

Song texts for With Gold Embroidered Gorgeously

The Wooing Songe of a Yeoman of Kent's Sonne

I Have house and land in Kent,
and if you'l love me love me now:
Two pence halfe-peny is my rent,
I cannot come every day to woo
*Two pence halfe-peny is his rent,
he cannot come every day to woo.*
One time a gave the a paper of pins,
Anoder time a taudry lace
And if thou wilt not grant me love
In truth ich die before thy vace
*And if thou wilt not grant his love,
In truth hee'l die before thy vace.*

Ich will put on my best white sloppe,
And ich will weare my yellow hose,
And on my head a good gray hat,
And in't ich stick a lovely rose
*And on his head a good gray hat,
And in't hee'l stick a lovely rose.*
Wherefore cease off, make no delay,
And if you'le love me, love me now,
Or els ich zeeke zome oder where,
For I cannot come every day to woo,
*Or els hee'l zeek zome oder where,
For hee cannot come every day to woo.*

Thomas Ravenscroft: Melismata, 1611

Christopher Marlowe: The Passionate Shepherd to his love

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That Valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.
And I will make thee beds of Roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of Myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull;

Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw and Ivy buds,
With Coral clasps and Amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.
The Shepherds' Swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Walter Raleigh (attrib): The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every Shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of Roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten:
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and Ivy buds,
The Coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.
But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

England's Helicon, 1600

Anon: Phillidaes Loue-call to her Coridon, and his replying.

Phil. Coridon, arise my Coridon,
Titan shineth cleare:
Cor. Who is it that calleth Coridon,
who is it that I heare?
Phil. Phillida thy true-Loue calleth thee,
arise and keepe thy flock with me:
Cor. Phillida my true-Loue, is it she?
I come then and keepe my flock with thee.
Phil. Heere are cherries ripe my Coridon,

eate them for my sake:
Cor. Heere's my Oaten pipe my louely one,
sport for thee to make.
Phil. Heere are threeds my true-Loue,
fine as silke,
to knit thee a paire of stockings white as milke.
Cor. Heere are Reedes my true-Loue,
fine and neate,
to make thee a Bonnet to with-stand the heate.

Phil. I will gather flowers my Coridon,
to set in thy cap:

Cor. I will gather Peares my louely one,
to put in thy lap.

Phil. I will buy my true-Loue Garters gay,
for Sundayes, to weare about his legs so tall:

Cor. I will buy my true-Loue yellow Say,
for Sundayes, to weare about her middle small.

Phil. Yonder comes my Mother,
Coridon, whether shall I flie?

Cor. Vnder yonder Beech my louely one,
while she passeth by.

Say to her thy true-Loue was not heere,
remember, to morrow is another day:

Phil. Doubt me not, my true-Loue, doo not feare,
farewell then, heauen keepe our loues alway.

England's Helicon, 1600

Come pretty Maydens, what is't you buy? See what is't you lack?

If you can find a Toy to your mind, be so kind, view the Pedlar's pack:

Here be Laces and Masks for your faces, Corall, Jet and Ambers,

Gloves made of thread & toys for your head, and rich Perfumes for a Ladies Chamber.

Come and buy, come buy for your loving Honey,

Some pretty Toy to please the Boy, I'll sell it you worth your mony.

John Jenkins in Catch that Catch Can, 1652

Will you buy a fine dog, with a hole in his head? With a dildo;

Muffs, cuffs, ribatos, and fine sisters' thread, With a dildo;

I stand not on points, pins, periwigs, combs, glasses,

Gloves, garters, girdles, busks, for the brisk lasses;

But I have other dainty tricks

Sleek stones and potting sticks

With a dildo, diddle, diddle dildo;

And for a need my pretty pods

Amber, civet, and musk cods

With a dildo; with a diddle, diddle dildo;

Thomas Morley: The First Book of Ayres, 1600

The New Exchange.

I'LL go no more to the Old Exchange,

There's no good Ware at all,

But I will go to the New Exchange,

Called Haberdashers Hall:

For there are choice of Knacks and Toyes

The fancy for to please,

For men and maids, for girles and boyes,

And a Trap for Lice and Fleas;

There you may buy a Holland Smock

That's made without a gore,

You need not stoop to take it up,

For it is button'd down before.

The finest Fashions that are us'd,

And Powders that excell,

And all the best and sweet Perfumes

To rarifie the smell;

The curious rich Vermilion Paint

That maids of beauty hold,

And Alabaster driven snow

Is there to be bought and sold;

The broad-brim'd Beaver which is made

Most curious, soft, and fine,

Will be a shadow in the face

When as the Sun doth shine;

Fine Feathers and Ribbons you may have

For to wear about the Crown;

Black Patches for the face also,

O, the best in all the Town;

There is curious powder'd Periwigs,

And new-cut fashion'd Gloves,

With Bodkins, Thimbles, and gold Rings,

As men do give unto their Loves;

There's curious Books of Complements,

And other Fashions strange,

That never a place in all the Land
Is like the New Exchange,

Great Flanders-Laces, large and white,
Are common to be sold,
And Silver Laces, very broad,
And some that's made of Gold;
Both Knives and Sizars, sharp and keen,

And Kerchiefs very fair,
Within the Change are dayly fold,
For pretty maids to wear;
There you, &c.
Fine Silken Masks, and new French hoods,
To shrowd the foulest face,
And every thing that costly is,
Is present in this place;
There's Spanish Needles, Points, and Pins,

Anon: Merry drollery, 1661

And curious balls of Snow,
That doth perfume the stinking breath,
And makes them wholesome too;

There's precious Oyles to cleanse the teeth,
And Purges for the Brain,
And Antidotes to make the Nose
Both safe and sound again;
All precious Flowers may be had,
And rich Perfumed Spice
To make your houses all
To smell like Paradise;

The bravest Lords and Ladies all
Do thither much resort,
And buy the fashions that are us'd,
And daily worn at Court;

You youths, the glory of rich towns,
That courts the tissue gowns,
Whose fabric's built for fresher sports,
The joy of younger courts,
That makes the paler virgin sin
To curse a wrong-dressed pin
Or paler blood in her cheeks hurled
If one small hair uncurred,

Whose foot strains a white maiden shoe,
Silk stockings blushing too,
With silver garters, roses white
For youth and love's delight,
While I'm condemned, wanting love's fuel,
To garters that are cruel,
Woolen stockings, leather points too
To tie my market shoe.

BM Add 32339

The Spaniard loves his ancient slop,
The Lombard his Venetian,
And some like breechless women go—
The Russ, Turk, Jew, and Grecian;
The thrifty Frenchman wears small waist,
The Dutch his belly boasteth;
The Englishman is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.

The Turk in linen wraps his head,
The Persian his in lawn too;
The Russ with sables furs his cap,
And change will not be drawn to;

Thomas Heywood: The Rape of Lucrece, 1630

The Spaniard's constant to his block;
The French, inconstant ever;
But, of all felts that can be felt,
Give me your English beaver.

The German loves his cony-wool
The Irishman his shag too;
The Welsh his monmouth loves to wear,
And of the same will brag too;
Some love the rough, and some the smooth,
Some great, and others small things;
But oh, your lecherous Englishman,
He loves to deal in all things.

Audience, audience, gallants all, for here, as on a stage,
I'll show the postures admiral of this Phantastick Age
Wherein both sexes are grown strange, and Phoebe-like they often change
O monsters, Neutrall monsters, leave these apish toys.

Chameleon like themselves they change to any colour seen,
 How many several fashions strange have here observed been?
 Within the circuit of few years, as by experience truth appears
 O monsters, Neutrall monsters, leave these apish toys.
 An English man or woman now I'll make excuse for neither,
 Composed are I know not how, of may shreds together:
 Italian, Spaniard, French, and Dutch, of each of these they have at touch.
 O monsters, Neutrall monsters, leave these apish toys.
 The German and the drunken Dane, The Persian and Polonian:
 The Sun-burnt Aethiopian, The Russian and Slavonian,
 Our English imitate in cloathes, in drinking, drabbing, and strange oathes.
 O monsters, Neutrall monsters, leave these apish toys.
 Now many of both sexes goe each after-noone to th play,
 Their rich Acoutrements to shew and do even what they may,
 To note if they can any spy that put them down in bravery
 O monsters, Neutrall monsters, leave these apish toys.
 Like Frenchmen all on points they stand no girdles now they weare,
 To spread this fashion through the land the Hang-man (as I heare)
 When at foure gates he hangd foure men did weare such a Dublet then.
 O monsters, Neutrall monsters, leave these apish toys.
 If any thing may give them light to see their vanity:
 In my conceit that object might make wise men to defie
 A fashion that is held so base, worne by the Hang-man in disgrace
 O monsters, Neutrall monsters, leave these apish toys.

Roxburghe Ballads, c1633-9

There liues a blithe Lasse in Faukeland towne,
 and shee had some suitors, I wot not how many;
 But her resolution she had set down,
 that shee'd haue a Blew-cap gif e're she had any:
 An English man, when our good king was there,
 Came often vnto her, and loued her deere :
 But still she replide, " Sir, I pray let me be,
 Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me."

A Welchman, that had a long sword by her side,
 red pritches, red Tublet, red Coat, & red Peard,
 Was make a creat shew with a creat deal of
 pride,
 and tell her strange tale that the like was nere
 heard ;
 Was reckon her pedigree long before Prute ;
 No body was by her that can her confute :
 But still she replide, " Sir, I pray let me be ;
 Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me.""

A Frenchman, that largely was booted and
 spur'd,
 long lock't, with a Ribon, long points and
 breeches,

Hee's ready to kisse her at euery word,
 and for further exercise his fingers itches:
 You be pritty wench, Mistris, par ma foy ;
 Be gar, me doe loue you, then be not you coy."
 But still she replide, " Sir, I pray let me be ;
 Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me."

An Irishman, with a long skeane in his hose,
 did tinke to obtaine her it was no great matter ;
 Vp stayres to her chamber so lightly he goes,
 that she ne're heard him vntil he came at her.
 Quoth he, " I do loue you, by fate and by trote,
 And if you will haue me, experience shall
 shote."
 But still she replide, " Sir, I pray let me be ;
 Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me."

A Dainty spruce Spanyard, with haire black as
 jett,
 long cloak with round cape, a long Rapier and
 Ponyard ;
 Hee told her if that shee could Scotland forget,
 hee'd shew her the Vines as they grow in the
 Vineyard.
 "If thou wilt abandon this Country so cold,

Ile shew thee faire Spaine, and much Indian gold.

But still she replide, " Sir, I pray let me be ;
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me."

A haughty high German of Hamborough towne,
a proper tall gallant, with mighty mustachoes ;
He weepes if the Lasse vpon him doe but frowne,
yet he's a great Fencer that comes to ore-match vs.

But yet all his fine fencing could not get the Lasse;
She deny'd him so oft, that he wearyed was ;
For still she replide, " Sir, I pray let me be ;
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me."

A Netherland Mariner there came by chance,
whose cheekes did resemble two roasting Pomwaters;
To this cany Lasse he his sute did aduance,

and, as taught by nature, he cunningly flatters:--
"Isk will make thee," said he, "sole Lady o'th' Sea,

Both Spaniards and Englishman shall thee obey;
But still she replide, " Sir, I pray let me be ;
Gif ever I have a man, Blew-cap for me."

At last came a Scottish-man (with a blew-cap),
and he was the party for whom she had tarry'd ;
To get this blithe bonny Lasse 'twas his gude hap,--
they gang'd to the Kirk, & were presently marry'd.
I ken not weeie whether it were Lord or Leard ;
They caude him some sike a like name as I heard ;
To chuse him from au she did gladly agree,--
And still she cride, " Blew-cap, th'art welcome to mee."

Roxburghe Ballads, 1633

Song of a Fine Skott

How now, Joky, whither away?
A wourd or twoe, I pray thee stay,
For thou art, in thy rich array.
Most like a gallant, fresh and gay!
Thy showes thow had when thow went to plowe,
Was made of the hide of some ould cowe,
Is turnd to Spanish lether nowe,
Bedect with roses, I knowe not howe.
*By my fay and by Saint Ann,
Joky will prove a gentillman.*

Thy stockynges made of the northern hew,
Which scarce cost xijd beinge newe,
Is turned nowe to silken blewe,
Which semeth strange unto my vewe.
Thy garters made of the list full gray.
Which thou frome the taylour didst steale each day,
Is turned nowe to silke full gay.
With tassells of gould and silvre, I say.

Thy hose and thy dublett which were full plaine,
Wherof great store of lice containe.
Is turned nowe; well fare thy braine.

That can by begginge this maintayne!
Thy jerkin made of the northerne gray.
Which thow hast wore this many a day.
Is turned nowe to spruce full gay.
More sweeter then the flowres in May.

Thy gerdill made of the whitt lether whange,
Which thow has wore God knawes howe long,
Is turned nowe to velvet imbrethered strange
With gould and pearle amange.
Thy band which thow did use to weare,
Which was scarce washd iij. times a yeare,
Is turnd nowe to cambricke cleare.
With broad bonelace up to the eare.

Thy blewe bonnett when thow came hether,
Which kept thy pate from wind and wether,
Is throwne away, and who can tell whether?
And thowe art in thy bever and fether.
But yf thy hap doe still indure,
Ingland at length will growe full poore:
Therefore, good Kinge, graunt them no more,
For it afflicts thy subjectes sore!
Yf this be trewe, by swete Ann,
Joky wil be no gentillman.

Anon, Early 17th Century

O ye fine smug country lasses that would for Brooks change crystall glasses,
 And be transhap'd from foot to crown, and Straw beds change for beds of Down.
Oh yes, roome for the Cryer who never yet was found a liar.
 Your Partlets turne into Rebatoes, and stead of Carrets eate Potatoes,
 Your Frontlets lay by, and your Rayles, and fringe with gold your daggled Tailles.
 Now your Hawke-noses shall have Hoods and Billiments with golden Studs:
 Strawe-hats shall be no more Bongraces from the bright Sunne to hide your faces.
 For hempen smockes to helpe the itch, have linnen sewed with silver stich;
 And where so ere they chance to stride, one bare before to be their guide.

Thomas Heywood: The Rape of Lucrece, 1630

The Song of Lemuel

Who finds a woman good and wise, a gem more worth than pearls hath got,
 Her husband's heart on her relies, to live by spoils he needeth not.
 His comfort all his life is she, But, euill none delights to doe,
 For wooll and flaxe, her searches be, And cheerefull hands she puts thereto.
 The Merchant-ship resembling right, She from a farre, her food doth set.
 Er'e day she wakes, that set she might Her maides a taske; her houshold meat.
 A field she vieweth, which she buyes: Her hand doth plant a vineyard there.
 Her Loines with courage vp she ties, Her Armes with vigour strengthned are.
 If good her huswifery she feele, By night, her Candle goes not out.
 She puts her fingers to the wheele, Her hand the spindle twirles about.
 To such as poore, and needy are, Her hand (yea both) extendeth she,
 The winter, none of hers doth feare, For double cloath'd her houshold be.
 She makes her Mantles wrought by hand, And silke and purple cloathing gets:
 Among the Rulers of the land, Knowne in the gate, her husband sits.
 For sale, fine linnin weaueth she: And girdles to the Merchant sends.
 Her cloathings, strength and honour be: And Ioy, her latter-time attends.
George Wither: The songs of the Old Testament translated into English measures, 1621

A Dittie, deliuering a freendlye admonition to VWomen

Remember good olde Sara,	She did regard her houshold,
though she be dead and rotten:	least any thing should lacke:
Shee left a lesson to all Wiues,	And would not let her Seruants want,
which should not be forgotten.	to lay it on her back.
Shée reuerenced her Husbande,	She did not gad on gossipping,
and called him her Lord:	for she could neuer learne it:
And feared least she should offend,	To spend away her Husbands thrift,
either in déede or word.	so fast as he coulde yearne it.
She did not like some Women,	Nor would she on the Sunday,
her wedded mate despise:	her time so vainely spend:
But as olde Abraham had her hart	In playting her apparrell on
so did he please her eyes.	till seruice were at end.
Neither would she cloath her selfe	Her face was neuer painted,
beyond her Husbands state:	her haire laid foorth to view:
As now some Women vainly doo,	Her ruffes were neuer starched,
and rue if all too late.	such toyes she neuer knew.

And when she lay in child-bed,
 she vsed no such chéere:
 To spend so larglie on a Feast,
 and lacke it all the yeere.
 Such fine and daintie lynnén,
 as now some Women vse:
 And such vaine cost in banquetting,
 all this to her was newes.
 She cared not for such fashions,
 as now some Women doo:
 That cannot sée a garment worne,
 but they must haue it too.
 She did regard her Husband,
 and houshold charge beside:
 Remembring that such vaine expence,
 woulde greater needes prouide.

She spent in youth aduisedly,
 least she in age should want:
 For age hath manie miseries,
 yet none so great as scant.
 Beside she had another minde,
 which manie Women lacke:
 Who iet about in others goods,
 and payment is full slacke.
 Wherefore be wise faire Women,
 and where these follies be:
 It is no shame to leaue them off,
 as Sara did you sée.
 For if you still frequent them,
 your daunger is the more:
 And time will roote your credite vp.
 be well aduisde therefore.

Anthony Munday: A Banquet of Daintie Conceites, 1588

'Of a number of rats mistaken for devils in a man's slops'

A big breeched man fearing dear days to come
 Bestowed in his breech a cheese, hard by his bum,
 And leaving of those hose for days two or three,
 Rats, two or three, crept into those breech they be.
 Appointing themselves of that cheese to be keepers,
 In which ware watch, be sure, they were no sleepers.
 No wight riding men, from Sandwich to Sarum
 Could win that cheese from them without alarum.
 At three days' end this man putting these hose on,
 Having tied his points, the rats began
 To start and to stir that breech round about,
 To seek and find some way, what way to get out.
 But that breech was bolstered so with such broad bars,
 Such cranks, such cony holes, such cuts and stars,
 With ward within ward that the rats were as fast,
 As though they with thieves in Newgate were cast.
 This man in his breeches a-feeling such fumbling,
 Such rolling, such rumbling, such jousting and jumbling,
 He was therewith stricken in such frantic fear
 Thinking sure to himself that some spirits were there.
 He ran out, he cried out, without coat or cloak,
 Those rats in those rags whined like pigs in a poke.
 'A conjurer' cried he, 'in haste, I beseech!
 To conjure the devil; the devil's in my breech!'
 Running and turning in and out as he flung,
 Then one of the rats by the ribs he so wrung
 That the rat in her rage to his buttock he gat her,
 She set in her teeth-his eyes ran a-water.
 She bit, he cried, dogs barked, people shouted,
 Horns blew, bells rung, the devil none doubted
 To be in his breech, to bring him straighrway to hell,

The wonder and woe whereof, too much to tell.
 At last to see what bugs in his breech so 'fraid him,
 Four or five manful men manfully stayed him.
 The rats hopping out at his hose pulling off,
 All this sad matter turned to merry scoff.
 \When he saw these rats, by this cheese, brought this fear,
 Rejoicing the scape, he did solemnly swear,
 That in his breech should come no cheese after that,
John Heywoodes woorkes, 1560

Every dame affects good fame, whate'er her doings be,
 But true praise is Virtue's bays, which none may wear but she.
 Borrowed guise fits not the wise, a simple look is best;
 Native grace becomes a face though ne'er so rudely drest.
 Now such new-found toys are sold these women to disguise,
 hat before the year grows old the newest fashion dies.
 Dames of yore contended more in goodness to exceed,
 Than in pride to be envied for that which least they need.
 Little lawn then serve[d] the Pawn, if Pawn at all there were;
 Homespun thread and household bread then held out all the year.
 But th' attires of women now wear out both house and land;
 That the wives in silk may flow, at ebb the good men stand.
 Once again, Astræa! then from heaven to earth descend,
 And vouchsafe in their behalf these errors to amend.
 Aid from heaven must make all even, things are so out of frame;
 For let man strive all he can, he needs must please his dame.
 Happy man, content that gives and what he gives enjoys!
 Happy dame, content that lives and breaks no sleep for toys!

Thomas Campion: The Fourth Book of Ayres, c1613

Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
 O! Gin my wife had drink hooly and fairly

Down in yon meadow a couple did tarrie,
 The goodwife drank nothing but sack and
 Canary,
 The goodman complain'd to her friends right
 airly,
 O! Gin my wife had drink hooly and fairly

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,
 And syne she drank her bonny new gown;
 She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely,
 O! Gin my wife had drink hooly and fairly

Wad she drink her ain things, I wadna care,
 But she drinks my claiths I canna weel spare;
 When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me fairly,
 O! Gin my wife had drink hooly and fairly

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a wad,
 The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;
 At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.
 O! Gin my wife had drink hooly and fairly

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
 Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in
 pawns;
 My bane-headed staff that I loo'd so dearly.
 O! Gin my wife had drink hooly and fairly

Anon, 1630s or before

**The Map of Mock-begger Hall,
with his scituation in the spacious Countrey, called, Anywhere.**

I Reade in ancient times of yore,
That men of worthy calling
Build almes houses and Spittles store,
Which now are all downe falling:
And few men séeke them to repaire,
Nor is there one among twenty,
That for good déeds will take any care,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

Young Landlords when to age they come,
Their rents they will be racking,
The tenant must giue a golden sum,
Or else he is turn'd packing,
Great fines and double rent beside,
Or else they'l not content be,
It is to maintaine their monstrous pride,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

Their fathers went in homely frees,
And good plaine broad-cloath breeches,
Their stockings with the same agrees,
Sow'd on with good strong stitches.

They were not then call'd Gentlemen,
Though they had wealth great plenty,
Now euery gul's growne worshipfull,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

No gold nor siluer parchment lace
Was worne but by our Nobles,
Nor would the honest harmlesse face,
Weare Ruffes with so many doubles,
Our bands were to our shirts sowne then,
Bot cloath was full as plenty,
Now one band hath more cloath than ten,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

Now we are Apes in imitation,
The more indeed's the pitty,
The City followes the Strangers fashion,
The Countrey followes the City,
And ere one fashion is knowne throughout,
Another they will inuent yee,
Tis all your gallants study about,
While mock beggers hall stands empty.

Roxburghe Ballads, c1633-5

**A Description of the King of Fayries Clothes,
brought to him on New-yeares day in the morning, 1626. by his Queenes Chamber-maids.**

When the monthly horned Queene,
Grew iealous that the stars had seene
Her rising from Endimions armes,
In rage she threw her misty charmes
Into the bosom of the night
To dime their curious prying light;
Then did the dwarfish faerie elves
(having first attired themselves)
Prepare to dress their Oberon King,
In light robes for revelling.
First a cobbweb shirt more thin
Then ever spider since could spin,
Bleach'd by the whitenes of the Snowe,
As the stormy wind did blow
It, in the vast and freezing aire
Noe shirt halfe so white so faire.

A rich wascoate they did bring
Made of the trouteflies gilded wing,
Att which his Elfeship gan to frett,
Swearing it would make him frett,
Euen with its weight, and needes would weare
His wascott made of downy haire

New shaven from an Eunuches chinne,
That pleas'd him, for 'twas wondrous thin.

The outside of his doublet was
Made of the true loue 4 leav'd grasse,
On which was set so rare a glosse
By the oil of wispye mosse,
That through a mist by starry light
It made a rainbow in the night.

On every seame there was a lace
Drawne by the unctuous snail's slow pace,
To which the purest siuer thread
Compar'd, did looke like dullest lead.
Each button was a sparkling eye
Tane from the speckled adders frye,
Which in a gloomy night and darke,
Twinckled like a fiery sparke.
And for softnes next his skyn
Twas with white poppy lin'd within.

His breeches of the fleece were wrought
Which from Colchos Jason Broght;

Spun into so fine a yarne
That mortalls might it not discern
Wov'n by Arachne on her loome
Just before shee had her doome,
Dy'd crimson by a maidens blush
And lin'd with soft dandelion plush.

A rich mantle he did weare
Made of the tinsell gossamere
Bestarred over with a few
Diamond drops of morning dew.

His cap was all of Ladies loue
Soe passing light that it would move
If anny humming gnatt or flye
But buzz'd the aire in passing by.
About is was a wreath of pearle
Dropt from the eyes of some poore girl
Who pinch because she had forgot
To leave cleane water in the pot.
For a feather he did weare

Old Nisus fatal purple haire.

The sword they girded on his Thigh,
Was smallest blade of finest Rye.

A paire of buskings they did bring
Of the Cow Ladyes Corall wing,
Powdered ore with spots of jet
And lined with purple violet.

His belt was made of myrtle leaves
Plaited in small curious threaues,
Beset with amber cowslip studs,
And fringe about with daizie buds;

In which his bugle horne was hung
Made of the babbling Ecchoes tongue
Which set upon his moone burnt lips
He winds, and then his fayrie skips,
At that the lazy drone gan sound,
And each did trip a fairie round.

Sir Simeon Steward, 1627

The Ballad of the Caps

The Wit hath long beholding been
Unto the Cap to keep it in,
But now the wits fly out amain
In praise to quit the Cap again;
The Cap that keeps the highest part
Obtains the place by due desert:
*For any Cap, what ere it bee,
It still the signe of some degree,*

The Monmoth Cap, the Saylor thrumbe,
And that wherein the Tradesman come,
The Physick Cap, the Cap Divine,
And that which Crowns the Muses nine,
The Cap that fools do Countenance,
The goodly Cap of Maintenance.
For any Cap, &c.

The sickly Cap both plain and wrought,
The Fudling Cap how ever bought,
The Woolsted, Furr'd, the Velvet, Sattin,
For which so many pates learn Latin;
The Cruel Cap; the Fustian Pate,
The Perewig a Cap of Late:
For any Cap, &c.

The Souldiers that the Monmoth wear,
On Castles-tops their Ensigns rear;
The Sea-man with his Thrumb doth stand
On higher parts then all the land;
The Tradesmans Cap aloft is born,
By vantage of a stately horn.
For any Cap, &c.

The Physick Cap to dust can bring
Without controul the greatest King,
The Lawyers Cap hath Heavenly might
To make a crooked action straight;
And if you'l line him in the fist,
The Cause he'l warrant as he list.
For any Cap, &c.

Inth East and West, and North and South,
Where ere the Gospel hath a mouth,
The Cap Divine doth thither look;
'Tis Square like Scholars and their Books:
The rest are Round, but this is Square,
To shew their Wits more stable are:
For any Cap, &c.

Wit and Mirth, 1656