater, comp. adj., *more dexterous*. LXVIII. 5.
fere, *feere*, n., *companion, partner*. Cf. *O. E. gefēra*. XLVI. 1 ; XLVIII. 46.
ffrawoghte, pf. p., *fraught*. XLIII. 8.
forewatched, adj., *inflamed from incessant watching*. Cf. *M. E. forbrennen*,

forbresten, fordrifen, etc. Not in *N. E. D.* LXV. 33.
forlore, adj., *forlorn, forsaken, abandoned*. LXV. 38.
forst, v. pt., *forced, beset, importuned*. LXV. 12.
forster, n., *forester*. LVI. 2.
fourde, n., *ford*. XLII. 9.
fret, pf. p., *consumed, devoured*. XXII. 24.
frindlie, adj., *friendly*. XLVI. 2.

G

gaddyng, pr. p., *roaming idly*. LIV. 36.
game, n., *amusement, entertainment*. XLVI. 76 ; *jest*. Cf. *N. E. D.* 2. XXXIX. 10 ; *object of sport, railery*. LXV. 52.
gaynward, prep., *over against*. Cf. *N. E. D. againward*. XXVII. 4.
gentill, adj., *gentle*. LXVII. 17.
geste (pl. s), n., *notable deed or action*. XLIX. 4.
glyns, n., *glimpse*. Cf. *M. E. glimsen*. XLII. 46.
gold (pl. is), n., *marigold*.

Cf. *N. E. D.* *gold*². LXVII. 8.
gostly, adj., *spiritual, refined*, as opposed to *fleshly*. XXXVII. 8.
grame, n., *sorrow, grief*. XX. 4.
gy, v., *direct, guide*. Cf. *M. E.* *gien, giden*; *O.* *Fr. guier*; *N. E. D.* *guy*. p. XXXIII.

H

haat, n., *hate*. XLI. 30.
hable, v., *able*. XLI. 11.
habundance, n., *abundance*. XXVI. 1.
hace, v. pr., *has*. LXVI. 28.
happ(e), n., *good luck, success*. Cf. *N. E. D.* 3. IV. 1; XXIII. 25; XXV. 46; *bad luck, mishap*. XL. 13. Cf. *vnhap*.
hardines, n., *boldness, audacity*. XXIII. 20.
hartye, adj., *coming from the heart*. XLII. 37.
hatched, pf. p., *engraved, decorated with inlaid metal*. Here figuratively used. Cf. *Shak. Lex.*, and *N. E. D.* *hatch*² 3. LXV. 35.

health, helthe, n., *safety*, XLII. 50; XLIV. 10.
herd, adj., *hard*. II. 6; VI. 16; XXII. 32.
hete, cf. *behete*. LXVI. 23.
hewy, adj., *heavy*. XLIII. 4.
hove, v., *linger, tarry*. *N. E. D.* cites *Colin Clout* 666: 'The which in court continually *hooved*.' A common usage that died with the 16th c. XLVIII. 6.
howgy, adj., *huge*. VI. 13.
hyer, compar. adv., *higher*. XLV. 33.
hyt, pron., *it*. LV. 7.

I

iebardyse, n. pl., *jeopardies*. LXII. 64.
immoveable, adj., *stedfast, unchangeable*. II. 12.
imprest, pf. p., *stamped*. XXXV. 8.
inflame, n., *inflammation*. Not in *N. E. D.* XLI. 10.
ioily, adj., *jolly*. XLVII. 7.

J

joined, pf. p., *enjoined upon*. VI. 18.

K

kappier, n., meaning uncertain, but cf. *Dial. Dict.*: '*kipper*, adj., *light, nimble*, as *kipper* as a colt, North. Yorksh.; *amorous, fond, lascivious*, Lancashire. XII. 9.

L

lake, subst., *lack*. XLIII. 21.

learneth, v. pr., *teacheth*. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.* 3. 2. 12: 'And *learn* me how to lose a winning match.' XXXIX. 25.

leffer, comp. adj., *more desirable*. p. XXXIV.

leman, n., *lover, sweetheart*. Cf. M. E. *leofmon*. XIV. 3.

lese, v., *lose*. XLII. 42.

let, v. pt., *hindered*. Cf. *N. E. D.* *let*². XXXIX. 6.

list, n., *desire, intention*. Cf. *Oth.* 2. 1. 105: 'when I have *list* to sleep.' Cf. O. E. *lust*. XXXVIII 20.

loftye, adj., *Heaven-inspired*. XLV. 29.

loke, n., *look*. XLII. 48.

lone, in a + *lone, alone*. XXII. 3.

louy's, poss. n., *love's*. LVII. 9; LXII. 6.

lower (pl. s), n., *lover*. XLIII. 22.

lustyness, n., *beauty of attire*. A derived meaning that disappeared in the 16th c. XLI. 2.

lye (pl. s), n., *place of lying or lodging*. Earlier than any citation in *N. E. D.* *lay*⁷ 2. XII. 8.

lyfsome, adj., *liefsome, pleasing*. Cf. *N. E. D.* *leesome*. XLIV. 21.

lyfte, v. pt., *left*. XLIII. 35.

M

magerome, n., *marjoram*. LXVII. 7.

make, n., (*female*) *partner, companion, mate*. *Mate*, which in this sense superseded *make*, did not come into vogue until after the time of Surrey. For etys. of *make* and *mate*, cf. *Ety. Dict.*, and *N. E. D.* XXXIII. 4; XLVI. 8.

marryner, n., *mariner*. XLIII. 28.

may, n., *maiden*. Cf. M.

E. *may* < O. E. *mæg*. p. XXXIX.

meane, adj., *moderate*. LII.

9.

melle, v., *meddle*; a contracted form common in 16th c. LXIV. 11.

mete, adj., *proper*, *adequate*. XIX. 10; LXIV. 15.

minge, v., *mingle*. Cf. N. E. D. *ming*, *mingle*. XXXIII. 11.

mischaunce, n., *ill luck*. XXVI. 5.

mischaunced, pf. p., *be-fallen by mischance*. XXVI. 10.

molde, n., *mould*. LXX. 12.

mowerninge, adj., *mourning*. XLIII. 7.

mowren, v., *mourn*. XLIII. 21.

mowrtht, n., *mirth*. XLIII. 40.

N

negligence, n., *careless confidence*. p. xx.

ner, compar. *nearer*. XXXVIII. 3.

none, in *my none*, *myn own*. XXXVIII. 25.

nother, conj., *neither*. xx. 16.

O

or, adv., *ere*. XXXIX. 16; XLII. 14.

other, pl., *others*. L. 2.

our (pl. *s*), n., *hour*. p. XXXIII.

overthro, n., *overthrow*, *the state of being overthrown*. Cf. *cits.* in Schmidt. xxv. 38.

overthwart, adj., *contrary*, *pervse*, the orig. sense being *placed or lying crosswise or across* something else; cf. N. E. D. XIX. 13.

owther, adj., *other*. XLIII. 22.

P

pale, n., *stake*. XXXIII. 6.

palme play, n., *an old game resembling hand-ball*. Cf. Strutt 2. 3. 85. XLVIII. 13.

pase, in a + *pase*, *apace*. 1. 7.

pass, v. pr., *passes*, *surpasses*. LXVII. 14.

past, pr. p., *passeth*. v. 10.

- passinge-bell**, n., '*the bell which rings at the hour of departure, to obtain prayers for the passing soul.*' Cf. cits. in *N. E. D.* LXXIV. 5.
- payne**, n., *careful effort, pains*. The plural in this sense was just coming into use in Surrey's time. XLVI. 20.
- paynt**, v., *colour with a view to deception*. XXXIX. 26.
- people**, adj., *pebble*. XLV. 25.
- percell**, n., *portion*. XLI. 51.
- pere**, confused with *pear*, aphetic form of *appear*. Cf. *N. E. D.* *pear*, *peer* 3. XLI. 33.
- perse**, v., *pierce*. XXIV. 8.
- Persy**, prop. n., *Persia*. XLIX. 1.
- pete**, n., *pity*. LXII. 14.
- piery**, n., *precious stone*. Cf. Fr. *pierre*. p. xxxiv.
- plain**, **playn**, v., *lament, mourn*. Cf. *M. E. plainen*. III. 9; v. 1; VI. 1; *et freq.*
- plaine**, adv., *plainly*. LIV. 51.
- plaint**, **playnt**, n., *complaint, lament*. Cf. *plain*. XXII. 8; XXIII. 4; *et freq.*
- playe**, n., *entertainment*. XLVIII. 38.
- plyet**, n., *plight*. XLIII. 4.
- pondereth**, v. pr., *weighs*. The original meaning. *Cent. Dict.* cites Hall, *Hen. IV.*, fol. 14 (a): 'An innocent with a nacent, a man ungylyt with a gylyt, was pondered in an eqall balaunce.' XLII. 8.
- pour** (pl. s), **pure**, n., *power*. LXVI. 9.
- prayes**, n., *praise*. XLVIII. 26.
- prea**, v., *prey*. XLVI. 31.
- procure**, v., *succeed, effect a result*. p. XLIV; X. 10.
- puissant**, **pusant**, adj., *powerful, potent*. XIII. 8; LXVI. 9.
- purchase**, v., *contrive*. *Cent. Dict.* cites *Merlin (E. E. T. S.)* 2. 303: 'this Claudas hath so purchased that he hath be at Rome.' LXII. 28. *obtain or secure by great effort*. XLIX. 6.
- pynne**, n., *pin*. LXV. 12.

R

ragge (pl. s), n., *rage*.
XLIII. 30.

rakhell, adj., *careless, unrestrained*. For ety., cf. *Ety. Dict. rake* (2). XLVII. 8.

range, v. pt., *rang*. XLIX. 2.

rayd, pf. p., *arrayed*. LXXI. 3.

record, v., *tell over, rehearse*. Cf. Fletcher, *Valentinian* 2. 1: 'As birds *record* their lessons.' VI. 3.

recure, n., *recovery, remedy*. X. 14; LXIII. 17.

reduceth, v., *brings back*. So, universally in 16th to 17th cs.; cf. M. E. *reducen* and Lat. *reducere*. XLI. 14.

reflexion, n., *echo, the throwing back of sound*. VI. 2.

refuse, n., *refusal*. XLVI. 64.

relent, v., *stay, abate*. XXIX. 8.

remove, v., *die*. This intrans. use rare. XVI. 19.

report, n., *statement, declaration* (of love). LXII. 52.

represt, pf. p., *pressed back*. Latinism; cf. *repremere*. XLI. 27.

repugnant, adj., *opposite, antithetical*. The orig. meaning; cf. O. Fr. *repugnant*. Cf. *Hamlet* 2. 2. 493. XXXV. 10.

repulse, n., *check*. XXXVIII. 18.

repulse, v., *drive back, rebuff*. XXIV. 12.

require, v., *request*. The customary sense in 16th c.; cf. *Henry VIII.* 2. 4. 144: 'In humblest manner I *require* your highness . . . to declare.' XXII. 5; XLIV. 6.

retayle, v., *deal out in small quantities*. LXII. 55.

rever (pl. s), **ryver** (pl. s), n., *river*. VI. 3, 8.

revested, pf. p., *re clothed*. XLVII. 3.

revolted, pf. p., *turned*, as applied to the edge of a tool. XXIII. 11.

rewe, v., *rue*. XXXI. 5. Cf. *rooful, rewthe*.

rewthe, n., *ruth*. XLVIII.

21.

right wise, adj., *righteous*.
XLV. 66.

rightwisely, adv., *righteously*. IV. 10.

roofful, adj., *rueful*. XXIX.
10. Cf. *rewe*, *rewthe*.

roon, v., *run*. XXXVIII. 20.
Cf. *roounyng*.

roounyng, adj., *running*.
XXXVIII. 6. Cf. *roon*.

rosiall, adj., *rosy*. Not
elsewhere found; com-
pounded of *rose* + adj.
suffix *ial*. LIV. 29.

ryght, in a ryght, *aright*.
LXXIII. 17.

ryng, n., *ring used in tilt-
ing*. 'To rid', *run*, or
tilt at the ring, an exer-
cise much in vogue in
the sixteenth century in
Europe, and replacing to
a certain extent the *justs*
or *tilts of armed knights*
one against another. . . .
A ring was suspended at
a height, and the horse-
men rode at it, with a
light spear with which
they tried to carry it off.
Cent. Dict. Cf. *Strutt*.
LXVI. 4.

S

sale (pl. *s*), n., *hall of a
pretentious building*. Cf.
Fr. *salle*. LXVIII. 9.

sallet, n., *herbs for use as
salad*. Cf. Cade's com-
ment on a *sallet* in 2
Henry VI 4. 10. LXX. 5.

saluith, v. pr., *saluteth*.
Cf. M. E. *saluen*. XLIV.
25.

sarve, v., *serve*. XLI. 9.

semblaunt, n., *appearance,
countenance*. XV. 3.

sen, conj., *since*. Cf. M.
E. *sine* and *Dial. Dict.*
sin. LXII. 4.

seson, v., *seize on*. III. 4.

setteth, in *setteth by*, v.
pr., *sets one's heart on,
sets store by*. XII. 4.

shapp, v., pr., *imagine,
conceive*. XLV. 33.

sickles, adj., *free from sick-
ness*. XLII. 29.

sight, v. pt., *sighed*. LIII.
4, 25.

simple, adj., *ingenuous*.
XXIV. 17; XLII. 4.

skills, in *it skills not*, v.
pr., *makes a difference,
matters*. Common idiom
in 16th c. XLIV. 4.

- slacke**, n., *looseness*. XLI. 37.
- slipper**, adj., *slippery, unsure*. Cf. *Oth.* 2. 1. 243: 'a *slipper* and subtle knave.' XLII. 49.
- smart**, n., *pain*, etc. XX. 16; XXIX. 12; XLI. 29; *et freq.*
- smoky**, adj., *having appearance of smoke, hazy*. XLVII. 11.
- socour** (pl. s), n., *succor, time of need*. p. XXXIII.
- solur**, v., *convert, make void*. Cf. O. Fr. *soluer*. p. XXXIII.
- soote**, adj., *sweet*. Cf. M. E. *sôte*. XXXIII. 1.
- sorow**, n., *sorrel*. Cf. *Halliwell*, and *Dial. Dict.* LXX. 9.
- sower**, subst., *the sour*. XLIV. 35.
- sowndles**, adj., *soundless, having no sound*. XLV. 25.
- specyall**, n., *special or particular object of interest or regard*. Little used as a subst., even in 16th c. Unique in this sense? LVIII. 16.
- spilt**, pf. p. *lost*. XLII. 14.
- spoore**, n., *spur*. XXXVIII. 19.
- sprent**, cf. *besprent*.
- ssce** (pl. s), n., *sea*. XLIII. 36.
- sseythe** (pl. s), n., *sigh*. XLIII. 12.
- sswalle**, v., *swell*. XLIII. 30.
- staine**, v., *outdo, excel*. *Cent. Dict.* cites *Patient Grissel* (*Child's Ballads* 4. 209): 'Her beauty shin'd most bright, | Far staining every other.' LIV. 4.
- stale**, n., *meat offered to a falcon that has gone in search of prey, to lure it back*. XLVI. 60.
- staye**, n., *support, prop.* XLIV. 23.
- still**, adv., *continually, ever*. Very common in 16th c.; cf. *Shak. Lex.* p. XXIII; XXIII. 31.
- stonde**, pf. p., *stood*. XXVI. 13.
- storme**, adj., *stormy*. XL. 8.
- stray**, n., *gad-about, vagabond*. Cf. 2 *Henry VI.* 4, 10, 27: 'to seize me for a *stray*.' For rela-

tion to *astray*, cf. *Cent. Dict.* LIV. 36.
streame (pl. *s*), current, stream, rays (of light), etc. So used by Chaucer, Lydgate, and court poets of 16th to 17th cs. XXXVIII. 13; XL. 22.
stynt, v., *cease*. LXII. 34.
swarme (pl. *s*), n., *troop*. XLVIII. 23.
syt, conj., *since*. Cf. M. E. *sith*. LXII. 6.
syure, adv., *sure*. V. 11.

T

thayes, *the eyes*. XII. 7.
thone, *the one*. XVIII. 15.
thother, *the other*. XVIII. 16.
thowet, n., *thought*. XLIII. 41.
to, adv., *too*. XXIII. 5; XXXIX. 7; XLVI. 14, 69.
tothers, poss. pr., *the other's*. XLII. 6.
travail, *travaill*, *travaile*, *travayle*, n., *work*, *occupation*, *effort*. The orig. meaning. Cf. O. Fr. *travail*. IV. 14; XI. 3; XII. 5; *et freq.*
traynd, v. pt., *allured*, *en-*

ticed. Cf. M. E. *trainen*. XLVI. 54.
trayne (pl. *s*), n., *allurement*, *enticement*. Cf. *Macb.* 4. 3. 118: 'Macbeth | By many of these *trains* hath sought to win me.' XXXIX. 14; XLII. 47.
tread, v., *crush under the feet*, *trample contemptuously*. LXXI. 8.
trusse, in *trusse upp*, v., *pack up*, *tie up*. LIII. 26.
trusty, adj., *faithful*, *sure to occur*. I. 8.
tryd, *tryde*, adj., *tested*, *refined*. XXI. 1; XXVII. 2.
tyre, v., *tear and consume a prey*. Cf. O. E. *teran*; M. E. *teren*, *tiren*. II. 6.

U

vnbrace, v., *loose*, *relax*, *soften (the heart)*. LXVII. 24.
vnegall, adj., *unequal*. XLII. 8.
vnhap, n., *misfortune*. Cf. *hap*. LXV. 35.
vnneth, adv., *with difficulty*, *hardly*. Cf. O. E. *uneaðe*. XLIV. 31.

vnquyt, adj., *unquit*, *without penalty*. XXIV. 24.

vnright, n., *wrong*. XLV. 16.

vpsupped, pf. p., *supped up*. Cf. Sackville, *Induction* (ed. 1859, p. 123): '*supping* the tears that all his breast be-rain'd.' XLVIII. 44.

vre, n., *use*. p. XLIV; p. LIV; x. 6.

vse, n., *practice, custom*. XLI. 24.

V

vapored, pf. p., *moistened*. XLVII. 12.

vaunte, n., *glory, credit*. XLVI. 34.

veare, n., *Spring foliage*. XLVII. 4.

venume, **venvme**, n., *venom*. XXXV. 10; XXXVIII. 16.

W

walle, in **be walle**, v., *be-wail*. XLIII. 3.

wan, old pt. of *win*. L. 4.

weete, v., *know, understand*. Cf. *Ant. and Cleo.* 1. 1. 39: 'In which I

bind . . . the world to *weet* | We stand up peerless.' Cf. *wit*, *Cent. Dict.*, *Dial. Dict.* XLVI. 21.

well, adv., *very*. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.* 4. 2. 4: 'This deed will be *well* welcome to Lorenzo'; cf. *Dial. Dict.* XXVIII. 2.

welth, n., *happiness*, by metonymy. XVI. 8.

wered, adj., *wearied*. I. 10.

wheare, subst., *place*. XLIV. 34.

witsafe, v., *withsafe, vouchsafe*. For ety., cf. *Cent. Dict.* LXXIII. 34.

wonders, adv., *wondrously*. VIII. 1.

wone, pf. p., *won*. XV. 16.

wooll, v., *desire, will*. XLII. 12.

worthe, in **in worthe**, in *good part*. XXXVIII. 23.

wourke, v., *work*. XLV. 16.

woyce, n., *voice*. XLIII. 7.

Y

ybrethed, pf. p., *breathing*. XLVIII. 30.

yee (pl. <i>s</i>), n., <i>eye</i> . XLIII. 16.	ynowe , adj., <i>enough</i> . LVI. 12, 19.
yeldon , old pf. p. of <i>yield</i> . XLII. 43.	ynsew , v., <i>ensue</i> . XXV. 15.
yerthe , n., <i>earth</i> . XLI. 2.	youth e, n. pl., <i>youths</i> . XLVIII. 23.
yfere , n., <i>companion</i> . LXV. 6. Cf. <i>fere</i> .	yspred , pf. p., <i>spread</i> . XLVI. 4.

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