

1.

The Earle of Oxenforde to the Reader.

The labouring man that tilles the fertile soyle,
And reapes the harvest fruite hath not in deede
The gaine but payne, and if for all hys toyle
He gets the strawe, the Lord will have the seede.

The Manchet fyne falles not unto his share; [5
On coursest cheat his hungry stomacke feedes.
The Landlord doth possesse the fynest fare;
He pulles the flowers, the other pluckes but weedes.

The Mason poore that buildes the Lordlye halles
Dwelles not in them, they are for hie degree; [10
His Cotage is compact in paper walles,
And not with bricke or stone as others bee.

The idle Drone that labours not at all,
Suckles up the sweete of honnye from the Bee.
Who worketh most, to their share least doth fall; [15
Wyth due desert reward will never bee.

The swiftest Hare unto the Mastive slowe
Oft times doth fall, to him as for a praye;
The Greyhounde thereby doth misse his game we know,
For which he made such speedy hast awaye. [20

So hee that takes the payne to penne the booke
Reapes not the giftes of goodlye golden Muse,
But those gayne that who on the worke shal looke,
And from the soure the sweete by skill doth chuse.

For hee that beates the bushe the byrde not gets, [25
But who sittes still, and holdeth fast the nets.

FINIS.

2.

Even as the waxe doeth melt, or dewe consume awaie,
Before the Sonne, so I behold through careful thoughts decaie:
For my best lucke leads me, to suche sinister state,
That I doe wast with other's love, that hath my self in hate.
And he that beates the bushe, the wished birde not getts,
But suche I see as sitteth still, and holds the foulyng netts.

The Drone more honie sucks, that laboureth not at all,
Then doeth the Bee, to whose most pain, least pleasure doth befall;
The Gardner sowes the seeds, whereof the flowers doe growe,
And others yet doe gather them, that tooke lesse paine I knowe. [10
So I the pleasaunt grape have pulled from the Vine,
And yet I languish in greate thirst, while others drinke the wine.
Thus like a wofull wight, I wove my webb of woe,
The more I would wede out my cares, the more thei seme to grow.
The whiche betokeneth hope, forsaken is of me, [15
That with the carefull culver climes, the worne and withered tree,
To entertaine my thoughts, and there my happe to mone,
That never am lesse idle loe, then when I am alone.
Finis. E. O.

3.

A Crowne of Bayes shall that man weare,
That triumphs over me:
For blacke and Tawnie will I weare,
Whiche mournyng colours be.

The more I folowed on, the more she fled awaie,
As Daphne did full long agone, Apollo's wishfull praie.
The more my plaints resounde, the lesse she pities me,
The more I saught the lesse I founde, that myne she ment to be.
Melpomeney, alas with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And syng bis wo worthe on me, forsaken man;
Then Daphne's baies shal that man weare, [15]

that triumphs over me,

For Blacke and Taunie will I weare,

which mournyng colours be.

Droune me you tricklyng teares,

you wailefull wights of woe, [20
Come help these hands to rent my heares,

my ruffull happs to showe:
On whom the scorchyng flames of love, doeth feede you se,
Ah, a lalalantida my deare dame, [25]

hath thus tormented me.

Wherefore you Muses nine, with dolefull tunes helpe than,

And syng Bis wo worthe on me forsaken man;
Then Daphne's Baies shall that man weare,

that triumphs over me, [30]
For Blacke and Taunie will I weare,

which mourning colours be.

An Ancre's life to leade, with nailes to scratche my grave,
Where earthly Wormes on me shall fede, [35]

is all the joyes I crave;
And hide my self from shame,

sith that myne eyes doe see,
Ah, a alantida my deare dame,

hath thus tormented me. [40]
And all that present be, with dolefull tunes helpe than:
And syng Bis woe worthe on me, forsaken man.

Finis. E. O.

4.

Framd in the front of forlorne hope, past all recoverie,
I stayles stand 'tabide the shocke of shame and infamy.
My life through lingring long is lodgde, in lare of lothsome wayes,
My death delaide to keepe from life, the harme of haplesse dayes;
My sprites, my hart, my witte and force, in deepe distresse are dround, [5]
The only losse of my good name, is of these greefes the ground.
And since my minde, my wit, my head, my voyce and tongue are weake,
To utter, moove, devise, conceave, sound foorth, declare and speake,
Such pearing plantes, as aunswere might, or would my wofull case,
Helpe, crave I must, and crave I will, with teares upon my face: [10]
Of al that may in heaven or hell, in earth or ayre be found,
To wayle with me this losse of mine, as of these greefes the ground.
Helpe gods, helpe saintes, helpe sprites and powers, that in the heaven doo dwell,
Helpe ye that are to waile aye woont, ye howling hounds of hell;
Helpe man, helpe beastes, helpe birds and wormes, that on the earth doth toile, [15]
Helpe fishe, helpe foule, that flockes and feedes upon the salte sea soyle;
Helpe eccho that in ayre dooth flee, shril voyces to resound,
To waile this losse of my good name, as of these greefes the ground.

FINIS. E. O.

5.

I am not as I seme to bee,
Nor when I smile, I am not glad;
A thrall although you count me free,
I moste in mirthe, moste pensive sadd.
I smile to shade my bitter spight, [5
As Haniball that sawe in sight
His countrey soile, with Carthage toune,
By Romaine force, defaced doune.
And Caesar that presented was,
With noble Pompeye's princely hedde, [10
As 'twere some judge, to rule the case,
A floud of teares, he semde to shedd.
Although in deede, it sprong of joye,
Yet others thought it was annoye;
Thus contraries be used I finde, [15
Of wise to cloke the covert minde.
Haniball that smiles for grief,
And let you Caesar's teares suffice:
The one that laughs at his mischief,
The other all for joye that cries. [20
I smile to see me scorned so,
You wepe for joye, to see me wo:
And I a harte by love slaine dead
Presents in place of Pompeye's head.
O cruell happ, and harde estate, [25
That forceth me to love my foe;
Accursed by so foule a fate,
My choise for to prefixe it so.
So long to fight with secret sore,
And finde no secret salve therefore. [30
Some purge their paine by plaint I finde,
But I in vaine doe breathe my winde.

Finis. E. O.

6.

If care or skill could conquere vaine desire,
Or reason's raines my strong affection staie,
Then should my sights, to quiet breast retire,
And shunne suche signes as secret thoughts bewraie.
Uncomely love, whiche now lurks in my breast, [5
Should cease my grief, through wisdom's power opprest.

But who can leave to looke on Venus' face,
Or yeldeth not to Juno's high estate?

What witt so wise, as gives not Pallas place?
These vertues rare eche God did yelde amate, [10
Save her alone, who yet on yearth doeth reigne,
Whose beauties' stryng no Gods can well destraine.

What worldly wight can hope for heavenly hire,
When onely sights must make his secret mone?
A silent sute doeth selde to Grace aspire, [15
My haples happe doeth role the restles stone;
Yet Phebe faire disdainde the heavens above,
To joye on yearth her poore Endimion's love.

Rare is reward where none can justly crave,
For chaunce is choise where reason maks no claime; [20
Yet lucke sometymes dispairyng souls doeth save,
A happie starre made Giges joye attaine.
A slavishe Smith of rude and rascall race,
Founde means in tyme to gaine a Goddes' grace.

Then loftie Love, thy sacred sailes advaunce, [25
My sithyng seas shall flowe with streames of teares;
Amidds disdainde drive forthe my dolefull chaunce,
A valiaunt minde no deadly daunger feares.
Who loves alofte and setts his hart on hie,
Deserves no paine, though he doe pine and die. [30

My meanyng is to worke what wonders love hath wrought,
Wherwith I muse why men of wit have love so derely bought;
For love is worse then hate, and eke more harme hath doen,
Record I take of those that rede of Paris, Priam's sonne.
It semed the God of slepe had mazed so mucche his witts, [35
When he refused witt for love, whiche cometh but by fitts;
But why accuse I hym, whom yearth hath covered long?
There be of his posteritie alive, I doe hym wrong;
Whom I might well condempne, to be a cruell judge
Unto myself who hath the crime in others that I grudge. [40

Finis. E. O.

8.

The Lyvely Larke stretcht forth her wyng,
The messenger of morninge bright,
And with her Chearfull voyce did Singe
The daye's approache discharginge Nyght.
When that Aurora blushing Redd [5
Dyscride the guylt of Thetis' Bedd.

I went abroad to take the Ayre,

and in the meades I mette a knyght,
Clad in Carnation Colour fayre,

I did salute this gentle wyght, [10
Of him I did his name enquiryre,
He sighed, and sayd he was desyre.

Desire I did desire to stay,

awhile with him I Cravde to talke.
The Courteous knyght said me no nay, [15]

but hand in hand with me did walke.
Then of desyre I askde agayne,
What thinge did please and what did payne?

He smylde, and thus he answerd than,

"desire can have no greater payne, [20
Then for to see an other man,

that he desirethe to obtayne,
Nor greater Joy Can be than this,
Than to enjoy that others mysse."

FINIS

9.

The tricklyng teares that fales along my cheeks,
The secret sighs that shoves my inward grief,
The present paines perforce, that love aye seeks,
Bidde me renew my cares without relief,
In wofull song in dole displaie, [5
My pensive harte for to bewraie.

Bewraie thy grief, thou wofull harte with speede,
Resigne thy voyce to her that causde thy woe;
With irksome cries bewaile thy late doen deede,
For she thou lovest is sure thy mortall foe. [10
And helpe for thee there is none sure,
But still in paine thou must endure.

The striken Deare hath helpe to heale his wounde,
The haggerd hauke with toile is made full tame,

The strongest tower the Canon laies on grounde, [15
The wisest witt that ever had the fame,
Was thrall to Love by Cupid's sleights,
Then waie my case with equall waights.

She is my joye, she is my care and wo,
She is my paine, she is my ease therefore; [20
She is my death, she is my life also,
She is my salve, she is my wounded sore;
In fine, she hath the hande and knife,
That maie bothe save, and ende my life.

And shal I live on yearth to be her thral? [25
And shall I sue and serve her all in vaine?
And shall I kisse the stepps that she letts fall,
And shall I praie the gods to kepe the pain
From her, that is so cruell still?
No, no, on her woorke all your will. [30

And let her feele the power of all your might,
And let her have her moste desire with speede;
And let her pine awaie bothe daie and night,
And let her mone, and none lament her neede,
And let all those that shall her se, [35
Dispise her state, and pitie me.

Finis. E. O.

10.

Feyne would I singe but fury makes me frette,
And rage hath sworne to seke revenge of wronge;
My mased mynde in malice so is sette
As death shall daunte my deadly dolours longe.
Pacience perforce is such a pinching payne, [5
As dy I will or suffer wronge agayne.

I am no sott to suffer suche abuse
As dothe bereve my hart of his delighte,
Nor wyll I frame my self to suche as use
With calme consent to suffer such despyght. [10
Noe quiet sleep shall once possesse myne ey,
Till witt have wroughte his will on Injurye.

My hart shall fayll and hand shall lose his force,
But some devise shall pay despight his dewe;
And fury shall consume my carefull coorse, [15

Or raze the ground wheron my sorow grew.
Loe thus in rage of ruthfull mind refusd,
I rest revengd of whome I am abusd.

finis Earle of Oxenforde

11.

When werte thou borne desyre?
In Pompe and pryme of May.
By whom sweete boy werte thou begot?
By good Conceyte, men say.

Tell me who was thy Nurse?
Freshe youthe in sugred Joy.
What was thy meate and dayly foode?
Sad syghes with great Annoy.

What hadste thou then to drinke?
Unfayned lovers' teares. [5
What Cradle werte thou rocked in?
In Hope devoyde of Feares.

What brought thee then asleepe?
Sweete speech, that lykte me best.
And wher is now thy dwellinge place?
In gentle hartes I rest.
Dothe Company dysplease?
Yt doth in many a one.
Where wold desire then chuse to be?
He likes to muse alone. [10

What feedethe most your syghte?
To gaze on Favour styll.
What findste thou most to be thy fo?
Dysdayne of my goodwill.

Wyll ever Age or Deathe
Bring the unto decay?
NO, NO, DESYER BOTHE LYVES AND DYES,
TEN THOWSANDE TYMES A DAY.

Finis. LO. OX

12.

Wing'de with desyre, I seeke to mount on hyghe;
Clogde with myshapp yet am I kept full lowe;

Whoe seekes to lyve and fyndes the waye to dye,
Sythe comforte ebbs, and cares do daylye flowe.
But sadd despayre would have me to retyre, [5
When smyllynge hoape setts forward my desyre.

I styll do toyll and never am at reste,
Enjoyenge least whan I do covet moste;
With wearye thoughtes are my green yeers opprest,
To dawnger drawn from my desyred coast. [10
Nowe crazed with Care, than haled up with Hope,
With world at will yet wantynge wished scope.

I lyke in harte, yet dare not saye I love,
And lookes alone do lend me cheefe releife.
I dwelt sometymes at rest yet must remove, [15
With fayngned joye I hyde my secret greefe.
I would possess yet needs must flee the place
Where I do seek to wyn my cheefest grace.

Lo thus I lyve twyxte feare and comforte taste,
With least abode wher best I feell contente; [20
I seelde resorte wher I should setle most,
My slydinge tymes to sone with her are spent.
I hover hyghe and soare wher Hope doth tower,
Yet froward Fate defers my happy hower.

I live abrod but styll in secreat greef, [25
Then least alone when most I seeme to lurke;
I speak of peace, and lyve in endles stryfe,
And when I playe than are my thoughts at worke;
In person farr that am in mynd full neere,
Makyng lyghte showe where I esteeme most deere. [30

A mall-content yet seeme I pleased styll,
Braggynge of heaven yet feelynge paynes of hell.
But Tyme shall frame a tyme unto my will,
Whenas in sporte thys earnest will I tell;
Tyll than (sweet frende) abyde these stormes with me, [35
Which shall in joys of eyther fortunes be.

finis.

13.

Love compared to a tennis playe.

Wheras the Harte at Tennesse playes and men to gaminge fall,
Love is the Courte, Hope is the Howse, and Favour serves the Ball.

The Ball itself is True Desert, the Lyne which Measure shows
Is Reason, wheron Judgement lookes howe players winne or lose.
The Gettye is deceitfull Guyle, the Stopper, Jelouzye, [5
Which hath Sir Argoes' hundred eyes, wherwith to watch and pry.
The Fault wherwith fifeteen is lost is wante of witt and Sence,
And he that bringes the Racket in, is Double Dyligence.
And loe the Racket is Freewill, which makes the Ball rebounde,
And Noble Bewtye is the chase, of every game the grounde. [10
But Rashenes strikes the Ball awrye, and wher is Oversight?
"A Bandye hoe," the people crye, and soe the Ball takes flighte.
Nowe in the ende Goodlykinge proves

Content the game and gayn.
Thus in a Tennysse knitt I Love,

A Pleasure mixte with Payne.

Made by the Earle of Oxeforde.

14.

What cunning can expresse
The favor of hir face?
To whom in this distresse,
I doe appeale for grace;
A thousand Cupids flie, [5
About hir gentle eie.

From whence each throwes a dart,
That kindleth soft sweete fier,
Within my sighing hart,
Possessed by desier; [10
No sweeter life I trie,
Than in hir love to die.

The Lillie in the fielde,
That glories in his white,
For purenes now must yeelde, [15
And render up his right;
Heav'n pictur'de in hir face,
Doth promise joy and grace.

Faire Cinthia's silver light,
That beates on running streames, [20
Compares not with hir white,
Whose haire are all sunbeames;

Hir vertues so doe shine,
As daie unto mine eine.

With this there is a Red, [25
Exceeds the Damaske Rose,
Which in hir cheekes is spred,
Whence every favor groes;
In skie there is no starre,
That she surmounts not farre. [30

When Phoebus from the bed,
Of Thetis doth arise,
The morning blushing red,
In faire carnation wise,
He shewes it in her face, [35
As Queene of every grace.

This pleasant Lillie white,
This taint of roseat red,
This Cinthia's silver light,
This sweete faire Dea spread, [40
These sunbeames in mine eie,
These beauties make me die.

E. O.

15.

Who taught the first to sighe alas my Harte?
Who taught thy Tongue the wofull wordes of plaint? love.
Who fild thine Eyes with Teares of bitter smarte?
Who gave the grief and made thy Joyes so faynt?

Who first did print with Coloures pale thy face? [5
Who first did breke thy slepes of quiet rest? Love.
Above the rest in Court who gave thee Grace?
Who made the stryve in vertue to be Best?

In Constant troth to bide so firme and sure,
To scorn the world regarding but thy frend, Love [10
With pacient mynd ech passion to endure,
In one desire to settle to thy end? I

Love then thy Choyse, wherin such fayth doth bynde,
As nought but death may ever Change thy mynde.

FINIS .Ball.

16.

Weare I a kinge I coulde commande content;
 Weare I obscure unknowne shoulde be my cares,
 And weare I ded no thought should me torment,
 Nor wordes, nor wronges, nor loves, nor hopes, nor feares;
 A doweftull choyse of these thinges one to crave, [5
 A Kingdom or a cottage or a grave.

Poems Possibly By Oxford**I.**

Sitting alone upon my thought in melancholye moode,
 In sighte of sea and at my backe an aunceyent, horye woode,
 I sawe a fayre yonge ladye come her secreate teares to wayle,
 Clad all in colour of a vowe and covered with a vayle.
 Yet for the daye was clere and calme, I might discerne her face, [5
 As one mighte see a damaske rose though hid with cristall glasse.
 Three tymes with her softe hande full harde upon her heart she knockes,
 And sighte soe sore as mighte have moved some mercy in the rocks;
 From sighes and sheadinge amber teares into swete songe she brake,
 And thus the eccho answered her to every woorde she spake. [10
 "O heavens," quoth she, "who was the firste that bred in me this fevere?" vere
 "Who was the firste that gave the wounde whose scarre I were forever?" vere
 "What tyrant, Cupid, to my harmes usurpes thy golden quivere?" vere
 "What wighte first caughte this hearte and can from bondage it deliver?" vere
 "Yet who dothe moste adore this wighte? O hollowe caves tell true;" yowe [15
 "What nimphe deserves his likinge beste? yet dothe in sorrowe rue?" yowe
 "What makes him not regarde good will with some remorse or ruthe?" youthe
 "What makes him shewe besides his birthe suche pride and such untruthe?" youthe
 "May I his beautye matche with love if he my love will trye?" I
 "May I requite his birthe with faythe? then faythfull will I dye." I [20
 And I that knewe this ladye well said lorde, how great a myracle,
 To heare the eccho tell her truthe as 'twere Apollo's oracle.

Vavaser. I**II.****In praise of a contented minde**

My mynde to me a kingdome is,

such perfect joye therin I finde,
 That it excells all other blisse

that world affordes or growes by kind;
 Though much I want which most men have, [5

yet still my mynde forbids to crave.
No princelie pompe, no welthie store,

no force to wynn the victorie,
No wylie witt to salve a sore,

no shape to fede eche gazinge eie, [10
To none of these I yelde as thrall;

for why? my mynde doth serve for all.

I see howe plentie suffers ofte,

howe hastie Climbers sone do fall;
I see that those that are alofte, [15]

mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toile, they keape with feare,

such cares my mynde could never bear.

Content I live, this is my staie,

I seke no more then may suffice; [20
I presse to beare no hawtie swaie,

loke what I lack my mynde supplies.
Loe thus I triumphe like a kinge,

Content with that my mynde doth bringe.

Some have to mucche yet still doe crave, [25

I litle have and seke no more;
They are but poore thoughe mucche they have

and I am riche with litle store.
They poore, I riche, they begge, I give,

They lacke I leave, they pine, I live. [30

I laughe not at another's losse,

I grudge not at another's gaine,
No worldly waves my mynde can tosse,

my state at one doth still remaine;
I feare no foe nor fawninge friend, [35]

I lothe not lief nor dread my end.

Some weighe their pleasure by their luste,

their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their onely truste,

and cloked craft their store of skill; [40]
But all the pleasure that I finde,

is to maintaine a quiet minde.

My welthe is healthe and perfect ease,

my conscience clere my chief defence;
I nether seke by bribes to please, [45]

nor by desert to brede offence.
Thus doe I live, thus will I die,

would all did so as well as I.

Finis.

III.

If woemen coulde be fayre and yet not fonde,
Or that their love were firme, not fickll still,
I woulde not mervaylle that they make men bonde,
By servise longe to purchase their good will;
But when I se how frayll those creatures are, [5]
I muse that men forget themselves so farr.

To marcke the choyse they make and how they change,
How ofte from Phoebus they do flee to Pann,
Unsettled still like haggardes willd they range,
These gentle byrdes that flye from man to man; [10]
Who woulde not scorne and shake them from the fyste,
And let them flye, fayre fooles, whiche waye they lyst?

Yet for disporte we fawne and flatter bothe,
To pass the tyme when nothinge else can please,
And trayne them to our lure with subtylle othe, [15]
Till wearye of their wiles our selves we easse;

And than we saye when we their fancye trye,
To playe with fooles, oh what a foole was I.

Finis qd Earll of Oxenforde

IV.

In Pescod time when hownd to home gives eare while Bucke is kild,
And little boyes with pipes of Corne, sit keping beasts in field,
I went to gather Strawberies tho when wods and groves wer faire,
And parchte my face with Phebus loe, by walking in the ayre.
I lay me down all by a streame and bankes all over head, [10
And ther I found the strangest dreame, that ever yonge man had.
Me thoght I saw ech Christmas game, both revells all and sume,
And each thinge els that man cold name or might by fancy cume,
The substance of the thing I saw, in Silence passe it shall,
Because I lacke the skill to draw, the order of them all; [20
But Venus shall not scape my pen, whose maidens in disdayne,
Sit feeding on the harts of men, whom Cupid's bow hath slayne.
And that blinde Boy sat all in blood, bebathed to the Eares,
And like a conquerour he stood, and scorned lovers' teares.
"I have more harts" quod he, "at call, then Cesar could commaund, [30
And like the dere I make them fall, that overcrosse the lawnd."
"I do increase their wandring wits, till that I dim their sight,
'Tis I that do bereve them of their Joy and cheef delight."
Thus did I se this bragging Boy advance himself even then,
Deriding at the wanton toyes, of folyshe loving men.
Which when I saw for anger then my panting breast did beate, [35
To se how he sate tauntinge them, upon his royall seate.
O then I wishte I had byn free, and cured were my wound;
Me thought I could display his armes, and coward dedes expound.
But I perforce must stay my muse, full sore against my harte.
For that I am a Subjecte wight, and launced with his darte. [40
But if that I atchieve the forte, which I have toke in charge,
My Hand and Head with quivering quill, shall blaze his name at large.

FINIS. L ox.