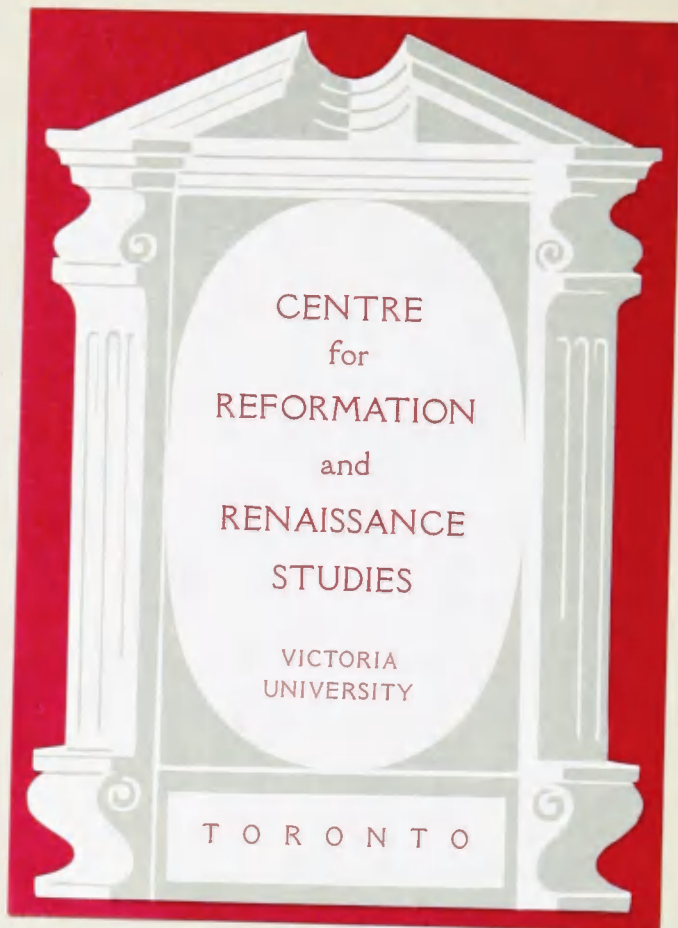




CENTRE
for
REFORMATION
and
RENAISSANCE
STUDIES

VICTORIA
UNIVERSITY

T O R O N T O

THE
WORTHINES
OF
W A L E S

BY
THOMAS CHURCHYARD

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF
1587

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1876

PR

2234

A77

1876

REF. & REN.



PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

12,556

NOTICE.

A COMPLETE Collection of the Works of Thomas Churchyard, reprinted in exact conformity to the original editions, has been long felt to be a great desideratum. The republications issued by Mr. J. P. Collier, valuable in themselves, have only applied to selected pieces, and the very limited number of copies printed have left the original demand, even as respects those, in a great measure unsatisfied. To remedy this generally admitted want, the Council of the Spenser Society propose, if the feeling of the members appear to coincide with theirs, to reproduce, according as they can be conveniently issued with due regard to the completion of other works now in progress, the various writings of Thomas Churchyard, and have now the pleasure of submitting, as a preliminary specimen, *The Worthines of Wales*, which has always been considered as one of the most interesting and valuable of his poetical productions, and is now reprinted as nearly as possible in fac-simile form from the beautiful copy of the original edition in Chetham's Library, Manchester.

JAS. CROSSLEY,

PRESIDENT.

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THE
Worthines
of Wales:

*VVherein are more then a thousand severall things
rehearsed : some set out in prose to the pleasure of the
Reader, and with such varietie of verse for the
beautifying of the Book, as no doubt shal
delight thousands to vnderstand.*

*Which worke is enterlarded with many wonders and right strange
matter to consider of : All the which labour and deuice is
drawn forth and set out by Thomas Church-
yard, to the glorie of God, and honour of
his Prince and Countrey.*



¶ Imprinted at London, by G.
Robinson, for Thomas Cadman.

1587.



To the Queenes

most Excellent Maiestie, Elizabeth,
by the grace of God, Queene of England,
Fraunce and Ireland, &c. Thomas Church-
yard wisheth alwayes blessednes, good fortune,
victorie, and worldly honour, with the encrease
of quiet raigne, vertuous lyfe, and most
Princely gouernment.



MOST Redoubted and Royall
Queene, that Kings doe feare,
Subiects doe honour, strangers
seeke succour of, and people of
speciall spirit acknowledge (as
their manifold books declare)
I least of all, presume to farre,
either in presenting matter to be iudged of, or to ad-
uenture the cracking of credite, with writing any
thing, that may breede mislike (presents not well ta-
ken) in the deepe iudgement of so high and mightie
a Princeesse. But where a multitude runnes forward
(forced through desire or fortune) to shewe duetie,
or to see what falleth out of their forwardnes, I step-
ping in among the rest, am driuen and led (by affec-

tion

The Epistle

tion to followe) beyond the force of my power or feeling of any learned arte. So being thrust on with the throng, I finding my self brought before the presence of your Maiestie (but barely furnished of knowledge) to whom I must utter some matter of delight, or from whom I must retourne all abashed with open disgrace. Thus Gracious Lady, under your Princely fauour I haue vndertaken to set foorth a worke in the honour of VVales, where your highnes auncestors tooke name, and where your Maiestie is as much loued and feared, as in any place of your highnesse dominion. And the loue and obedience of which people so exceeds, and surpasseth the common goodwill of the worlde, that it seemeth a wonder in our age (wherein are so many writers) that no one man doth not worthely according to the countries goodnes set forth that noble Soyle and Nation. Though in decde diuers haue sleightly written of the same, and some of those labours deserueth the reading, yet except the eye be a witnes to their workes, the writers can not therein sufficiently yeeld due commendation to those stately Soyles and Principalities. For which cause I haue trauayled sondry times of purpose through the same, and what is written of I haue beheld, and thoroughly seene, to my great contentment

Dedicatorie

tentment and admiration. For the Citties, Townes, and goodly Castles thereof are to be mused on, and merites to bee registred in euerlasting memorie, but chiefly the Castles (that stand like a company of Fortes) may not be forgotten, their buyldings are so princely, their strength is so greate, and they are such stately seates and defences of nature. To which Castles great Royaltie and linings belongeth, and haue bene and are in the giftes of Princes, now possessed of noble men and such as they appoint to keep them. The royalties whereof are alwayes looked vnto, but the Castles doe dayly decay, a sorrowfull sight and in a maner remediles. But nowe to come to the cōditions of the people, & to shew somewhat of their curtesie, loyalty, & naturall kindnes, I presume your Maiestie will pardon me to speake of, for of trueth your highnes is no soner named among them, but such a generall reioysing doth arise, as maketh glad any good mans hart to behold or heare it, it proceeds of such an affectionate fauour. For let the meaneest of the Court come downe to that countrey, he shalbe so saluted, halsted and made of, as though he were some Lords sonne of that soyle, & further the plain people thinks it debt & duetie, to follow a strangers Stirrop (being out of the way) to bring him where

* 3 he

The Epistle

*he wisheth, which gentlenes in all countries is not used, and yet besides all this goodnes and great regard, there is neither hewe nor cry (for a robbery) in many hundreth myles riding, so whether it be for feare of iustice, loue of God, or good disposition, small Robberies or none at all are heard of there. They triumph likewise so much of fidelitie, that the very name of a falsifier of promes, a murtherer or a thief, is most odious among them, especially a Traytor is so hated, that his whole race is rated at and abhord as I haue heard there, report of Parrie and others, who the common people would haue torne in peeces if the lawe had not proceeded. And such regard they haue one of another, that neither in market townes, high wayes, meetings, nor publicke assemblies they strine not for place, nor shewe any kind of roysting: for in sted of such high stomackes and stoutnes, they vse frendly salutations and courtesie, acknowledging duetie thereby, & doing such reuerence to their betters, that euery one in his degree is so well vnderstood and honored, that none can iustly say hee hath suffered iniurie, or found offence by the rude & barbarous behauiour of the people. These vsages of theirs, with the rest that may be spoken of their ciuil maner and honest frame of lyfe, doth argue there is
some*

Dedicatorie

Some more nobler nature in that Nation, then is generally reported, which I doubt not but your Highnes is as willing to heare as I am desirous to make manifest and publish: the hope whereof redoubleth my boldnes, and may happely sheeld me from the hazard of worlds hastie iudgement, that condemnes men without cause for writing that they know, and praysing of people before their faces: (which suspicious heads call a kind of adulation) but if telling of troth, be rebukable, and playne speeches be offense, the ignorant world shall dwell long in errors, and true writers may sodaynly sit in silence. I haue not only searched sondry good Authors for the confirmation of my matter, but also paynfully traueiled to trye out the substance of that is written, for feare of committing some unpardonable fault and offence, in presenting this Booke vnto your Highnesse. VVhich worke, albeit it is but litle, (because it treateth not of many Shieres) yet greatly it shal reioyce the whole Countrey of VVales, whē they shall heare it hath found fauour in your gracious sight, & hath passed through those blessed hands, that holds the rayne and bridle of many a stately Kingdome, and Terrytorie. And my selfe shall reape so much gladnesse, by the free passage of this simple labour, that
here-

The Epistle

*hereafter I shall goe through (GOD sparing life)
with the rest of the other Shieres not heere named.
These things only taken in hād, to cause your High-
nesse to knowe, what puyfance and strength such a
Princesse is of, that may commaund such a people:
and what obedience loue and loyaltie is in such a
Countrey, as hereunto hath bin but little spoken of,
and yet deserueth most greateſt lawdation. And in
deede the more honorable it is, for that your High-
nesse princely Auncestors sprong forth of the noble
braunches of that Nation. Thus duetifully pray-
ing for your Maieſties long preſeruatiō, (by whoſe
bountie and goodnesſe I a long while haue liued)*

*I wiſh your Highneſſe all the hap, honour,
victorie, and harts eaſe, that can
be deſired or imagined.*

*Your Highneſſe humble Seruant and
Subiect, Thomas Churchyard.*



☛ To euery louing and
friendly Reader.



T may seeme straunge (good Reader that I haue chosen in the end of my daies to trauaile, and make discription of Countries : whereas the beginning of my youth (and a long while after) I haue haüted the warres, and written somewhat of Martiall Discipline : but as euery season breedeth a seuerall humour, and the humours of men are diuers : (drawing the mynd to fondrie dispositions) so common occasion that commands the iudgement, hath set me a worke, and the warme good will & affection, borne in breast, towards the worthie Countrey of Wales, hath haled me often forward, to take this labour in hand, which many before haue learnedly handled. But yet to shewe a difference in writing, and a playnnesse in speech (because playne people affects no flourishing phrase) I haue now in as ample a maner (without borrowed termes) as I could, declared my opinion of that sweete Soyle and good Subiects thereof, euen at that very instant, when Wales was almost forgotten, or scarce remembred with any great lawdation, when it hath merited to be written of : for sondrie famous causes most meete to be honored, and necessary to be touched in. First, the world will confesse (or els it shall do wrong) that some of our greatest Kings (that haue conquered much) were borne & bred in that Countrey : which Kings in their times, to the glory of England, haue wrought wonders, & brought great benefites to our weale publicke. Among the same Princes, I pray you giue me leaue to place our good Queene Elizabeth, and pardō me withall to com-

A

mit

mit you to the Chronicles, for the seeking out of her Auncetors noble actions, and suffer me to shewe a little of the goodnesse, gathered by vs, from her Maiesties well doing, and possessed a long season from her princely and iust dealings. An act so noble & notorious, that neither can escape immortall fame, nor shall not passe my pen vnresited.

Now weigh in what plight was our state when she came first to the Crowne, and see how soone Religion was reformed, (a matter of great moment) peace planted, and warres vtterly extinguished, as the sequell yet falleth out.

Then behold how she succoured the afflicted in *Fraunce*, (let the going to *Newhauen* beare witnesse) and chargeably without breaking of League mainteyned her friends and amazed her enemies.

Then looke into the seruice and preservation of *Scotland* (at the siege of *Leeth*) and see how finely the French were al shipped away (they being a great power) and sent home in such sort, that neuer since they had mynd to returne thether againe, in that fashion and forme that they sayled towards *Scotland* at the first.

Then consider how bace our money was, & in what short tyme (with little losse to our Countrey) the bad coyne was converted to good siluer: and so is like to continue to the end of the world.

Then in the aduancing of Gods word and good people, regard how *Rochell* was relieued, and *Rone* and other places found cause to pray for her life, who fought to purchase their peace and see them in safetie.

Then thinke on the care she tooke for *Flaunders*, during the first troubles, and how that Countrey had bene vtterly destroyed, if her Highnes helping hand had not propped vp that tottering State.

Then Christianly cōceiue how many multitudes of strangers she hath giuen gracious countenance vnto, and hath freely licensed them to liue here in peace and rest.

Then pause in an equall ballance the daungerous estate of *Scotland* once againe, when the Kings owne Subiects kept the

the Castle of *Edenbrough* against their owne naturall Lord and Maister: which presumptuous part of Subiects, her Highnesse could not abide to behold: whereupon she sent a sufficient power to ayde the Kings Maiestie: which power valiantly wonne the Castle, and freely deliuered the same to the right owner thereof, with all the treasure and prisoners therein.

Then regard how honourably she hath dealt with diuers Princes that came to see her, or needed her magnificēt sup-
portation and countenance.

Then looke throughly into the mightinesse and managing of all matters gone about and put in exercise princely, and yet peaceably since the day of her Highnesse Coronation, and you shalbe forced to confesse that she surmounts a great number of her Predecessors: and she is not at this day no whit inferiour to the greatest Monarke of the world.

Is not such a peereles Queene then, a comfort to Wales, a glorie to England, and a great reioysing to all her good neighbours? And doth not she daily deserue to haue bookes dedicated in the highest degree of honor to her Highnesse? Yes vndoubtedly, or els my fences and iudgement fayleth me.

So (good Reader) do iudge of my labours: my pen is procured by a band of causes to write as farre as my knowledge may leade: and my duetie hath no end of seruice, nor no limits are set to a loyall Subiect, but to wish and worke to the vttermost of power.

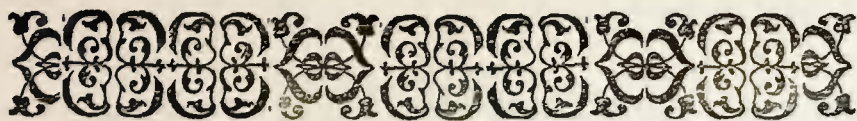
Within this worke are feuerall discourses: some of the beautie & blessednes of the Countrey: some of the strength and statelynesse of their inpregnable Castles: some of their trim Townes and fine situation: some of their antiquitie, shewing from what Kings and Princes they tooke their first name and prerogative. So generally of all maner of matters belonging to that Soyle, as Churches, Monuments, Mountaynes, Valleys, Waters, Bridges, fayre Gentlemens houses, and the rest of things whatsoeuer, may become a writers pen to touch, or a readers iudgement to knowe. I write not

William
Malmesburie
de regibus an-
glorum.
Dauid Powell
a late writer,
yet excellently
learned, made
a sharp inuec-
tive against
William Par-
nus and Polli-
dor Virgill (&
all their com-
plices) accu-
sing them of
lying tongues,
enuyous de-
traction, mali-
cious flaun-
ders, reproach-
full and veno-
mous lan-
guage, wilfull
ignorance, dog-
ged enuie, and
cankered
minde, for
that thei spake
vnreuerently
of Arthur, and
many other
thrife noble
Princes.
Ieffrey of
Monmouth.
Matthewe of
Westminster,
and others are
here in like
fort to be read
& looked on.

contentiously to find fault with any, or confute the former writers and tyme: but to aduance and winne credite to the present trueth, agreeing and yeelding to all former tymes and ages, that hath iustly giuen euery Nation their due, and truly without affection hath set downe in plaine words the worthines of plaine people: for I honor and loue as much a true Author, as I hate and detest a reporter of trifeling fables. A true Historie is called the Mistresse of life: and yet all Historyographers in writing of one thing, agree not well one with another: because the writers were not present in the tymes, in the places, nor saw the persons they make mētion of: but rather haue leaned and listned on the common report, than stayed or trusted to their owne experience.

Strabo a most famous writer findes fault (for the like occasion) with *Erstaotheus*, *Metrodorus*, *Septius*, *Possidonius*, and *Patrocles* the Geographer: And such discord did arise amōg writers in tyme past, as *Iosephus* saith against *Appio*, that they reprooued one another by bookes, and all men in generall reprooued *Herodotus*.

God shield me from such caueling for I deliuer but what I haue seene and read: alledging for defence both auncient Authors, and good tryall of that is written. Wherefore (loving Reader) doe rather struggle with those two strong pillars of knowledge, than strue with the weaknesse of my inuention: which to auoyde sharpnesse (and bitter words) is sweetned and seasoned with gentle verses, more pleasant to some mens eares then prose, and vnder whose smooth grace of speech, more acceptable matter is conuayed, then the common sort of people can comprehend. For verses like a familiar friend (with a gallant phrase) rides quietly by thousands, and dasheth no one person, and galloping cleanly away merites no rebuke: when prose with a soft pace cannot with such cunning passe vnperceiued. But all is one when in neither of both is found no matter of mistrust, nor speeches to offend, there is no cause of dislike. So crauing thy good opinion, good Reader farewell.



A true note of the

auncient Castles, famous Monu-

*ments, goodly Riuers, faire Bridges,
fine Townes, and courteous people,
that I haue seene in the noble
Countrie of Wales.*



Through sondrie Soyles, and stately
Kingdomes rich,

Long haue I traest, to tread out time
and yeares:

Where I at will, haue surely seene
right mitch,

As by my works, and printed bookes
appeares.

And weariéd thus, with toyle in for-
rayne place,

I homeward dye, to take some rest a space:

But labouring mynd, that rests not but in bed,

Began a fresh, to trouble restless hed.

Then newfound toyles, that haies men all in haste,

To runne on head, and looke not where they goe:

Bade reason ride, where loue should be enbraste,

And where tyme could, his labour best bestowe.

To Wales (quoth Wit), there doth plaine people dwell,

So mayst thou come, to heauen out of hell:

For Fraunce is fine, and full of faithlesse waies,

Doore Flaunders grosse, and farre from happie daies.

Ritch Spayne is proude, and sterne to straungers all,

In Italie, poysning is alwaies rife:

The Authors
troublesome
life briefly
set downe.

A short note
of the nature
of many Cou-
tries, with the
disposition of
the people
there.

B

And

The worthines

And Germanie, to Dunkennesse doth fall,
The Danes likewise, doe leade a bibbing life.
The Scots seeke bloud, and beare a cruell mynde,
Ireland growes nought, the people ware unkynd:
England God wot, hath leaſt ſuch leaſedneſſe late,
That Wales methinks, is now the ſoundeſt ſtate.

A commen-
dation of the
loyaltie of
Welſhmen.

In all the reſt, of Kingdomes farre or nere,
A tricke or two, of treacherie ſtaynes the Soyle:
But ſince the tyme that rule and lawe came here,
This Brittiſh land, was neuer put to ſoyle,
For ſoule offence, or fault it did commit:
The people here, in peace doth quiet ſit,
Obayes the Prince, without reuolt or iarre,
Be cauſe they know, ethe ſmart of Ciuill warre.

A rehearfall of
great ſtrife and
diſſention that
ruinated
Wales.

Whyles quarrels rage, did nourish ruyne and wacke,
And Owen Glendore, ſet bloodie hypples abgach:
Full many a Towne, was ſpyld and put to lacke,
And cleane conſum'd, to Countries ſoule reproach.
Great Caſtles caſt, fayre Buyldings burnt to duſt,
Such reuell raignde, that men did liue by luſt:
But ſince they came, and peccided vnto Lawe,
Moſt meeke as Lambe, within one yoke they drawe.

How Lawe
and loue links
men together
like brethren.

Like brethren now, doe Welſhmen ſtill agree,
In as much loue, as any men aliu:
The friendſhip therz, and concord that I ſee,
I doe compare, to Bees in Honey hie.
Which keepe in ſwarme, and hold together ſtill,
Yet gladly ſhowe, to ſtraunger great good will:
A courteous kynd, of loue in euery place,
A man may finde, in ſimple peoples face.

The accuſto-
med courteſie
of Wales.

Paſſe where you pleaſe, on Plaine or Mountaine wilde,
And beare your ſeiſe, in ſweete and ciuill ſort:

And

of Wales.

And you shall sure, be hault with man and childe,
Who will salute, with gentle comely port
The passers by: on haues they stand not so,
Without good speech, to let a trau'ler go:
They thinke it dett, and dutie franke and free,
In Towne or fielde, to yeeld you cap and knee.

They will not strue, to royst and take the way,
Of any man, that trauesles through their Land:
A greater thing, of Wales now will I say,
We may come there, beare purse of gold in hand,
Or mightie bagges, of siluer stuffed thowe,
And no one man, dare touch your treasure now:
Which shewes some grace, doth rule and guyde them there,
That doth to God, and man such Conscience beare.

No such theft
and robberie
in Wales as in
other Coun-
tries.

Behold besides, a further thing to note,
The best cheape cheare, they haue that may be found:
The shot is great, when each mans paies his groate,
If all alike, the reckoning runneth round.
There market good, and victuals nothing deare,
Each place is filde, with plentie all the yeare:
The grounde mannurde, the graine doth so encrease,
That thousands liue, in wealth and blessed peace.

Victuals good
cheape in most
part of Wales.

But come againe, vnto their courteous hose,
That wins the hearts, of all that markes the same:
The like wherof, through all the world doe goe,
And scarce ye shall, finde people in such frame.
For meeke as Dove, in looks and speech they are,
Not rough and rude, (as spitefull tongues declare)
No sure they seeme, no sooner out of shell,
(But nature shewes) they knowe good maners well.

A great re-
buke to those
that speakes
not truely of
Wales.

How can this be, that weaklings nurse so harde,
(Who barely goes, both barefoote and uncled)

Good disposi-
tion neuer
wants good
maners.

B 2

In

The worthines

In gifts of mynd, should haue so great regarde,
Except within, from birth some grace were hied.
It must be so, doe wit not me deceaue,
What nature giues, the world cannot bereaue:
In this remaines, a secrete worke deuine,
Which shewe they rise, from auncient race and line.

Good & true
Authors that
affirmes more
goodnesse in
Wales than
I write of.

In Authors old, you shall that plainly reade,
Geraldus one, and learned Geffrey two:
The third for troth, is Venerable Beade,
That many graue, and worthie workes did doe.
What needes this prooffe, or genalogies here,
Their noble blood, doth by their liues appeare:
Their stately Townes, and Castles euery where,
Of their renowme, doth daily witnesse beare.

A description of Mon- *mouth Shiere.*

Two Riuers
by Mōmouth,
the one called
Monnow,
and the other
Wye.

First I begin, at auncient Monmouth now,
That stands by Wye, a Riuer large and long:
I will that Shiere, and other Shieres goe throuwe,
Describe them all, or els I did them wrong.
It is great blame, to writers of our daies,
That treates of world, and giues to Wales no praise:
They rather hyde, in clowde (and cunning foyle)
That Land than yeeld, right glorie to that Soyle,

King Henry
the fifth.
Neere the
Towne Sir
Charles Har-
bert of Troy
dwelt in a faire
Seate called
Troy.

A King of ours, was borne in Monmouth sure,
The Castle there, records the same a right:
And though the walles, which cannot still endure,
Throughe sore decay, shewes nothing fayre to sight.
In Seate it selfe, (and well plaske Citie old)
By view ye may, a Princely plot behold:

Good

of Wales.

Good mynds they had, that first those walles did raise,
That makes our age, to thinke on elders daies.

The King here borne, did proue a peereles Prince,
He conquerd Fraunce, and raign'd nine yeeres in hap:
There was not here, so great a Victor since,
That had such chaunce, and Fortune in his lap.
For he by fate, and force did couet all,
And as turne came, stroke hard at Fortunes ball:
With manly mynd, and ran a reddie way,
To lose a ioynt, or winne the Gole by play.

If Monmouth bring, such Princes forth as this,
A Soyle of grace, it shalbe calde of right:
Speake what you can, a happie Seate it is,
A trim Shiere towne, for Noble, Barron or Knight.
A Cittie sure, as free as is the best,
Where Size is kept, and learned Lawyers rest:
Buylt auncient wise, in sweete and wholesome ayre,
Where the best sort, of people oft repaire.

Not farre from thence, a famous Castle fine,
That Ragglan hight, stands moted almost round:
Made of Freestone, upright as straight as line,
Whose workmanship, in beautie doth abound.
The curious knots, wrought all with edged toole,
The stately Tower, that lookes ore Pond and Poole:
The Fountaine trim, that runs both day and night,
Doth peeld in showe, a rare and noble sight.

Now Chepstowe comes, to mynd (as well it may)
Whose Seate is set, some part vpon an hill:
And through the Towne, to Neawport lyes a way,
That ore a Bridge, on Wye you ride at will.
This Bridge is long, the Riuer swift and great,
The Mountaine higge, about doth shade the Seate:

At Wyneflow
now dwells Sir
Thomas Har-
bert, a little
from the same
Troy.

Maister Roger
Ieames dwelt
at Troy nere
this Towne.

The Earle of
Worcesters
house and
Castle.
The Earle of
Penbroke that
was created
Earle by King
Edward the 4.
buylt the Ca-
stell of Rag-
glan sump-
tuously at the
first.
Earle of Wor-
cester Lord
hereof.
A faire bridge.
Maister Lewis
of Saint Peere
dwelles nere
that.

The worthines

Sir Charles
Sommerfet at
the Grange
doth dwell
now.

The craggie Rocks, that oze the Towne doth lye,
Of force farre of, doth hinder viewe of eye.

Sir William
Morgan that
is dead dwelt
at Pennycoyd.

The common Port, and Hauen is so good,
It merits praise, because Barkes there doe ride:
To which the Sea, comes in with flowing flood,
And doth foure howers, aboue the Bridge abide.
Beyond the same, doth Tynnterne Abbey stand,

Harbet of Col-
broke buried
there.

As old a Sell, as is within that Land:
Where diuers things, hath bene right worthie note,
Whereof as yet, the troth I haue not got.

Chepstow.

In the Castle
there is an an-
cient tower
called Longis
tower, wherby
rests a tale to
be considered
of.

To Chepstowe yet, my pen agayne must passe,
Where Strongbow once, (an Earle of rare renowne)
A long time since, the Lord and Maister was
(In princely sort) of Castle and of Towne.

Of this Earle
is a great and
worthie tale to
be heard.

Then after that, to Mowbray it befell,
Of Norfolke Duke, a worthie knowne full well:
Who sold the samet, o William Harbert Knight,
That was the Earle, of Penbrooke then by right.

A peece of a
petigree.

Earle Strong-
bowe was ma-
ried to the
King of Lyn-
sters Daughter
in Ireland, and
this Strong-
bowe wan by
force of armes
the Earledoms
of Wolster &
Tyroll.

His eldest Sonne, that did succeede his place,
(Of Huntyngton: and Penbrooke Earle likewise)
Had but one childe, a Daughter of great race:
And she was matcht, with pompe and solempne guise,
To Somersfet, that was Lord Chamberlaine,
And made an Earle, in Henry leuenths raigne:
Of him doth come, Earle Worster liuing nowe,
Who buildeth vp, the house of Ragglan thowre.

A Creation of an Earle.

Eward by the grace of God, King most imperiall,
Of Fraunce, & England, & the Lord of Ireland therewithall,
To Archbishops, & Bishops all, to Abbotes and to Priors
To Dukes, to Earles, to Barrons, & to Sheriffes of the shires,
To

of Wales.

To Iustices, to Maiors, and chiefe of Townly gouernment,
 To Baylieffes, & my lichesolke all, haue herewith greeting sent.
 Knowe ye whereas we iudge it is a gracious Prince his parte,
 To yeeld loue, fauour, and reward to men of great desarte:
 Who of himseife, his Royall house, and of the publique state,
 Haue well deseru'd, theire vertues rare euer to renumerate:
 And to adorne with high reward, such vertue cleere and bright,
 Stirrs others by to great attempts, and faintnes puts to flight.
 We following on the famous course, y^e former Kings haue run,
 That worthie & approued wight, whose deedes most nobly dun,
 Haue greatest things of vs deseru'd, we do intend to raise,
 To fame and honors highest type, with gifts of Princely praise,
 That truely regall are we meane, that valiant worthie Knight,
 That William Herbert hath to name, & now L. Herbert hight.
 Whose seruice whē we first did raigne, we did most faithfull find,
 When for our royal right we fought, which stil we call to mind:
 To which we ad from then till now, continuall seruices,
 Which many were wherof each one, to vs most pleasing is.
 And chieflly when as lately now, his deedes did him declare,
 A worthie Knight wherby he gayn'd, both fame and glorie rare:
 When as that Rebelle and our foe, euen Iasper Tudors sonne,
 who said he Earle of Penbroke was, did westwales coast oerū.
 And there by subtilt thifts and force, did diuers sondrie waies
 Anoy our State, and therewithall a byle Sedition raise.
 But there he gaue to him a fiede, and with a balliant hand
 Dethrew him and his forces all, that on his part did stand.
 And marching all along those Coasts, y^e most he shew out right,
 The rest he brake and so disperst, they gaue themselves to flight.
 Our Castle then of Hardelach, that from our first daies raigne,
 A refuge for all Rebels did, against vs still remaine:
 A ffort of wonderous force, besiege about did he,
 And tooke it, where in most mens myndes, it could not taken be.
 He wan it & did make them yeeld, who there their lastie fought,
 And all the Countrie thereabouts, to our obedience brought.
 These therefore his most worthie Acts, we calling into minde,
 His seruices and great desarts, which we praise worthie finde:
And

The worthines

And for that cause we willing him, with honours royally
 For to adorne, decke, and aduaunce, and to sublime on hye.
 The eight day of September, in the eight yeere of our Raigne,
 We by this Charter, that for ours shall firme for euer remaine:
 Of speciall grace and knowledg sure, sound and determinate,
 And motiō meere him William doe, of Penbroke Count create
 Great, preferre, and vnto him the Title stile and state,
 And name thereof and dignitie, for euer appropriate,
 As Earle of Penbroke and withall, we giue all rights that do
 All honours and preheminance, that state pertaine vnto:
 With which estate, stile, honor, great, and worthie dignitie,
 By cincture of a Sword, we him ennoble reallie.

The Authors
 verses in the
 honor of no-
 ble mynds.

For that the sence, and worthie words were great,
 The seruice such, as merites noble fame:
 The forme thereof, in verse I doe reapeate,
 And shewe likewise, the Latine of the same.
 He seru'd a King, that could him well reward,
 And of his house, and race tooke great regard,
 And recompens't, his manly doing right,
 With honor due, to such a noble knight.

Good men are
 made of, and
 bad men re-
 buked.

Where loyall mynd, doth offer life and all,
 For to preserue, the Prince and publique state:
 There doth great hap, and thankfull Fortune fall,
 As guerdon sent, by destiny and good fate.
 No Soueraine can, forget a Subjects troeth,
 With whose good grace, great loue and fauour goeth:
 Great gifts and place, great glorie and renowne,
 They get and gayne, that truely serues a Crowne.

Sir William
 Harbert of
 Saint Gillyans.

And thou my Knight, that art his heire in blood,
 Though Lordship, land, and Ragglands stately towers,
 A female heire, and force of fortunes flood
 Haue thee herest, yet heart his fruits and flowers:

His

of Wales.

His armes, his name, his faith and mynd are thyne,
By nature, nurture, arte and grace deuynne :
Ore Seas and Lands, these moue thee paynes to take,
For God, for fame, for thy sweete Soueraignes sake.

Here followeth the Creation *of an Earle of Penbroke in Latin.*

EDwardus Dei gracia Rex Anglie & Fraunciæ & Dominus Hibernie, Archiepiscopis, Episcopis, Abbatib⁹, Prioribus, Ducibus, Comitibus, Baronibus, Iusticiarijs, Vicecomitibus, Prepositis, Ministris, & omnibus Balliuis, & fidelibus suis, salutē. Sciatis quod cum felicis & grati admodum Regis munus censeamus, de se, de Regia domo, deque Republica & regno bene meritas personas, cōgruis amore, beneuolentia & liberalitate prosequi : denique & iuxta eximias probitates, easdem magnificentius ornare & decorare, quatenus in personis huiuscemodi congestis clarissimis virtutum premijs ceteri, focordia ignauiaque sepositis ad peragenda pulcherrima quæque facinora laude & gloria concitentur : Nos ne à maiorum nrō laudatissimis moribus discedere videamur, nostri esse officij putamus probatissimū nobis virum qui ob res ab se clarissimè gestas quàm maxima de nobis promeruit, condignis honorū fastigijs attollere & verè regijs insignire muneribus. Strenuum & insignem loquimur militē Willūm Herbert Dominum Herbart, iam defunctū, cuius in regni nostri primordijs obsequia gratissimum nobis multipliciter impensa cum nrō pro iure decertaretur, satis ambiguè obliuisci non possumus accessere & de post in hoc vsque temporis continuata seruicia, que non parum nobis fuere complacita, presertim nuperimis hijs diebus quibus optimum se gessit militem, ac non mediocres sibi laudis & fame titulos comparauit. Hijs equidem iampridē cū Rebellis, hostisque nostri Iasper Owini Tedur filliū nuper Pembrochiæ se Comitem dicens, Walliæ partes per-

C

uaderet,

The worthines

uaderet, multaque arte ad contra nos & statum nostrum vilem populo seditionem concitandum truculentiam moliretur, societatis sibi ad eandem rem conficiendam electissimis viris fidelibus nostris arma cepit, constigendi copiam hostibus exhibuit, adeoque valida manu peruasus ab ipsis partes peruagatus est & nusquam eis locum permiserit quo non eos complicesque affligauerit, vires eorūdem fregerit, morteque affecerit, seu desperantes in fugam propulerit, demum Castrum nostrum de Hardelagh nobis ab initio regni nostri contrarium, quo vnicum miseris patebat refugium, obfidione vallabat, quod capi impossibile ferebatur, cepit, inclusosque ad deditionem compulit, adiacentem quoque primam omnem nostram Regiæ Maiestati rebellem hactenus ad summam obedientiam reduxit. Hæc itaque sua laudabilia obsequia, promeritaque memoriter & ut decet intimè recolentes volentesque proinde eundem Willūm condignis honoribus, regalibusque præmijs ornare amplificare & sublimare, octauo die Septembris anno regni nostri octauo, per Chartam nostram de gratia nostra speciali ac ex certa scientia & mero motu nostris ipsum Willūm in Comitem Pembrochiæ ereximus, præfecerimus, & creauerimus, & ei nomē, statum, stylum, titulum, & dignitatem Comitis Pembrochie cum omnibus & singulis præeminencijs honoribus & ceteris quibuscunque huius statui Comitis pertinentibus, siue congruis dederimus & concesserimus, ipsumque huiusmodi statu, stilo, titulo, honore, & dignitate per cincturam gladij insigniuerimus, & realiter nobilitauerimus.

This was set downe, for causes more then one,
 The world beleuees, no more than it hath seene:
 When things lye dead, and tyme is past and gone,
 Blynd people say, it is not so we weene.
 It is a tale, deuilde to please the eare,
 More for delight, of toyes then troth may beare:
 But those that thinks, this may a fable be,
 To Authoꝝ good, I send them here from me.

First

of Wales.

First let them search, Records as I haue done,
Then shall they finde, this is most certaine true :
And all the rest before I here begun,
Is taken out, not of no writers new.
The oldest sort, and soundest men of skill
Myne Authors are, now reade their names who will :
Their workes, their words, and so their learning through,
Shall shewe you all, what troth I write of now.

Because many that fauoured not Wales (partiall writers and
historians) haue written & set downe their owne opinions, as
they pleased to publish of that Countrey : I therefore a little de-
gree from the orderly matter of the booke, and touch somewhat
the workes and wordes of them that rashly haue written more
then they knewe, or well could proue.

As learned men hath wrote graue workes of yore,
So great regard, to native Soyle they had :
For such respect, I blame now Pollydore :
Because of Wales, his iudgement was but bad.
If Buckanan, the Scottish Poet late
Were here in spite, of Brittons to debate :
He should finde men, that would with him dispute,
And many a pen, which would his workes confute.

But with the dead, the quick may neuer strue,
(Though sondrie workes, of theirs were little worth)
Yet better farre, they had not bene alieue,
Than to see such seedes, as bringe no goodnesse forth :
Their praise is small, that plucks backe others fame,
Their loue not great, that blots out neighbours name,
Their bookes but bratwales, their bable bauld and bare,
That in disdaine, of fables writers are.

What fable more, then say they knowe that thing
They neuer sawe, and so giue iudgement streight :

C 2

And

The worthines

And by their bookes, the world in error hying,
That thinks it reades, a matter of great weight.
When that a tale, of much vntroth is told:
Thus all that shines, and glitters is not gold:
Nor all the bookes, that auncient Fathers wrote
Are not also'wd, for troth in every state.

Though Cæsar was, a wise and worthie Prince,
And conquerd much, of Wales and England both:
The writers than, and other Authors since,
Did flatter tyme, and still abuse the troth.
Some for a fee, and some did humors feede,
When soe was healde, to make a wound to bleede:
And some sought meanes, their patient still to please,
When body throwe, was full of foule disease.

The worldly wits, that with each tyme would wagge,
Were caried cleane, away from wisdomes loze:
They rather watcht, to fill an emptie bagge,
Than touch the tyme, then present or before:
Nor car'd not much, for future tyme to come,
They could bp tyme, like threede about the thome:
And when their clue, on trifles all was spent,
Much rotten stufte, vnto the garment went.

Which stufte patcht bp, a peece of homely ware,
In Winters shop, set out to sale sometyme:
Which ill wrought worke, at length became so bare,
It neither seru'd, for prose nor pleasant ryme:
But past like chat, and old wines tales full bayne,
That thunders long, but neuer hings forth rayne:
A kynd of sound, that makes a hurling noyse,
To feare young babes, with hute of bugges and toyes.

But aged fires, of riper wit and skill,
Disdaines to reade, such rabble farst with lyes:

This

of Wales.

This is enough, to shewe you my goodwill
Of Authors true, and writers graue and wise.
Whose pen shall proue, each thing in printed booke,
Whose eyes withall, on matter straunge did looke:
And whose great charge, and labour witnesse beares,
Their words are iust, they offer to your eares.

Each Nation had, some writer in their daies
For to aduance, their Countrey to the Starres:
Homer was one, who gaue the Greekes great praise,
And honord not, the Troyans for their warres.
Liui among, the Romaines wrote right mitch,
With rare renowne, his Countrey to enrich:
And Pollidore, did ply the pen a pace,
To blurre straunge Soyles, and yeeld the Romaines grace.

Admit they wrote, their volumes all of troeth,
(And did affect, ne man nor matter then)
Yet writer sees, not how all matters goeth
In field: when he, at home is at his pen.
This Pollidore, sawe neuer much of Wales,
Though he haue told, of Brittons many tales:
Cæsar himself, a Victor many a way,
Went not so farre, as Pollidore doth say.

Kings are obeyd, where they were neuer seene,
And men may write, of things they heare by eare:
So Pollidore, oft tymes might ouerweene,
And speake of Soyles, yet he came neuer there.
Some runne a ground, that through each water failes,
A Pilot good, in his owne Compasse failes:
A writer that, beleues in worlds report,
May roue to farre, or surely shoote to short.

The eye is iudge, as Lanterne cleere of light,
That searcheth through, the dim and darkest place:

¶ 3

The

The worthines

The gladsome eye, giues all the bodie sight,
It is the glasse, and beautie of the face.
But where no face, nor iudging eye doth come,
The sence is blynd, the spirit is deasse and done :
For wit can not, conceiue till sight send in
Some skill to head, whereby we knowledge win.

If straungers speake, but straungely on our state,
Thinke nothing straunge, though straungers wryte amis:
If straungers do, our natie people hate,
Our Countrey knowes, how straunge their nature is.
Most straunge it were, to trust a forayne foe,
Or fauour those, that we for straungers knowe :
Then straungely reade, the bookes that straungers make,
For feare ye shroude, in holome stinging Snake.

Polidorus Virgilius spake all
of his owne
nations praise,
and sawe but
little of Brit-
taine, nor lo-
ued the fame.

The straungers still, in auncient time that wrate,
Exalt themselves, and keepe vs vnder foote :
As we of kynd, and nature doe them hate,
So heare they rust, and canker at the roote
Of heart, to vs, when pen to paper goeth,
Their cunning can, with craft so cloke a troeth,
That hardly we, shall haue them in the winde,
To smell them forth, or yet their finenesse finde.

Venerable Bede, a noble
writer.

Gildas, a pas-
sing Poet of
Brittaine.

Of force then must, you credite our owne men,
(Whose vertues works, a glorious garland gaynes)
Who had the gift, the grace and arte of pen :
And who did wryte, with such sweete flowing baynes,
That Honey seem'd, to drop from Poets quill :
I say no more, trust straungers and ye will,
Our Countrey breeds, as faithfull men as those,
As famous too, in stately verse or prose.

Sibilla, a de-
uine Prophe-
sias & writer.

And trueth I trowe, is like among vs best :
For each man frounes, when fabling toys they heare,
And

of Wales.

And though we count, but Robin Hood a Jest,
And old wiues tales, as tatling toyes appeare:
Yet Arthurs raigne, the world cannot denye,
Such prooffe there is, the troth thereof to trye:
That who so speakes, against so graue a thing,
Shall blush to blot, the fame of such a King.

Merlinus Ambrosius, a man
of hie know-
ledge & spirit.

Condemne the daies, of elders great or small,
And then blurre out, the course of present tyme:
Cast one age downe, and so doe oerthrow all,
And burne the bookes, of printed prose or ryme:
Who shall beleue, he rules or the doth raigne
In tyme to come, if wyters loose their paine:
The pen records, tyme past and present both,
Skill brings forth bookes, and bookes is nurse to troth.

Now followes the Castles and

Townes neere Oske, and
there aboutes.

A Pretie Towne, calde Oske neere Ragglan stands,
A Riuer there, doth beare the selfesame name:
His Christall streames, that runnes along the Sands,
Shewes that it is, a Riuer of great fame.
Fresh water sweete, this goodly Riuer yeelds,
And when it swels, it spreads oer all the feelds:
Great store of fish, is caught within this flood,
That doth in deede, both Towne and Countrey good.

A description
of Oske.

A thing to note, when Sammon failes in Wye,
(And season there:goes out as order is)
Than still of course, in Oske doth Sammons lye,
And of good fish, in Oske you shall not mis.
And this seemes straunge, as doth through Wales appeere,
In some one place, are Sammons all the yere:

Two Riuers
nere together
of feuerall na-
tures, shewes a
strange thing.

So

The worthines

So fresh, so sweete, so red, so crimp withall,
As man might say, loe, Sammon here at call.

King Edward the fourth and his children,
(as some affirme), and King Richard the third, were borne here.

A Castle there, in Oske doth yet remaine,
A Seate where Kings, and Princes haue bene bozne :
It stands full oze, a goodly pleasant Plaine,
The walles whereof, and towers are all to toyne,
(With wethers blast, and tyme that weares all out)
And yet it hath, a fayre prospect about :
Trim Meades and walkes, along the Riuers side,
With Bridge well built, the force of flood to hide.

Castle Stroge doth yet remaine three myle from Oske, but the Castle is almost cleane downe.

Upon the side, of wooddie hill full fayre,
This Castle stands, full soze decayde and broke :
Yet builded once, in fresh and wholesome ayre,
Full neere great Woods, and many a mightie Oke.
But sith it weares, and walles so wastes away,
In praisle thereof, I mynd not much to say :
Each thing decayd, goes quickly out of minde,
A rotten house, doth but fewe fauours finde.

In the Duchie of Lancafter, these three Castles are, but not in good plight any way.

Three Castles fayre, are in a goodly ground,
Grosfont is one, on Hill it builded was :
Skenfreth the next, in Walley is it found,
The Soyle about, for pleasure there doth passe.
Whit Castle is, the thirde of worthie fame,
The Countrey there, doth beare Whit Castles name,
A stately Seate, a lofty princely place,
Whose beautie giues, the simple Soyles some grace.

The Duke of Yorke once lay here, and now the Cistell is in Maister Roger Wilyams hands.

Two myles from that, vpon a mightie Hill,
Langibby stands, a Castle once of state :
Where well you may, the Countrey view at will,
And where there is, some buildings newe of late.
A wholesome place, a passing plat of ground,
As good an ayre, as there abouts is found :

It

of Wales.

It seemes to sight, the Seate was platt so well,
In elders daies, some Duke therein did dwell.

Carleon now, step in with stately stile,
No feeble phrase, may serue to set thee forth:
Thy famous Towne, was spoke of many a myle,
Thou hast bene great, though now but little worth.
Thy noble bounds, hath reacht beyond them all,
In thee hath bene, King Arthurs golden Hall:
In thee the wise, and worthies did repose,
And through thy Towne, the water ebs and flowes.

Come learned loze with lostrie stile,
and leade these lynes of myne:
Come gracious Gods, and spare a whyle
to me the Muses nyne.
Come Poets all, whose passing phrase
doth pearce the finest wits:
Come knowledg whereon world doth gaze,
(yet still in iudgement sits)
And helpe my pen to play his parte,
for pen is kept on stage,
To shewe by skill and cunning arte,
the state of former age.
For present tyme hath friends enow,
to flatter faune and faine:
And elders daies I knowe not how,
doe dwell in deepe disdain.
No friend for auncient peeres we finde,
our age loues youth alone:
The former age weares out of minde,
as though such tyme were none.

King Arthurs raigne (though true it weare)
Is now of small account:

A description
of Carleon.

Maister Mor-
gan of Lan-
ternam in a
fayre house
dwelles two
mile from
Carleon.

A plaine and
true rehearfall
of matter of
great antiqui-
tie.

A fayre Foun-
taine now be-
gun.

A free Schoole
now erected
by Maister
Morgan of
Lanternam.

A gird to the
flatterers and
fauners of pre-
sent tyme.

A house of re-
formatiō new-
ly begun like-
wife.

The Bishop of
Landaffe still
lying in the
Towne.

20

The

The worthines

We praise and extoll strange Nations, and forget or abase our owne Countries.

The fame of Troy is knowne each where,
And to the Skyes doth mount.

Both Athens, Theabes, and Carthage too
We hold of great renowne :
What then I pray you shall we doo,
To poore Carleon Towne.

In Arons the Martyrs Church King Arthur was crowned.

King Arthur sure was crowned there,
It was his royall Seate :
And in that Towne did Scepter beare,
With pompe and honor greate.

Three Archbishops, Yorke London, and Carleō, crowning King Arthur.

An Archbishop that Dubrick hight,
Did crowne this King in deede :
Foure Kings before him bore in sight,
Foure golden Swords we reede.

Arthur was great, that commanded such solemnitie.

These Kings were famous of renowne,
Yet for their homage due :
Repayd vnto Carleon Towne,
As I rehearse to you.

The true Authors are in the beginning of this booke for profe of this.

How many Dukes, and Carles withall,
Good Authors can you tell :
And so true writers shewe you shall,
How Arthur there did dwell.

What Court he kept, what Acts he did,
What Conquest he obtaynd :
And in what Princely honor still,
King Arthur long remaynd.

Another notable solemnitie at a Coronation,

Queene Gueneuer was crown'd likewise,
In Iulius Church they say :

Where

of Wales.

Where that flower Queenes in solemne guise,
(In royall rich aray).

Foure Pigeons white, bore in their hands
Before the Princesse face :
In signe the Queene of Brittish Lands,
Was worthie of that grace.

Carleon lodged all these Kings,
And many a noble Knight :
As may be prou'd by sondrie things,
That I haue seene in sight.

The bounds hath bene nine myles about,
The length thereof was great :
It shewes it self this day throughout,
It was a Princes Seate.

In Arthurs tyme a Table round,
Was there whereat he sate :
As yet a plot of goodly ground,
Sets forth that rare estate.

The Citie reacht to Creetchurch than,
And to Saint Gillyans both :
Which yet appeares to view of man,
To tye this tale a troth.

There are such Mautes and hollowe Causes,
Such walles and Conditz deepe :
Made all like pypes of earthen pots,
Wherein a child may creepe.

Such Creates and pauements sondrie waies,
To euery market Towne :

In Iulius
Church the
Martyr the
Queene was
crowned.
An honor rare
and great yet
feldome seene.

A deepe and
large round
peece of groun
shewes yet
where Arthur
fate.

A Church on
a hil a mile of.
Saint Gillyans
is a faire house
where Sir Wil-
liam Harbert
dwelles.

Wonderfull
huge and long
pauements.

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Such Bridges built in elders daies,
And things of such renowne.

The notablest
seate to behold
being on the
top that may
be seene.

As men may muse of to behold,
But chiefly for to note :
There is a Castle very old,
That may not be forgot.

The Castle al-
most downe.

It stands vpon a forced Hill,
Not farre from flowing flood :
Where loe ye biew long Vales at will,
Enuyron'd all with wood.

The flowing
water may ea-
sily be brought
about both
Towne and
Castle.

A Seate for any King aliue,
The Soyle it is so sweete :
Fresh springs dorth streames of water dyue,
Almost throught euery streate.

A great beau-
tie of grounds,
waters, groues,
& other plea-
sures for the
eye to be seene
from the old
Castle of Car-
leon.

From Castle all these things are seene,
as pleasures of the eye :
The goodly Broues and Vallies greene,
and wooddie Mountaines hye.
The crooked Creekes and pretie Brookes,
that are amid the Plaine :
The flowing Tydes that spreads the land,
and turnes to Sea againe.

The stately Woods that like a hoope,
dorth compasse all the Dale :
The Princely plots that stands in troope,
to beautifie the Dale.
The Riuers that dorth daily runne,
as cleare as Christall stone :
Shewes that most pleasures vnder Sunne,
Carleon had alone.

I haue seene
Caues vnder
ground (at this
day) that goe I
knowe not
how farre, all
made of excel-
lent work, and
goodly great
stones both o-
uer head and
vnder foote, &

Great ruth to see so braue a Soyle,
Fall in so soze decay :

of Wales.

In forowe sit, full nere the foyle,
As fortune fled away.

close and fine
round about
the whole
Caue.

And world forlooke to knowledge those,
That earth hath bene so greate :
Where Kings and graue Philosophers,
Made once therein their Seate.

Vrbs legionum was it namde,
In Cæsars daies I trowe :
And Arthur holding residence there,
(As stories plainly shoue).

The name so
mightie ar-
gues it was a
mightie and
noble towne.

Not only Kings and noble Peeres,
Repayde vnto that place :
But learned men full many peeres,
Receiu'd therein their grace.

Two hundred
Philosophers
were nori-
shed in Car-
leon.

Than you that auncient things denyes,
Let now your talke surcease :
When proofe is brought before your eyes,
We ought to hold your peace.

And let Carleon haue his right,
And ioye his wonted fame :
And let each wise and worthie wight,
Speake well of Arthurs name.

Yeeld right as
well to our el-
ders daies, as
to our present
age.

Would God the hute thereof were knowne,
In Countrey, Court, and Towne :
And he that sits in reagall Throne,
With Scepter, Sword, and Crowne.

(Who came from Arthurs case and lyne)
Would marke these matters thowwe :

AD 3

And

The worthines

And shewe thereon her gracious eyne,
To helpe Carleon now.

Thus farre my pen in Arthurs praise,
Hath past for plainnesse sake:
In honor of our elders daies,
That keepes my muse awake.

All only for to publish plaine,
Tyme past, tyme present both:
That tyme to come, may well retaine,
Of each good tyme, the troth.

¶ An Introduction to the Letters sent *from Lucius Tyberius, at the Coro- nation of King Arthur.*

Not unwilling to delate and make large the matter now
written of, & further because the raigne of King Arthur
is diuersly treated on and vncertainly spoken of (the men
of this world are growen so wise) I haue searched and found (in
good Authours) such certaintie of King Arthur, and matter that
merits the reading, that I am compelled with pen to explaine,
and with some paines and studie to present the world with in ge-
nerall. The substance whereof being in Latin, (may be read and
vnderstood by thousands) is englished because the common sort
(as well as the learned) shall see how little the Kings and Prin-
ces of this Land, haue esteemed the power of the Romaines, or
managing and force of any foraine for whatsoever. And for the
amending of my tale, let our Soueraine Ladie be well conside-
red of, (whose graces paileth my pen to shewe) and you shall see
great things are encountred, and no small matters gone about
and brought to good passe, in the action afore named: which be-
commeth well a Queene of that race, who is descended of so no-
ble a progenie. But now purposing orderly to procede to the
former

of Wales.

former discourse, and to rehearse word for word, as it was left by our forefathers, (men of great learning and knowledge) I haue set doune some such Letters and Orations, as peradventure will make you to maruell of, or at the least to thinke on so much, that some one among a multitude, will yeeld me thanks for my labour, and rather encourage a true writer to continue in the like exercises, then to giue him any occasion to sit ydle, and so forget the vse of pen. There followeth hereafter those things before mentioned, which I hope the Readers will iudge with aduise-ment, and construe to the best intent and meaning. For this matter not only shewes by good authoritie the royall Coronation of King Arthur, but in like maner declares with what pride and pomp the Romaines sent hether (at the very instant of this great triumph) for tribute and homage: at which proud and presumptuous demaund, King Arthur (and all his other Princes about him) began to bee greatly moued, and presently without further delay, gaue so sharpe and sodaine an answer to the Embassadors of Rome, that they were so hered and abashed therewith, that they neither knewe well how to take it, nor made any further reply: as followes by matter presently here, if you please thoroughly to reade it. Consider withall, that after this Embassage, King Arthur in plaine battaile slue Lucius, and had gone to Rome to haue bene crowned Emperour there, if Mordred had not made a reuolt in Arthurs owne kingdome.

The Coronation, and solemnitie ther-

*of: The Embassage, and proude message of the
Romaines: And the whole resolution of
King Arthur therein, is first set
forth here in English.*

THappoynted tyme of the solemnitie appproching, and all being readie assembled in the Citie of Carleon, the Archbishops, London and Yorke: and in the Citie of Carleon the Archbishop Dubright were conueighed to the Palace, with
royall

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royall solemnitie to crowne King Arthur. Dubright therefore (because the Court then lay within his Diocesse, furnished himselfe accordingly to perfourme and solemnize this charge in his owne person. The King being crowned, was royally brought to the Cathedrall Church of that Metropolitall See. On either hand of him, both the right and the left, did two Archbishops support him. And fower Kings, to wit, Angufell King of Albania, Caduall King of Venedocia, Cador King of Cornewall, & Sater King of Demetia, went before him, carping iiii. golden Swords. The companies also and concourse of sondrie sorts of officers, played afoze him most melodious & heavenly harmonie. On the other parte, the Queene was brought to the Church of professed Nunnes, being conducted and accompanied with Archbishops and Bishops, with her armes and titles royally garnished. And the Queenes, being wiues vnto the fower Kings aforesayd, carped before her (as the order and custome was) fower white Doves or Pigeons.

For behold, twelue discrete personages of reuerend countenance came to the King in stately maner, carping in their right hands in token and signe of Ambassage, Oliue boughes. And after they had saluted him, they deliuered vnto him on the behalfe of Lucius Tyberius, Letters contayning this effect.

¶ The Epistle of Lucius the Romaine *Lieutenant, to Arthur King of Britaine*

LVcius Gouerner of the Commonwealth, to Arthur King of Britaine, as he hath deserued. I haue exceedingly wondered to thinke of thy malepert and tyrannicall dealing. I doe meruaile (I say) and in considering the matter, I am angrie and take in ill part, the iniurie that thou hast offered to Rome: and that thou, no better aduising thy self, refuselt to acknowledge her. Neither hast thou any care speedelie to redresse thyne ouersight, thus by vniust dealings to offend the Senate: vnto whom
thou

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thou art not ignorant, that the whole world oweth homage and seruice. For, the Tribute done for Britaine which the Senate commaunded thee to pay; for that Iulius Cæsar, and other worthie Romaines long and many yeeres enioyed the same, thou to the contempt of such an honorable Estate, hast presumed to detain and keepe backe. Thou hast also taken from them Gallia: thou hast wonne from them, the Provinces of Sauoy and Dauphinie: thou hast gotten the possession of all the Ilands of the Ocean: the Kings whereof (so long as the Romaine authoritie was there obeyed) payed Tribute to our Aunccestors. Sith therefore the Senate hath decreed to redemaund amends and restitution at thy hands for these thy so great wrongs, I enioyne and commaund thee to come to Rome in the middelt of August the next yeere; there to answer vnto thy Lords, and to abyde such sentence and order, as they by iustice shall lay vpon thee. Which thing if thou refuse to doe, I will invade thy Countreies, and whatsoeuer thy wilfull rashnes hath disloyally taken away from their Commonwealth, that will I by dint of sword, assay to recouer and to them restore.

Allobroges.

¶ Cador the Duke of Cornewall

his Oration to the King.

I haue hitherto bene in feare, least the Britaines through much ease and long peace, should growe to slouth and cowardize; and lose that honorable reputation of Cheualrie and martiall prowesse, wherein they are generally accounted to surmount all other Nations. For where the vse of Armes is not esteemed, but in steede thereof, Dyring, Carding, dallying with women and other bayne delites frequented, it cannot choole, but there cowardize and sluggishie must needes dimme and deface all vertue, honour, valiaunce, and fame. There bee now almost fve yeeres passed, since we hauing lacked Martiall exercise, haue effeminately bene nuzzled in these foresayd delites. God therefore not willing to see vs any longer marred and stayned with sluggishie,

E hath

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hath stirred by the Romaines, that they should be the meanes to reduce our auncient valour vnto the former state and dignitie. While hee vsed these and such like wordes, confirmed by those that were there at that tyme in presence, they came at length to their Benches or Seates, where after that every person was set and placed Arthur vsed this speech vnto them.

¶ The Oration of Arthur *to his Lords and people.*

My fellowes (sayth he) and companyons both of aduersitie and prosperitie: whose fidelities I haue heretofore both in your sound counsels, and in exployting militare seruices had good tryall and experience of: listen now and affoord vnto me your aduise, and wisely foresee, what you thinke conuenient for vs, touching such demaunds and commaundements, to be done. For, when a thing is wisely aforehand deliberated and carefully foreseene, when it commeth to the pinch, it is more easilie auoyded and tolerated. We shall therefore the easier bee able to abyde the imperious demaund of Lucius, if wee lay our heads together and foresee, how and which way, wee may best defeat and infringe the same. And (surely) for my part, I doe not thinke that we haue any cause greatly to feare him, alth vpon an unreasonable cause he seeketh to haue a tribute payed out of Britaine. For, he alledgeth, that the same is due and payable to him, because it was paid to Iulius Cæsar and others his Successors, which being inuited and called hether through the discorde and iarres of the auncient Britaines, arriued here in Britaine with numbers of armed Soldiours: and with force and byolence, brought vnder their subiection, this our Countrey, miserably tossed with ciuile garboyles and domesticall discord. And because they in this sort, got the possession of it, they haue since taken and vniustly receiued a Tribute out of it. For nothing that is gotten by force and byolence, is iustly possessed by him that offered the byolence. The cause therefore which he pretendeth is unreasonable,

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ble, whereby he deemeth vs by law and right to be tributarie vnto them. Sith therefore he thus presumeth to demaund of vs that which is vniust: let vs by the same reason, demaund of him, tribute at Rome: & he that is the stronger, let him carie away that which he desireth and claymeth. For, if his reason why he demaundeth tribute now, as due, to be payed by vs, because Cæsar and other Romaine Princes sometymes conquered Britaine be good: by the like reason, I doe thinke that Rome ought to pay tribute to mee, because my Predecessors heretofore wanne and subdued it. For Belinus that most noble King of Britaines, with the helpe and ayde of his brother Brennus Duke of Sauoy, tooke by force that Citie, and long while possessed it, hanging vp in the middelt of their chiefe Market place and high streete, twentie of the chiefe Nobles among them. Constantine also the sonne of Helena, and Maximianus likewise, being both of them, my nere Cosens, and either of them successiuelly, crowned King of Britaine, were enthronized in the imperiall Seate of the Romaine Emperre. What thinke ye now: Judge you that the Romaines haue any reason or right to demaunde Tribute at our hands: As touching Fraunce or other collaterall Ilands of the Ocean, it needeth no answer, sith they refused to defend them, when we forcibly tooke them out of their cloutches & iurisdiction.

Allobroges.

The Answere of Howell King of little Britaine.

Though euery one of you should neuer so diligently consider: and debate wih himselfe neuer so aduisedly in his mynd: yet doe I not thinke, that he could possiblie deuise any better counsell then this, which thy most graue wisdom hath now remembred. Thy eloquent and Tullie like aduise therefore, hath furnished vs with that skill, whereby wee ought incessantly to commend in you the affect of a constant man, the effect of a wise mynd, and the benefite of prudent counsell. For, if ye will take your voyage and expedition to Rome, according to the reason a-

¶ 2

fore

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Sybilla her
prophecies
touching the
Britaines.

An exhortatiō
of Howell.

foze alledged, I doubt not but wee should winne tryumph, sith wee doe but defend our libertie, and iustly demaund of our enemies, that, which they haue vniustly begun to demaunde of vs. For whosoever goeth about to defeat or dispossesse an other of his right, and to take from him that which is his owne; worthy- lie and deseruedlie may bee put from that, which is his owne, by him to whom he hath offered and done such wrong and violence. Seeing therefore, the Romaines would so gladly take from vs, that which is our owne, we will without doubt, take from them that, which they haue, if we may once come to buckle with them. Behold this is the consist that al true hearted Britaines so long haue wished for: Behold these be the Prophecies of Sybilla now fulfilled, which so plainly and truely foretolde, that of the third stock of the Britaines there should one be borne, that should obtaine and possesse the Romain Emppre. Now, for two of these, the Prophecies bee alreadie fulfilled: sithence it is manifest (as thou hast alreadie declared) that those two most noble and excellent Princes Belinus and Constantine, ouercame, and gaue the Armes of the Romain Emppre. And now haue we you, being the third, vnto whom such high exployt and honour is promised. Make haste therefore to receiue that which God is readie to bestowe on thee. Hasten (I say) to subdue that which he is willing should be subdued. Hasten to advance all vs, that are here ready for thyne aduancement & honour, neither to refuse wounds, nor to lose life and limme. And for thy better atchieuing hereof, I my selfe will accompanie thee with tenne thousand well armed Souldiours.

ANgusell King of Albania, when Howell had made an ende of his Oration, began to declare his liking and opinion of the matter, in this sort following. Since the tyme that I heard my Lord utter his mynd, touching this case, I haue conceiued such inward loye as I am not able here afoze you to expresse. For, in all our victorious Conquests alreadie passed, and in so many Kings and Regions as wee haue subdued, wee may well seeme to haue done nothing at all; if wee suffer the Romaines
and

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and Germaines still to remaine, and doe not manfully wecke
vpon them, those bloodie slaughters, which heretofore they inflicted
vpon our Ancestors and Countrey men. And now sith wee
haue occasion and libertie to trye the matter with them by force
of armes, I reioyce exceedingly, and haue a longing thirst to see
that day, wherein we may meete together; yea I thirst, euen as if
I had bene dye and kept thre daies, thirstie, from a fountaine
of water. Oh that I might see that day, how sweete and pleasant
should those wounds be, that I should either giue or take, when
we coape together; yea, death it self shall be sweete and welcome,
so that I may suffer the same in reuenging our fathers, in defend-
ing our libertie, and in aduancing our King. Let vs therefore
giue the charge and on: t vpon ponder effeminate and meycooke
people, and let vs stand to our tackle like men: that after we haue
vanquished them, we may enioye their honors and offices with
ioyfull victorie. And for my parte, I will augment our Armie
with two thousand Horsemen well appoynted and armed, beside
Footemen.

The sentence
and resolution
of the King of
Albania.

FINIS.

Here followeth the Latin of the English
going before.

OMnibus in vrbe legionum congregatio solemnitate
instante Archipræsules Londinensis Eboracensis :
necnon in vrbe legionum Archiepiscopus Dubricius
ad pallatium ducuntur vt regem Arthorum diademate re-
gali coronarent Dubricius ergo quoniam in sua duecesi cu-
ria tenebatur : paratus ad celebrandum huius rei curam sus-
cepit . Rege tandem insignito ad templum metropolitanæ
sedis ornatè conducitur : à dextro & à leuolatre duo Archi-
pontifices ipsum tenebant. Quatuor autem reges viz Angu-
selus rex Albanie, Caduallus Venedociæ rex, Cador rex Cor-
nubiæ, & Sater rex Demetiæ : quatuor aureos gladios ante
ipsum ferentes præbant . Conuentus quoque multimodo-
cum ordinatorum miris modulationibus præcinebat. Ex a-
lia parte reginam suis insignibus laureatam Archipræsules

E 3

atque

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atque pontifices ad templum dicatarum puellarum conducebant. Quatuor quoque prædictorum regum reginæ quatuor albas columbas de more præfetebant.

Ecce enim duodecim viri maturæ etatis reuerendi vultus: ramos oliuæ in signum legationis in dextris ferentes moderatis passibus ad regem ingrediuntur: & eo salutato literas ipsi ex parte Lucij Tiberij in hæc verba obtulerunt.

*Lucij Romani Procuratoris ad Arthurum
Britonum regem epistola.*

LVcius reipublicæ procurator Arthuro regi Britaniæ quid meruit. Admirans vehementer admiror super tuæ tyrannidis proternia. Admiror inquam & iniuriam quam Romæ intulisti recolligens, indignor quod extra te egressus eam cognoscere diffugas: nec animaduertere festines quid sit iniustis actibus senatum offendisse: cui totum orbem famulatum debere non ignoras. Etenim tributū Britannia quod tibi senatus reddere præcæperat: quia Caius Iulius ceteriq; romanæ dignitatis viri illud multis temporibus habuerunt: neglecto tanti ordinis imperio detinere præsumpsisti. Eripuisti quoque illi Galliam: eripuisti Allobrogum prouinciā: eripuisti omnes oceani insulas: quarum reges dum romana potestas in illis partibus perualuit, vectigal maioribus nostris reddiderūt. Quia ergo de tantis iniuriarum tuarum cumulis senatus reparationem petere decreuit mediantē Augustum proximi anni terminum perfigens Romam te venire iubeo: vt dominis tuis satisfaciens sententie quam eorum dictatori iusticia acquiescas. Sin aliter ipse partes tuas adibo & quicquid vesania tua reipublicæ erripuit eidem mediantibus gladijs restituere conabor.

Cadoris ducis Cornubiæ ad regem.

HVcusq; in timore fueram ne Britones longa pace quietos ocium quod ducunt ignauos faceret famamque militiæ qua

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qua ceteris gentibus clariores censentur in eis omnino dele-
leret. Quippe ubi usus armorum videtur abesse, alearum ve-
ro & mulierum inflammationes, ceteraque oblectamenta ad-
esse: dubitandum non est quin quod erat virtutis: quod ho-
noris, quod audaciæ: quod famæ ignauia commaculet. Fere
namque transacti sunt quinque anni ex quo (predictis deli-
tibus dediti) exercitio Martis caruimus. Deus igitur ut nos seg-
nitia liberaret: Romanos in hunc affectum induxit ut in pri-
stinum statum nostram probitatem reducerent. Hæc & hijs
similia illo cum cæteris dicente venerunt tandem ad sedilia
ubi collocatis singulis: Arthurus illos in hunc modum affa-
tus.

Oratio Arthuri ad suos.

Confocij (inquit) aduersitatis & prosperitatis: quorum
probitatis hactenus, & in dandis cōsilijs, & in militijs
agendis expertus sum: adhibete & monete nunc vn-
animiter sensus vestros, & sapienter prouidete quæ super ta-
libus mandatis nobis esse agenda noueritis. Quicquid enim
à sapiente diligenter prouidetur cum ad actum accedit faci-
lius toleratur. Facilius ergo inquietationem Lucij tolerare
poterimus si communi studio premeditati fuerimus qui-
bus modis eam debilitare instaremus. Quam non multum
timendam nobis esse existimo: cum ex irrationabili causa
exigat tributum quod ex Britannia habere desiderat. Dicit
enim ipsum sibi dare debere quia Iulio Cæsari ceterisque
successoribus suis redditum fuerit: qui dissidio priscorū Bri-
tonum inuitatem cum armata manu in Britanniam applicue-
runt: atque patriam domesticis motibus vacillantē suæ po-
testati vi, & violētia submiserunt. Quia vero hoc modo eam
adepti fuerunt vectigal ex ea iniuste ceperunt. Nihil enim
quod vi ut violentia acquiritur iuste ab ipso possidetur qui
violentiam metuit.

Irrationabilem ergo causam pretendit: qua nos iure sibi
tributarios esse arbitratur. Quoniam ergo id quod iniustū
est

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est à nobis præsumit exigere : consimili ratione petamus ab illo tributum Romæ : & qui fortior superuenerit ferat quod habere exoptauit . Nam si quia Cæsar cæterique romani reges Britanniam olim subiugauerunt vectigal nunc debere sibi ex illa reddi decernit : Similiter nunc ego cenfeo quam Roma mihi tributum reddere debet : quia antecessores mei eam antiquitus obtinuerunt . Belinus etenim ille Britonum ferenissimus rex vsus auxilio fratris sui, Brenni videlicet ducis Allobrogum : suspensis in medio foro viginti nobilioribus Romanis : urbem ceperunt, captamque multis temporibus possederunt . Constantinus etiam Helenæ filius necnon & Maximianus vterque mihi cognatione propinquus alter post alterum diademate Britanniæ insignitus : thronum Romani imperij adeptus est . Censetis ne ergo vectigal romanis petendum ? De Gallia autem sine de collateralibus insulis oceani non est respondendum : cum illas diffugerent quando easdem potestati eorum subtrahebamus .

Hoeli regis minoris Britanniæ, responsio.

Licet vnusquisque vestrum totus in se reuersus, omnia, & omnibus animo tractare valuerit non existimo eum præstantius consiliū posse inuenire quam istud quod modo discretio solertis prudentiæ tuæ recoluit . Proinde etenim prouidit nobis tua deliberatio Tulliano liquore lita . Vnde constantis viri affectum : sapientis animi effectum optimi consilij profectum laudare indefinenter debemus . Nam si iuxta prædictā rationem Romam adire volueris non dubito quin triumpho potiamur : dum libertatem nostrā tueamur dum iuste ab inimicis nostris exigamus quod à nobis iniuste petere incæperunt . Quicunque enim sua alteri eripere conatur merito quæ sua sunt per eum quem impetit amittit . Quia ergo Romani nostra nobis demere affectant : sua illis procul dubio : auferemus si authoritas nobis congregiendi præstabitur

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bitur . En congressus cunctis Britonibus desiderandus . En *Vaticinia Sibyllæ* quæ veris angurijs testantur : ex Britannico *bille de Bristol-*
nibus. genere tertio nasciturum qui Romanum obtinebit imperiū .
 De duobus autem adimpleta sunt oracula : cum manifestum
 sit præclaros vt dixisti principes Belinum atque Constanti-
 num imperij Romani gessisse insignia & imperia . Nunc ve-
 rò te tertium habemus, cui tātum culmen honoris promit-
 titur . Festina ergo recipere : quod deus non differt largiri .
 Festina subingere quod ultro vult subingari . Festina nos om- *Exhortatis*
 nes exaltare qui vt exalteris nec vulnera recipere : nec vitam *Hoeli.*
 amittere diffugiamus . Vt autem hæc perficias decem milli-
 bus armatorum præsentiam tuam conabor..

ANgufelus Albaniae rex : vt Hoelus finem dicendi fecerat :
 quod super hac re affectabat in huc modum manifestare
 perrexit . Ex dominum meum ea quæ dixit affectare conieci :
 tanta lætitia animo meo illapfa est : quantam nequeo in ve-
 stra presentia exprimere . Nihil enim in transactis debellati- *Sententia regis*
 onibus quas tot & tantis regibus intulimus egisse videmur : *Albaniae.*
 si Romani & Germani illesi permaneant : nec in illos clades
 quas olim nostratibus ingesserunt viriliter vindicemus . Ac
 nunc quoniam licentia congrediendi permittitur gaudens
 admodū gaudeo & desiderio diei quo conueniamus æstuans
 fitio cruorem illorum quemadmodū fontem si triduo pro-
 hiberer . O si illam lucem videbo quæ dulcia erunt vulnera
 quæ vel recipiam vel inferam : quando dextras conferemus .
 Ipsa etiam mors dulcis erit : dum eam in vindicando patres
 nostros : in tuendo libertatem nostram : in exaltando regem
 nostrum perpeffus fuero . Aggrediamur ergo semiuiros illos
 & aggrediendo perstemus vt deuictis ipsis eorum honoribus
 cum leta potiamur victoria . Exercitum autem nostrum duo-
 bus milibus armatorū equitum exceptis peditibus angebo .

FINIS.

Would to God we had the like ayde of Kings and offer now
 to daunt the pride of the Romish practises.

F

The

The worthines

The true Authors of this

whole Booke.

Iohannes Badius Ascenciu.
 Merlinus Ambrosius.
 Gualterus Monemotensis.
 Giraldus Cambrensis.
 Iohannes Bale of Brutus.
 Ieffrey of Monmouth.
 Gildas Cambrius, a Part of Britaine.
 Sibilla.

Analles fue
 gentes.

Two Brethren that were Martyrs, Iulius and Aron in Carleon, in whose names two Churches were built there.

Thelians Episcopus Landaph.

Saint Augustine could not make the Britaines be obedient to the Archbishop of Canterburie, but yet they onely submitted themselues to the Archbishop of Carleon, in Adelbrights tyme that was King of Kent.

A Hill most
 notable neere
 Carleō a myle
 frō the towne.

NOW must I touch, a matter fit to knowe,
 A Fort and strength, that stands beyond this Towne:
 On which you shall, behold the noblest howe,
 (Looke round about, and so looke rightly downe)
 That euer yet, I sawe or man may biew:
 Upon that Hill, there shall appeare to you,
 Of seauen Shieres, a part and portion great,
 Where Hill it selfe, is sure a warlike Seate.

Ten thousand men, may lodge them there unseene,
 In trebble Dykes, that gards the Fortresse well:
 And yet amid, the Fort a goodly greene,
 Where that a power, and mightie Campe may dwell:

In

of Wales.

In spyte of world, if Souldiours victuall haue.
The Hill so stands, if Bird but wing doe waue,
Or man or beast, but once stirre bp the head
A Bowe aboue, with Haft shall strike it dead.

The Hill commaunds, a maruels way and scope,
It seemes it stood, farre off for Townes defence,
And in the warres, it was Carleons hope :
Or els in deede, the Duke of Gloster sence
(That did destroy, both Towne and all therein)
To serue his turne, this Fortrelle did begin.
Not farre from this, much like vnto the same,
Tombarlowm stands, a Mountaine of some fame.

A Towne nere this, that buylt is all a length,
Cal'd Neawport now, there is full sayre to biewe :
Which Seate doth stand, for profite more then strength,
A right strong Bridge, is there of Timber newe :
A Riuer runnes, full nere the Castle wall :
Pere Church likewise, a Mount behold you shall,
Where Sea and Land, to sight so plaine appeeres,
That there men see, a part of five sayre Sheeres.

As upward hie, aloft to Mountaine top,
This Market towne, is buylt in healthfull sort :
So downeward loe, is many a Marchants shop,
And many sayle, to Bristowe from that Port.
Of auncient tyme, a Citie hath it bin,
And in those daies, the Castle hard to win :
Which yet shewes sayre, and is repayrd a parte,
As things decayd, must needes be helpt by arte.

A goodly Seate, a Tower, a princely pyle,
Built as a watch, or lastie for the Soyle,
By Riuer stands, from Neawport not thre myle.
This house was made, when many a bloodie broyle,

A very high
Hill of a mar-
ueilous strength
which was a
strong Fort in
Arthurs daies.

Bellinus Māg-
nus made this
called Belling-
stocke.

A wonderfull
high moun-
taine with the
like maner of
defence.

The towne of
Neawport.

On a round
hill by the
Church there
is for Sea and
Land the most
princely sight
that any man
liuing at one
instant may
with perfect
eye behold.
The Towne
hath Mar-
chants in it.
A Castle is at
the end of this
Towne, and
full by the
Bridges and
Riuer.
Greenefield
Castle that
was the Duke
of Lancasters.

¶ 2

In

The worthines

Eboyth is the
Riuers name
that runneth
here.

In Wales God wot, destroyd that publicke state :
Here men with sword, and shield did braules debate :
Here lastie stood for many things in deede,
That sought sauegard, and did some sucker neede.

For Riuer,
wood, pasture
ayre, walke &
pleasure, this
place passeth.

The name thereof, the nature shewes a right,
Greenefield it is, full gay and goodly sure :
A fine sweete Soyle, most pleasant vnto sight,
That for delight, and wholesome ayre so pure,
It may be praisde, a plot sought out so well,
As though a King, should say here will I dwell :
The Pastures greene, the woods, and water cleere,
Sayth any Prince may buyld a Pallace heere.

A true iudge-
ment of the
commodities
in Wales if the
people there
would be la-
borous.

And in this place, and many parts about,
Is grasse and Coyne, and fertile ground enough :
And now a while, to speake of Wales throughout,
Where if men would, take paynes to plye the Plough :
Digge out of drossle, the treasure of the earth,
And fall to toyle, and labour from their birth :
They should as soone, to store of wealth attaine,
As other Soyles, whose people takes great paine.

Nychill.

But most of Wales, likes better ease and rest,
(Loues meate and mirth, and harmelesse quiet daies)
Than for to toyle, and trouble Brayne and brest,
To bere the mynd, with worldly wearie waies.
Some stand content, with that which God shall send,
And on their lands, their stock and store doth spend :
And rubs out life, cleane boyde of further care,
Because in world, right well to liue they are.

Yet were they bent, to proule and purchase still,
And searck out wealth, as other Nations doe :
They haue a Soyle, a Countrey rich at will,
Which can them make, full quickly wealthie too.

They

of Wales.

They haue begun, of late to lime their land,
And plowes the ground, where sturdie Okes did stand:
Conuersts the meares and marriſh euery where,
Whose barraine earth, begins good fruite to beare.

The people of wales in many places thrives by labour daylie, and gets great gayne through tillage.

They teare vp Trees, and takes the rootes away,
Makes stonie fieldes, smooth fertile fallow ground:
Brings Pastures bare, to beare good grasse for Hay,
By which at length, in wealth they will abound.
Wales is this day (behold throughout the Sheeres,
In better state, than twas these hundred yeeres:
More rich, more fine, and further more to tell,
Fewe men haue knotone, the Countrey halfe so well.

Whereas at first, they sought for Corne farre off,
(To helpe the wants, of Wales when grayne was deere)
Now on the boord, they haue both Cheese and lase,
To shewe the world, in house is greater cheere.
The open Plaine, that hath his rubbish lost,
Saiſh plentie is, through Wales in euery coast:
The well wrought ground, that thousands may behold,
Where thornes did growe, sayth now there springs vp gold.

I haue known many places so barraine, that they haue sought for corne farre of, who now are able to liue without helpe of any other Countrey.

I meane where weedes, and thistles long hath growne,
(Wild drosse and docks, and stinking nettles vile)
There Barley sweete, and goodly Wheate is sowne,
Which makes men rich, that liu'd in lacke long while.
No gift nor gayne, more great and good to man,
Then that which toyle, and honest labour wan:
What sweat of browes, brings in is sugred sweete,
Makes glad the mynd, and comforts hart and spere.

F 3

Abor-

The worthines
 Aborgaynies Towne is walled
round about, and hath fayre
 Suburbs also.

It stands ouer
 two little Ri-
 uers, called
 Ceybbie and
 Ceyuennie, of
 which Ceyuē-
 nie, Aborge-
 uenie tooke
 the name.

The Bridge of
 stone a eleuen
 fayre arches,
 and a great
 bridge of stone
 to come drylie
 to that bridge.

Of the boun-
 tie of tyme
 past, and the
 hardnes of our
 age.

A fayre and
 noble Castle
 belonging to
 the auncient
 house and race
 of the hono-
 rable, the Lord
 of Aborgaynie.

Returne I must, to my discourse before,
 Of Boroto townes, and Castles as they are:
 Aborgaynie, behind I kept in store,
 Whose Seate and Soyle, with best may well compare.
 The Towne somewhat, on steepe and mounting hill,
 With Pastoz grounds, and Heddwes great at will:
 On euery side, huge Mountaines hard and hye,
 And some thicke woods, to please the gazers eye.

The Riuer Oske, along the Vale doth passe,
 Right vnderneath, an auncient Bridge of stone:
 A goodly worke, when first it reared was,
 (And yet the Shiere, can shewe no such a one)
 Makes men to knowe, old Buildings were not base,
 And newe things blush, that steps not so in place,
 With suretie good, and shewe to step on stage,
 To make newe world, to honor former age.

For former tyme, built Townes and Castles trim,
 Made Bridges braue, and strong for tyme to come:
 And our young daies, that doth in glorie swim,
 Holds hard in hand, that finger fast may thome.
 Looke what tyme past, made gallant fresh and fayre,
 Tyme present spoyles, or will not well repayre:
 As in this Towne, a stately Castle shewes,
 Which loe to ruine, and wretched wracke it goes.

Most goodly Towers, are bare and naked last,
 That coured were, with timber and good lead:
 These Towers yet stand, as streight as doth a shaft,
 The walles whereof, might serue to some good stead.

For

of Wales.

For sound and thicke, and wondrous high withall,
They are in deepe, and likely not to fall:
Would God therefore, the owner of the same,
Did stay them by, for to encrease his fame.

Who doth delight, to see a goodly Plaine,
Fairst Rivers runne, great woods and mountaines hye:
Let him a while, in any Tower remaine,
And he shall see, that may content the eye.
Great ruth to let, to trim a Seate goe downe,
The Countries strength, and beautie of the Towne:
A Lordly place, a princely plot and biewe,
That laughs to scorne, our patched buildings newe.

The bountie
of the Castle
and Countrie.

The shell of this, I meane the walles without,
The worthie worke, that is so finely wrought:
The Sellers deepe, and buildings round about,
The firme freestone, that was so dearely bought,
Makes men lament, the losse of such a thing,
That was of late, a house for any King.
Hea who so wayes, the worth of Castle yet,
With heauie mynd, in muse and dump shall sit.

A goodly and
stately peece of
worke as like
to fall as he re-
payred againe.

To see so strong, and stately worke decay,
The same disease, hath Oske in Castle wall:
Which on maine Rocke, was builded euery way,
And now For wot, is readie downe to fall.
A number more, in Monmouth Shiere I finde,
That can not well, abyde a blast of winde:
The losse is theirs, that sees them ouerthrowne,
The gaine were ours, if yet they were our owne.

Any heart in
the world
would pittie
the decay of
Castles in Mo-
mouth shiere.

Though Castle here, through trackt of tyme is woyn,
A Church remaines, that worthie is of note:
Where worthie men, that hath bene nobly borne,
Were layd in Tombe, which els had bene forgot.

In this church
was a most
famous worke
in maner of a
genealogie of

And

The worthines

Kings, called
the roote of
Iesse, which
worke is de-
faced and pul-
led downe in
peeces.

And buried cleane, in graue past mynd of man,
As thoufands are, forgot fince world began :
Whose race was great, and who for want of Time,
In duft doth dwell, vnknowne till day of Dome.

On the right
hand in a faire
Chappell.

Both the win-
dowe and in
other parts a-
bout him
shewes that he
was a stranger.

Blewe is.

The labell
whereon are
nyne Flower-
deluces.

In Church there lyes a noble Knight,
Enclolde in wall right well :

Crosselegged as it seemes to fight,
(Or as record doth tell)
He was of high and princely blood,
His Armes doth shewe the same :
For thereby may he vnderstood,
He was a man of fame.

A shield of blacke he beares on brest,
A white Crowe plaine thereon :
A ragged sleue in top and crest,
All wrought in goodly stone.

And vnder feete, a Greyhound lyes,
Thre golden Lyons gay,
Nine Flowerdeluces there likewise,
His Armes doth full display.

On the left
hand a Lord
of Aborgany.

A Lord that once enioyde that Seate,
Lyes there in sumptuous soyt :
They say as loe his race was great,
So auncient men report.
His force was much: for he by strength
With Bull did struggle so,
He broke cleane off his hornes at length,
And therewith let him go.
This Lord a Bull hath vnder feete,
And as it may be thought,
A Dragon vnder head doth lye,
In stone full finely wrought.
The worke and Tombe so auncient is,
(And of the oldest gyle)

My

of Wales.

My first bare view, full well may mis,
To shewe how well he lyes.

A Tombe in deede, of charge and shewe,
Amid the Chappell stands :
Where William Thomas Knight ye knowe,
Lyes long with stretched hands.
A Harbert was he cal'd of right,
Who from great kindred cam,
And married to a worthie wight,
Daughter to Dauie Gam,
(A Knight likewise, of right and name)
This Harbert and his feere,
Lyes there like one that purchast fame,
As plainly doth appeere.
His Tombe is rich, and rare to viewe,
Well wrought of great deuite :
Though it be old, Tombes made but newe,
Are of no greater price.
His Armes thre ramping Lyons white,
Behind his head in shield :
A crowned Lyon blacke is hers,
Set out in most rich field :
Behind her head is likewise there,
Loe what our elders did,
To make those famous euery where,
Whose vertues are not hid.

In Tombe as trim as that before,
Sir Richard Harbert lyes :
He was at Banbrie field of yore,
And through the battraile wise :
He past with Pollax in his hands,
A manly act in deede,
To preece among so many hands,
As you of him may reede.

Sir William
Thomas
Knight (alias)
Harbert

Sir Dauie
Gam Knight
father to this
Knights wife.

This Knight
was slaine at
Edgingcourt
field.

His Tombe is
of hard and
good Allabla-
ster.

Sir William
Thomas was
father to the
next that fol-
lowes, called
Sir Richard
Harbert of
Colbroke
Knight.

In the Chro-
nicle this is re-
hearsed.

¶

This

The worthines

On the left
hand of the
Chappell they
lye.

She was
daughter to
Thomas ap
Griffith father
to Sir Rice ap
Thomas
Knight.

This vallant Knight, at Colbroke dwelt,
Here Aborgaynie towne :
Who when his fatall destinie felt,
And fortune slong him downe,
Among his enemies lost his head,
A rufull tale to tell :
Yet buryed was as I haue said,
In sumptuous Tombe full well.
His wife Dame Margret by his side,
Lyes there likewise for troth :
Their Armes as yet may be tryed,
(In honoz of them both)
Stands at their heads, three Lyons white
He giues as well he might :
Thyee Rauens blacke, in shield she giues,
As Daughter to a Knight.
A sheafe of Arrowes vnder head,
He hath as due to him :
Thus there these worthie couple lye,
In Tombe full fine and trim.

On the right
hand of the
Chappell.

The old Earle
of Penbroke
one of the pri-
uie Councell.

Now in another passing Tombe,
Of beautie and of charge,
There lyes a Squire (that Harbert hight)
With colt set out at large.
Two Daughters and sixe Sonnes also,
Are there set nobly forth :
With other workes that makes the showe,
And Monument more worth.
Himselfe, his wife, and children to,
Lyes shrouded in that Seate :
Now somewhat for that Squire I do,
Because his race was great.
He was the father of that Earle,
That dyed Lord Steward late,
A man of might, of speet most rare,

And

of Wales.

And boine to happie fate.
His father layd so richly here,
So long agoe withall,
Shewes to the lookers on full cleere,
(When this to mynd they call)
This Squire was of an auncient race,
And boine of noble blood :
Sith that he dyed in such a cace,
And left such worldly good,
To make a Tombe so rich and braue :
May further now to say,
The thre white Lyons that he gaue
In Armes, doth race betray :
And makes them blush and hold downe browe,
That babble out of square.
Rest there and to my matter now :
Upon this Tombe there are
Thre Lyons and thre white Bores heads :
The first thre are his owne.
The white Bores heads his wife he gaue,
As well in Wales is knowne.
A Lyon at his feete doth lye,
At head a Dragon greene :
More things who lists to search with eye,
On Tombe way well be seene.

Amid the Church, Lord Hastings lay,
Lord Aborgaynie than :
And since his death remou'd away,
By fine deuice of man :
And layd within a windowe right,
Full flat on stonie wall :
Where now he doth in open sight,
Remaine to people all.
The windowe is well made and wrought,
A costly worke to see :

In the win-
dowe now he
lyes.

The worthines

In which his noble Armes are thought,
 Of purpose there to bee.
 A ragged sleue and sixe red Birds,
 Is portrayd in the Glasse:
 His wife hath there her left arme bare,
 It seemes her sleue it was
 That hangs about his necke full fine,
 Right oze a Purple weede:
 A robe of that same colour too,
 The Ladie weares in deede,
 Under his legges a Lyon red,
 His Armes are rare and rich:
 A Harrold that could shewe them well,
 Can blase not many fitch.
 Sixe Lyons white, the ground sayre blew,
 Thre flowerdeluces gold:
 The ground of them is red of hew,
 And goodly to behold.
 But note a greater matter now,
 Upon his Tombe in stone
 Were foeteene Lords that knees did bow,
 Unto this Lord alone.
 Of this rare worke a porch is made,
 The Barrons there remaine
 In good old stone, and auncient trade,
 To shewe all ages plaine.
 What homage was to Hastings due,
 What honour he did win:
 What Armes he gaue, and so to blaze
 What Lord had Hastings bin.

Some say this
 great Lord
 was called
 Bruce and not
 Hastings, but
 most doe hold
 opinion he
 was called Ha-
 stings.

A Ladie of A-
 borgaynie.

Right oze against this windowe, loe
 In stone a Ladie lyes:
 And in her hands a Hart I troe,
 She holds before your eyes:
 And on her breast, a great sayre shield,

In

of Wales.

In which she beares no more
But three great Flowerdeluces large :
And euen soe, right oze
Her head another Ladie lyes
With Squirrell on her hand,
And at her feete, in stone likewise,
A couching Hound doth stand :
They say her Squirrell lept away,
And toward it she run :
And as from fall she sought to stay
The little pretie Bun,
Right downe from top of wall she fell,
And tooke her death thereby.
Thus what I heard, I doe you tell,
And what is seene with eye.

A Ladie of
some noble
house whose
name I knowe
not.

A friend of myne who lately dyed,
That Doctor Lewis hight :
Within that Church his Tombe I spyed,
Well wrought and fayre to sight.
O Lord (quoth I) we all must dye,
No lawe, nor learnings loze :
No iudgement deepe, nor knowledge hye,
No riches lesse or more,
No office, place, nor calling great,
No worldly pompe at all,
Can keepe vs from the mortall threat
Of death, when God doth call.
Sith none of these good gifts on earth,
Haue powre to make vs liue :
And no good fortune from our birth,
No hower of breath can giue.
Thinke not on life and pleasure heere,
They passe like beames of Sunne :
For nought from hence we carrie cleere,
When man his race hath runne.

Doctor Lewis
lately Iudge in
the Amoraltie

G 3

An

The worthines
 An Introduction for
Breaknoke Shiere.

IS bodie tyerd with trauaile, God forbid,
That wearie bones, so soone should seeke for rest:
Shall senses sleepe, when head in house is hid,
As though some charme, were crept in quiet brest.
And so bewitch, the wits with too much ease,
That duls good spzeete, and blunts quicke sharpe deuice:
Which climes the Clowdes, and wades th' rough deepest Seas,
And goes before, and breakes the frozen Ice,
To cleere the coast, and make the passage free
For trau'lers all, that will great secrets see.

When quick concept, by slouth is rockt asleepe,
And fresh deuice, goes laynt for lacke of vse:
Along the limmes, doth lazie humours creepe,
And daylie breeds, in bodie great abuse.
If mettall fine, be not kept cleane from rust,
The brightest blade, will sure some cancker take:
And when cleere thyngs, are staynd with dyoile and dust,
They must be skour'd by skill, for profites sake.
Wit is nought worth, in ydle braine to rest,
Nor gold doth good, that still lyes lockt in chest.

The soft Downe bed, and Chamber warm'd with fire,
Or thicke furd gowne, is all that sluggard seekes:
But men of spzeete, whose hearts do still aspire,
Do labour long, with leane and lentten cheekes,
To trye the world, and taste both sweete and sower:
Who much doth see, may much both speak and wyte:
Who little knowes, hath little wit or power
To winne the wile, or dwell in worlds delight.
Feare not to toyle, for he that sowes in paine,
Shall reape with ioye, for store good Corne againe.

In

of Wales.

In reachlesse youth, whiles fancie flew with winde,
Feete could not stay, the bodie mou'd so fast :
For euery part, thereof did answer minde,
Till aged yeeres, sayd wanton daies were past.
If that be true, sound iudgement should be fraught
With grauer thoughts, and greater things of weight :
Sirh sober sence, at lightnesse now hath laught,
Thy reason should, set crooked matters streight :
And newly frame, a forme of fine deuice,
That vertue may, bring knowledge most in price.

To treat of tyme, and make discourse of men,
And how the world, doth chop and chaunge estate,
Doth well become, an auncient writers pen :
If skill will serue, such secretes to debate.
If no, hold on the course thou hast begun,
To talke of Townes, and Castles as they are :
And looke thou doe, no toyle nor trauaile thin,
To set forth things, that be both straunge and rare.
If age doe droope, and can abide no toyle,
When thou comest home, yet let out some sweete Soyle.

Though ioynts ware stiffe, and bodie heauie growes,
And backe bends downe, to earth where corps must lye :
And legges be lame, and goote creepes in the toes,
Cold crampe, and cough, makes groning goast to crye.
When firs are past, if any rest be found,
Plye pen againe, for that shall purchase praise :
Yea though thou canst, not ride so great a ground,
As all oze Wales, in thyne old aged daies :
Forget no place, nor Soyle where thou hast bin,
With Breaknocke Shiere, than now this booke begin.

Shewe what thyne eyes, are witnesse of for troth,
And leaue the rest, to them that after liues :

When

The worthines

When man is cal'd, away to graue he goeth,
Death steales the life, that God and nature giues.
Thou hast no state, nor patten here on earth,
But borrowed breath, the bodie beares about:
Death daylie wayts, on life from hower of birth,
And when he lists, he blowes thy candle out.
Then leaue some worke, in world before thou passe,
That friends may say, loe here a wyter was.

My Muse thus sayd, and so she shanke aside,
As though some Spreet, a space had spoke to mee:
With that I had, a friend of myne espyde,
That stood farre of, behind a Lawrell tree.
For whom I cal'd, and told him in his eare
My Muses tale: but therewithall his eyes
Bedeaw'd his cheekes, with many a bitter teare,
For sorowe great, that from his heart did rise.
Oh friend (quoth hee) thy race I see so short,
Thou canst not liue, to make of Wales report.

For first behold, how age and thy mishap,
Agreed in one to tread thee vnder foote:
Thou wast long since, slong out of Fortunes lap,
When youths gay blowmes, forooke both haunch and roote,
And left weake age, as bare as barraine stocke,
That neither fruite, nor leaues will growe vpon:
Can feeble bones, abide the sturdie shooke
Of Fortunes force, when youthfull strength is gon:
And if good chaunce, in youth hath fled from thee,
Be sure in age, thou canst not happie bee.

Tis hap that must, maintaine thy cost and charge,
By some such meane, as great good turnes are gote:
Els walke or ride, abroade the world at large,
And yet great mynd, but makes old age to dote.

Thy

of Wales.

Thy trauaile past, shewes what may after fall,
Long iourneys breeches, disease and sicknesse oft:
Thou hast not health, nor wished wealth at call,
That glads the heart, and makes men looke aloft.
No soyer snib, nor nothing nips so neere,
As feele much want, yet shewe a merrie cheere.

My newfound friend, no sooner this had sayd,
(Which tryall knowes, both true and words of weight)
But that my mynd, from trauaile long was stayd,
Saue that I tooke, in hand a iourney streight,
To Breakenoke Towne, whose Seate once througely pend,
(With some such notes, as season serues therefore)
There all the rest, of toyle should make an end,
Sith aged limmes, might trauaile Wales no more.
Right sozie sure, I can no further go,
Content perforce, sith hap will haue it so.

Some men begin, to build a goodly Seate,
And frames a worke, of Timber bigge and large:
Yet long before, the workmanship be greate,
Another comes, and takes that plot in charge.
Men may not doe no more then God permits,
The mynd it thinkes, great things to bring to passe:
But common course, so soone orecomes the wits,
In peeces lyes, mans state like broken glasse.
We purpose much, but little power we finde,
With good successe, to answer mightie minde.

Well, that discourse, let goe as matter past,
To Breakenoke now, my pen and muse are prest:
And sith that Soyle, and towne shalbe the last,
That here I meane, to touch of all the rest,
In briefest sort, it shalbe witten out:
Yet with such words, as caries credit still,

H

As

The worthines

As other works, in world can breede no dout :
So this small peece, shall shewe my great good will,
That for farewell, to worthie Wales I make,
That followes here, before my leaue I take.

O Happie princely Soyle, my pen is farre to hace,
My muse but serues in sted of foyle, to giue a Jewell grace:
My bare inuention cold, and barraine verses baine,
When they thy glory should vnfold, they do thy Countrie staine.
Thy worth some worthie may, set out in golden lines,
And blaze y^e same, wth colors gay, whose glistering beautie shines.
My boldnesse was to great, to take the charge in hand,
With wasted wits the braines to beat, to write on such a Land:
Whose people may compare, in highst degree of praise,
With any now aliue that are, or were in eldres daies.
Thy Townes and Castles saye, so brauely stands in deede,
They should their honour much apayre, if they my verses neede.
A writers rurall rime, doth hinder thy good name :
For verse but entertaines the tyme, with toys y^e fancies frame.
With Tullies sugred tongue, or Virgils sharpe engine,
Thy rare renowne should still be rong, or sung in verse deuine.
A simple Poets pen, but blots white paper still,
And blurres the hute & praise of men, for want of cunning quill.
If Ouids skill I had, or could like Homer write,
Or Dant would make my muses glad, to please y^e worlds delite.
Or Chawser lent me in these daies, some of his learned tales,
As Petrarke did his Lawra praise, so would I speake of Wales.
But all to late I craue, for knowledge wit and sence:
For looke what gifts y^e Gods the gaue, they tooke the al fro hēce,
And left vs nought but bookes, to stare and poze vpon,
On which perchaunce blind bayard looks, whē skil & sight is gō.
Our former age did floure, with grace and learned lore,
Then farre behind they come I troe, that strue to run before.
We must goe lagging on, as legges and limmes were lame,
And though long since y^e gole was gon, & wit hath won y^e game.

Wale

of Wales.

We shall haue rounge to play, and tyme and place withall,
To looke, to reade, to wyte and say, what shall in fancie fall.
But woe is me the while, that ouertweenes in want,
When world may at my boldnes smile, to see my skill so scant.
Yet wyte in Countries praise, that I cannot set out,
And stands discourag'd many waies, to trausse Wales about.
Yet take now well in worth, the works I haue begun,
I can no further thing set forth, my daies are almost dun:
As candle cleere doth burne, to socket in small tyme, (pyrre.
So age to earth must needes returne, when youth hath past his

Now Breakenoke shiere, as falleth to thy lot,
In place a peere, thou art not sure forgot:
For written of so much as I desire:
For sicknesse long made bodie soone retire
Unto the Towne where it was borne and bred,
And where perhaps, on turffe must lye my hed.
When labors all, shall reape a graue for rest,
And silent death, shall quiet troubled best:
Then as I now, haue somewhat sayd on thee,
So shall some friend, haue tyme to wyte on mee.
Whose restless muse, and wearie waking minde,
To pleasure world, did oft great leasure finde:
And who reioyst, and tooke a great delight,
For knowledge sake, to studie reade and wyte.

The Towne and Church of Breakenoke.

THE Towne is built, as in a pit it were,
By water side, all lapt about with hill:
You may behold a ruinous Castle there,
Somewhat defaste, the walles yet standeth still.
Small narrowe streates, throug all the Towne ye haue, Maister Gams
dwelles here.
Yet in the same, are sondrie houses brane:

H 2 Well

The worthines

Doctor Aw-
berie hath a
houfe here.

Well built without, yea trim and fayre within,
With sweete prospect, that shall your fauour win.

The Riuer Oske, and Hondie runnes thereby,
Fower Bridges good, of stone stands oze each streame:
The greatest Bridge, doth to the Colledge lye,
A free house once, where many a rotten beame
Hath bene of late, through age and trackt of tyme:
Which Bishop now, refourmes with stone and lyme.
Had it not bene, with charge repayd in haste,
That house and Seate, had surely gon to waste.

Two Churches doth, belong vnto this Towne,
One stands on hill, where once a Priorie was:
Which chaung'd the name, when Abbyes were put downe,
But now the same, for Parrish Church doth passe.
Another place, for Morning prayer is,
Made long agoe, that standeth hard by this.
Built in this Church, a Tombe oze two I finde,
That worthe is, in briesfe to bring to minde.

The auncient
houfe of
Gams.

Thzee couple lyes, one oze the others head,
Along in Tombe, and all one race and lyne:
And to be plaine, two couple lyeth dead,
The thirde likewise, as destinie shall allyne,
Shall lye on top, right oze the other twaine:
Their pictures now, all readie there remaine,
In signe when God appoynts the terme and date,
All flesh and blood must yeeld to mortall fate.

These are in deede, the auncient race of Gams,
A house and blood, that long rich Armes doth giue:
And now in Wales, are many of their names,
That keepes great trayne, and doth full brauely liue.
The eldest Sonne, and chiefest of that race,
Doth heare in Armes, a ramping Lyon crownd,

And

of Wales.

And thre Speare heads, and thre red Cocks in place,
A Dragons head, all greene therein is found :
And in his mouth, a red and bloodie hand,
All this and more, vpon the Tombe doth stand.

Thre fayre boyes heads, and euery one of those
A Serpent hath close lapt about his necke :
A great white Bucke, and as you may suppose,
Right oze the same, (which doth it trimly decke)
A crowne there is, that makes a goodly shoue,
A Lyon blacke, and thre Bulles heads I troe :
Thre Flowerdeluce, all fresh and white they were,
Two Swords, two Crownes, with fayre long crosse is there.

The Armes of
the Gams.

Thre Bats, whose wings were spreaded all at large,
And thre white barres were in these Armes likewise :
Let Harrolds now, to whom belongs that charge,
Describe these things, for me this may suffice.
Yet further now, I forced am to goe,
Of leuerall men, some other Armes to shoue.
Within that Church, there lyes beneath the Quere,
These perions two, whose names now shall ye heare.

In Tombe of stone, full fayre and finely wrought,
One Waters lyes, with wife fast by his side :
Of some great stocke, these couple may be thought,
As by their Armes, on Tombe may well be tride.
Full at his feete, a goodly Greyhound lyes,
And at his head there is before your eyes
Thre Libbarts heads, thre cups, two Eagles splayd,
A fayre red Crosse:and further to be sayd,

The Armes of
one Waters.

A Lyon blacke, a Serpent fiercely made,
With tayle wound vp:these Armes thus endeth so.
Crosse legg'd by him, as was the auncient trade,
Debreos lyes, in picture as I troe,

His name was
Reynold De-
breos.

H 3

DE

The worthines

Of most hard wood: which wood as diuers say
No woyme can eate, nor tyme can weare away:
A couching Hound, as Harrolds thought full meete,
In wood likewise, lyes vnderneath his feete.

Iust by the same, Meredith Thomas lyes,
Who had great grace, great wit and worship both,
And world him thought, both happie blest and wise,
A man that lou'd, good Iustice faith and troth.
Right oze this Tombe, of stone, to his great fame,
Good store in deede of Latin verses are,
And euery verse, set forth in such good frame,
That truely doth his life and death declare.
This man was likt, for many graces good
That he posselt, besides his birth and blood.

Somewhat of some Ri- uers and VVaters.

Glaſſeberies
Bridge is with-
in two myle of
Portthamwel.

Maister Ro-
bert Knowles
that married
one of the
heires of the
Vaughhans
hath a fayre
house and a
Parke at Port-
thamwell.

OF other things, as farre as knowledge goes,
Now must I write, to furnish forth this booke:
Some Shieres doe part at Waters, tryall shewes
There, who so list vpon the same to looke.
Dulace doth runne, along vnto the Hay,
So Hartford shiere, from Breakenoke parteth there.
Brennick Deelyes Thlauenny as they say
At Tawllgath meetes, so into Wye they heare:
From Arthurs Hill, Tytarell runnes apace,
And into Oske and Breakenoke runnes his race.

Here Breakenoke Towne, there is a Mountaine hye,
Which shewes so huge, it is full hard to clyme:
The Mountaine seemes so monstrous to the eye,
Yet thousands doe repayre to that sometime.

And

of Wales.

And they that stand, right on the top shal see
A wonder great, as people doe report :
Which common byute, and saying true may bee,
But since in deede, I did not there resort,
I wryte no more, then world will witnesse well :
Let them that please, of those straunge wonders tell.

What is set downe, I haue it surely seene,
As one that toyl'd and trauayld for the troth :
I will not say, such things are as I weene,
And frame a verse, as common voyces goeth.
Nor yet to please the humors of some men,
I list not stretch, nor racke my termes awry :
My muse will not so farre abuse the pen,
That wyter shall gayne any blot thereby :
So he haue thanke in vsing ydle quill,
He seekes no more for paines and great good will.

¶ Ludloe Towne, Church and Castle.

THE Towne doth stand most part vpon an Hill,
Built well and fayre, with streates both large and wide :
The houses such, where straungers lodge at will.
As long as there the Councell lists abide,
Both fine and cleane the streates are all throughout,
With Condit's cleere, and wholesome water springs :
And who that lists to walke the Towne about,
Shall finde therein some rare and pleasant things :
But chiefly there the ayre so sweete you haue,
As in no place, ye can no better craue.

The names of
streates there.
Castle streate.
Broad streate.
Old streate.
And the Mill
streate.
A fayre house
by the gate of
the making of
Iustice Walter.

The Market house where Corn and Cates are sold,
Is couered oze, and kept in finest sort :

From

The worthines

Nere this is a
fayre house of
Maister Sack-
fords which
he did buyld,
and a fayre
house that
Master Secre-
tarie Foxe did
bestowe great
charges on, &
a house that
Maister Berrie
dwelles in.
M. Townes-
end hath a
fayre house at
Saint Austins
once a Frierie.
The Lord Pre-
sident Sir Har-
rie Sidneys
Daughter, cal-
led Ambrosia,
is entombed
here in most
brauest maner
and great
chargeable
workmanship
on the right
hand of the
Aulter.
On the same
is my Lord of
Warwicks
Armes excel-
lently wrought,
and my Lord
Presidents
Armes and o-
thers, are in
like sort there
richly set out.

From which ye shall, the Castle well behold,
And to which walke, doe many men resort.
On euery side thereof fayre houses are,
That makes a shewe, to please both mynd and eye:
The Church nere that, where monuments full rare
There is, (wherein doth sondrie people lye)
My pen shall touch, because the notes I finde
Therein, deserue to be well borne in minde.

Within the Quere, there is a Ladie layd
In Tombe most rich, the top of fayre Touchstone:
There was bestow'd in honour of this mayd,
Great cost and charge, the trueth may well be knowne.
For as the Tombe, is built in sumptuous guise,
So to the same, a closet fayre is wrought,
Where Lords may sit in stately solemne wise,
As though it were a fine deuice of thought,
To beautifie both Tombe and euery part
Of that fayre worke, that there is made by arte.

Against that Tombe, full on the other side,
A Knight doth lye, that Justice Townesend hight:
His wife likewise, so soone as that she dyed,
In this rich Tombe, was buryed by this Knight:
And trueth to tell, Dame Alice was her name,
An Heire in dede, that brought both wealth and land,
And as world sayth, a worthie vertuous Dame,
Whose auncient Armes, in colours there doth stand:
And many more, whose Armes I doe not knowe,
Unto this Knight, are ioyned all a roe.

Amid the Church, a Chantrye Chappell stands,
Where Hozier lyes, a man that did much good:
Bestow'd great wealth, and gaue thereto some lands,
And helpt poore soules that in necessitie stood.

As

of Wales.

As many men, are bent to win good will
By some good turne, that they may freely shoue:
So Hoziers hands, and head were working still:
For those he did, in det or daunger knowe,
He smylde to see, a begger at his doore:
For all his ioye, was to releue the poore.

Another man, whose name was Cookes for troth,
Like Hozier was, in all good gifts of grace:
This Cookes did giue, great lands and liuings both,
For to maintaine, a Chauntrie in that place.
A peerely dole, and monthly almes likewise
He ordaynd there, which now the poore doe mis:
His wife and he, within that Chappell lyes,
Where yet full plaine, the Chauntrie standing is:
Some other things, of note there may you see
Within that Church, not touched now by mee.

Yet Beawpy must, be nam'd good reason why,
For he bestow'd, great charge before he dyde,
To helpe poore men, and now his bones doth lye
Full nere the Font, vpon the formost side.
Thus in those daies, the poore was lookt vnto,
The rich was glad, to sling great wealth away:
So that their almes, the poore some good might do.
In poore mens boze, who doth his treasure lay,
Shall finde againe, ten fold for one he leaues:
Or els my hope, and knowledge me deceiues.

THE Castle now, I mynd here to set out,
It stands right well, and pleasant to the bewe,
With sweete prospect, yea all the field about.
An auncient Seate, yet many buildings newe
Lord President made, to giue it greater fame:
But if I must, discourse of things as true,

Sir Robert
Townes-end
Knight lyes
in a maruelous
fayre Tombe
in the Queere
here, and his
wife by him,
at his feete is a
red Rowbuck,
and a word
tout en dieu.
On the left
hand Hozier
lies in the bo-
die of the
Church.
On the right
hand Cookes
lies.
This man was
my mothers
father.

Beawpy was a
great rich and
vertuous man,
he made ano-
ther Chantrie.

The Castle of
Ludloe.

Sir Harry Sid-
ney built ma-
ny things here
worthie praise
and memorie.

I

There

The worthines

There are great works, that now doth beare no name,
Which were of old, and yet may pleasure you
To see the same: for loe in elders daies
Was much bestow'd, that now is much to praise.

Over a Chimney excellently wrought in the best chamber, is S. Andrews Croffe ioyned to Prince Arthurs Armes in the hallwindowe.

Prince Arthurs Armes, is there well wrought in stone,
(A worthe worke, that fewe or none may mend)
This worke not such, that it may passe alone:
For as the tyme, did alwaies people send
To world, that might exceede in wit and spereete:
So sondrie sortes of works are in that Seate,
That for so hye a stately place is meete:
Which shewes this day, the workmanship is greete.
Looke on my Lords, and speak your fancies throw,
And you will praise, sayre Ludloe Castle now.

In it besides, (the works are here bnnam'd)
A Chappell is, most trim and costly sure,
So brauely wrought, so sayre and finely fram'd,
That to worlds end, the beautie may endure.
About the same, are Armes in colours sitch,
As fewe can shewe, in any Soyle or place:
A great deuice, a worke most rare and ritch:
Which truely shewes, the Armes, the blood and race
Of sondrie Kings, but chiefly Noble men,
That here in prose, I will set out with pen.

All that folowes are Armes of Princes and Noblemen.

Sir Walter Lacie was first owner of Ludloe Castle, whose Armes are there, and so followes the rest by order as you may reade.

Jeffrey Genyuile, did match with Lacie.

Roger Mortymer the first Earle of Marchy an Earle of a great house matcht with Genyuile.

Leonell

of Wales.

Leonell Duke of Clarence ioyned with Ulster in Armes.

Edmond Earle of Marchy matcht with Clarence.

Richard Earle of Cambridge matcht with the Earle of Marchy.

Richard Duke of Yorke matcht with Westmerland.

Edward the fourth matcht with Modulle of Rivers.

Henry the seventh matcht with Elizabeth right heire of England.

Henry the eight matcht with the Marquese of Penbroke.

These are the greatest first to be named that are there set out worthely as they were of dignitie and birth.

Now followes the rest of those that were Lord Presidents, and others whose Armes are in the same Chappell.

William Smith Bishop of Lincolne was the first Lord President of Wales in Prince Arthurs daies.

Jeffrey Blythe Bishoppe of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Rowland Lee Bishoppe of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Thon Ueslie Bishop of Exeter Lord President.

Richard Sampson Bishop of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

The worthines

John Dudley Earle of Warwick (after Duke of Northumberland) Lord President.

Sir William Herbert (after Earle of Penbroke) Lord President.

Nicholas Heath Bishop of Worcester Lord President.

Sir William Herbert once againe Lord President.

Gilbert Browne Bishop of Bath and Welles Lord President.

Lord Williams of Tame Lord President.

Sir Harry Sidney Lord President.

Sir Andrew Corbret Knight, Vicepresident.

There are two blankes left without Armes.

Sir Thomas Dynam Knight, is mentioned there to doe some great good act.

John Scory Bishop of Hartford.

Nicholas Bullingham, Bishop of Worcester.

Nicholas Robinson, Bishop of Bangore.

Richard Davies, Bishop of Saint Davies.

Thomas Davies, Bishop of Saint Asaph.

Sir James Crofts Knight, Contrroller.

Sir

of Wales.

Sir John Throgmorton Knight, Iustice of Chester and the thre Shieres of Eastwales.

Sir Hugh Cholmley Knight.

Sir Nicholas Arnold Knight.

Sir George Bomley Knight, and Iustice of the thre Shieres in Wales.

William Gerrard, Lord Chauncelloz of Ireland, and Iustice of the thre Shieres in Southwales.

Charles Fore Esquier and Secretozie.

Ellice Price Doctor of the Lawe.

Edward Lighton Esquier.

Richard Sebozne Esquier.

Richard Pates Esquier.

Rafe Barton Esquier.

George Phetyplace Esquier.

William Leighton Esquier.

Myles Sands Esquier.

The Armes of al these afore spoken of are gallantly and cunningly set out in the Chappell.

Now is to be rehearsed, that Sir Harry Sidney being Lord President, buylt twelue roumes in the sayd Castle, which goodly buildings both shewe a great beautie to the same.

The great water called Teā, comes 17. mile frō a place called the Whitehall neere vnto Begyldie in the County of Radnor.

The worthines

The Forrest of
Brenwood is
west from the
towne.
The Chace of
Mocktrie and
Ockley Parkes
stands not farre
from thence.

He made also a goodly Wardrope vnderneath the new Parlor, and repayred an old Tower, called Mortymers Tower, to keepe the auncient Records in the same: and he repayred a fayre rounge vnder the Court house, to the same entent and purpose, and made a great wall about the woodyard, & built a most braue Condit within the inner Court: and all the newe buildings ouer the Gate Sir Harry Sidney (in his daies and gouernement there) made and set out to the honour of the Queene, and glorie of the Castle.

There are in a goodly or stately place set out my Lord Earle of Warwicks Armes, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Worcester, the Earle of Penbroke, and Sir Harry Sidneys Armes in like maner: al these stand on the left hand of the Chamber. On the other side are the Armes of Northwales and Southwales, two red Lyons and two golden Lyons, Prince Arthurs.

A deuice of
the Lord Pre-
sidents.

At the end of the dyning Chamber, there is a pretie deuice how the Hedgehog brake the chayne, and came from Ireland to Ludloe.

There is in the Hall a great grate of Iron of a huge height: so much is written only of the Castle.

 The Towne of Ludloe, and many
good gifts graunted to the same.

He gaue great
possessions,
large liberties,
and did incor-
porate them
with many
goodly free-
domes.

King Edward fourth, for seruice truely done,
When Henry sixt, and he had mortall warre:
No sooner he, by force the victorie wone,
But with great things, the Towne he did preferre.
Gaue lands thereto, and libertie full large,
Which royall gifts, his bountie did declare,
And dayly dorth, mainteyne the Townes great charge:
Whose people now, in as great freedome are,

As

of Wales.

As any men, vnder this rule and Crowne,
That liues and dwels, in Citie or in Towne.

Two Baylieses rules, one yeere the Towne throughout,
Twelue Aldermen, they haue therein likewise :
Who doth beare sway, as turne doth come about,
Who chosen are, by oth and auncient guise.
Good lawes they haue, and open place to pleade,
In ample sort, for right and Justice sake:
A Preacher too, that dayly there doth reade,
A Schoolemaster, that doth good schollers make.
And for the Queere, are boyes brought vp to sing,
And so serue God, and doe none other thing.

Three tymes a day, in Church good Sacrifice is,
At sixe a clocke, at nine, and then at thre :
In which due howers, a straunger shall not mis,
But sondrie sorts, of people there to see.
And thirtie thre, poore persons they maintaine,
Who weekly haue, both money, almes and ayde:
Their lodging free, and further to be plaine,
Still once a weeke, the poore are truly payde:
Which shewes great grace, and goodnesse in that Seate,
Where rich doth see, the poore shall want no meate.

An Hospitall, there hath bene long of old,
And many things, pertainning to the same :
A goodly Guyld, the Townshipp did uphold,
By Edwards gift, a King of worthie fame.
This Towne doth choose, two Burgeses alwaies
For Parliament, the custome still is so:
Two Fayres a yeere, they haue on severall daies,
Three Markets kept, but monday chiefe I troe :
And two great Parkes, there are full neere the Towne,
But those of right, pertaine vnto the Crowne.

That Towne
hath bin well
gouerned a
lōg while with
two Baylieses,
twelue Alder-
men, and fise
and thirtie
Commoners,
a Recorder &
a Townclarke
assitant to the
sayd Baylieses
by iudiciall
coursē of lawe
weekly, in as
large and am-
ple maner for
their triall be-
twene partie
and partie, as
any Cittie or
Borrowe of
England hath.

The poore
haue sweete
lodgings each
one a part to
himselſe.
An Hospitall
called S. Iones.
A Guyld that
King Edward
(by Letters
Pattents) gaue
to the Baylies
and Burgeses
of the towne.
The Aldermē
are Iustices of
the Peace for
the time being

These

The worthines

These things rehearst, makes Ludloe honord mitch,
And would to thinke, it is an auncient Seate:
Where many men, both worthie wise and rich
Were borne and bred, and came to credit great.
Our auncient Kings, and Princes there did rest,
Where now full oft, the President dwels a space:
It stands for Wales, most apt, most fit and best,
And neereſt to, at hand of any place:
Wherefore I thought, it good before I end,
Within this booke, this matter should be pend.

The rest of Townes, that in Shropshire you haue,
I neede not touch, they are so thoroughly knowne:
And further more, I knowe they cannot craue
To be of Wales, how euer hute be blowne.
So wishing well, as duetie doth me binde,
To one and all, as farre as power may goe,
I knit vp here, as one that doth not minde
Of native Soyle, no further now to shoue.
So cease my muse, let pen and paper pause,
Till thou art calde, to write of other cause.

An Introduction to re- *member Shropshire.*

How hath thy muse so long bene luld a sleepe:
What deadly drinke, hath sence in slumber brought:
Both popson cold, through blood and bolome creepe:
Or is of spite, some charme by witchcraft wrought,
That birall spretes, hath lost their feeling quite:
Or is the hand, so weake it cannot write:
Come yde man, and shewe some honest cause,
Why writers pen, makes now so great a pause.

A deuice of
the Author
called Reafous
threatning.

Can

of Wales.

Can Wales be nam'de, and Shropshire be forgotte,
The marshes must, make muster with the rest:
Shall Sallop say, their countreyman doth dote,
To treat of things, and write what thinks him best.
No sure such fault, were double error plaine,
If in thy pen, be any Poets bayne,
Or gifts of grace, from Skyes did drop on thee,
Than Shrewsburie Towne, thereof first cause must bee.

Both boyne and bred, in that same Seate thou wast,
(Of race right good, or els Records do lye)
From whence to schoole, where euer Churchyard past.
To native Soyle, he ought to haue an eye,
Speake well of all, and write what world may proue,
Let nothing goe, beyond thy Countries loue:
Wales once it was, and yet to mend thy tale,
Make Wales the Marke, and plaine Shropshire the pale.

The Author
borne in
Shrewsburie.

Shrewsburie
the marshes of
Wales.

If pale be not, a speciall peece of Marke,
Sit silent now, and neither write nor speake:
But leaue out pale, and thou mayst misse the marke,
Thy muse would hit, or els thy quill may breake
Against a stone, thou thinkest to glance vpon.
Now weigh these words, my cholish check is gon,
More gentle speech, hereafter may I spend,
When that in verse, I see thy Countrie pend.

Reasons
threatning is
done.

When Reasons threat, had capt me on the pate,
(With priuie blowes, that neuer drawes no blood)
To studie streight, with pen and pake I gate,
And sadly there, bethought me what was good.
But ere the locke, and doore was bolted fast,
Ten thousand toyes, in head through fancie past,
And twentie more, concepts came rouling on,
That were too long, to talke and treat vpon.

The priuie
blowes that
Reason giues.

¶

Where-

The worthines

For feare of
shame slouth-
full men are
well occupied.

Wherefore in briebe, I settled pen to worke,
For feare least world, found fault with slouthfull muse:
And calling bp, the spreetes that close did lurke
In cloke of ease, that would good wits abuse.
I held on way, to auncient Shrewfebrie Towne,
And so from houle, at lodging lighting downe,
I walkt the streetes, and markt what came to betwe,
Found old things dead, as world were made a newe.

Newe build-
ings makes
old deuce
blush.

For buildings gay, and gallant finely wrought,
Had old deuce, through tyme supplanted cleane:
Some houses bare, that seem'd to be worth nought,
Were fat within, that outward looked leane:
What had won wealth, to stufte each emptie place,
The cunning head, and labouring hand had grace
To gayne and keepe, and lay bp still in store,
As man might say, the heart could wish no more.

Labour reapes
reward.

A number sure, were ritch become of late,
By worldly meanes, by hap or wisdomes arte:
He had no praise, that did apayze his state,
And he most lawde, that playd the wisest parte.
To come by goods, well won with honest trade,
And warely looke, there were no hausock made:
Such thurstie men, doe dwell in Shrewfebrie now,
That all the Towne, is full of Marchants throw.

Many well
borne and rich
in Shrewfebu-
rie.
Diuers Almes
houses in
Shrewfeburie,
and hath bin
there maintey-
ned in old
time.

And sondrie borne, of right good race and blood,
Who freely liues, from bondage euery way:
Whose rent and lands, whose wealth and worldly good,
(When other works, giues them free leaue to play)
Most part are ritch, or els right well to liue,
And to the poore, the godly people giue:
To preaching still, repayres both young and old,
Makes more thereof, then of ritch pearle or gold.

Now

of Wales.

Now cometo poynts, and rules of ciuill men,
Good maner calde, that shewes good nature still :
And so with Wales, ye may compare them then,
The meanest sort, I meane of stendrest skill.
For as some whelpes, that are of gentle kinde,
Exceedes curre dogges, that beares a doggish minde :
So these meeke folke, that meetes you in the streete,
Will curchie make, or shewe an humble spreete.

Shrewseburie
and Wales are
like in courte-
sie.

Fayre wordes
and reuerence
is a common
thing there.

This argues sure, they haue in Wales bin bred,
Or well brought vp, and taught where now they dwell :
If haughtie heart, he spyde by loftie hed,
And curteous folkes, by lookes are knowne full well :
He thinks the myld, wins all goodwill away,
The sturdie stands, like Stagge or Bucke at bay :
The tame white Doue, and Faulkon for delytes,
Are better farre, then fifteene hundred Kytes.

Good nature
and good ma-
ners shewes
good myndes.

Stout beha-
uour is rather
abhorred then
embraced.

My theame is Wales, and to that theame I goe,
Perhaps some seede, of that same Soyle is here :
Sotwne in such sort, that dayly it doth growe
In fayrest fourme, to furnish forth this shiere,
Admit the same, the sequell graunts it well,
Passe that discourse, and giue me leaue to tell
How Shrewseburie stands, and of the Castles seate,
The Riuer large, and stonie bridge so greate.

Many of wales
wealthie men
in Shrewsebu-
rie.

The Towne thre parts, stands in a balley loe,
Thre gates there are, through which you needes must passe,
As to the height, of Towne the people goe :
So Castle seemes, as twere a looking glasse,
To looke through all, and hold them all in awe,
Treangle wise, the gates and Towne doth drawe :
But Castle hill, spyres out each streete so plaine,
As though an eye, on them did still remaine.

A deepe de-
uice the foun-
dation of
Shrewseburie.
The Castle
built in such a
braue plot,
that it could
haue espyed a
byrd flying in
euery streete.

R 2 In

The worthines

A matter to
be marked.

In midst of Towne, fower Parrish Churches are,
Full nere and close, together note that right:
The bewe farre of, is wondrous straunge and rare,
For they doe seeme, a true loue knot to fight:

A Knight lyes
croffelegged
in S. Maries,
his name is
Leyborne.

They stand on hill, as Nature wrought a Seate,
To place them fower, in statelie beautie greate:
As men deuout, to buyld these works tooke care,
So in these daies, these Temples famous are.

Of the fame
of Churches.

First for the cause, whereon they so were made,
Then for their fourme, and fashion framed fine:
Next for the cost, the stones and auncient trade,
And chiefe of all, for mans intent deuine.
Their placing thus, the plots whereon they stand,
The workmanship, with cunning Masons hand:
Their height and breadth, their length and thicke nelle both,
Argues in deede, a wondrous worke of troth.

Of the Riuer
of Seuarne.

Not farre from them, doth goodly Seuarne run,
An arme of Sea, a water large and deepe:
Whose headstrong streame, the fisher can not shun,
Except by banke, both hote and he doth creepe.
This Riuer runs, to many a noble Towne,
As Wyster one, and Brisstowe of renowne:
With moe besides, which here I neede not name,
The Card can shewe, both them and all their fame.

A notable Ri-
uer, called Se-
uarn, running
vnder two
faire bridges
of stone.

About the walles, trim vnder goodly banks
Doth Seuarne passe, and comes by Cotten hill:
Such praise they had, and purchast many thanks,
That at Stonebridge, made place for many a Mill.
About the Towne, this water may be brought,
If that a way, were nere the Castle brought:
So Castle should, stand like a peereless mount,
And Shrewsburie Towne, be had in great account.

Full

of Wales.

Full from Welshbridge, along by meddowes greene,
The Riuer runs, most fayre and fine to beue:
Such fruitfull ground, as this is seldome seene
In many parts, if that I heare be true.
Yet each man knowes, that grasse is in his pride,
And ayre is fresh, by euery Riuers side:
But sure this plot, doth farre surpasse the rest,
That by good lot, is not with graces blest.

There is a
bridge called
Welshbridge,
which shewes
Shrewsburie
to be of Wales

Who hath desire, to beue both hill and vale,
Walke by old wail, of Castle rude and bare,
And he shall see, such pleasure set to sale,
In kindly sort, as though some Marchants ware
Were set in shop, to please the passer by:
Or els by shewe, beguyld the gazers eye:
For looke but downe, along the pleasant coast,
And he shall thinke, his labour is not lost.

The Castle
though old
and ruynate
stands most
braue and gal-
lantly.

Maister Prince
his house stāds
so trim and
finely, that it
graceth all the
Soyle it is in.

One way appeares, Stonebridge and Subbarbs there,
Which called is, the Abbey forehed yet:
A long great streete, well builded large and faire,
In as good ayre, as may be wiht with wit:
Where Abbey stands, and is such ring of Belles,
As is not found, from London vnto Welles:
The Steeple yet, a gracious pardon findes,
To hide all blasts, all wethers stoymes and windes.

Another way, full ore Welshbridge there is,
An auncient streete, cal'd Franckwell many a day:
To Ovestri, the people passe through this,
And vnto Wales, it is the reddie way.
In Subbarbs to, is Castle forehed both,
A streete well pau'd, two seuerall waies that goeth:
All this without, and all the Towne within,
When Castle stood, to beue hath subiect bin.

Here is the
way to Meluer-
ley, to Wattels
Borrow where
Ma. Leighton
dwelles, to
Cawx Castle
Lord Staf-
fords, and to
Maister Wil-
liams house.

¶ 3

But

The worthines

Aldermen in
Scarlet orderly
in Shrewfebu-
rie, and two
Bayliefes as
richly fet out
as any Mayor
of some great
Cities.

But now doth hold, their freedome of the Prince,
And as is found, in Records true vnfaund,
This trim shiere towne, was buyt a great while since:
Whose priuiledge, by loyaltie was gaynd.
Two Bayliefes there, doth rule as courie doth fall,
In state like Maior, and orders good withall:
Each officer due, that fits for stately place,
Each peere they haue, to peeld the roume more grace.

Great & costly
banquetting
in Christmas
and at all Sef-
fions & Sizes.

On sollemne daies, in Scarlet gownes they goe,
Good house they keepe, as cause doth serue therefore:
But Christmas feasts, compares with all I knowe
Saue London sure, whose state is farre much more.
That Cities charge, makes straungers blush to see,
So princely still, it is in each degree:
But though it beare, a Torch beyond the best,
This Lanterne light, may shine among the rest.

A matter of
trafficke to be
noted and cō-
sidered of.

London com-
pared to the
flowing Sea.

This Towne with more, fit members for the head,
Makes London rich, yet reapes great gayne from thence:
It giues good gold, for Clothes and markes of lead,
And for Welsh ware, exchaungerth English pence.
A fountaine head, that many Conditis serue,
Keepest moyst dye Springs, and doth it selfe preserue:
The flowing Sea, to which all Riuers run,
May spare some shewes, to quench the heate of Sun.

The great
must main-
taine the smal.

So London must, like mother to the Realme,
To all her babes, giue milke, giue lucke and pap:
Small Brookes swelles bp, by force of mightie streame,
As little things, from greatest gaynes good hap.
If Shrewfebrie thriue, and last in this good lucke,
It is not like, to lacke of worldly mucke:
The trade is great, the Towne and Seate stands well,
Great health they haue, in such sweete Soyles that dwell.

Thus

of Wales.

Thus farre I goe, to proue this Wales in deede,
Or els at least, the martches of the same:
But further speake, of Shiere it is no neede,
Saue Ludloe now, a Towne of noble fame:
A goodly Seate, where oft the Councell lyes,
Where Monuments, are found in auncient gyse:
Where Kings and Queenes, in pompe did long abyde,
And where God pleasse, that good Prince Arthur dyde.

Ludloe is set
out after.

This Towne doth front, on Wales as right as lyne,
So sondrie Townes, in Shropshire doe for troth:
As Ozestry, a pretie Towne full fine,
Which may be lou'd, be likt and prayd both.
It stands so trim, and is maintaynd so cleane,
And peeped is, with folke that well doe meane:
That it deserue, to be enrould and thynd
In each good brest, and euery manly mynd.

Ozeffrie and
Bishops Ca-
stle doth front
in Wales.

The Market there, so farre exceedes withall,
As no one Towne, comes neere it in some sort:
For looke what may, be wisht or had at call,
It is there found, as market men report.
For Poultrie, Foule, of euery kind somewhat,
No place can shewe, so much more cheape then that:
All kind of Cates, that Countrie can afford,
For money there, is bought with one bare word.

Of a notable
market a mer-
uelous matter.

They hacke not long, about the thing they sell,
For price is knowne, of each thing that is brought:
Poore folke God wot, in Towne no longer dwell,
Then money had, perhaps a thing of nought:
So trudge they home, both barelegge and vnshod,
With song in Welsh, or els in prayng God:
O sweete content, O merrie mynd and mood,
With sweat of browes, thou lou'st to get thy food.

Poore folkes
makes fewe
words in bar-
gayning.



The worthines

The blessed-
nesse of plaine
people.

O plaine good folke, that haue no craftie haines,
O Conscience cleere, thou knowst no cunning knacks:
O harmlesse hearts, where feare of God remaines,
O simple Soules, as sweete as Virgin waxe.
O happie heads, and labouring bodie's blest,
O sillie Doues, of holy Abrahams best:
You sleepe in peace, and rise in ioye and blisse,
For Heauen hence, for you prepared is.

A rare report
yet truly gi-
uen of Wales.

Where shall we finde, such dealing now adaies:
Where is such cheere, so cheape and chaunge of fare:
Ride North and South, and search all beaten waies,
From Barwick boundes, to Venice if you dare,
And finde the like, that I in Wales haue found,
And I shall be, your slaue and bondman bound.
If Wales be thus, as tryall well shall proue,
Take Wales goodwill, and giue them neighbours loue.

You must
reade further
before you
finde Ludloe
described.

To Ludloe now, my muse must needes retorne,
A season short, no long discourse doth craue:
Tyme rouleth on, I doe but daylight burne,
And many things, in deede to doe I haue.
Looke what great Towne, doth front on Wales this hower,
I minde to touch, God sparing life and power:
Not hyperd thereto, but hal'de by harts desire
To giue them praise, whole deedes doe fame require.

Verte folium.

The Authors
forgetfulnessse
excused.

*O*f Shrewsbury Churches and the Monuments
therein, with a Bridge of stone two bowshot long, and
a streete called Colam, being in the Subbarbs,
and a fayre Bridge there in like maner:all
this was forgotten in the first copie.

I had such haste, in hope to be but briebe,
That Monuments, in Churches were forgot:

And

of Wales.

And somewhat more, behind the walles as chiefe,
Where Playes haue bin, which is most worthe note.
There is a ground, newe made Theator wise,
Both deepe and hye, in goodly auncient guise:
Where well may sit, ten thousand men at ease,
And yet the one, the other not displease.

A pleasant
and artificiall
peece of ground

A space belowe, to bayt both Bull and Beare,
For Players too, great rounne and place at will.
And in the same, a Cocke pit wondrous feare,
Besides where men, may wastle in their fill.
A ground most apt, and they that sits aboue,
At once in bewe, all this may see for loue:
At Aftons Play, who had beheld this then,
Might well haue seene, there twentie thousand men.

Maister Aston
was a good
and godly
Preacher.

Fayre Seuarne streame, runs round about this ground,
Saue that one side, is closde with Shrewsebie wall:
And Seuarne bankes, whose beautie doth abound,
In that same Soyle, behold at will ye shall.
Who comes to marke, and note what may be seene,
Shall surely see, great pleasures on this greene:
Who walkes the bankes, and thinkes his payne not greate,
Shall say the Towne, is sure a princely Seate.

A Friery house
stood by this
ground called
the Welsh
Fryers.
In Shrewsebu-
rie were three
Fryer houses.

Without the walles, as Subbarbs buylded bee,
So doe they stand, as armes and legges to Towne:
Each one a streate, doth answer in degree,
And by some part, comes Seuarne running downe:
As though that streame, had mynd to garde them all,
And as throughe byidge, this flood doth dayly fall,
So of freestone, three Bridges bigge there are,
All stately built, a thing full straunge and rare.

Then iudge by this, and other things a heape,
They had deepe skill, that first the founders were:

¶

Good

The worthines

Good right they should, the fruite of labour reape,
 Whose wit and wealth, did all the charges beare.
 O fathers wise, and wits beyond the nicke,
 That had the head, the speeres and sence so quicke:
 O golden age, that car'd not what was spent,
 So leaden daies, did stand therewith content.

Bold were those peeres, that sparde such silver pence,
 And hazen world, was that which hoorded all:
 The leaden daies, that we haue sau'd since,
 Bytes to the bones, and tasteth worse then gall.
 What newe things now, with franknesse well begun,
 Can staine those deedes, our fathers old haue done:
 Great Townes they buylt, great Churches reard likewise,
 Which makes our fame, to fall and theirs to rise.

Looke on the works, and wits of former age,
 And our tyme shall, come dragging farre behind:
 If both tymes might, be plainly playd on stage,
 And old tyme past, be truely calde to mind,
 For all our haue, fine glorious buyldings gay,
 Tyme past would run, with all the fame away.
 Atke Oxford that, and Cambridge if it please,
 In this one poynt, shall you resolute at ease.

A bricfe dis-
 course of aun-
 cient tyme.

In auncient tyme, our elders had desire,
 To buyld their Townes, on steepe and stately hill:
 To shewe that as, their hearts did still aspyre,
 So should their works, declare their worthe will.
 And for that then, the world was full of strife,
 And fewe men stood, assur'd of land or life:
 Such quarrels rose, about great rule and state,
 That no one Soyle, was free from foule debate.

The occasion
 of buylding
 strong Holds.

For which sharpe cause, that dayly bred discorde,
 They made strong Holds, and Castles of defence:

And

of Wales.

And such as weare, the Kings the Prince and Lord
Of any place, would spare for no expence,
To see that safe, that they had hardly won:
For which sure poynt, were Forts and Townes begun:
And further loe, if people wared wold,
They brought in feare, by this both man an child.

And if men may, iudge who had most ado
Of gesse by Forts, and Holds what Land was best:
Of looke vpon, our common quarrels to:
Of search what made, men seeke for peace and rest,
Behold but Wales, and note the Castles there,
And you shall finde, no such works any where:
So old so strong, so costly and so hye,
Not vnder Sunne, is to be seene with eye.

Wales hath a
wonderfull
number of
Castles.

And to be plaine, so many Holds they haue,
As sure it is, a world to marke them well:
Pause there a while, my muse must pardon craue,
Pen may not long, vpon such matter dwell.
Now Denbigh comes, to be set forth in verse,
Which shall both Towne, and Castle here rehearse:
So that the verse, such credit may attrayne,
As writer shall, not lose no peece of payne.

A description
of Denbigh-
shire.

An Introduction to bring *in Denbighshire.*

H Art slouth and sleepe, bewitcht my senses so,
That head cannot, awake the ydle hand:
Is frendly muse, become so great a foe,
That labring pen, in pennoe still shall stand.
What trifeling toye, doth trouble writers hayne,
That earnest loue, forgets sweete Poets bayne:

A conceyted
toy to set a
broach an ear-
nest matter.

Æ 2

Wid

The worthines

Bid welcome mirth, and sad conceytes adue,
And fall againe, to wryte some matter newe.

Let old deuice, a Lanterne be to this,
To giue skill light, and make sound iudgement see:
Since gazing eyes, hath seene what each thing is,
And that no Towne, nor Soyle is hid from thee:
Set forth in verse, as well this Countrey here,
As thou at large, hast set out Monmouthshiere:
Praise one alone, the rest will thee disdaine,
A day may come, at length to quite thy paine.

Being Muster-
maister of
Kent more
chargeable
then well cōsi-
dered of there.

Though former toyles, be lost in Sommer last,
Dispayze not now, for Wales is thankfull still:
Thou hast gon farre, the greatest hunt is past,
Then forward passe, and plucke not backe goodwill,
Put hand to Plough, like man goe through with all,
Thy ground is good, run on thou canst not fall:
When seede is sowne, and tyme bestowes some paine,
Thou shalt be knowne, a reaper of good graine.

Hold on thy course, and trauaile Wales all oze,
And whet thy wits, to marke and note it well:
And thou shalt see, thou neuer saw'st before,
Right goodly things, in deede that doth excell:
More auncient Townes, more famous Castles old,
Then well farre of, with ease thou mayst behold:
With Denbighshiere, thy second worke begin,
And thou shalt see, what glorie thou shalt win.

Chirke Castle
a goodly and
princely house
yet.

So I tooke horse, and mounted by in haste,
From Monmouthshiere, a long the coasts I ryde:
When frost and snowe, and wayward winters waste,
Did beate from tree, both leaues and Sommers pryde.
I entred first, at Chirke, right oze a Brooke,
Where staying still, on Countrey well to looke.

of Wales.

A Castle fayre, appeerde to sight of eye,
Whose walles were great, and towers both large and hye.

Full vnderneath, the same doth Keeryock run,
A raging Brooke, when rayne or snowe is greate:
It was some Prince, that first this house begun,
It shewes farre of, to be so hyaue a Seate.
On side of hill, it stands most trim to beue,
An old strong place, a Castle nothing newe.
A goodly thing, a princely Pallace yet,
If all within, were througely furnisht fit.

Keeryock a
wondrous vio-
lent water.

Maister Iohn
Edwards hath
a fayre house
nere this.

Beyond the same, there is a Bridge of stone,
That stands on Dee, a Riuer deepe and swift:
It seemes as it, would riuie the Rocks alone,
Or vndermyne, with force the craggie Clift.
To Chester runs, this Riuer all along,
With gushing streame, and roying water strong:
On both the sides, are bankes and hilles good store,
And mightie stones, that makes the Riuer roze.

Newe Bridge
on the Riuer
Dee.

It flowes with winde, although no rayne there bee,
And swellles like Sea, with waues and foaming flood:
A wonder sure, to see this Riuer Dee,
With winde alone, to waxe so wyld and wood,
Make such a sturre, as water would be mad,
And shewe such life, as though some speete it had.
A cause there is, a nature for the same,
To hying this flood, in such straunge case and frame.

A straunge na-
ture of a water

There is a
poole in Me-
ryonethshi-
ere of three
myle long
rageth so
by storme
that it makes
this Riuer
flowe.

Not farre from this, there stands on little mount,
A right fayre Church, with pillars large and wide:
A monument, therein of good account,
Full finely wrought, amid the Queere I spyde,
A Tombe there is, right rich and stately made,
Where two doth lye, in stone and auncient trade.

Ruabon
Church is a
fayre peece of
worke.

The worthines

The man and wife, with sumptuous collemne guyse,
In this rich fort, before the Altar lyes.

This Gentle-
man was cal-
led Iohn Bel-
lis Eytton.

His head on crest, and warlike Helmet staves,
A Lyon blew, on top thereof comes out:
On Lyons necke, along his legges he layes,
Two Bauntlets white, are lying there about.
An auncient Squire, he was and of good race,
As by his Armes, appeeres in many a place:
His house and lands, not farre from thence doth shoue,
His birth and blood, was great right long agoe.

The trimmest glasse, that may in window bee,
(Wherein the roote, of Jesse well is wrought)
At Altar head, of Church now shall you see,
Hea all the glasse, of Church was deerely bought.

Offaes Dyke.

Within two myles, there is a famous thing,
Cal'de Offaes Dyke, that reacheth farre in length:
All kind of ware, the Danes might thether bring,
It was free ground, and cal'de the Britaines strength.

Wats Dyke.

Wats Dyke likewise, about the same was set,
Betweene which two, both Danes and Britaines met,
And trafficke still, but passing bounds by sleight,
The one did take, the other prisner sleight.

Thus foes could meete, (as many tymes they may)
And doe no harme, when profite ment they both:
Good rule and lawe, makes baddest things to stay,
That els by rage, to wretched reuell goeth.
The huteft beasts, that sauage are of kynd,
Together comes, as leason is allynde:
The angriest men, that can no friendship hyde,
Must cease from warre, when peace appalles their pride.

¶ Now

of Wales.

Now let this goe, and call in haste to minde,
Trim Wricksam Towne, a pearle of Denbighshiere:
In whole sayre Church, a Tombe of stone I finde,
Under a wall, right hand on side of Queere.
On th'other side, one Pilson lyes in graue,
Whose hearse of blacke, sayth he a Tombe shall haue:
In Queere lyes Hope, by Armes of gentle race,
Of function once, a rector in that place.

Robert Ho-
well lyes there
a Gentleman.

But speake of Church, and steeple as I ought,
My pen to bafe, so sayre a worke to touch:
Within and out, they are so finely wrought,
I cannot praise, the workmanship too much.
But buylt of late, not eight score yeeres ago,
Not of long tyme, the date thereof doth shew:
No common worke, but sure a worke most fine,
As though they had, bin wrought by power deuine.

The steeple there, in forme is full foure square,
Yet euery way, fise pinnackles appeere:
Trim Pictures sayre, in stone on outside are,
Made all like ware, as stone were nothing deere.
The height so great, the breadth so bigge withall,
No peece thereof, is likely long to fall,
A worke that stands, to stayne a number more,
In any age, that hath bin buylt before.

A generall Commenda- *tion of Gentilitie.*

Nere Wricksam dwels, of Gentlemen good store,
Of calling such, as are right well to liue:
By Market towne, I haue not seene no more,
(In such small rounge) that auncient Armes doe giue.
They

The worthines

In Maylor, are
all these Gen-
tlemen.

Maister Roger
Pilsons house
at Itchlay.

Maister Alm-
mer at Pant-
yokin.

Maister Iohn
Pilson of Ber-
fan.

Maister Ed-
ward Iones of
Cadoogan.

Maister Iames
Eaton of Eat-
ton.

Maister Ed-
ward Eaton
by Ruabon.

Maister Owen
Brueton of
Borras.

Maister Iohn
Pilson of Ha-
berdewerne.

Maister Tho-
mas Powell of
Horfley.

Maister Iohn
Treuvar of
Treuolin.

A generall
praise of all
Gentlemen in-
habiting of a-
ny Countrey.

They are the ioye, and gladnesse of the poore,
That dayly feedes, the hungrie at their doore:
In any Soyle, where Gentlemen are found,
Some house is kept, and bountie doth abound.

They beautifie, both Towne and Countrey too,
And furnisht are, to serue at neede in feeld:

And euery thing, in rule and order do,
And vnto God, and man due honour yeld.

They are the strength, and suretie of the Land,
In whose true hearts, doth trust and credit stand,
By whose wise heads, the neighbours ruled are,
In whom the Prince, repositeth greatest care.

They are the flowers, of euery garden ground,
For where they want, there growes but wicked weedes:

Their tree and fruite, in rotten world is sownd,
Their noble mynds, will bring forth faithfull deedes:

Their glorie rests, in Countries wealth and fame,
They haue respect, to blood and auncient name:

They weigh nothing, so much as loyall hart,
Which is most pure, and cleane in euery part.

They doe bphold, all ciuill maners myld,
All manly acts, all wise and worthie waies:

If they were not, the Countrey would grow wylde,
And we should soone, forget our elders daies:

Ware blunt of wit, in speech growe rude and rough,
Want vertue still, and haue of vice enough.

Shewe feeble speete, lacke courage euery where,
Dout many a thing, and our owne shadowes feare.

They dare attempt, for fame and hys renowne,
To scale the Clowdes, if men might clyme the ayre:
Assault the Starres, and plucke the Planets downe,
Giue charge on Moone, and Sunne that shines so fayre.

¶

of Wales.

I meane they dare, attempt the greatest things,
Flye swiftly oze, high Hilles if they had wings:
Beate backe the Seas, and teare the Mountaines too,
Whea what dare not, a man of courage doo.

Now must I turne, to my discourse agayne,
I Wricksam leaze, and pen out further place:
So if my muse, were now in pleasant bayne,
Holt Castle should, from verse receiue some grace:
The Seate is fine, and trimly buylt about,
With lodgings fayre, and goodly rounes throughout,
Strong Vaults and Towers, and many an old deuice,
That in our daies, are held of wortheie price.

That place must passe, with praise and so adue,
My muse is bent (and pen is readie prest)
To feede your eares, with other matters newe,
That yet remaines, in head and labouring brest.
A Mountaine towne, that is Thlangothlan calde,
A pretie Seate, but not well buylt nor walde,
Stands in the way, to Yale and Writhen both,
Where are great Hilles, and Plaines but fewe for troth.

Of Mountaines now, in deede my muse must runne,
The Poets there, did dwell as fables sayne:
Because some say, they would be neere the Sunne,
And taste sometymes, the frost, the cold, and rayne,
To iudge of both, which is the chiefe and best.
Who knowes no toyle, can neuer skill of rest,
Who alwaies walkes, on carpet soft and gay,
Knowes not hard Hilles, nor likes the Mountaine way.

A Discourse of Mountaynes.

DAME Nature drew, these Mountaynes in such sort,
As though the one, should yeeld the other grace:

¶

¶

Holt Castle
an excellent
fine place, the
Riuer of Dee
running by it.

Maister Hues
dwelles there.
Maister Euan
Flud dwelles
in Yale, in a
fayre house.

Castle Dy-
nolebraen on
a wooddie hill
on the one
side, & Greene
Castle on the
other.

A Bridge of
stone very faire
there stands
ouer Dee.

Maister La-
kon.
Ma. Thlude
of Yale.

The worthines

Oz as each Hill, it selfe were such a Fort,
They scornde to stoope, to giue the Cannon place.
If all were playne, and smooth like garden ground,
Where should hye woods, and goodly groues be found:
The eyes delight, that lookes on euery coast,
With pleasures great, and fayre prospect were lost.

On Hill we bewe, farre of both feeld and flood,
Feele heate oz cold, and so lucke bp sweete ayre:
Behold beneath, great wealth and worldly good,
See walled Townes, and looke on Countries fayre.
And who so sits, oz stands on Mountayne hye,
Hath halfe a world, in compasse of his eye:
A platforme made, of Nature for the nonce,
Where man may looke, on all the earth at once.

These ragged Rocks, byings playnest people forth,
On Mountaine wylde, the hardest horse is bred:
Though grasse thereon, be grosse and little worth,
Sweete is the foode, where hunger so is fed.
On rootes and hearbs, our fathers long did feede,
And neere the Skye, growes sweetest fruit in deede:
On marriish meares, and watrie mossie ground,
Are rotten weedes, and rubbishy drosse vnfound.

The fogges and mists, that rise from vale belowe,
A reason makes, that highest Hilles are best:
And when such fogges, doth oze the Mountayne goe,
In foulest daies, fayre weather may be gest.
As bitter blasts, on Mountaynes higge doth blowe,
So naysome smels, and saours hreede belowe:
The Hill stands cleere, and cleane from filthie smell,
They finde not so, that dotj in Valley dwell.

The Mountayne men, liue longer many a yeere,
Then those in Vale, in playne oz marriish soyle:

of Wales.

A lustie hart, a cleane complexion cleere
They haue on Hill, that for hard liuing toyle.
With Cwe and Lambe, with Goates and Kids they play,
In greatest toyles, to rub out wearie day:
And when to house, and home good fellowes drawe,
The lads can laugh, at turning of a strawe.

No ayre so pure, and wholesome as the Hill,
Both man and beast, delights to be thereon:
In heate or cold, it keepes one nature still,
Trim neate and dype, and gay to go vpon.
A place most fit, for pastime and good sport,
To which wold Stagge, and Bucke doth still resort:
To crye of Hounds, the Mountayne ecco yeelds,
A grace to Vale, a beautie to the feelds.

It stands for wold, as though a watch it were,
A stately gard, to keepe greene meddowe myld:
The Poets sayne, on shoulders it doth beare
The Heauens hye, but there they are beguyl'd.
The maker first, of Mountayne and of Vale,
Made Hill a wall, to clip about the Dale:
A strong defence, for needfull fruit and Coyne,
That els by blast, might quickly be forlorne.

If boystrous wynds, were not withstood by strength,
Repulst by force, and driuen backward too,
They would destroy, our earthly ioyes at length,
And through their rage, they would much mischief doo.
God saue what smart, and grieve the earth would hyde
By sturdie stormes, and pearcing tempests pryde:
So Mountaynes made, to saue the lower soyle,
For feare the earth, should suffer shamefull spoyle.

How could weake leaues, and blossomes hang on tree,
If boystring wynds, should braunches dayly beate:

¶ 2

How

The worthines

How could poore soules, in Cottage quiet bee,
If higher grounds, did not defend their seate.
Who buyldes his bower, right vnder foote of hill,
Hath little cold, and weather warme at will:
Thus proue I here, the Mountaine frendeth all,
Standes stiffe gainst stormes, like Steele or brazen wall.

You may compare, a King to Mountayne hye,
Whose princely power, can hyde both bront and thicke
Of bitter blast, or Thunderbolt from Skye,
His Fortresse standes, vpon so firme a Rocke.
A Prince helps all, and doth so strongly sit,
That none can harme, by fraude, by force nor wit.
The weake must leane, where strength doth most remayne,
The Mountayne great, commaunds the little Playne.

As Mountayne is, a noble stately thing,
Thrust full of stones, and Rocks as hard as Steele:
A peereles peece, comparde vnto a King,
Who sits full fast, on top of Fortunes wheele:
So is the Dale, a place of litle ayre,
A den of dyssolue, oft tymes more soule then fayre:
A durty Soyle, where water long doth hyde,
Yet rich withall, it cannot be denyde.

But wealth mars wit, and weares out vertue cleane,
An eating worme, a Cancker past recure:
A trebble loude, but not a merrie meane,
That Musick makes, but rather iarres procure:
A stirrer vp, of strife and leaud debate,
The ground of warre, that stayneth euery state
With giftes and bribes, that greedie glutton feedes
And filles the gut, whereon great treason breeds.

Wealth fosters pride, and heaues vp haughtie hart,
Makes wit oreweene, an man heleeue to farre:

Effects

of Wales.

Enfects the mynd, with vice in euery part,
That quickly sets, the fences all at warre.
In Valley rich, these mischiefes nourisht are,
God planted peace, on Mountayne poore and bare:
By sweat of browes, the people liues on Hill,
Not sleight of hyayne, ne craft nor running skill.

Where dwels disdayne, discord or dubble waies,
But where rich Cubs, and currish Karles are found:
Where is more loue, who hath more happie daies,
Then those poore hynds, that digges and delues the ground.
Perhaps you say, so hard the Rocks may bee,
Pe Corne nor grasse, nor plough thereon you see:
Yet loe the Lord, such blessing there doth giue,
That sweet content, with Oten Cakes can liue.

Sowre Whey and Curds, can yeeld a sugred tast,
Where sweete Martchpane, as yet was neuer knowne:
When emptie gorge, hath boile of Milke embrast,
And Cheese and bread, hath dayly of his owne,
He craues no feast, nor seekes no banquets fine,
He can digest, his dinner without wine:
So toyles out life, and likes full well this trade,
Not fearing death, because his count is made.

Who sleepes so sound, as he that hath no Sheepe,
Nor heard of Beasts, to pastor and to feede:
Who feares the Woolfe, but he who Lambes doth keepe,
And many an hower, is forst to watch in deede.
Though gold be gay, and cordyall in his kynd,
The losse of wealth, grypes long a greedie mynd.
Poore Mountayne folke, possesse not such great stoye,
But when its gon, they care not much therefore.

M 3 Of

The worthines

Of Yale a little to

be spoken of.

The names of
the Riuers of
Denbighshire.
Keerioock parts
Shropshire &
Debighshire,
before Chirk.
Dee at newe
Bridge, and
Thlangoth-
len.

Aleyn in the
valley of Yale.
Clanweddock
in the fayre
vale of Duffrin
Cloyd.
Cloyd receiues
Clanweddock
and Elwey by
Saint Affe.
Istrate by
Denbigh.
Raihad comes
to the Vorn-
ney.
Keynthleth
comes into
Rayhad.

THE Countrie Yale, hath Hilles and Mountaynes hye,
Small Valleys there, saue where the Brookes do run:
So many Springs, that field that soyle is dye:
Good Turcke and Peate, on mossie ground is won,
Wherewith good fires, is made for man most meete,
That burneth cleere, and yeelds a sauour sweete
To those which haue, no nose for dayntie smell,
The finer soyt, were best in Court to dwell.

This Soyle is cold, and subiect vnto winde,
Hard duskie Rocks, all couered oze full dim:
Where if winde blowe, ye shall foule weather finde,
And thinke you feele, the bitter blasts full bym:
But though cold bytes, the face and outward skin,
The stomacke loe, is thereby warm'd within.
For still more meate, the Mountayne men digest,
Then in the playne, you finde among the best.

Here is hard waies, as earth and Mountayne yeelds,
Some softnesse too, as tract of foote hath made:
But to the Dames, for walke no pleasant feelds,
For no great woods, to shroud them in the shade.
Yet Sheepe and Goates, are plentie here in place,
And good welsh Pagges, that are of kindest race:
With goodly nowt, both fat and bigge with bone,
That on hard Rocks, and Mountayne feedes alone.

Of Wrythen now, I treat as reason is,
But licence craue, to talke on such a Seate:
Excuse my skill, where pen or muse doth mis,
Where knowledge sayles, the cunning is not great.

But

of Wales.

But ere I write, a verse upon that Soyle,
I will crye out, of Tyme that all doth spoyle:
As age weares youth, and youth giues age the place,
So Tyme weares world, and doth old works disgrace.

A discourse of Tyme.

O Tract of Tyme, that all consumes to dust,
We hold thee not, for thou art bald behinde:
The sayest Sword, or mettall thou wilt rust,
And brightest things, bying quickly out of minde.
The trimmest Towers, and Castles great and gay,
In procelle long, at length thou doest decay:
The brauest house, and princely buildings rare,
Thou wastes and weares, and leaues the walles but bare.

○ Canker hyle, that creepes in hardest mold,
The Marble stone, or Flint thy force shall feele:
Thou hast a power, to pearce and eate the gold,
Fling downe the strong, and make the stout to reele.
○ wasting worme, that eates sweete kernels all,
And makes the flut, to dust and powder fall:
○ glutton great, that feedes on each mans store,
And yet thy selfe, no better art therefore.

Tyme all consumes, and helps it selfe no whit,
As fire by flame, burnes coales to finders small:
Tyme steales in man, much like an Agew fit,
That weares the face, the flesh the skinne and all.
○ wretched rust, that wilt not scoured bee,
○ dreadfull Tyme, the world is feard of thee:
Thou singest flat, the highest Tree that growes,
And tryumph makes, on pompe and paynted showes.

But most of all, my muse doth blame thee now,
For throwning downe, a rare and goodly Seate:

By

The worthines

By Wrythen Towne, a noble Castle thowwe,
That in tyme past, had many a lodging greate,
And Towers most fayre, that long a buylding was,
Where now God wot, there growes nothing but grasse:
The stones lye waste, the walles seemes but a shell
Of little worth, where once a Prince might dwell.

Of Wrythen, both the Castle *and the Towne.*

The Castle of
Wrythen is
yet outwardly
a marueilous
faire and large
princely place.

This Castle stands, on Rocke much like red Bricke,
The Dykes are cut, with tooles through stonie Cragge:
The Towers are hye, the walles are large and thicke,
The worke it selfe, would shake a Subjects bagge,
If he were bent, to buyld the like agayne:
It rests on mount, and lookes oze wood and Playne:
It had great store, of Chambers finely wrought,
That tyme alone, to great decay hath brought.

It shewes within, by dubble walles and waies,
A deepe deuice, did first erect the same:
It makes our world, to thinke on elders daies,
Because the worke, was formd in such a frame.
One tower or wall, the other answers right,
As though at call, each thing should please the sight:
The Rocke wrought round, where euery tower doth stand,
Set forth full fine, by head by hart and hand.

There is a
Poole here a-
bouts that
hath in it a
kynd of fish
that no other
water can
shewe.

And fast hard by, runnes Cloyd a Riuer swift,
In winter tyme, that swelles and spreads the feeld:
That water sure, hath such a secret gift,
And such rare fish, in season due doth yeeld,
As is most straunge: let men of knowledge now
Of such hid cause, search out the nature thowwe:

My

of Wales.

A Poole there is, through which this Cloyd doth passe,
Where is a Fish, that some a Whiting call:
Where neuer yet, no Sammon taken was,
Yet hath good store, of other Fishes all
Aboue that Poole, and so beneath that flood
Are Sammons caught, and many a Fish full good:
But in the same, there will no Sammon bee,
And neere that Poole, you shall no Whiting see.

I haue left out, a Riuer and a Vale,
And both of them, are fayre and worthie note:
Who will them seeke, shall find them still in Vale,
They heare such fame, they may not be forgot.
The Riuer runnes, a myle right vnder ground,
And where it springs, the issue doth abound:
And into Dee, this water doth dissend,
So loseth name, and therein makes an end.

A Riuer called
Aleyn, in the
valley of Yale.

Good ground likewise, this Valley seemes to bee,
And many a man, of wealth is dwelling there:
On Mountayne top, the Valley shall you see
All ouer greene, with goodly Meddowes feare.
This Valley hath, a noble neighbour neere,
Wherein the Towne, of Wrythen doth appeere:
Which Towne stands well, and wants no pleasant ayre,
The noble Soyle, and Countrey is so fayre.

The valley of
Yale.

A Church there is, in Wrythen at this day,
Wherein Lord Gray, that once was Earle of Kent,
In Tombe of stone, amid the Chauncell lay:
But since remou'd, as worldly matters went,
And in a wall, so layd as now he lyes
Right hand of Queere, full playne before your eyes:
An Anckres too, that nere that wall did dwell,
With trim wrought worke, in wall is buryed well.

The Earle of
Kent lyes here.

An Anckres
in King Hen-
rie the fourths
tyme buryed
here.

Now

Now

The worthines

The pleasant
vale of Dyffrin
Cloyd.

Now to the Vale, of worthie Dyffrin Cloyd,
My muse must passe, a Soyle most rich and gay:
This noble Seate, that neuer none annoyd,
That sawe the same, and rode or went that way:
The betwe thereof, so much contents the mynd,
The ayre therein, so wholesome and so kynd:
The beautie such, the breadth and length likewise,
Makes glad the hart, and pleaseeth each mans eyes.

This Vale doth reach, so farre in betwe of man,
As he farre of, may see the Seas in deede:
And who a while, for pleasure trauayle can
Throughtout this Vale, and thereof take good heede,
He shall delight, to see a Soyle so fine,
For ground and grasse, a passing plot deuine.
And if the troth, thereof a man may tell,
This Vale alone, doth all the rest excell.

The Vale
thoroughly de-
scribed.

As it belowe, a wondrous beautie shewes,
The Hilles aboue, doth grace it trebble fold:
On euery side, as farre as Walley goes,
A border bigge, of Hilles ye shall behold:
They keepe the Vale, in such a quiet sort,
That birds and beasts, for succour there resort:
Bea flocks of foule, and herds of beasts sometyme,
Draves there from storme, when tempests are in pyme.

Three Riuers
in this Vale.

A naturall se-
cret touched.

Three Riuers run, amid the hottome heere,
Itrade, and Cloyd, Clanweddock (loe) the third:
The noyse of streames, in Sommer morning cleere,
The chirp and charme, and chaunt of euery bird
That passeth there, a second Heauen is:
No hellish sound, more like an earthly blis:
A Musick sweete, that through our eares shall creepe,
By secret arte, and lull a man a sleepe.

The

of Wales.

The Castle of Cargoorley
in Denbighshiere,

CArgoorley comes, right now to passe my pen,
With ragged walles, yea all to rent and toyne:
As though it had, bin neuer knowne to men,
O carelesse left, as wretched thing forlozne:
Like begger bare, as naked as my nayle,
It lyes along, whose wracke doth none bewayle.
But if she knewe, to whom it doth pertayne,
What royalties, and honors doth remaine
Unto that Seate, it should repayred bee,
For further cause, then common people see.

But sondrie things, that are full farre from sight,
Are out of mynd, and cleane forgot in sight:
So such as haue, thereto but little right,
Possesse the same, by leauell and by line,
Or els by hap, or suite as often falles:
But what of that, Cargoorleys rotten walles
Can neuer hving, his betters in dispute,
That hath perchaunce, bin got by hap or suite:
So rest good muse, and speake no further heere,
Least by these words, some hidden thoughts appeere.

Kings giue and take, so tyme still rouleth on,
Good Subiects serue, for somewhat more or lesse:
And when we see, our fathers old are gon,
Of tyme to come, we haue a greater gesse.
First how to gayne, by present tyme and state,
Then what may fall, by later tyme and date:
Tyme past growes cold, and so the world lukewarme
Doth helpe it selfe, by Castle, house or farme:
That reach is good, that rule my friends God send,
Which well begin, and makes a vertuous end.

Thomas Salef-
burie of
Lleweni.
Robert Salef-
burie of Ba-
chenbid.
Foulk Lloyd
of Houllan.
Piers Holland
of Kymel.
Piers Owen of
Abergele.
Edward The-
leall of Beren.
William Wyn
of Llamuaire.
Elis Price of
Spitty.
Iohn Middle-
ton.

¶ 2

¶

The worthines

O Denbigh now, appeare thy turne is next,
 I neede no glose, nor shade to set thee out:
 For if my pen, doe followe playnest text,
 And passe next way, and goe nothing about,
 Thou shalt be knowne, as worthie well thou art,
 The noblest Soyle, that is in any part:
 And for thy Seate, and Castle doe compare,
 With any one, of Wales what ere they are.

The strongest
 Castle & seate
 that euer man
 beheld.

This Castle stands, on top of Rocke most hye,
 A mightie Cragge, as hard as flint or Steele:
 A massie mount, whose stones so deepe doth lye,
 That no deuice, may well the bottom feele.
 The Rocke discends, beneath the auncient Towne,
 About the which, a stately wall goes downe,
 With buyldings great, and posternes to the same,
 That goes througħ Rocke, to giue it greater fame.

Marke wel the
 situation and
 buylding of
 the same.

I want good words, and reasons apt therefore,
 It selfe shall shewe, the substance of my tale:
 But yet my pen, must tell here somewhat more,
 Of Castles praise, as I haue spoke of Vale.
 A strength of state, ten tymes as strong as sayre,
 Yet sayre and fine, with dubble walles full thicke,
 Like rarres trim, to take the open ayre,
 Made of freestone, and not of burned Wycke:
 No buylding there, but such as man might say,
 The worke thereof, would last till Iudgement day.

The Seate so sure, not subiect to a Hill,
 Nor yet to Wyne, nor force of Cannon blast:
 Within that house, may people walk at will,
 And stand full safe, till daunger all be past.
 If Cannon rode, or backt against the wall,
 Friends there may say, a figge for enemies all:
 Fiue men within, may keepe out numbers greate,
 (In furious foet) that shall approach that Seate.

Who

of Wales.

Who stands on Rocke, and lookes right downe alone,
Shall thinke belowe, a man is but a childe:
I sought my selfe, from top to fling a stone
With full mayne force, and yet I was beguiled.
If such a height, the mightie Rocke be than,
No force nor sleight, nor stout attempt of man,
Can win the Fort, if houle be furnisht throw,
The troth whereof, let world be witnesse now.

A praeface by
the Author
proued.

It is great payne, from foote of Rocke to clyme
To Castle wall, and it is greater toyle
On Rocke to goe, yea any step sometyme
Uprightly yet, without a faule or foyle.
And as this Seate, and Castle strongly stands,
Past winning lure, with engin sword or hand:
So lookes it oze, the Countrey farre or neere,
And Shines like Torch, and Lanterne of the Sheere.

A great glorie
given to Den-
bigh.

Wherefore Denbigh, thou hearest away the praise,
Denbigh hath got, the garland of our daies:
Denbigh reapes fame, and laude a thousand waies,
Denbigh my pen, vnto the Clowdes shall raise.
The Castle there, could I in order drawe,
It should surmount, now all that ere I sawe.

Of Valey Crucis Thlangothlan, and the Castle Dynofebrane.

THE great desire, to see Denbigh at full,
Did drawe my muse, from other matter true:
But as that light, my mynd away did pull
From former things, I should present to you.
So duetie bids, a wyter to be playne,
And things left out, to call to mynd agayne:
Thlangothlan then, must yet come once in place,
For diuers notes, that giues this booke some grace.

¶ 3

An

The worthines

The Abbey of
Valey Crucis.

An Abbey nere, that Mountayne towne there is,
Whose walles yet stand, and steeple too likewise:
But who that rides, to see the troth of this,
Shall thinke he mounts, on hilles vnto the Skyes.
For when one hill, behind your backe you see,
Another comes, two tymes as hye as hee:
And in one place, the Mountaynes stand so there,
In roundnesse such, as it a Cockpit were.

Their hight is great, and full of narrowe waies,
And steepe downe right, of force ye must descend:
Some houses are, buylt there but of late daies,
Full vnderneath, the monstrous Mountaynes end:
Amid them all, and those as man may gesse,
When rayne doth fall, doth stand in sore distresse:
For mightie streames, runnes oze both house and thatch,
When for their liues, poore men on Hilles must watch.

Castle Dy-
nosebraen.

Beyond the same, and yet on Hill full hye,
A Castle stands, an old and ruynous thing:
That haughtie house, was buylt in weathers eye,
A pretie pyle, and pleasure for a King.
A Fort, a Strength, a strong and stately Hold
It was at first, though now it is full old:
On Rocke alone, full farre from other Mount
It stands, which shewes, it was of great account.

A goodly
bridge of stone
here.
The Towne
and the bridge
with the vy-
lent Riuer be-
fore that
Towne.

Betweene the Towne, and Abbey built it was,
The Towne is neere, the goodly Riuer Dee,
That vnderneath, a Bridge of stone doth passe,
And still on Rocke, the water runnes you see
A wondrous way, a thing full rare and straunge,
That Rocke cannot, the course of water chaunge:
For in the streame, huge stones and Rocks remayne,
That backward might, the flood of force constrainne.

From

of Wales.

From thence to Chirke, are Mountaynes all a rowe,
As though in ranke, and battaile Mountaynes stood:
And ouer them, the bitter winde doth blowe,
And whirles betwixt, the valley and the wood.
Chirke is a place, that parts another Sheere,
And as by Trench, and Mount doth well appeere:
It kept those bounds, from forrayne force and power,
That men might sleepe, in suretie euery howe.

Here Denbighshiere, departs from wilters pen,
And Flintshiere now, comes hauely marching in,
With Castles fine, with proper Townes and men,
Whereof in verse, my matter must begin:
Not for to fayne, and please the tender eares,
But to be playne, as worlds eye witnesse beares:
Not by heresay, as fables are set out,
But by good prooffe, of betwe to boyd a dout.

A little spoke
of Flintshiere.

The Author
fell sicke here.

When Sommer sweete, hath blowne oze Winters blast,
And waies ware hard, that now are soft and foule:
When calme Skyes, sayth bitter stormes are past,
And Clowdes ware cleere, that now doth lowze and skoule,
My muse I hope, shall be reuiu'de againe,
That now lyes dead, oz rockt a sleepe with paine.
For labour long, hath wearied so the wit,
That studious head, a while in rest must sit:
But when the Spring, comes on with netwe delite,
You shall from me, heare what my muse doth write.

The writer
takes here
breath till a
better season
serues.

Here endeth my first booke of the worthines of Wales: which
being wel taken, will encourage me to set forth another: in which
work, not only the rest of the Shieres (that now are not written
of) shalbe orderly put in print, but likewise all y^e auncient Armes
of Gentlemen there in general shalbe plainly described & set out,
to the open betwe of the world, if God permit me life and health,
towards the finishing of so great a labour.

FINIS. Thomas Churchyard.



Churchwards

Armes.

Spenser Society.

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 Lingard, R. B. M., 12, Booth street, Piccadilly, Manchester
 Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers' hall court, London, E.C.

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 Manchester Free Library, Campfield
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 Oxford Union Society (per Mr. Thomas Harris, steward)

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Stewart, A. B., 5, Buchanan street, Glasgow

Sullivan, Right Hon. Edward, 32, Fitzwilliam place, Dublin

Swindells, George H., Oak villa, Heaton Chapel, near Stockport

TAYLOR, Edward, Sunny bank, Rochdale
 Thorpe, Rev. J. F., Herne hill vicarage, Faversham, Kent

Turner, Robert S., 1, Park square, Regent's park, London, N.W.

VEITCH, George Seton, 2, Oswald road, Edinburgh

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