

Classic Poetry Series

Henry Howard
- poems -

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Henry Howard(1517 – 19 January 1547)

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey KG was an English aristocrat, and one of the founders of English Renaissance poetry.

Life

He was the eldest son of Thomas Howard, 3rd Duke of Norfolk, and his second wife, the former Lady Elizabeth Stafford (daughter of Edward Stafford, 3rd Duke of Buckingham), so he was descended from kings on both sides of his family tree. He was reared at Windsor with Henry VIII's illegitimate son Henry FitzRoy, 1st Duke of Richmond and Somerset, and they became close friends and, later, brothers-in-law. He became Earl of Surrey in 1524 when his grandfather died and his father became Duke of Norfolk.

In 1532 he accompanied his first cousin Anne Boleyn, the King, and the Duke of Richmond to France, staying there for more than a year as a member of the entourage of Francis I of France. In 1536 his first son, Thomas (later 4th Duke of Norfolk), was born, Anne Boleyn was executed on charges of adultery and treason, and the Duke of Richmond died at the age of 17 and was buried at one of the Howard homes, Thetford Abbey. In 1536 Surrey also served with his father against the Pilgrimage of Grace rebellion protesting the Dissolution of the Monasteries.

Literary activity and legacy

He and his friend Sir Thomas Wyatt were the first English poets to write in the sonnet form that Shakespeare later used, and Surrey was the first English poet to publish blank verse in his translation of the second and fourth books of Virgil's Aeneid. Together, Wyatt and Surrey, due to their excellent translations of Petrarch's sonnets, are known as "Fathers of the English Sonnet". While Wyatt introduced the sonnet into English, it was Surrey who gave them the rhyming meter and the division into quatrains that now characterizes the sonnets variously named English, Elizabethan or Shakespearean sonnets.

Death and burial

Henry VIII, consumed by paranoia and increasingly ill, became convinced that Surrey had planned to usurp the crown from his son Edward. The King had Surrey imprisoned - with his father - sentenced to death on 13 January 1547,

and beheaded for treason on 19 January 1547 (his father survived impending execution only by it being set for the day after the king happened to die, though he remained imprisoned). Surrey's son Thomas became heir to the Dukedom of Norfolk instead, inheriting it on the 3rd Duke's death in 1554.

He is buried in a spectacular painted alabaster tomb in the church of St Michael the Archangel, Framlingham.

Marriage and issue

He married Lady Frances de Vere, the daughter of John de Vere, 15th Earl of Oxford and the former Elizabeth Trussell.

They had five children:

Lady Jane Howard, married Charles Neville, 6th Earl of Westmorland

Thomas Howard, 4th Duke of Norfolk (10 March 1536 – 2 June 1572) married (1)

Mary FitzAlan (2) Margaret Audley (3) Elizabeth Leyburne

Lady Margaret Howard, married Henry Scrope, 9th Baron Scrope of Bolton

Henry Howard, 1st Earl of Northampton

Lady Catherine Howard, married Henry Berkeley, 7th Baron Berkeley

A Careless Man Scorning And Describing The Subtle Usage Of Women Toward Their Lovers

WRAPT in my careless cloak, as I walk to and fro,
I see how love can shew what force there reigneth in his bow :
And how he shooteth eke a hardy heart to wound ;
And where he glanceth by again, that little hurt is found.
For seldom is it seen he woundeth hearts alike ;
The one may rage, when t' other's love is often far to seek.
All this I see, with more ; and wonder thinketh me
How he can strike the one so sore, and leave the other free.
I see that wounded wight that suff'reth all this wrong,
How he is fed with yeas and nays, and liveth all too long.
In silence though I keep such secrets to myself,
Yet do I see how she sometime doth yield a look by stealth,
As though it seem'd ; ' I wis, I will not lose thee so : '
When in her heart so sweet a thought did never truly grow.
Then say I thus : ' Alas ! that man is far from bliss,
That doth receive for his relief none other gain but this.'
And she that feeds him so, I feel and find it plain,
Is but to glory in her power, that over such can reign.
Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinks that he,
A wearied man, is fully bent such fancies to let flee.
Then to retain him still, she wrasteth new her grace,
And smileth, lo ! as though she would forthwith the
 man embrace.
But when the proof is made, to try such looks withal,
He findeth then the place all void, and freighted full of gall.
Lord ! what abuse is this ; who can such women praise ?
That for their glory do devise to use such crafty ways.
I that among the rest do sit and mark the row,
Find that in her is greater craft, than is in twenty mo' :
Whose tender years, alas ! with wiles so well are sped,
What will she do when hoary hairs are powder'd in her head ?

Henry Howard

A Constant Lover Lamenteth.

SINCE fortune's wrath envieth the wealth
Wherein I reigned, by the sight
Of that, that fed mine eyes by stealth
With sour, sweet, dread, and delight ;
Let not my grief move you to moan,
For I will weep and wail alone.

Spite drave me into Boreas' reign,
Where hoary frosts the fruits do bite,
When hills were spread, and every plain
With stormy winter's mantle white ;
And yet, my dear, such was my heat,
When others froze, then did I sweat.

And now, though on the sun I drive,
Whose fervent flame all things decays ;
His beams in brightness may not strive
With light of your sweet golden rays ;
Nor from my breast his heat remove
The frozen thoughts, graven by Love.

Ne may the waves of the salt flood
Quench that your beauty set on fire ;
For though mine eyes forbear the food,
That did relieve the hot desire ;
Such as I was, such will I be ;
Your own ; what would ye more of me ?

Henry Howard

A Praise Of His Love

Give place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayn,
Than doth the sun the candle-light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were;
And virtues hath she many mo
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I wold,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfit mould,
The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind,
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain;
She could not make the like again.

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought;
In faith, methink, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

Henry Howard

A Satire Against The Citizens Of London

London, hast thou accused me
Of breach of laws, the root of strife?
Within whose breast did boil to see,
So fervent hot, thy dissolute life,
That even the hate of sins that grow
Within thy wicked walls so rife,
For to break forth did convert so
That terror could it not repress.
The which, by words since preachers know
What hope is left for to redress,
By unknown means it liked me
My hidden burden to express,
Whereby it might appear to thee
That secret sin hath secret spite;
From justice' rod no fault is free;
But that all such as work unright
In most quiet are next ill rest.
In secret silence of the night
This made me, with a reckless breast,
To wake thy sluggards with my bow--
A figure of the Lord's behest,
Whose scourge for sin the Scriptures show.
That, as the fearful thunder-clap
By sudden flame at hand we know,
Of pebble-stones the soundless rap
The dreadful plague might make thee see
Of God's wrath that doth thee enwrap;
That pride might know, from conscience free
How lofty works may her defend;
And envy find, as he hath sought,
How other seek him to offend;
And wrath taste of each cruel thought
The just shapp higher in the end;
And idle sloth, that never wrought,
To heaven his spirit lift may begin;
And greedy lucre live in dread
To see what hate ill-got goods win;
The lechers, ye that lusts do feed,
Perceive what secrecy is in sin;

And gluttons' hearts for sorrow bleed,
Awaked, when their fault they find:
In loathsome vice each drunken wight
To stir to God, this was my mind.
Thy windows had done me no spite;
But proud people that dread no fall,
Clothed with falsehood and unright,
Bred in the closures of thy wall;
But wrested to wrath in fervent zeal,
Thou haste to strife, my secret call.
Endured hearts no warning feel.
O shameless whore, is dread then gone
By such thy foes as meant thy weal?
O member of false Babylon!
The shop of craft, the den of ire!
Thy dreadful doom draws fast upon;
Thy martyrs' blood, by sword and fire,
In heaven and earth for justice call.
The Lord shall hear their just desire;
The flame of wrath shall on thee fall;
With famine and pest lamentably
Stricken shall be thy lechers all;
Thy proud towers and turrets high,
En'mies to God, beat stone from stone,
Thine idols burnt that wrought iniquity;
When none thy ruin shall bemoan,
But render unto the right wise Lord
That so hath judged Babylon,
Immortal praise with one accord.

Henry Howard

A Song Written By The Earl Of Surrey

EACH beast can choose his fere according to his mind,
And eke can show a friendly chere, like to their beastly kind.
A lion saw I late, as white as any snow,
Which seemed well to lead the race, his port the same did show.
Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,
For still methought he seemed well of noble blood to be.
And as he pranced before, still seeking for a make,
As who would say, 'There is none here, I trow, will me forsake',
I might perceive a Wolf as white as whalèsbone,
A fairer beast of fresher hue, beheld I never none ;
Save that her looks were coy, and froward eke her grace :
Unto the which this gentle beast gan him advance apace,
And with a beck full low he bowed at her feet,
In humble wise, as who would say, 'I am too far unmeet.'
But such a scornful chere, wherewith she him rewarded !
Was never seen, I trow, the like, to such as well deserved.
With that she start aside well near a foot or twain,
And unto him thus gan she say, with spite and great disdain :
'Lion,' she said, 'if thou hadst known my mind before,
Thou hadst not spent thy travail thus, nor all thy pain for-lore.
Do way ! I let thee weet, thou shalt not play with me :
Go range about, where thou mayst find some meeter fere for thee.'
With that he beat his tail, his eyes began to flame ;
I might perceive his noble heart much moved by the same.
Yet saw I him refrain, and eke his wrath assuage,
And unto her thus gan he say, when he was past his rage :
' Cruel ! you do me wrong, to set me thus so light ;
Without desert for my good will to shew me such despite.
How can ye thus intreat a Lion of the race,
That with his paws a crowned king devoured in the place.²
Whose nature is to prey upon no simple food,
As long as he may suck the flesh, and drink of noble blood.
If you be fair and fresh, am I not of your hue ?³
And for my vaunt I dare well say, my blood is not untrue.
For you yourself have heard, it is not long ago,
Sith that for love one of the race did end his life in woe,
In tower both strong and high, for his assured truth,
Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas ! the more the ruth.
This gentle beast so died, whom nothing could remove,

But willingly to lese his life for loss of his true love.⁴
Other there be whose lives do linger still in pain,
Against their will preserved are, that would have died fain.
But now I do perceive that nought it moveth you,
My good intent, my gentle heart, nor yet my kind so true.
But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,
As other some full many years trace by the craft ye made.
And thus behold my kinds, how that we differ far ;
I seek my foes ; and you your friends do threaten still with war.
I fawn where I am fled ; you slay, that seeks to you ;
I can devour no yielding prey ; you kill where you subdue.
My kind is to desire the honour of the field ;
And you with blood to slake your thirst on such as to you yield.
Wherefore I would you wist, that for your coyed looks,
I am no man that will be trapp'd, nor tangled with such hooks.
And though some lust to love, where blame full well they might ;
And to such beasts of current sought, that should have travail bright ;
I will observe the law that Nature gave to me,
To conquer such as will resist, and let the rest go free.
And as a falcon free, that soareth in the air,
Which never fed on hand nor lure ; nor for no stale doth care ;
While that I live and breathe, such shall my custom be
In wildness of the woods to seek my prey, where pleaseth me ;
Where many one shall rue, that never made offence :
Thus your refuse against my power shall boot them no defence.
And for revenge thereof I vow and swear thereto,
A thousand spoils I shall commit I never thought to do.
And if to light on you my luck so good shall be,
I shall be glad to feed on that, that would have fed on me.
And thus farewell, Unkind, to whom I bent and bow ;
I would you wist, the ship is safe that bare his sails so low.
Sith that a Lion's heart is for a Wolf no prey,
With bloody mouth go slake your thirst on simple sheep, I say,
With more despite and ire than I can now express ;
Which to my pain, though I refrain, the cause you may well guess.
As for because myself was author of the game,
It boots me not that for my wrath I should disturb the same

Henry Howard

A Vow To Love Faithfully, Howsoever He Be Rewarded

SET me whereas the sun doth parch the green
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice ;
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen ;
In presence prest¹ of people, mad, or wise ;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree ;
In longest night, or in the shortest day ;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be ;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray :
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood ;
Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sick, or in health, in evil fame or good,
 Her's will I be ; and only with this thought
 Content myself, although my chance be nought.

Henry Howard

Alas! So All Things Now Do Hold Their Peace

Alas! so all things now do hold their peace,
Heaven and earth disturbed in nothing.
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease,
The night's chare the stars about doth bring.
Calm is the sea, the waves work less and less:
So am not I, whom love, alas, doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase
Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease.
For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring,
But by and by the cause of my disease
Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting,
When that I think what grief it is again
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

Henry Howard

An Answer In The Behalf Of A Woman.

GIRT in my guiltless gown, as I sit here and sow,
I see that things are not in deed, as to the outward show.
And who so list to look and note things somewhat near,
Shall find where plainness seems to haunt, nothing but craft appear.
For with indifferent eyes, myself can well discern,
How some to guide a ship in storms stick not to take the stern ;
Whose skill and courage tried in calm to steer a barge,
They would soon shew, you should foresee, it were too great a charge.
And some I see again sit still and say but small,
That can do ten times more than they that say they can do all.
Whose goodly gifts are such, the more they understand,
The more they seek to learn and know, and take less charge in hand.
And to declare more plain, the time flits not so fast,
But I can bear right well in mind the song now sung, and past ;
The author whereof came, wrapt in a crafty cloak,
In will to force a flaming fire where he could raise no smoke.
If power and will had met, as it appeareth plain,
The truth nor right had ta'en no place ; their virtues had been vain.
So that you may perceive, and I may safely see,
The innocent that guiltless is, condemned should have be.
Much like untruth to this the story doth declare,
Where the Elders laid to Susan's charge meet matter to compare.
They did her both accuse, and eke condemn her too,
And yet no reason, right, nor truth, did lead them so to do !
And she thus judg'd to die, toward her death went forth,
Fraughted with faith, a patient pace, taking her wrong in worth.
But he that doth defend all those that in him trust,
Did raise a child for her defence to shield her from th' unjust.
And Daniel chosen was then of this wrong to weet,
How, in what place, and eke with whom, she did this crime commit.
He caused the Elders part the one from th' other's sight,
And did examine one by one, and charg'd them both say right.
' Under a mulberry tree it was ;' first said the one.
The next named a pomegranate tree, whereby the truth was known.
Then Susan was discharg'd, and they condemn'd to die,
As right requir'd, and they deserv'd, that fram'd so foul a lie.
And He that her preserv'd, and lett them of their lust,
Hath me defended hitherto, and will do still I trust.

Henry Howard

An Epitaph On Clere, Surrey's Faithful Friend And Follower

NORFOLK sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead ;
Clere, of the Count of Cleremont, though hight
Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,
And saw'st thy cousin crowned in thy sight.
Shelton for love, Surrey for Lord thou chase ;
(Aye, me ! whilst life did last that league was tender)
Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsal blaze,
Landrecy burnt, and batter'd Boulogne render.
At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure,
Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will ;
Which cause did thee this pining death procure,
Ere summers four times seven thou couldst fulfill.
 Ah ! Clere ! if love had booted, care, or cost,
 Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely lost.

Henry Howard

Brittle Beauty

Brittle beauty that nature made so frail,
Whereof the gift is small, and short the season,
Flowering today, tomorrow apt to fail,
Tickle
treasure, abhorred of reason, [fragile]
Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail,
Costly in keeping, passed not worth two peason
, [peas]
Slipper
in sliding as is an eel's tail, [slippery]
Jewel of jeopardy that peril doth assail,
False and untrue, enticed oft to treason,
Enemy to youth: that most may I bewail.
Ah, bitter sweet: infecting as the poison,
Thou farest as fruit that with the frost is taken:
Today ready ripe, tomorrow all to-shaken
. [broken]

Henry Howard

Certain Books Of Virgil's Aeneis: Book II

BOOK II

They whisted all, with fixed face attent,
When Prince AEneas from the royal seat
Thus gan to speak: O Queen, it is thy will
I should renew a woe cannot be told,
How that the Greeks did spoil and overthrow
The Phrygian wealth and wailful realm of Troy;
Those ruthless things that I myself beheld,
And whereof no small part fell to my share;
Which to express, who could refrain from tears?
What Myrmidon? or yet what Dolopes?
What stern Ulysses' waged soldier?
And lo! moist night now from the welkin falls,
And stars declining counsel us to rest.
But since so great is thy delight to hear
Of our mishaps and Troy last decay,
Though to record the same my mind abhors
And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin.

The Greek chieftains, all irk'd with the war,
Wherein they wasted had so many years,
And oft repuls'd by fatal destiny,
A huge horse made, high raised like a hill,
By the divine science of Minerva,-
Of cloven fir compacted were his ribs,-
For their return a feigned sacrifice,-
The fame whereof so wander'd it at point.
In the dark bulk they clos'd bodies of men,
Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth
The hollow womb with armed soldiers.

There stands in sight an isle hight Tenedon,
Rich and of fame while Priam's kingdom stood,
Now but a bay and road unsure for ship.
Hither them secretly the Greeks withdrew,
Shrouding themselves under the desert shore;

And weening we they had been fled and gone,
And with that wind had fet the land of Greece,
Troy{:e} discharg'd her long continued dole.
The gates cast up, we issued out to play,
The Greekish camp desirous to behold,
The places void and the forsaken coasts.
Here Pyrrhus' band, there fierce Achilles', pight;
Here rode their ships, there did their battles join.
Astonied some the scathful gift beheld,
Behight by vow unto the chaste Minerve,
All wond'ring at the hugeness of the horse.
And first of all Tim?tes gan advise
Within the walls to lead and draw the same,
And place it eke amid the palace court,-
Whether of guile, or Troyes fate it would.
Capys, with some of judgment more discreet,
Will'd it to drown, or underset with flame,
The suspect present of the Greek's deceit,
Or bore and gauge the hollow caves uncouth;
So diverse ran the giddy people's mind.

Lo! foremost of a rout that follow'd him,
Kindled La?n hasted from the tower,
Crying far off: 'O wretched citizens,
What so great kind of frenzy fretteth you?
Deem ye the Greeks, our enemies, to be gone?
Or any Greekish gifts can you suppose
Devoid of guile? Is so Ulysses known?
Either the Greeks are in this timber hid,
Or this an engine is to annoy our walls,
To view our towers, and overwhelm our town.
Here lurks some craft. Good Troyans, give no trust
Unto this horse, for, whatsoever it be,
I dread the Greeks, yea, when they offer gifts.'

Henry Howard

Complaint Of A Dying Lover

IN winter's just return, when Boreas gan his reign,
And every tree unclothed fast, as nature taught them plain :
In misty morning dark, as sheep are then in hold,
I hied me fast, it sat me on, my sheep for to unfold.
And as it is a thing that lovers have by fits,
Under a palm I heard one cry as he had lost his wits.
Whose voice did ring so shrill in uttering of his plaint,
That I amazed was to hear how love could him attain.
' Ah ! wretched man,' quoth he ; 'come, death, and rid this woe ;
A just reward, a happy end, if it may chance thee so.
Thy pleasures past have wrought thy woe without redress ;
If thou hadst never felt no joy, thy smart had been the less.'
And reckless* of his life, he gan both sigh and groan :
A rueful thing me thought it was, to hear him make such moan.
'Thou cursed pen,' said he, 'woe-worth the bird thee bare;
The man, the knife, and all that made thee, woe be to their share :
Woe-worth the time and place where I so could indite ;
And woe be it yet once again, the pen that so can write.
Unhappy hand ! it had been happy time for me,
If when to write thou learned first, unjointed hadst thou be.'
Thus cursed he himself, and every other wight,
Save her alone whom love him bound to serve both day and night.
Which when I heard, and saw how he himself fordid ;
Against the ground with bloody strokes, himself e'en there to rid ;
Had been my heart of flint, it must have melted tho' ;
For in my life I never saw a man so full of woe.
With tears for his redress I rashly to him ran,
And in my arms I caught him fast, and thus I spake him than :
' What woful wight art thou, that in such heavy case
Torments thyself with such despite, here in this desert place ?'
Wherewith as all aghast, fulfill'd with ire and dread,
He cast on me a staring look, with colour pale and dead :
' Nay, what art thou,' quoth he, 'that in this heavy plight
Dost find me here, most woful wretch, that life hath in despite ?'
' I am,' quoth I, 'but poor, and simple in degree ;
A shepherd's charge I have in hand, unworthy though I be.'
With that he gave a sigh, as though the sky should fall,
And loud, alas ! he shrieked oft, and, 'Shepherd,' gan he call,
'Come, hie thee fast at once, and print it in thy heart,

So thou shalt know, and I shall tell thee, guiltless how I smart.'
 His back against the tree sore feebled all with faint,
 With weary sprite he stretcht him up, and thus he told his plaint :
 ' Once in my heart,' quoth he, 'it chanced me to love
 Such one, in whom hath Nature wrought, her cunning for to prove.
 And sure I cannot say, but many years were spent,
 With such good will so recompens'd, as both we were content.
 Whereto then I me bound, and she likewise also,
 The sun should run his course awry, ere we this faith forego.
 Who joyed then but I ? who had this worldès bliss ?
 Who might compare a life to mine, that never thought on this ?
 But dwelling in this truth, amid my greatest joy,
 Is me befallen a greater loss than Priam had of Troy.
 She is reversed clean, and beareth me in hand,
 That my deserts have given cause to break this faithful band :
 And for my just excuse availeth no defence.
 Now knowest thou all ; I can no more ; but, Shepherd, hie thee hence,
 And give him leave to die, that may no longer live :
 Whose record, lo ! I claim to have, my death I do forgive.
 And eke when I am gone, be bold to speak it plain,
 Thou hast seen die the truest man that ever love did pain.'
 Wherewith he turned him round, and gasping oft for breath,
 Into his arms a tree he raught, and said : 'Welcome my death !
 Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer unto me
 Than should, without her love to live, an emperor to be.'
 Thus in this woful state he yielded up the ghost ;
 And little knoweth his lady, what a lover she hath lost.
 Whose death when I beheld, no marvel was it, right
 For pity though my heart did bleed, to see so piteous sight.
 My blood from heat to cold oft changed wonders sore ;
 A thousand troubles there I found I never knew before ;
 'Tween dread and dolour so my sprites were brought in fear,
 That long it was ere I could call to mind what I did there.
 But as each thing hath end, so had these pains of mine :
 The furies past, and I my wits restor'd by length of time.
 Then as I could devise, to seek I thought it best
 Where I might find some worthy place for such a corse to rest.
 And in my mind it came, from thence not far away,
 Where Cressid's love, king Priam's son, the worthy Troilus lay.
 By him I made his tomb, in token he was true,
 And as to him belonged well, I covered it with blue.
 Whose soul by angels' power departed not so soon,

But to the heavens, lo ! it fled, for to receive his doom

Henry Howard

Complaint Of A Lover That Defied Love

WHEN Summer took in hand the winter to assail,
With force of might, and virtue great, his stormy blasts to quail :
And when he clothed fair the earth about with green,
And every tree new garmented, that pleasure was to seen :
Mine heart gan new revive, and changed blood did stir,
Me to withdraw my winter woes, that kept within the dore. 1
'Abroad,' quoth my desire, 'assay to set thy foot ;
Where thou shalt find the savour sweet ; for sprung is every root.
And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,
Nothing more good than in the spring the air to feel a space.
There shalt thou hear and see all kinds of birds y-wrought,
Well tune their voice with warble small, as nature hath them taught.'
Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leave,
And for my health I thought it best such counsel to receive.
So on a morrow forth, unwist of any wight,
I went to prove how well it would my heavy burden light.
And when I felt the air so pleasant round about,
Lord ! to myself how glad I was that I had gotten out.
There might I see how Ver 2 had every blossom hent, 3
And eke the new betrothed birds, y-coupled how they went ;
And in their songs, methought, they thanked Nature much,
That by her license all that year to love, their hap was such,
Right as they could devise to choose them feres 4 throughout :
With much rejoicing to their Lord, thus flew they all about.
Which when I gan resolve, and in my head conceive,
What pleasant life, what heaps of joy, these little birds receive ;
And saw in what estate I, weary man, was wrought,
By want of that, they had at will, and I reject at nought ;
Lord ! how I gan in wrath unwisely me demean !
I cursed Love, and him defied ; I thought to turn the stream.
But when I well beheld, he had me under awe,
I asked mercy for my fault, that so transgress his law :
' Thou blinded God,' quoth I, ' forgive me this offence,
Unwittingly I went about, to malice thy pretence.'
Wherewith he gave a beck, and thus methought he swore :
' Thy sorrow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it were more.'
The virtue of which sound mine heart did so revive,
That I, methought, was made as whole as any man alive.

But here I may perceive mine error, all and some,
For that I thought that so it was ; yet was it still undone ;
And all that was no more but mine expressed mind,
That fain would have some good relief, of Cupid well assign'd.
I turned home forthwith, and might perceive it well,
That he aggrieved was right sore with me for my rebel.
My harms have ever since increased more and more,
And I remain, without his help undone, for ever more.
A mirror let me be unto ye lovers all ;
Strive not with love ; for if ye do, it will ye thus befall.

Henry Howard

Complaint Of The Absence Of Her Lover Being Upon The Sea

O HAPPY dames! that may embrace
The fruit of your delight,
Help to bewail the woful case
And eke the heavy plight
Of me, that wonted to rejoice
The fortune of my pleasant choice:
Good ladies, help to fill my mourning voice.

In ship, freight with remembrance
Of thoughts and pleasures past,
He sails that hath in governance
My life while it will last:
With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,
Furthering his hope, that is his sail,
Toward me, the sweet port of his avail.

Alas! how oft in dreams I see
Those eyes that were my food;
Which sometime so delighted me,
That yet they do me good:
Wherewith I wake with his return
Whose absent flame did make me burn:
But when I find the lack, Lord! how I mourn!

When other lovers in arms across
Rejoice their chief delight,
Drownèd in tears, to mourn my loss
I stand the bitter night
In my window where I may see
Before the winds how the clouds flee:
Lo! what a mariner love hath made me!

And in green waves when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of wind,
A thousand fancies in that mood
Assail my restless mind.
Alas! now drencheth my sweet foe,

That with the spoil of my heart did go,
And left me; but alas! why did he so?

And when the seas wax calm again
To chase fro me annoy,
My doubtful hope doth cause me plain;
So dread cuts off my joy.
Thus is my wealth mingled with woe
And of each thought a doubt doth grow;
—Now he comes! Will he come? Alas! no, no.

Henry Howard

Complaint Of The Absence Of Her Lover Being Upon The Sea.

O HAPPY dames that may embrace
The fruit of your delight ;
Help to bewail the woful case,
And eke the heavy plight,
Of me, that wanted to rejoice
The fortune of my pleasant choice :
Good ladies ! help to fill my mourning voice.

In ship freight with remembrance
Of thoughts and pleasures past,
He sails that hath in governance
My life while it will last ;
With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,
Furthering his hope, that is his sail,
Toward me, the sweet port of his avail.

Alas ! how oft in dreams I see
Those eyes that were my food ;
Which sometime so delighted me,
That yet they do me good :
Wherewith I wake with his return,
Whose absent flame did make me burn :
But when I find the lack, Lord ! how I mourn.

When other lovers in arms across,
Rejoice their chief delight ;
Drowned in tears, to mourn my loss,
I stand the bitter night
In my window, where I may see
Before the winds how the clouds flee :
Lo ! what a mariner love hath made of me.

And in green waves when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of wind ;
A thousand fancies in that mood
Assail my restless mind.
Alas ! now drencheth¹ my sweet foe,

That with the spoil of my heart did go,
And left me ; but, alas ! why did he so ?

And when the seas wax calm again,
To chase from me annoy,
My doubtful hope doth cause me plain ;
So dread cuts off my joy.
Thus is my wealth mingled with woe :
And of each thought a doubt doth grow ;
Now he comes ! will he come ? alas ! no, no!

Henry Howard

Description Of The Restless State Of A Lover.

WHEN youth had led me half the race
That Cupid's scourge had made me run ;
I looked back to mete the place
From whence my weary course begun.

And then I saw how my desire
By guiding ill had led the way :
Mine eyes, to greedy of their hire,
Had made me lose a better prey.

For when in sighs I spent the day,
And could not cloak my grief with game ;
The boiling smoke did still bewray
The present heat of secret flame.

And when salt tears do bain my breast,
Where Love his pleasant trains hath sown ;
Her beauty hath the fruits opprest,
Ere that the buds were sprung and blown.

And when mine eyes did still pursue
The flying chase of their request ;
Their greedy looks did oft renew
The hidden wound within my breast.

When every look these cheeks might stain,
From deadly pale to glowing red ;
By outward signs appeared plain,
To her for help my heart was fled.

But all too late Love learneth me
To paint all kind of colours new ;
To blind their eyes that else should see
My speckled cheeks with Cupid's hue.

And now the covert breast I claim,
That worshipp'd Cupid secretly ;
And nourished his sacred flame,
From whence no blazing sparks do fly.

Henry Howard

From Tuscan Came My Lady's Worthy Race

From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat.
The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.
Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire an earl, her dame of princes' blood.
From tender years in Britain she doth rest
With a king's child, where she tastes ghostly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen;
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight;
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
Beauty her mate, her virtues from above:
Happy is he that may obtain her love.

Henry Howard

Geue Place Ye Louers, Here Before

Geue place ye louers, here before
That spent your bostes and bragges in vaine:
My Ladies 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 coulde rehearse, if that I wolde,
The whole effect of natures 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 lawe 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.

Henry Howard

Harpalus. An Ancient English Pastoral

Phylida was a faire mayde,
As fresh as any flowre;
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere;
And Phylida could twist and spinne,
And thereto sing full clere.

But Phylida was all to coye
For Harpalus to winne;
For Corin was her onely joye,
Who forst her not a pinne.

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

But Corin, he had haukes to lure,
And forced more the field;
Of lovers lawe he toke no cure:
For once he was begilde.

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 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:
A man most fit even for the grave,
Whom spitefull love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all 'fore-watcht;
His face besprent with teares;
It semde unhap had him long 'hatcht,'
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.

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,
And he sate in the dale;
And thus with sighes and sorrowes shril,
He gan to tell his tale.

'Oh Harpalus!' (thus would he say)
'Unhappiest under sunne!
The cause of thine unhappy day,
By love was first begunne.

'For thou wentest first by sute to seeke
A tigre to make tame,
That settes not by thy love a leeke,
But makes thy griefe her game.

'As easy it were for to convert
The frost into 'a' flame;
As for to turne a frowarde hert,
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.

'Corin he liveth carelesse;
He leapes among the leaves;
He eats the frutes of thy redresse;
Thou 'reapst,' he takes the sheaves.

'My beastes a whyle your foode refraine,
And harke your herdmans sounde,
Whom spitefull love, alas! hath slaine,
Through-girt 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.

'The hart he feedeth by the hinde;
The bucke harde by the do;
The turtle dove is not unkinde
To him that loves her so.

'The ewe she hath by her the ramme;
The young cow hath the bull;
The calfe with many a lusty lambe
Do fede their hunger full.

'But wel-away! that nature wrought
The, Phylida, so faire!
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beauty all to deare.

'What reason is that crueltie
With beautie should have part?
Or els that such a great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart!

'I see therefore to shape my death
She cruelly is prest;
To th' ende that I may want my breath:
My dayes been at the best.

'O Cupide, graunt this may request,
And do not stoppe thine eares:
That she may feele within her brest,
The paines of my dispaire;

'Of Corin, 'who' is carelesse,
That she may crave her fee,
As I have done, in great distresse,
That loved her faithfully.

'But since that I shal die her slave,
Her slave and eke her thrall,
Write you, my frendes, upon my grave

This chaunce that is befall.

"Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
By cruell love now slaine;
Whom Phylida unjustly thus
Hath murdred with disdain."

Henry Howard

How No Age Is Content

LAIID in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear.
And every thought did shew so lively in mine eyes,
That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled, as cause of thought did rise.
I saw the little boy in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God to scape the rod, a tall young man to be.
The young man eke that feels his bones with pains opprest,
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest.
The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again, to live so much the more.
Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change degree.
And musing thus I think, the case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in woe, doth ever seek to change.
Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my wither'd skin,
How it doth shew my dented chews, the flesh was worn so thin.
And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto me say :
' Thy white and hoarish airs, the messengers of age,
That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life doth assuage ;
Bid thee lay hand, and feel them hanging on thy chin ;
The which do write two ages past, the third now coming in.
Hang up therefore the bit of thy young wanton time :
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life define.'
Whereat I sigh'd and said : ' Farewell ! my wonted joy ;
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me to every little boy ;
And tell them thus from me ; their time most happy is,
If, to their time, they reason had, to know the truth of this.'

Henry Howard

I Never Saw Youe, Madam, Laye Aparte

I never 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 chased cleane from my harte.
Whiles to my self I did the thought reserve
That so unware 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 treeze was clad alway in blacke,
Your smilyng lokes were hid thus evermore,
All that withdrawne that I did crave so sore.
So doth this cornet goveme me alacke,
In sommere sonne, in winter breath of frost;
Of your faire eies whereby the light is lost.

Complaint that his ladie after she knew of his loue kept her face alway hidden from him

I neuer sawe my Ladye laye apart
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith first she knew my grieve was growen so great,
Which other fansies driueth from my hart
That 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 gouerne me alacke:
In somer, sunne: in winters breath, a frost:
Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

Henry Howard

In Cypres Springes, Wheras Dame Venus Dwelt

In Cypres springes, wheras dame Venus dwelt,
A well so hote that who so tastes the same,
Were he of stone, as thawed yse shuld melt,
And kindled fynde his brest with secret flame;
Whose moist poison dissolved hath my hate.
This creping fier my cold lymms 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 repugnaunt kind
The fervent heat doth quenche of Cupides wound,
And with the spote of change infects the mynd;
Whereof my deer hath tasted to my payne.
My service thus is growne into disdayne.

Complaint of the loue disdained

In Ciprus, springes (whereas dame Venus dwelt)
A well so hote, that whoso tastes the same,
Were he of stone, as thawed yse should melt,
And kindled fynde his brest with fired flame.
Whose moyst poyson dissolued hath my hate.
This creeping fire my colde lims so opprest,
That in the hart that harborde freedome late,
Endlesse despeyre longe thraldome hath imprest.
An other so colde in frozen yse is founde,
Whose chilling venom of repugnant kynde
The feruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde:
And with the spot of change infectes the minde:
Whereof my dere hath tasted, to my paine.
My seruice thus is growen into disdaine.

Henry Howard

Lady Surrey's Lament For Her Absent Lord

Good ladies, you that have your pleasure in exile,
Step in your foot, come take a place, and mourn with me a while,
And such as by their lords do set but little price,
Let them sit still: it skills them not what chance come on the dice.
But ye whom Love hath bound by order of desire
To love your lords, whose good deserts none other would require:
Come you yet once again, and set your foot by mine,
Whose woeful plight and sorrows great no tongue may well define.
My love and lord, alas, in whom consists my wealth,
Hath fortune sent to pass the seas in hazard of his health.
That I was wont for to embrace, contented mind's,
Is now amid the foaming floods at pleasure of the winds.
There God him well preserve, and safely me him send,
Without which hope, my life alas were shortly at an end.
Whose absence yet, although my hope doth tell me plain,
With short return he comes anon, yet ceaseth not my pain.
The fearful dreams I have, oft times they grieve me so,
That then I wake and stand in doubt, if they be true, or no.
Sometime the roaring seas, me seems, they grow so high,
That my sweet lord in danger great, alas, doth often lie.
Another time the same doth tell me, he is come;
And playing, where I shall him find with T., his little son.
So forth I go apace to see that liefsome sight,
And with a kiss me thinks I say: "Now welcome home, my knight;
Welcome my sweet, alas, the stay of my welfare;
Thy presence bringeth forth a truce betwixt me and my care."
Then lively doth he look, and salveth me again,
And saith: "My dear, how is it now that you have all this pain?"
Wherewith the heavy cares that heap'd are in my breast,
Break forth, and me dischargeth clean of all my huge unrest.
But when I me awake and find it but a dream,
The anguish of my former woe beginneth more extreme,
And me tormenteth so, that uneth may I find
Some hidden where, to steal the grief of my unquiet mind.
Thus every way you see with absence how I burn;
And for my wound no cure there is but hope of good return;
Save when I feel, by sour how sweet is felt the more,
It doth abate some of my pains that I abode before.
And then unto myself I say: "When that we two shall meet,

But little time shall seem this pain, that joy shall be so sweet."
Ye winds, I you convert in chiefest of your rage,
That you my lord me safely send, my sorrows to assuage;
And that I may not long abide in such excess,
Do your good will to cure a wight that liveth in distress.

Henry Howard

London, Hast Thou Accursed Me

London, hast thou accused me
Of breach of laws, the root of strife?
Within whose breast did boil to see,
So fervent hot, thy dissolute life,
That even the hate of sins that grow
Within thy wicked walls so rife,
For to break forth did convert so
That terror could it not repress.
The which, by words since preachers know
What hope is left for to redress,
By unknown means it liked me
My hidden burden to express,
Whereby it might appear to thee
That secret sin hath secret spite;
From justice' rod no fault is free;
But that all such as work unright
In most quiet are next ill rest.
In secret silence of the night
This made me, with a reckless breast,
To wake thy sluggards with my bow--
A figure of the Lord's behest,
Whose scourge for sin the Scriptures show.
That, as the fearful thunder-clap
By sudden flame at hand we know,
Of pebble-stones the soundless rap
The dreadful plague might make thee see
Of God's wrath that doth thee enwrap;
That pride might know, from conscience free
How lofty works may her defend;
And envy find, as he hath sought,
How other seek him to offend;
And wrath taste of each cruel thought
The just shapp higher in the end;
And idle sloth, that never wrought,
To heaven his spirit lift may begin;
And greedy lucre live in dread
To see what hate ill-got goods win;
The lechers, ye that lusts do feed,
Perceive what secrecy is in sin;

And gluttons' hearts for sorrow bleed,
Awaked, when their fault they find:
In loathsome vice each drunken wight
To stir to God, this was my mind.
Thy windows had done me no spite;
But proud people that dread no fall,
Clothed with falsehood and unright,
Bred in the closures of thy wall;
But wrested to wrath in fervent zeal,
Thou haste to strife, my secret call.
Endured hearts no warning feel.
O shameless whore, is dread then gone
By such thy foes as meant thy weal?
O member of false Babylon!
The shop of craft, the den of ire!
Thy dreadful doom draws fast upon;
Thy martyrs' blood, by sword and fire,
In heaven and earth for justice call.
The Lord shall hear their just desire;
The flame of wrath shall on thee fall;
With famine and pest lamentably
Stricken shall be thy lechers all;
Thy proud towers and turrets high,
En'mies to God, beat stone from stone,
Thine idols burnt that wrought iniquity;
When none thy ruin shall bemoan,
But render unto the right wise Lord
That so hath judged Babylon,
Immortal praise with one accord.

Henry Howard

Love That Doth Reign And Live

Love that doth reign and live within my thought
And built his seat within my captive breast,
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
But she that taught me love and suffer pain,
My doubtful hope and eke my hot desire
With shamefast look to shadow and refrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
And coward Love then to the heart apace
Taketh his flight, where he doth lurk and plain
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pain;
Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove:
Sweet is the death that taketh end by love.

Henry Howard

Of Sardanapalus's Dishonorable Life And Miserable Death.

TH' Assyrian king, in peace, with foul desire
And filthy lusts that stain'd his regal heart ;
In war, that should set princely hearts on fire,
Did yield vanquisht for want of martial art.
The dint of swords from kisses seemed strange ;
And harder than his lady's side, his targe : 1
From glutton feasts to soldier's fare, a change ;
His helmet, far above a garland's charge :
Who scarce the name of manhood did retain,
Drenched in sloth and womanish delight.
Feeble of spirit, impatient of pain,
When he had lost his honour, and his right,
 (Proud time of wealth, in storms appalled with dread,)
 Murder'd himself, to shew some manful deed.

Henry Howard

Of The Death Of Sir T.W. The Elder

Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest;
Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain,
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast;
Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head where wisdom mysteries did frame,
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain
As on a stithy where that some work of fame
Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage stern and mild, where both did grow,
Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice;
Amid great storms, whom grace assured so
To live upright and smile at fortune's choice.

A hand that taught what might be said in rhyme;
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit:
A mark, the which (unparfited, for time)
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tongue that served in foreign realms his king;
Whose courteous talk to virtue did enflame
Each noble heart; a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth by travail unto fame.

An eye whose judgment none affect could blind,
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile.

A heart where dread was never so impress'd,
To hide the thought that might the truth advance;
In neither fortune loft, nor yet repress'd,
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.

A valiant corps, where force and beauty met;
Happy, alas, too happy, but for foes!
Lived, and ran the race, that Nature set:
Of manhood's shape, where she the mould did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
Which left with such as covet Christ to know
Witness of faith that never shall be dead,
Sent for our health, but not received so.
Thus, for our guilt, this jewel have we lost;
The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

Henry Howard

Of Thy Life, Thomas, This Compass Well Mark

Of thy life, Thomas, this compass well mark:
Not aye with full sails the high seas to beat,
Ne by coward dread, in shunning storms dark,
On shallow shores thy keel in peril freat
. [to fret]

Whoso gladly halseth
the golden mean [to embrace]
Void of dangers advisedly hath his home,
Not with loathsome muck, as a den unclean,
Nor palace-like whereat disdain may glome
. [frown]

The lofty pine the great wind often rives;
With violenter sway fallen turrets steep;
Lightnings assault the high mountains and clives
. [splits]

A heart well stayed, in overthwarts deep
Hopeth amends; in sweet doth fear the sour.
God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharp.
Now ill, not aye thus. Once Phoebus to lour
With bow unbent shall cease, and frame to harp
His voice. In straight estate appear thou stout;
And so wisely, when lucky gale of wind
All thy puffed sails shall fill, look well about,
Take in a reef. Haste is waste, proof doth find.

Henry Howard

Set Me Whereas The Sun Doth Parch The Green

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice,
In temperate heat where he is felt and seen;
In presence prest of people, mad or wise;
Set me in high or yet in low degree,
In longest night or in the shortest day,
In clearest sky or where clouds thickest be,
In lusty youth or when my hairs are gray.
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell;
In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sick or in health, in evil fame or good:
Hers will I be, and only with this thought
Content myself although my chance be nought.

Henry Howard

So Cruel Prison

So cruel prison how could betide, alas,
As proud Windsor? Where I in lust and joy
With a king's son my childish years did pass
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy;
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour:
The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,
With eyes cast up unto the maidens' tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love;
The stately salles, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
Where each of us did plead the other's right;
The palm play where, despoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love
Have miss'd the ball and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above;
The gravel'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,
With cheer, as though the one should overwhelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts;
With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trailed by swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length;
The secret groves which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint and of our ladies' praise,
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays;
The wild forest, the clothed holt with green,
With reins aval'd, and swift ybreathed horse,
With cry of hounds and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart a force;
The void walls eke that harbor'd us each night,
Wherewith, alas, revive within my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight,
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
The wanton talk, the divers change of play,
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,

Wherewith we pass'd the winter nights away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face,
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
The which as soon as sobbing sighs (alas)
Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renew:
"O place of bliss, renewer of my woes,
Give me account--where is my noble fere?
Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose,
To other lief, but unto me most dear."
Echo (alas) that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine with bondage and restraint;
And with remembrance of the greater grief
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

Henry Howard

Suche Waiwarde Waies Hath Love That Moste Parte In Discorde

Suche waiwarde waies hath love that moste parte in discorde;
Our willes do stand wherby our hartes but seldom dooth accorde.
Disceyte is his delight, and to begyle and mocke
The symple hertes which he doth stryke with froward dyvers stroke.
He cawseth hertes to rage with golden burninge darte,
And doth alaye with ledden cold agayne the tothers harte.
Hot gleames of burning fyre and easye sparkes of flame
In balaunce of unegall weight he pondereth by ame.
From easye fourde, where I might wade and passe full well,
He me withdrawes, and doth me drive into the darke diep well;
And me withholdes where I am cald and offerd place,
And wooll that still my mortall foo I do beseche of grace.
He lettes me to pursue a conquest well nere woon,
To follow where my paynes were 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 know how to convert my will in others lust;
Of litle stuff unto 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 know how that the blood forsakes the faas for dredd,
And how by shame it staynes agayne the cheke with flaming redd.
I know under the grene the serpent how he lurckes;
The hamer of the restles forge I know eke how yt workes.
25tell,
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 sleeping how he wakes,
To languishe without ache, sickles for to consume,
A thousand thinges for to devyse resolving all hys fume.
And thoughe he lyke to see his ladies face full sore,
Such pleasure as delightes his eye doth not his health restore.
I know to seke the tracke of my desyred foo,
And feare to fynd that I do seke; but chefelye this I know,
That lovers must transforme into the thing beloved,
And live (alas, who colde beleve?) with spryte from lief removed.
I know in hart ye sighes and lawghters of the splene

At ones to chaunge my state, my will, and eke my colour clene.
I know how to disceyve myself withouten helpp,
And how the lyon chastysed is by beating of the whelpp.
In standing nere my fyer, I know how that I frese;
Farr of, to burn; in both to wast, and so my lief to lese.
I know how love doth rage uppon the yeldon mynd,
How small a nett may take and mashe a harte of gentle kynd;
With seldome tasted swete, to season heaps of gall,
Revyved with a glyns of grace olde sorowes to let fall.
The hidden traynes I know, and secret snares of love;
How sone a loke may prynt a thought that never will remove.
That slipper state I know, those sodayne tournes from welthe,
That doubtfull hope, that certayne woo, and sure dispaire of helthe.

Description of the fickle affections pangues and sleightes of loue

Suche waiward waies hath loue, that most part in discord
Our willes do stand, whereby our hartes but seldom doe accord.
Disceit is his delight, and to begile, and mock
The simple hartes whom he doth strike with froward diuers strok.
He makes the one to rage with golden burning dart,
And doth alay with leaden colde agayn the other hart.
Whote glemes of burnyng fire, and easy sparkes of flame
In balance of vnegall weight he pondereth by aime.
From easy forde, where I might wade and passe ful wel,
He me withdrawes, and doth me driue into a depe dark hel,
And me withholdes where I am calde and offred place,
And willes me that my mortall foe I doe beseke of grace:
He lettes me to pursue a conquest welnere wonne,
To folow where my paines were lost ere that my suite begonne.
So by this meanes I know how soone a hart may turne
From warre to peace, from truce to strife, and so again returne,
I know how to content my self in others lust,
Of litle stuffe vnto my self to weaue a webbe of trust:
And how to hide my harmes with soft dissembling chere,
When in my face the painted thoughtes would outwardly apere.
I know how that the blood forsakes the face for dred:
And how by shame it staines again the chekes with flaming red.

I know vnder the grene the serpent how he lurkes.
The hammer of the restles forge I wote eke how it wurkes.
I know and can by roate the tale that I would tel:
But oft the wordes come furth awrie of him that loueth wel.
I know in heat and colde the louer how he shakes:
In singing how he doth complain, in slepyng how he wakes:
To languish without ache, sicklesse for to consume:
A thousand thinges for to deuise resolving all in fume.
And though he list to se his ladies grace ful sore,
Such pleasures as delight the eye doe not his health restore.
I know to seke the track of my desired foe,
And feare to finde that I do seke. But chiefly this I know,
That louers must transforme into the thing beloued,
And liue (alas who would beleue?) with sprite from life remoued,
I know in harty sighes, and laughters of the splene
At once to change my state, my wyll, and eke my coloure clene.
I know how to deceaue my self with others help:
And how the Lion chastised is by beating of the whelp.
In standyng nere my fire I know how that I freze.
Farre of I burne, in both I wast, and so my life I leze.
I know how loue doth rage vpon a yelding mynde:
How smal a net may take and meash a hart of gentle kinde:
Or els with seldom swete to season heapes of gall,
Reuiued with a glimse of grace olde sorowes to let fall,
The hidden traines I know, and secret snares of loue:
How soone a loke wil printe a thought, that neuer may remoue.
The slipper state I know, the sodain turnes from wealth,
The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and sure despeire of health.

Henry Howard

The Ages Of Man

Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear,
And every thought did show so lively in mine eyes,
That now I sigh'd, and then I smil'd, as cause of thought did rise.
I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God to scape the rod, a tall young man to be;
The young man eke, that feels his bones with pains oppress'd,
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest;
The rich old man, that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again, to live so much the more.
Whereat full oft I smil'd, to see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change degree.
And musing thus, I think the case is very strange
That man from wealth, to live in woe, doth ever seek to change.
Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my wither'd skin,
How it doth show my dinted jaws, the flesh was worn so thin;
And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto me say:
"Thy white and hoarish hairs, the messengers of age,
That show like lines of true belief that this life doth assuage,
Bids thee lay hand and feel them hanging on thy chin,
The which do write two ages past, the third now coming in.
Hang up, therefore, the bit of thy young wanton time,
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life define."
Whereat I sigh'd and said: "Farewell, my wonted joy,
Truss up thy pack and trudge from me to every little boy,
And tell them thus from me: their time most happy is,
If to their time they reason had to know the truth of this."

Henry Howard

The Burial Of The Dane

BLUE gulf all around us,
Blue sky overhead -
Muster all on the quarter,
We must bury the dead!

It is but a Danish sailor,
Rugged of front and form;
A common son of the forecastle,
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name, and the strand he hailed from
We know, and there's nothing more!
But perhaps his mother is waiting
In the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
Reason drifting awreck,
'T is my watch,' he would mutter,
'I must go upon deck!'

Aye, on deck, by the foremast!
But watch and lookout are done;
The Union Jack laid o'er him,
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,
Stay the hurrying shaft;
Let the roll of the ocean
Cradle our giant craft;
Gather around the grating,
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen
To the holiest page of prayer!
Let every foot be quiet,
Every head be bare -
The soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service,
(A little spray on his cheeks)
The grand old words of burial,
And the trust a true heart seeks: -
'We therefore commit his body
To the deep' - and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunges away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms,
Down into the dark!

A thousand summers and winters
The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin;
But, silence to doubt and dole: -
There's a quiet harbor somewhere
For the poor aweary soul.

Free the fettered engine,
Speed the tireless shaft,
Loose to'gallant and topsail,
The breeze is far abaft!

Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead -
Every man to his duty,
We have buried our dead!

Henry Howard

The Fanny, Which That I Have Served Long

The fanny, which that I have served long,
That hath always been enemy to my ease,
Served of late to rue upon my wrong,
And bad me flye the cause of my miserease.
And I forthwith did please out of the throng,
That thought by flight my painful hart to please
Some other way: till I saw faith more strong:
And to my self I sayd: alas, those dayes
In vain were spent, to runne the race so long.
And with that thought, I met my guyde, that playn
Out of the way wherein I wandred wrong,
Brought me amidstes the hilles, in base Bullayn:
Where I am now, as restlesse to remain,
Against my will, full pleased with my payn.

Henry Howard

The Forsaken Lover Describeth And Forsaketh Love

O LOATHSOME place ! where I
Have seen, and heard my dear ;
When in my heart her eye
Hath made her thought appear,
By glimpsing with such grace,—
As fortune it ne would
That lasten any space,
Between us longer should.

As fortune did advance
To further my desire ;
Even so hath fortune's chance
Thrown all amidst the mire.
And that I have deserved,
With true and faithful heart,
Is to his hands reserved,
That never felt a smart.

But happy is that man
That scaped hath the grief,
That love well teach him can,
By wanting his relief.
A scourge to quiet minds
It is, who taketh heed ;
A common plague that binds ;
A travail without meed.

This gift it hath also :
Whoso enjoys it most,
A thousand troubles grow,
To vex his wearied ghost.
And last it may not long ;
The truest thing of all :
And sure the greatest wrong,
That is within this thrall.

But since thou, desert place,
Canst give me no account
Of my desired grace,

That I to have was wont ;
Farewell ! thou hast me taught,
To think me not the first
That love hath set aloft,
And casten in the dust.

Henry Howard

The Frailty And Hurtfulness Of Beauty

Brittle beauty, that nature made so frail,
Whereof the gift is small, and short the season;
Flow'ring today, tomorrow apt to fail,
Tickle treasure, abhorrèd of reason;
Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail,
Costly in keeping, past not worth two peason;
Slipper in sliding, as is an eelës tail,
Hard to obtain, once gotten, not geason;
Jewel of jeopardy that peril doth assail,
False and untrue, enticèd oft to treason,
Enemy to youth; that most may I bewail.
Ah, bitter sweet, infecting as the poison,
Thou farest as fruit that with the frost is taken,
Today ready ripe, tomorrow all to-shaken.

Henry Howard

The Golden Gift That Nature Did Thee Give

The golden gift that Nature did thee give
To fasten friends and feed them at thy will
With form and favour, taught me to believe
How thou art made to show her greatest skill,
Whose hidden virtues are not so unknown
But lively dooms might gather at the first:
Where beauty so her perfect seed hath sown
Of other graces follow needs there must.
Now certes, lady, since all this is true,
That from above thy gifts are thus elect,
Do not deface them then with fancies new,
Nor change of minds let not thy mind infect,
But mercy him, thy friend, that doth thee serve,
Who seeks alway thine honour to preserve.

Henry Howard

The Lover Describeth His Restless State

AS oft as I behold, and see
The sovereign beauty that me bound ;
The nigher my comfort is to me,
Alas ! the fresher is my wound.

As flame doth quench by rage of fire,
And running streams consume by rain ;
So doth the sight that I desire
Appease my grief, and deadly pain.

Like as the fly that see'th the flame,
And thinks to play her in the fire ;
That found her woe, and sought her game
Where grief did grow by her desire.

First when I saw those crystal streams,
Whose beauty made my mortal wound ;
I little thought within their beams
So sweet a venom to have found.

But wilful will did prick me forth,
Blind Cupid did me whip and guide ;
Force made me take my grief in worth ;¹
My fruitless hope my harm did hide ;

Wherein is hid the cruel bit,
Whose sharp repulse none can resist ;
And eke the spur that strains each wit
To run the race against his list.

As cruel waves full oft be found
Against the rocks to roar and cry ;
So doth my heart full oft rebound
Against my breast full bitterly.

And as the spider draws her line,
With labour lost I frame my suit ;
The fault is her's, the loss is mine :
Of ill sown seed, such is the fruit.

I fall, and see mine own decay ;
As he that bears flame in his breast,
Forgets for pain to cast away
The thing that breedeth his unrest

Henry Howard

The Lover Excuseth Himself Of Suspected Change.

THOUGH I regarded not
The promise made by me ;
Or passed not to spot
My faith and honesty :
Yet were my fancy strange,
And wilful will to wite,
If I sought now to change
A falcon for a kite.

All men might well dispraise
My wit and enterprise,
If I esteemed a pese¹
Above a pearl in price :
Or judged the owl in sight
The sparrowhawk to excel ;
Which flieth but in the night,
As all men know right well.

Or if I sought to sail
Into the brittle port,
Where anchor hold doth fail
To such as do resort ;
And leave the haven sure,
Where blows no blustering wind ;
No fickleness in ure,²
So far-forth as I find.

No ! think me not so light,
Nor of so churlish kind,
Though it lay in my might
My bondage to unbind,
That I would leave the hind
To hunt the gander's foe.
No ! no ! I have no mind
To make exchanges so.
Nor yet to change at all ;
For think, it may not be
That I should seek to fall
From my felicity.

Desirous for to win,
And loth for to forego ;
Or new change to begin ;
How may all this be so ?

The fire it cannot freeze,
For it is not his kind ;
Nor true love cannot lese
The constance of the mind.
Yet as soon shall the fire
Want heat to blaze and burn ;
As I, in such desire,
Have once a thought to turn.

Henry Howard

The Means To Attain A Happy Life.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find :
The riches left, not got with pain ;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind :

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife ;
No charge of rule, nor governance ;
Without disease, the healthful life ;
The household of continuance :

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
True wisdom join'd with simpleness ;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress :

The faithful wife, without debate ;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night.
Contented with thine own estate ;
Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

Henry Howard

The Soote Season

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings,
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings,
The fishes float with new repaired scale,
The adder all her slough away she slings,
The swift swallow pursueth the flyës smale,
The busy bee her honey now she mings--
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see, among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

Henry Howard

The Sun Hath Twice

The sun hath twice brought forth the tender green,
And clad the earth in lively lustiness;
Once have the winds the trees despoiled clean,
And now again begins their cruelty,
Since I have hid under my breast the harm
That never shall recover healthfulness.
The winter's hurt recovers with the warm;
The parched green restored is with shade;
What warmth, alas, may serve for to disarm
The frozen heart that mine in flame hath made?
What cold again is able to restore
My fresh green years that wither thus and fade?
Alas, I see nothing to hurt so sore
But time sometime reduceth a return;
Yet time my harm increaseth more and more,
And seem to have my cure always in scorn.
Strange kind of death in life that I do try,
At hand to melt, far off in flame to burn;
And like as time list to my cure apply,
So doth each place my comfort clean refuse.
Each thing alive, that sees the heaven with eye,
With cloak of night may cover and excuse
Himself from travail of the day's unrest,
Save I, alas, against all others use,
That then stir up the torment of my breast
To curse each star as causer of my fate.
And when the sun hath eke the dark repressed
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The travail of my endless smart and pain.
For then, as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more covertly to plain
And me withdraw from every haunted place,
Lest in my cheer my chance should 'pear too plain;
And with my mind I measure, pace by pace,
To seek that place where I myself had lost,
That day that I was tangled in that lace,
In seeming slack that knitteth ever most;
But never yet the travail of my thought
Of better state could catch a cause to boast.

For if I find that sometime that I have sought
Those stars by whom I trusted of the port,
My sails do fall, and I advance right naught,
As anchored fast; my sprites do all resort
To stand atgaas*, and sink in more and more [gazing]
The deadly harm which she doth take in sport.
Lo, if I seek, how I do find my sore.
And if I fly, I carry with me still
The venomed shaft which doth his force restore
By haste of flight. And I may plain my fill
Unto myself, unless this careful song
Print in your heart some parcel of my will.
For I, alas, in silence all too long
Of mine old hurt yet feel the wound but green.
Rue on my life, or else your cruel wrong
Shall well appear, and by my death be seen.

Henry Howard

The Things That Cause A Quiet Life

My friend, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain,
The fruitful ground; the quiet mind;

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule nor governance;
Without disease the healthy life;
The household of continuance;

The mean diet, no dainty fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night:
Content thyself with thine estate,
Neither wish death, nor fear his might.

Henry Howard

To His Mistress

IF he that erst the form so lively drew
Of Venus' face, triumph'd in painter's art ;
Thy Father then what glory did ensue,
By whose pencil a Goddess made thou art.
Touched with flame that figure made some rue,
And with her love surprised many a heart.
There lack'd yet that should cure their hot desire :
Thou canst inflame and quench the kindled fire.

Henry Howard

To The Lady That Scorned Her Lover.

ALTHOUGH I had a check,
To give the mate is hard ;
For I have found a neck,
To keep my men in guard.
And you that hardy are,
To give so great assay
Unto a man of war,
To drive his men away ;

I rede you take good heed,
And mark this foolish verse ;
For I will so provide,
That I will have your ferse.¹
And when your ferse is had,
And all your war is done ;
Then shall yourself be glad
To end that you begun.

For if by chance I win
Your person in the field ;
Too late then you come in
Yourself to me to yield.
For I will use my power,
As captain full of might ;
And such I will devour,
As use to shew me spite.

And for because you gave
Me check in such degree ;
This vantage, lo ! I have,
Now check, and guard to thee.
Defend it if thou may ;
Stand stiff in thine estate :
For sure I will assay,
If I can give thee mate.

Henry Howard

Too Dearly Had I Bought

Too dearly had I bought my green and youthful years,
If in mine age I could not find when craft for love appears;
And seldom though I come in court among the rest,
Yet can I judge in colors dim as deep as can the best.
Where grief torments the man that suff'reth secret smart,
To break it forth unto some friend it easeth well the heart.
So stands it now with me for my beloved friend:
This case is thine for whom I feel such torment of my mind,
And for thy sake I burn so in my secret breast
That till thou know my whole disease my heart can have no rest.
I see how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wits
That all it yields to thy desire, and follows thee by fits.
Where thou hast loved so long with heart and all thy power,
I see thee fed with feigned words, thy freedom to devour.
I know, though she say nay and would it well withstand,
When in her grace thou held the most, she bare thee but in hand.
I see her pleasant cheer in chiefest of thy suit;
When thou are gone I see him come, that gathers up the fruit.
And eke in thy respect I see the base degree
Of him to whom she gave the heart that promised was to thee.
I see, what would you more? stood never man so sure
On woman's word, but wisdom would mistrust it to endure

Henry Howard

When Each Thing, Save The Lover In Spring, Reviveth To Pleasure.

WHEN Windsor walls sustain'd my wearied arm ;
My hand my chin, to ease my restless head ;
The pleasant plot revested green with warm ;
The blossom'd boughs, with lusty Ver1 y-spread ;
The flower'd meads, the wedded birds so late
Mine eyes discover ; and to my mind resort
The jolly woes, the hateless, short debate,
The rakehell 2 life, that 'longs to love's disport.
Wherewith, alas! the heavy charge of care
Heap'd in my breast breaks forth, against my will
In smoky sighs, that overcast the air.
My vapour'd eyes such dreary tears distil,
 The tender spring which quicken where they fall ;
 And I half bend to throw me down withal.

Henry Howard

When Ragyng Loue With Extreme Payne

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:

I call to minde the nauye greate,
That the Grekes brought to Troye towne:
And how the boysteous windes did beate
Their shyps, and rente their sayles adowne,
Till Agamemnons daughters bloode
Appeasde the goddes, that them withstode.

And how that in those ten yeres 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.

Henry Howard