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### **The History Of English Poetry**

From The Close of the Eleventh To The Commencement of the Eighteenth  
Century

**Warton, Thomas**

**London, 1781**

Section XXI. The first printed Miscellany of English poetry. Its contributors. Sir Francis Bryan, Lord Rochford, and Lord Vaulx. The first true pastoral in English. Sonnet-writing cultivated by the ...

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## S E C T. XXI.

TO the poems of Surrey and Wyatt are annexed, as I have before hinted, in Tottell's editions, those of uncertain authors<sup>a</sup>. This latter collection forms the first printed poetical miscellany in the English language: although very early manuscript miscellanies of that kind are not uncommon. Many of these pieces are much in the manner of Surrey and Wyatt, which was the fashion of the times. They are all anonymous; but probably, sir Francis Bryan, George Boleyn earl of Rochford, and lord Vaulx, all professed rhymers and sonnet-writers, were large contributors.

Drayton, in his elegy *To his dearly loved friend HENRY REYNOLDS OF POETS AND POESIE*, seems to have blended all the several collections of which Tottell's volume consists. After Chaucer he says,

They with the Muses who conversed, were  
That princely Surrey, early in the time  
Of the eighth Henry, who was then the prime  
Of England's noble youth. With him there came  
Wyat, with reverence whom we still do name  
Amongst our poets: Bryan had a share  
With the two former, which accounted are  
That time's best Makers, and the authors were  
Of those small poems which the title bear  
Of Songes and Sonnetts, wherein oft they hit  
On many dainty passages of wit<sup>b</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> They begin at fol. 50.

<sup>b</sup> WORKS, vol. iv. p. 1255. edit. Lond. 1759. 8vo.

Sir Francis Bryan was the friend of Wyat, as we have seen; and served as a commander under Thomas earl of Surrey in an expedition into Brittany, by whom he was knighted for his bravery<sup>c</sup>. Hence he probably became connected with lord Surrey the poet. But Bryan was one of the brilliant ornaments of the court of king Henry the eighth, which at least affected to be polite: and from his popular accomplishments as a wit and a poet, he was made a gentleman of the privy-chamber to that monarch, who loved to be entertained by his domestics<sup>d</sup>. Yet he enjoyed much more important appointments in that reign, and in the first year of Edward the sixth; and died chief justiciary of Ireland, at Waterford, in the year 1548<sup>e</sup>. On the principle of an unbiassed attachment to the king, he wrote epistles on Henry's divorce, never published; and translated into English from the French, Antonio de Guevara's Spanish Dissertation on the life of a courtier, printed at London in the year last mentioned<sup>f</sup>. He was nephew to John Bouchier, lord Berners, the translator of Froissart; who, at his desire, translated at Calais from French into English, the GOLDEN BOKE, or Life of Marcus Aurelius, about 1533<sup>g</sup>. Which are Bryan's pieces I cannot ascertain.

George Boleyn, viscount Rochford, was son of sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards earl of Wiltshire and Ormond; and at Oxford discovered an early propensity to polite letters and poetry. He was appointed to several dignities and offices by king Henry the eighth, and subscribed the famous declaration sent to Pope Clement the seventh. He was brother to queen Anne Boleyn, with whom he was suspected of a criminal familiarity. The chief accusation against him seems to have been, that he was seen to whisper with the queen one morning while she was in

<sup>c</sup> Dugd. BAR. ii. 273. a.

<sup>d</sup> Rymer. FOED. xiv. 380.

<sup>e</sup> Hollinsh. CHRON. i. 61. And Ibid. Hooker's CONTIN. tom. ii. P. ii. pag. 110. See also Fox, MARTYR. p. 991.

<sup>f</sup> Cod. Impres. A. Wood, Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.

<sup>g</sup> See the COLORON. It was printed by Thomas Berthelett, in 1536, quarto. Often afterwards. Lord Berners was, deputy-general of Calais, and its Marches.

bed.

bed. As he had been raised by the exaltation, he was involved in the misfortunes of that injured princess, who had no other fault but an unguarded and indiscrete frankness of nature; and whose character has been blackened by the bigotted historians of the catholic cause, merely because she was the mother of queen Elifabeth. To gratify the ostensible jealousy of the king, who had conceived a violent passion for a new object, this amiable nobleman was beheaded on the first of May, in 1536<sup>b</sup>. His elegance of person, and spritely conversation, captivated all the ladies of Henry's court. Wood says, that at the "royal court he was much *adored*, especially by the *female sex*, for his "*admirable discourse, and symmetry of body*"<sup>1</sup>. From these irresistible allurements his enemies endeavoured to give a plausibility to their infamous charge of an incestuous connection. After his commitment to the Tower, his sister the queen, on being sent to the same place, asked the lieutenant, with a degree of eagerness, "Oh! where is my sweet brother<sup>k</sup>?" Here was a specious confirmation of his imagined guilt: this stroke of natural tenderness was too readily interpreted into a licentious attachment. Bale mentions his RHYTHMI-ELEGANTISSIMI<sup>1</sup>, which Wood calls, "Songs and Sonnets, with other things of "the like nature"<sup>m</sup>. These are now lost, unless some, as I have insinuated, are contained in the present collection; a garland, in which it appears to have been the fashion for every FLOWERY COURTIER to leave some of his blossoms. But Boleyn's poems cannot now be distinguished.

The lord Vaulx, whom I have supposed, and on surer proof, to be another contributor to this miscellany, could not be the Nicholas lord Vaux, whose gown of purple velvet, plated with gold, eclipsed all the company present at the marriage of prince Arthur; who shines as a statesman and a soldier with uncommon lustre in the history of Henry the seventh, and continued

<sup>a</sup> See Dugd. BARON. iii. p. 306. a.

<sup>i</sup> Ath. Oxon. i. 44.

<sup>k</sup> Strype, MEM. i. p. 280.

<sup>1</sup> ii. 103.

<sup>m</sup> Ubi sup.

to adorn the earlier annals of his successor, and who died in the year 1523. Lord Vaux the poet, was probably Thomas lord Vaux, the son of Nicholas, and who was summoned to parliament in 1531, and seems to have lived till the latter end of the reign of queen Mary<sup>a</sup>. All our old writers mention the poetical lord Vaux, as rather posterior to Wyat and Surrey; neither of whom was known as a writer till many years after the death of lord Nicholas. George Gascoyne, who wrote in 1575, in his panegyric on the ENGLISH POETS, places Vaux after Surrey.

Piers Plowman was full playne,  
 And Chaucer's spreet was greate;  
 Earle Surrey had a goodly vayne,  
 LORD VAUX the marke did beate.

Puttenham, author of the ARTE OF ENGLISH POESIE, having spoken of Surrey and Wyat, immediately adds, "In the SAME TIME, OR NOT LONG AFTER, was the lord Nicholas<sup>o</sup> Vaux, "a man of much facilitie in vulgar making<sup>p</sup>." Webbe, in his DISCOURSE OF ENGLISH POETRIE, published in 1586, has a similar arrangement. Great numbers of Vaux's poems are extant in the PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES; and, instead of the rudeness of Skelton, they have a smoothness and facility of manner, which does not belong to poetry written before the year 1523, in which lord Nicholas Vaux died an old man<sup>q</sup>. The PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES was published in 1578, and he is there simply stiled *Lord Vaulx the elder*: this was to distinguish him from his son lord William, then living. If lord Nicholas was a writer of poetry, I will venture to assert, that none of his performances now remain; notwithstanding the

<sup>a</sup> See what I have said of his son lord William, in the LIFE OF SIR THOMAS POPE, p. 221. In 1558, sir Tho. Pope leaves him a legacy of one hundred pounds, by the name of lord Vaulx.

<sup>o</sup> The christian name is a mistake, into which it was easy to fall.

<sup>p</sup> Fol. 48.

<sup>q</sup> See Percy's BALL. ii. 49. edit. 1775.

testimony

testimony of Wood, who says, that Nicholas, "in his juvenile years was sent to Oxon, where by reading humane and romantic, rather than philosophical authors, he advanced his genius very much in poetry and history." This may be true of his son Thomas, whom I suppose to be the poet. But such was the celebrity of lord Nicholas's public and political character, that he has been made to monopolise every merit which was the property of his successors. All these difficulties, however, are at once adjusted by a manuscript in the British Museum: in which we have a copy of Vaux's poem, beginning *I lothe that I did love*, with this title: "A dyttye or sonet made by the lord Vaus, in the time of the noble quene Marye, representing "the image of Death". This sonnet, or rather ode, entitled, *The aged lover renounceth love*, which was more remembered for its morality than its poetry, and which is idly conjectured to have been written on his death-bed, makes a part of the collection which I am now examining". From this ditty are taken three of the stanzas, yet greatly disguised and corrupted, of the Grave-digger's Song in Shakespeare's HAMLET". Another of lord Vaux's poems in the volume before us, is the ASSAULT OF CUPIDE UPON THE FORT IN WHICH THE LOVER'S HEART LAY WOUNDED\*. These two are the only pieces in our collection, of which there is undoubted evidence, although no name is prefixed to either, that they were written by lord Vaux. From palpable coincidences of style, subject, and other circumstances, a slender share of critical sagacity is sufficient to point out many others.

These three writers were cotemporaries with Surrey and Wyatt: but the subjects of some of the pieces will go far in ascertaining the date of the collection in general. There is one on the death

\* ATH. OXON. i. 19.

† MSS. HARL. 1703. 25.

‡ G. Gascoyne says, "The L. Vaux his ditty, beginning thus *I loath*, was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed, &c." EPISTLE TO THE

YOUNG GENTLEMEN, prefixed to his Poems.

§ Fol. 72.

¶ Act V.

\* Fol. 71.

of

of fir Thomas Wyat the elder, who died, as I have remarked, in 1541<sup>r</sup>. Another on the death of lord chancellor Audley, who died in 1544<sup>r</sup>. Another on the death of *master* Devereux, a son of lord Ferrers, who is said to have been a *Cato* for his *counsel*<sup>a</sup>; and who is probably Richard Devereux, buried in Berkyng church<sup>b</sup>, the son of Walter lord Ferrers, a distinguished statesman and general under Henry the eighth<sup>c</sup>. Another on the death of a lady Wentworth<sup>d</sup>. Another on the death of fir Antony Denny, the only person of the court who dared to inform king Henry the eighth of his approaching dissolution, and who died in 1551<sup>e</sup>. Another on the death of Phillips, an eminent musician, and without his rival on the lute<sup>f</sup>. Another on the death of a countess of Pembroke, who is celebrated for her learning, and her perfect virtues linked in a chaine<sup>g</sup>: probably Anne, who was buried magnificently at saint Pauls, in 1551, the first lady of fir William Herbert the first earl of Pembroke, and sister to Catharine Parr, the sixth queen of Henry the eighth<sup>h</sup>. Another on *master* Henry Williams, son of fir John Williams, afterwards lord Thame, and a great favorite of Henry the eighth<sup>i</sup>. On the death of fir James Wilford, an officer in

<sup>r</sup> Fol. 89.

<sup>a</sup> Fol. 69.

<sup>b</sup> Fol. 51.

<sup>c</sup> Stowe, SURV. LOND. p. 131. fol. ed.

<sup>d</sup> Who died in 1558. See Dugd. BAR.

ii. 177.

<sup>e</sup> Fol. 73. Margaret. See Dugd. BAR.

ii. 310.

<sup>f</sup> Fol. 78. There is fir John Cheek's EPITAPHIUM in Anton. Dennicum. Lond. 1551. 4to.

<sup>g</sup> Fol. 71. One Phillips is mentioned among the famous English musicians, in Meres's *Wits Treasury*, 1598. fol. 288. I cannot ascertain who this Phillips, a musician, was. But one Robert Phillips, or Phelipp, occurs among the gentlemen of the royal chapel under Edward the sixth and queen Mary. He was also one of the singing-men of saint George's chapel at Windsor:

and Fox says, "he was so notable a singing-man, wherein he gloried, that where-soever he came, the longest song with most counter-voices in it should be set up against him." Fox adds, that while he was singing on one side of the choir of Windsor chapel, *O Redemptrix et Salvatrix*, he was answered by one Testwood a singer on the other side, *Non Redemptrix nec Salvatrix*. For this irreverence, and a few other slight heresies, Testwood was burnt at Windsor. ACTS and MONUM. vol. ii. p. 543, 544. I must add, that fir Thomas Phelyppis, or Phillips, is mentioned as a musician before the reformation. Hawkins, HIST. MUS. ii. 533.

<sup>h</sup> Fol. 85.

<sup>i</sup> Strype, MEM. ii. p. 317.

<sup>j</sup> Fol. 99. See LIFE OF SIR THOMAS POPE, p. 232.

Henry's

Henry's wars, we have here an elegy<sup>k</sup>, with some verses on his picture<sup>l</sup>. Here is also a poem on a treasonable conspiracy, which is compared to the stratagem of Sinon, and which threatened immediate extermination to the British constitution, but was speedily discovered<sup>m</sup>. I have not the courage to explore the formidable columns of the circumstantial Hollingshed for this occult piece of history, which I leave to the curiosity and conjectures of some more laborious investigator. It is certain that none of these pieces are later than the year 1557, as they were published in that year by Richard Tottell the printer. We may venture to say, that almost all of them were written between the years 1530 and 1550<sup>n</sup>. Most of them perhaps within the first part of that period.

The following nameless stanzas have that elegance which results from simplicity. The compliments are such as would not disgrace the gallantry or the poetry of a polished age. The thoughts support themselves, without the aid of expression, and the affectations of language. This is a negligence, but it is a negligence produced by art. Here is an effect obtained, which it would be vain to seek from the studied ornaments of style.

Give place, ye ladies, and be gone,  
Boast not yourselves at all:  
For here at hand approacheth one  
Whose face will staine you all.  
The vertue of her lively lokes  
Excels the precious stone:  
I wish to have none other bokes  
To reade or loke upon.

<sup>k</sup> Fol. 36.

<sup>l</sup> Fol. 62.

<sup>m</sup> Fol. 94. 95.

<sup>n</sup> There is an epitaph by W. G. made on himself, with an answer, fol. 98, 99. I cannot explain those initials. At fol. 111.

a lady, called Arundel, is highly celebrated for her incomparable beauty and accomplishments: perhaps of lord Arundel's family.

Thus ARUNDEL sits throned still with  
Fame, &c.

In eche of her two cristall eyes  
Smileth a naked boye :  
It would you all in hart suffice  
To se that lampe of joye.

I thinke Nature hath lost the moule<sup>\*</sup>  
Where she her shape did take ;  
Or els I doubt if Nature coulede  
So faire a creature make.——

In life she is Diana chaste,  
In truth Penelopey ;  
In worde and eke in dede stedfast.  
What would you more we sey ?

If all the worlde were sought so farre,  
Who could finde such a wight ?  
Her beuty twinkleth like a starre  
Within the frosty night.

Her rosial colour comes and goes  
With such a comly grace,  
(More ruddy too than is the rose)  
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus feaste none shall her mete,  
Ne at no wanton play,  
Nor gasing in an open strete,  
Nor gadding as astray.

The modest mirth that she doth use  
Is mixt with shamefastnesse ;  
Al vice she doth wholly refuse,  
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 faire !——

Howe might I do to get a graffe  
Of this unspotted tree ?

<sup>\*</sup> See this thought in Surrey, supr. citat. p. 16.

For all the rest are plaine but chaffe,  
Which seme good corn to be <sup>p</sup>.—

Of the same fort is the following stanza on Beauty.

Then BEAUTY stept before the barre,  
Whose breast and neck was bare;  
With haire trust up, and on her head  
A caule of golde she ware <sup>r</sup>.

We are to recollect, that these compliments were penned at a time, when the graces of conversation between the sexes were unknown, and the dialogue of courtship was indelicate; when the monarch of England, in a style, which the meanest gentleman would now be ashamed to use, pleaded the warmth of his affection, by drawing a coarse allusion from a present of venison, which he calls flesh, in a love-letter to his future queen, Anne Boleyn, a lady of distinguished breeding, beauty, and modesty <sup>r</sup>.

In lord Vaux's ASSAULT OF CUPIDE, abovementioned, these are the most remarkable stanzas.

When Cupide scaled first the fort,  
Wherin my hart lay wounded sore;  
The batry was of such a fort,  
That I must yelde, or die therfore.

There sawe I Love upon the wall  
How he his baner did display;  
Alarme, Alarme, he gan to call,  
And bade his souldiours kepe away.

The armes the which that Cupid bare,  
Were pearced hartes, with teares besprent.—

<sup>p</sup> Fol. 67.  
<sup>r</sup> Fol. 84.

<sup>r</sup> See Hearne's AVESBURY, APPEND.  
P. 354.

And even with the trumpettes sowne  
 The scaling ladders were up set ;  
 And BEAUTY walked up and downe,  
 With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.  
 Then first DESIRE began to scale,  
 And shrouded him under his targe, &c\*.

Puttenham speaks more highly of the contrivance of the allegory of this piece, than I can allow. “ In this figure [counterfait action] the lord Nicholas' Vaux, a noble gentleman, and “ much delighted in vulgar making”, and a man otherwise of “ no great learning, but having herein a marvelous facilitie, “ made a dittie representing the Battayle and Assault of Cupid “ so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of “ his fiction in every part, I cannot choose but set downe the “ greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended: “ *When Cupid scaled, &c.*” And in another part of the same book, “ The lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the “ facilitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions, “ suche as he taketh upon him to make, namely in fundry of “ his songes, wherein he sheweth the COUNTERFAIT ACTION “ very lively and pleafantly\*.” By *counterfait action* the critic means fictitious action, the action of imaginary beings expressive of fact and reality. There is more poetry in some of the old pageants described by Hollingshed, than in this allegory of Cupid. Vaux seems to have had his eye on Sir David Lyndsey's GOLDEN TERGE<sup>†</sup>.

In the following little ode, much pretty description and imagination is built on the circumstance of a lady being named Bayes. So much good poetry could hardly be expected from a pun.

\* Fol. 71, 72.  
 † For Thomas.  
 ‡ English poetry.

¶ Pag. 200.  
 \* Pag. 51.  
 † See supr. Vol. ii. p. 270.

In Bayes I boast, whose braunch I beare:  
Such joye therein I finde,  
That to the death I shall it weare,  
To ease my carefull minde.

In heat, in cold, both night and day,  
Her vertue may be fene;  
When other frutes and flowers decay,  
The Bay yet growes full greene:

Her berries feede the birdes full oft,  
Her leaves swete water make;  
Her bowes be set in every loft,  
For their swete favour's sake.

The birdes do shrowd them from the cold  
In her we dayly see:  
And men make arbors as they wold,  
Under the pleasant tree\*.

From the same collection, the following is perhaps the first example in our language now remaining, of the pure and unmixed pastoral: and in the erotic species, for ease of numbers, elegance of rural allusion, and simplicity of imagery, excels every thing of the kind in Spenser, who is erroneously ranked as our earliest English bucolic. I therefore hope to be pardoned for the length of the quotation.

Phyllida was a faire mayde,  
As fresh as any flour;  
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde  
To be her paramour.

Harpalus and eke Corin  
Were herdmen both yfere:  
And Phyllida could twist and spin,  
And thereto sing full clere.

\* Fol. 109.

\* Together.

But

But Phyllida was all too coy  
 For Harpalus to winne;  
 For Corin was her only joy  
 Who forst her not a pinne<sup>b</sup>.

How often would she flowers twine?  
 How often garlandes make  
 Of coulips and of columbine?  
 And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin he had hawkes to lure,  
 And forced more the felde<sup>c</sup>;  
 Of lovers lawe he toke no cure,  
 For once he was begilde<sup>d</sup>.

Harpalus prevailed nought,  
 His labour all was lost;  
 For he was fardest from her thought,  
 And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane,  
 And drye as clot<sup>e</sup> of clay;  
 His fleshe it was consumed cleane,  
 His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave,  
 His heare hong all unkempt<sup>f</sup>;  
 A man fit even for the grave,  
 Whom spitefull love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all forewatched<sup>g</sup>,  
 His face besprent with teares;  
 It semde Vnhap had him long hatched  
 In mids of his dispaire.

His clothes were blacke and also bare,  
 As one forlorne was he:  
 Upon his head alwayes he ware  
 A wreath of wyllow tree.

<sup>b</sup> Loved her not in the least.

<sup>c</sup> More engaged in field-sports.

<sup>d</sup> Deceived. Had once been in love.

<sup>e</sup> Clod.

<sup>f</sup> Uncombed.

<sup>g</sup> Over-watched. That is, her eyes were  
 always awake, never closed by sleep.

His

His beastes he kept upon the hyll  
 And he fate in the dale ;  
 And thus with fighes and forowes shryll  
 He gan to tell his tale.

“ O Harpalus, thus would he say,  
 “ Unhappiest under sunne !  
 “ The cause of thine unhappy day  
 “ By love was first begunne !  
 “ For thou wentst first by fute to seke  
 “ A tigre to make tame,  
 “ That fettes not by thy love a leeke,  
 “ But makes thy grief her game.  
 “ As easy it were to convert  
 “ The frost into the flame,  
 “ As for to turne a froward hert  
 “ Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.  
 “ Corin he liveth carelesse,  
 “ He leapes among the leaves ;  
 “ He eates the frutes of thy redresse <sup>h</sup>,  
 “ Thou reapes, he takes the sheaves.  
 “ My beastes, awhile your foode refraine,  
 “ And hark your herdsman's sounde ;  
 “ Whom spitefull love, alas, hath slaine  
 “ Through-girt <sup>l</sup> with many a wounde !  
 “ O happy be ye, beastes wilde,  
 “ That here your pasture takes !  
 “ I se that ye be not begilde  
 “ Of these your faithfull makes <sup>k</sup>.  
 “ The hart he fedeth by the hinde,  
 “ The buck hard by the do :  
 “ The turtle dove is not unkinde  
 “ To him that loves her so.——

<sup>h</sup> Labour. Pains.

<sup>l</sup> Pierce through. So fol. 113, infr.

His entrails with a lance *through-girded*  
 quite.

<sup>k</sup> Mates.

“ But

“ But, welaway, that nature wrought,  
 “ Thee, Phyllida, so faire;  
 “ For I may say, that I have bought  
 “ Thy beauty all too deare! &c!”

The illustrations in the two following stanzas, of the restlessness of a lover's mind, deserve to be cited for their simple beauty, and native force of expression.

The owle with feble sight  
 Lyes lurking in the leaves;  
 The sparrow in the frosty night,  
 May shroud her in the eaves.  
 But wo to me, alace!  
 In sunne, nor yet in shade,  
 I cannot finde a resting place  
 My burden to unlade”.

Nor can I omit to notice the sentimental and expressive metaphor contained in a single line.

Walking the path of pensive thought”.

Perhaps there is more pathos and feeling in the Ode, in which *The Lover in despaire lamenteth his Case*, than in any other piece of the whole collection.

Adieu desert, how art thou spent!  
 Ah dropping tears, how do ye waste!  
 Ah scalding fighes, how ye be spent,  
 To pricke Them forth that will not haste!  
 Ah! pained hart, thou gapst for grace,  
 Even there, where pitie hath no place.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. 55.  
<sup>2</sup> Fol. 71.

<sup>a</sup> Fol. 87.  
<sup>o</sup> Favour.

As eafy tis the ftony rocke  
 From place to place for to remove,  
 As by thy plaint for to provoke  
 A frofen hart from hate to love.  
 What fould I fay? Such is thy lot  
 To fawne on them that force <sup>p</sup> thee not!  
 Thus mayft thou fafely fay and fwear,  
 That rigour raignes where ruth <sup>a</sup> doth faile,  
 In thankleffe thoughts thy thoughts do weare:  
 Thy truth, thy faith, may nought availe  
 For thy good will: why fouldft thou fo  
 Still graft, where grace it will not grow?  
 Alas! poore hart, thus haft thou fpend  
 Thy flouwing time, thy pleafant yeres?  
 With fighing voice wepe and lament,  
 For of thy hope no frute apperes!  
 Thy true meaning is paide with fcorne,  
 That ever foweth and repeth no corne.  
 And where thou fekes a quiet port,  
 Thou doft but weigh againft the winde:  
 For where thou gladdeft woldft refort,  
 There is no place for thee affinde <sup>r</sup>.  
 Thy deftiny hath fet it fo,  
 That thy true hart fould caufe thy wo <sup>s</sup>.

These reflections, resulting from a retrospect of the vigorous and active part of life, destined for nobler pursuits, and unworthily wasted in the tedious and fruitless anxieties of unsuccessful love, are highly natural, and are painted from the heart: but their force is weakened by the poet's allusions.

This miscellany affords the first pointed English epigram that I remember; and which deserves to be admitted into the modern collections of that popular species of poetry. Sir Thomas More

<sup>p</sup> Love.  
<sup>a</sup> Pity.

<sup>r</sup> Assigned.  
<sup>s</sup> Fol. 109.

was one of the best jokers of that age: and there is some probability, that this might have fallen from his pen. It is on a scholar, who was pursuing his studies successfully, but in the midst of his literary career, married unfortunately.

A student, at his boke so plait<sup>1</sup>,  
That welth he might have wonne,  
From boke to wife did flete in hast,  
From welth to wo to run.

Now, who hath plaid a feater cast,  
Since jugling first begonne?  
In *knitting* of himself so *fast*,  
Himself he hath *undonne*<sup>2</sup>.

But the humour does not arise from the circumstances of the character. It is a general joke on an unhappy match.

These two lines are said to have been written by Mary queen of Scots with a diamond on a window in Fotheringay castle, during her imprisonment there, and to have been of her composition.

From the toppe of all my trust  
Mishap hath throwen me in the dust<sup>3</sup>.

But they belong to an elegant little ode of ten stanzas in the collection before us, in which a lover complains that he is caught by the snare which he once defied<sup>4</sup>. The unfortunate queen only quoted a distich applicable to her situation, which she remembered in a fashionable sett of poems, perhaps the amusement of her youth.

The ode, which is the comparison of the author's *faithful and painful* passion with that of Troilus<sup>5</sup>, is founded on Chaucer's

<sup>1</sup> So pursuing his studies. *Plait*, so spelled for the rhyme, is *placed*.  
<sup>2</sup> Fol. 64.

<sup>3</sup> See Ballard's *LEARN. LAD.* p. 161.  
<sup>4</sup> Fol. 53.  
<sup>5</sup> Fol. 81.

poem,

poem, or Boccace's, on the same subject. This was the most favorite love-story of our old poetry, and from its popularity was wrought into a drama by Shakespeare. Troilus's sufferings for Cressida were a common topic for a lover's fidelity and affluity. Shakespeare, in his *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, compares a night favorable to the stratagems or the meditation of a lover, to such a night as Troilus might have chosen, for stealing a view of the Grecian camp from the ramparts of Troy.

And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents  
Where Cressid lay that night<sup>a</sup>. —

Among these poems is a short fragment of a translation into Alexandrines of Ovid's epistle from Penelope to Ulysses<sup>a</sup>. This is the first attempt at a metrical translation of any part of Ovid into English, for Caxton's Ovid is a loose paraphrase in prose. Nor were the heroic epistles of Ovid translated into verse till the year 1582, by George Tuberville. It is a proof that the classics were studied, when they began to be translated.

It would be tedious and intricate to trace the particular imitations of the Italian poets, with which these anonymous poems abound. Two of the sonnets<sup>b</sup> are panegyrics on Petrarch and Laura, names at that time familiar to every polite reader, and the patterns of poetry and beauty. The sonnet on *The diverse and contrarie passions of the lover*<sup>c</sup>, is formed on one of Petrarch's sonnets, and which, as I have remarked before, was translated by sir Thomas Wyatt<sup>d</sup>. So many of the nobility, and principal persons about the court, writing sonnets in the Italian style, is a circumstance which must have greatly contributed to circulate this mode of composition, and to encourage the study of the Italian poets. Beside lord Surrey, sir Thomas Wyatt, lord Boleyn, lord Vaux, and sir Francis Bryan, already mentioned, Ed-

<sup>a</sup> Act V. Sc. i.

<sup>b</sup> Fol. 89.

<sup>c</sup> Fol. 74.

<sup>e</sup> Fol. 107.

<sup>d</sup> Supr. p. 11.

mund lord Sheffield, created a baron by king Edward the sixth, and killed by a butcher in the Norfolk insurrection, is said by Bale to have written sonnets in the Italian manner <sup>e</sup>.

I have been informed, that Henry lord Berners translated some of Petrarch's sonnets <sup>f</sup>. But this nobleman otherwise deserved notice here, for his prose works, which co-operated with the romantic genius and the gallantry of the age. He translated, and by the king's command, Froissart's chronicle, which was printed by Pinson in 1523. Some of his other translations are professed romances. He translated from the Spanish, by desire of the lady of sir Nicholas Carew, *THE CASTLE OF LOVE*. From the French he translated, at the request of the earl of Huntingdon, *SIR HUGH OF BOURDEAUX*, which became exceedingly popular. And from the same language, *THE HISTORY OF ARTHUR* an Armorican knight. Bale says <sup>g</sup>, that he wrote a comedy called *Ite in vineam*, or the *PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD*, which was frequently acted at Calais, where lord Berners resided, after vespers <sup>h</sup>. He died in 1532.

I have also been told, that the late lord Eglintoun had a genuine book of manuscript sonnets, written by king Henry the eighth. There is an old madrigal, set to music by William Bird, supposed to be written by Henry, when he first fell in love with Anne Boleyn <sup>i</sup>. It begins,

The eagles force subdues eche byrde that flies,  
What metal can resyfte the flamyng fyre?  
Doth not the sunne dazle the clearest eyes,  
And melt the yce, and makethe froste retyre?

<sup>e</sup> See Tanner BIBL. p. 668. Dugd. BAR. iii. 386.

<sup>f</sup> MSS. Oldys.

<sup>g</sup> Cent. ix. p. 706.

<sup>h</sup> ATH. OXON. i. 33. It is not known, whether it was in Latin or English. Stowe says, that in 1528, at Greenwich, after a grand tournament and banquet, there was the "most goodliest Disguising or Inter-

"lude in Latine, &c." CHRON. p. 539. edit. fol. 1615. But possibly this may be Stowe's way of naming and describing a comedy of Plautus. See supr. vol. ii. 363.

<sup>i</sup> I must not forget, that a song is ascribed to Anne Boleyn, but with little probability, called her *COMPLAINT*. See Hawkins, HIST. MUS. iii. 32. v. 480.

It appears in Bird's *PSALMES, SONGS, AND SONNETS*, printed with musical notes, in 1611<sup>\*</sup>. Poetry and music are congenial; and it is certain, that Henry was skilled in musical composition. Erasmus attests, that he composed some church services<sup>1</sup>: and one of his anthems still continues to be performed in the choir of Christ-church at Oxford, of his foundation. It is in an admirable style, and is for four voices. Henry, although a scholar, had little taste for the classical elegancies which now began to be known in England. His education seems to have been altogether theological: and, whether it best suited his taste or his interest, polemical divinity seems to have been his favorite science. He was a patron of learned men, when they humoured his vanities; and were wise enough, not to interrupt his pleasures, his convenience, or his ambition.

<sup>\*</sup> See also *NUCÆ ANTIQUÆ*, ii. 248.

<sup>1</sup> See Hawkins, *HIST. MUS.* ii. 533.