

Tottel's Miscellany

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SONGES AND SONETTES
*written by the ryght honorable Lorde
Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey,
and other*

known as

Tottel's Miscellany

(1557)

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SONGES AND SONETTES

*written by the ryght honorable Lorde
Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey,
and other*

Apud Richardum Tottel,
1557.
Cum priuilegio.

The Printer to the Reader

That to haue wel written in verse, yea & in small parcelles, deserueth great praise, the workes of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue sufficiently. That our tong is able in that kynde to do as praiseworthy as ye rest, the honorable stile of the noble earle of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the depewitted sir Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with seuerall graces in sondry good Englishe writers, doe show abundantly. It resteth nowe (gentle reder) that thou thinke it not euill doon, to publish, to the honor of the Englishe tong, and for profit of the studious of Englishe eloquence, those workes which the vngentle horders vp of such treasure haue heretofore enuied thee. And for this point (good reder) thine own profit and pleasure, in these presently, and in moe hereafter, shal answere for my defence. If parhappes some mislike the statelinesse of stile remoued from the rude skill of common eares: I aske help of the learned to defend their learned frendes the authors of this work: And I exhort the vnlearned, by reding to learne to be more skilfull, and to purge that swinelike grossnesse, that maketh the swete maierome not to smell to their delight.

Songes and Sonettes [by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey]

Description of the restlesse state
of a louer, with sute to his
ladie, to rue on his di-
yng hart.

THe sonne hath twice brought furth his tender grene,
And clad the earth in liuely lustinesse:
Ones haue the windes the trees despoiled clene,
And new again begins their cruelnesse,
Since I haue hid vnder my brest the harm
That neuer shall recouer healthfulnesse.
The winters hurt recouers with the warm:
The parched grene restored is with shade.
What warmth (alas) may serue for to disarm
The frozen hart that mine in flame hath made?
What colde againe is able to restore
My fresh grene yeares, that wither thus and fade?
Alas, I se, nothing hath hurt so sore,
But time in time reduceth a returne:
In time my harm increaseth more and more,
And semes to haue my cure alwaies in scorne.
Strange kindes of death, in life that I doe trie,
At hand to melt, farre of in flame to burne.
And like as time list to my cure aply,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.
All thing aliue, that seeth the heauens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer, and excuse
It self from trauail of the dayes vnrest,
Saue I, alas, against all others vse,
That then stirre vp the tormentes of my brest,
And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate.
And when the sonne hath eke the dark opprest,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The trauailes of mine endles smart and payn,
For then, as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more couertly to playn,
And me withdraw from euery haunted place,

Lest by my chere my chance appere to playn:
 And in my minde I measure pace by pace,
 To seke the place where I my self had lost,
 That day that I was tangled in the lace,
 In semying slack that knitteth euer most:
 But neuer yet the trauaile of my thought
 Of better state coulde catche a cause to bost.
 For if I found sometime that I haue sought,
 Those sterres by whome I trusted of the porte,
 My sayles doe fall, and I aduance right nought,
 As ankerd fast, my spretes doe all resorte
 To stande agazed, and sinke in more and more
 The deadly harme which she dothe take in sport.
 Lo, if I seke, how I doe finde my sore:
 And yf I flee I carie with me still
 The venomde shaft, whiche dothe his force restore
 By hast of flight, and I may plaine my fill
 Vnto my selfe, vnlesse this carefull song
 Printe in your harte some parcell of my tene
 For I, alas, in silence all to long
 Of myne olde hurte yet fele the wounde but grene.
 Rue on my life: or els your cruell wronge
 Shall well appere, and by my death be sene.

Description of Spring, wherin eche
 thing renewes, saue one-
 lie the louer.

THe soote season, that bud and blome furth bringes,
 With grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale:
 The nightingale with fethers new she sings:
 The turtle to her make hath tolde her tale:
 Somer is come, for euery spray nowe springes,
 The hart hath hong his olde hed on the pale:
 The buck in brake his winter cote he flinges:
 The fishes flote with newe repaired scale:
 The adder all her sloughe awaye she slinges:

The swift swallow pursueth the flyes smale:
The busy bee her honye now she minges:
Winter is worne that was the flowers bale:
And thus I see among these pleasant thinges
Eche care decayes, and yet my sorow springes.

Description of the restlesse state
of a louer.

WHen youth had led me halfe the race,
That Cupides scourge me causde to ronne,
I loked back to mete the place,
From whence my wery course begonne.

And then I sawe how my desire
Misguiding me had led the way:
Mine eyen to gredy of their hire,
Had made me lose a better pray.

For when in sighes I spent the day,
And could not cloke my grieffe with game,
The boiling smoke did still bewray
The persaunt heate of secrete flame.

And when salt teares doe bayne my brest,
Where loue his pleasant traines hath sowen
Her bewty hath the fruites opprest,
Ere that the buds were spronge and blowen.

And when myne eyen dyd styll pursue
The flying chace that was their quest,
Their gredy lokes dyd oft renewe.
the hidden wound within my brest.

When euery loke these chekes might staine,
From deadly pale to glowing red:
By outwarde signes appered plaine,
The woe wherin my hart was fed.

But all to late loue learneth me,
To painte all kinde of colours new,
To blinde their eyes that els shoulde see,
My speckled chekes with Cupides hewe.

And nowe the couert brest I claime,
That worshipt Cupide secretly:
And norished his sacred flame,
From whence no blasing sparkes doe flye.

Description of the fickle
affections panges and
sleightes of loue.

SVche 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 resoluing 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 hartly sighes, and laughers 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 yielding 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.

Complaint of a louer, that defied
 loue, and was by loue af-
 ter the more tor-
 mented.

WHen somer toke in hand the winter to assail,
 With force of might, & vertue gret, his stormy blasts to quail,
 And when he clothed faire the earth about with grene,
 And euery tree new garmented, that pleasure was to sene:
 Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood dyd stur
 Me to withdraw my winter woe, that kept within the dore.
 Abrode, quod my desire: assay to set thy fote,
 Where thou shalt finde the sauour swete: for sprong is euery rote.
 And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,

Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire to fele a space.
 There shalt thou here and se all kindes of birdes ywrought,
 Well tune their voice with warble smal, as nature hath them tought.
 Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leaue:
 And for my health I thought it best suche counsail to receaue.
 So on a morow furth, vnwist of any wight,
 I went to proue how well it would my heauy burden light.
 And when I felt the aire so pleasant round about,
 Lorde, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out.
 There might I se how Ver had euery blossom hent:
 And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how they went.
 And in their songes me thought they thanked nature much,
 That by her lycence all that yere to loue their happe was such,
 Right as they could deuise to chose them feres throughout:
 With much reioysing to their Lord thus flew they all about,
 Which when I gan resolue, and in my head conceaue,
 What pleasant life, what heapes of ioy these litle birdes receaue,
 And sawe in what estate I wery man was brought,
 By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at nought:
 Lorde how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane.
 I cursed loue, and him defied: I thought to turne the streame.
 But whan I well behelde he had me vnder awe,
 I asked mercie for my fault, that so transgrest his law.
 Thou blinded god (quod I) forgeue me this offense,
 Vnwillingly I went about to malice thy pretense.
 Wherewith he gaue a beck, and thus me thought he swore,
 Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy faulte, if it were more.
 The vertue of which sounde mine hart did so reuiue,
 That I, me thought, was made as hole as any man aliue.
 But here ye may perceiue mine errour all and some,
 For that I thought that so it was: yet was it still vndone:
 And all that was no more but mine empressed mynde,
 That fayne woulde haue some good relefe of Cupide wel assinde.
 I turned home forthwith, and might perceiue it well,
 That he agreued was right sore with me for my rebell.
 My harmes haue euer since increased more and more,
 And I remaine, without his help, vndone for euer more,
 A miror let me be vnto ye louers all:
 Striue not with loue: for if ye do, it will ye thus befall,

Complaint of a louer
rebuked.

LOue, that liueth, and reigneth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captiue brest,
Clad in the armes, wherin with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She, that me taught to loue, and suffer payne,
My doutfull hope, and eke my hote desyre,
With shamefast cloke to shadowe, and refraine,
Her smilyng grace conuerteth straight to yre.
And cowarde Loue then to the hart apace
Taketh his flight, whereas he lurkes, and plaines
His purpose lost, and dare not shewe his face.
For my lordes gilt thus faultlesse byde I paynes.
Yet from my lorde shall not my foote remoue.
Swete is his death, that takes his end by loue.

Complaint of the louer 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.

Description and praise of his
loue Geraldine.

From Tuskane came my Ladies worthy race:
Faire Florence was sometyme her auncient seate:
The Western yle, whose pleasaunt shore dothe face
Wilde Cambers clifs, did geue her liuely heate:
Fostered she was with milke of Irishe brest:
Her sire, an Erle: her dame, of princes blood.
From tender yeres, in Britain she doth rest,
With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food.
Honsdon did first present her to mine yien:
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight.
Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine:
And Windsor, alas, dothe chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind her vertues from aboue.
Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue.

The frailtie and hurtfulnes
of beautie.

BRittle beautie, that nature made so fraile,
Wherof the gift is small, and short the season,
Flowring to day, to morowe apt to faile,
Tickell treasure abhorred of reason,
Daungerous to dele with, vaine, of none auaile,
Costly in keping, past not worthe two peason,
Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile,
Harde to attaine, once gotten not geason,
Iewel of ieopardie that perill dothe assaile,
False and vntrue, enticed oft to treason,
Enmy to youth: that moste may I bewaile.
Ah bitter swete infecting as the poyson:
Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken,
To day redy ripe, to morowe all to shaken.

A complaint by night of the louer
not beloued.

ALas so all thinges nowe doe holde their peace.
Heauen and earth disturbed in nothing:
The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their song doe cease:
The nightes chare the starres aboute dothe bring:
Calme is the Sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse:
So am not I, whom loue alas doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great encrease
Of my desires, whereat I wepe and syng,
In ioye and wo, as in a doutfull ease.
For my swete thoughtes sometyme doe pleasure bring:
But by and by the cause of my disease
Geues me a pang, that inwardly dothe sting,
When that I thinke what grieffe it is againe,
To liue and lacke the thing should ridde my paine.

How eche thing saue the louer
in spring reuiueth to
pleasure.

WHen Windsor walles susteyned my wearied arme,
My hande my chin, to ease my restlesse hed:
The pleasant plot reuested green with warme,
The blossomd bowes with lusty Ver yspred,
The flowred meades, the wedded birdes so late
Mine eyes discover: and to my mynde resorte
The ioly woes, the hatelesse shorte debate,
The rakehell lyfe that longes to loues disporte.
Wherewith (alas) the heauy charge of care
Heapt in my brest breakes forth against my will,
In smoky sighes, that ouercast the ayer.
My vapord eyes suche drery teares distill,
The tender spring whiche quicken where they fall,
And I halfebent to throwe me downe withall.

Vow to loue faithfully how-
soeuer he be re-
warded.

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

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

INeuer sawe my Ladye laye apart
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith first she knew my grieffe 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.

Request to his loue to ioyne
bountie with beautie.

THe golden gift that nature did thee geue,
To fasten frendes, and fede them at thy wyll,
With fourme and fauour, taught me to beleue,
How thou art made to shew her greatest skill.
Whose hidden vertues are not so vnknown,
But liuely domes might gather at the first
Where beautye so her perfect seede hath sowen,
Of other graces folow nedes there must.
Now certesse Ladie, sins all this is true,
That from aboute thy gyftes are thus elect:
Do not deface them than with fansies newe,
Nor change of mindes let not thy minde infect:
But mercy him thy frende, that doth thee serue,
Who seekes alway thine honour to preserue.

Prisoned in windsor, he re-
counteth his pleasure
there passed.

SO cruell prison how coulede betide, alas,
As proude Windsor? where I in lust and ioye,
With a kinges sonne, my childishe yeres did passe,
In greater feast than Priams sonnes of Troy:
Where eche swete place returns a taste full sower,
The large grene courtes, where we were wont to houe,
With eyes cast vp into the maydens tower.
And easie sighes, suche as folke drawe in loue:
The stately seates, the ladies bright of hewe:
The daunces shorte, longe tales of great delight:
With wordes and lokes, that tygers coulede but rewe,
Where eche of vs did pleade the others right:
The palme play, where, dispoyled for the game,
With dazed eies oft we by gleames of loue,
Haue mist the ball, and got sight of our dame,

To baite her eyes, whiche kept the leads aboue:
 The grauell grounde, with sleues tyed on the helme:
 On fomyng horse, with swordes and frendlye hartes:
 With cheare, as though one should another whelme:
 Where we haue fought, and chased oft with dartes,
 With siluer droppes the meade yet spred for ruthe,
 In actiue games of nimblenes, and strength,
 Where we did straine, trayned with swarmes of youth.
 Our tender lymmes, that yet shot vp in length:
 The secrete groues, which oft we made resounde
 Of pleasaunt playnt, and of our ladies prayse,
 Recordyng ofte what grace eche one had founde,
 What hope of spede, what dreade of long delays:
 The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene:
 With rayns auailed, and swift ybreathed horse,
 With crye of houndes, and mery blastes betwene,
 Where we did chase the fearfull harte of force,
 The wide vales eke, that harborde vs ech night,
 Wherwith (alas) reuiueth in my brest
 The swete accorde: such slepes as yet delight,
 The pleasant dreames, the quiet bed of rest:
 The secrete thoughtes imparted with such trust:
 The wanton talke, the diuers change of play:
 The frendship sworne, eche promise kept so iust:
 Wherwith we past the winter night away.
 And, with this thought, the bloud forsakes the face,
 The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe:
 The whiche as sone as sobbyng sighes (alas)
 Vpsupped haue, thus I my plaint renewe:
 O place of blisse, renuer of my woes,
 Geue me accompt, where is my noble fere:
 Whom in thy walles thou doest eche night enclose,
 To other leefe, but vnto me most dere.
 Eccho (alas) that dothe my sorow rewe,
 Returns therto a hollow sounde of playnte.
 Thus I alone, where all my fredome grewe,
 In prison pyne, with bondage and restraunte,
 And with remembrance of the greater greefe
 To banishe the lesse, I find my chief releefe.

The louer comforteth himself
with the worthinesse of
his loue.

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
Loyful at length may be my fare.