

*These crowdsourced transcriptions were made by EMROC classes and transcribathons (emroc.hypotheses.org), Shakespeare's World volunteers, Folger docents, and paleography students. Original line endings, spelling, and punctuation are maintained and abbreviations are expanded, but the overall layout is not reproduced. Please contact [emmo@folger.edu](mailto:emmo@folger.edu) with transcription errors. Digitized images are available on [LUNA](#) and XML versions are available upon request. All transcriptions can be freely used and shared without restrictions, but please acknowledge "Folger Shakespeare Library" and the source manuscript's call number.*

Last Updated: 6 May 2020

## **V.a.125: A book of verses collected by me, R. Dungarvan**

**front outside cover**

**front inside cover || folio 1 recto**

these ar to will and require

Mary Helerd  
Mary Heler

PART I

Phillips his  
15745

**folio 1 verso || folio 2 recto**

**folio 2 verso || folio 3 recto**

To Make Ink

take 6 ounces of gaules & 2 ounces  
of coporus & 3 ounces of gum araback  
& a quart of whit wine bruse the ga<sup>u</sup>les  
before you put them in the wine & let them  
steep 24 houers & then straine the  
wine cleare from the gaules & put it  
into a botell with the coporus & the gum  
& stop the botell & shake it 3 or 4  
times a day till it be all disouled if  
you set it warm it once by the fier  
it will be the beter & disoule in 3 or 4  
dayes & then you may use it

To his *Mistress*

Sweete if you loue mee as you say you doe,

Cause mee not this at euery time to woe.  
 But since thou knowest how my affections plac'd  
 On thee alone, and that thou <sup>^</sup>onely hast  
 My selfe, my seruice, & my loyall heart,  
 What need'st thou feare if thou impart  
 The full fruition of loues happinesse?  
 Thou canst not this denie, if thou no lesse  
 Then I doe loue; for tis most meete  
 Louers each other should at full regreete.  
 Desires limited are complements in loue,  
 Your hand to graspe, your cherrie lip to proue,  
 Or softer breast to touch, are motiues, which  
 I may compare to an vncured itch.  
 But in true loue there is no satisfaction,  
 If you reduce not wishes into action.  
 If your desires can sympat<sup>^</sup>hize with mine,  
 Then let our bodies as our minds conioyne.  
 And when as place, time, & our consents doe meete,  
 Let our embraces each the other greeete.  
 Then void of tedious suits *with* freenesse prooue,  
 The touch, the taste, *the* reguisites of loue.

folio 3 verso || folio 4 recto

Soe spight of enuie wee like twinns will liue  
 like Venus d'oues wee will both tak & giue  
 Occasion of delight, & if ere fate  
 Crosse our delights, I will participate  
 Your storms, & sunshines both *the* worst & best,  
 Your pains my smart, your pleasures are my rest.

### On a Sigh

1 Tell me thou God of wind  
 In all thy Cauerns can'st thou find,  
 A vapour, fume, a Gale or blast,  
 Like to a sigh which loue doth cast.  
 Can any whirlwind in thy vaulte,  
 Plough vp earths breast, with such assault,  
 Goe wind & blowe then where thou please,  
 And leaue mee breathlesse to my ease.  
 2 If thou bee wind then O refraine.  
 From shipwrack & my sailes maintaine,  
 If thou bee wind then light thou art  
 But O how heauie is my heart  
 If thou bee wind then purge the way  
 Let care *that* dogs thy force obey  
 3 Noe 'tis a wind that loues to blowe.

Vpon my Saint where e're shee goe.  
And stealing through her fan it beares  
Soft errands to her lips & eares  
And then perhaps a passage makes  
Downe to her heart where breath she takes.  
4 These blasts of seighing raised are,  
By th'influence influence of my bright starr.

folio 4 verso || folio 5 recto

5 Their Æolus from whence they came  
Is loue *that* striues to blowe the flame.  
The powerfull sway of whose be/hest  
Makes breath & bellowes of one breath.  
5 Try gentle gale try *that* againe  
O do not passe from mee in vaine  
Goe mingle with her soule diuine  
Engendring spirits like to thine,  
Yet take my soule along with thee  
To make a stronger sympathie.  
6 My soule before the grosser part  
Thus to her heauen should depart  
And when the body cannot lye  
On wings of winds my soule shall flie.  
Though not one soule our bodies ioyne,  
One body shall our soules confine.  
W.S.

Dry those faire those christall eyes,  
*Which* like groweing fountaynes rise.  
To drown their bancks, greifes sullen brooks  
Would better flow in furrow'd lookes.  
Thy louely face was neuer meant,  
To bee the shore of discontent.  
Then cleere those watrish starres againe  
That else portend a lasting raine.  
Least the clouds *which* settle there  
Prolong my winter all the yeare  
And the example others make  
In loue with sorrow for thy sake  
HK

folio 5 verso || folio 6 recto

I prethee turne that face away  
Whose splendor but benights my day  
Sad eyes like mine, & wounded hearts  
Shun the bright rayes which Beauty darts  
Vnwellcome is the Sun that pryces  
Into those shades where Sorrow lyes.

Goe shine on happy things. To mee

That blessing is a misery  
Whom thy fierce Sun not warmes but burnes  
Like that the Sooty Indian turnes  
He Serue the Night and there confin'd  
Wish Thee more faire or els more kind  
HK

When I entreat either thou wilt not hear  
Or else my Suit arriuing at thy eare  
Cooler & dies there. A Straunge extremitie  
To freeze it'h Sun, & in the shade to fry  
Whilst all my blasted hopes decline so soone  
Tis Euening with mee, though at high Noone

For pittie to thy selfe if not to mee  
Thinke time will rauish what I loose from thee  
If my scorch't heart wither through thy delay  
Thy beauty withers to & swift delay  
Arrest's thy Youth. So thou whilst I am slighted  
Wilt' bee to soone with Age or sorrow Nighted.  
*Henry King*

Tell mee you starres *that* our affections mooued,  
Why made you mee *that* cruell one to Loue.  
Why burnes my heart hir Scorned Sacrifice,  
Whose breast is hard as Christall could as Ice.  
God of desier if all thy votaryes  
Thou thus repay. Succession will grow wise  
No sighes for Incense at thy shrines shall Smoake  
Thy rites will bee dispis'd thy Altars broake  
O or giue her my flame to melt that Snow,  
Which yet vnthaw'd does on hir bosome growe:  
Or make mee Ice, & with her christall chaines  
Bind vp all loue within my froozen veines  
*Henry King*

**folio 6 verso || folio 7 recto**

Verses made of the life  
of man.

Threescore & ten the life & age of man,  
In holy Dauids tyme seem'd but a span.  
And halfe *that* time is lost & spent in sleepe,  
Saue onely thirtie fiue for vse wee keepe.  
Our dayes of youth must bee abated all  
Childhood & youth wise Soloman doth call  
But vanity: vanity hee sayes,  
Is what befals vs in our childish dayes.  
Our dayes of Age wee take noe pleasure in,

And dayes of greife wee wish had neuer binn.  
Soe age deducted youth, & Sleepe, & Sorrow,  
Onely one Span is all the life wee borrow

#### Verses made of Maloncholy

Hence all you fond delights  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein loue Spends its folly  
1 There's nought in this world sweet  
If men were wise to seet  
Saue onely Malanchollie.

Welcome foulded armes & fixed eyes  
A look *that* piercing mortifys,  
2 An eye *that* fixed on *the* ground  
A toung chain'd vp, without a sound,  
Fountaine heads, & pathlesse groues  
Places which pale passion loues.

Moone=light walkes when all the fowles,  
Are warmly hous'd saue batts & owles.  
3 A passing bell, a midnights groane,  
These are things wee feede vpon  
Then stretch our bones, in some still gloamie valley  
Where's nothing dainty Sweete, saue Malanchollie.

folio 7 verso || folio 8 recto

#### On a fountaine.

These Dolphins twisting each on others Side  
For ioy leap't vp, & gazeing there abide,  
And whereas other waters fish doe bring  
Heere from the fishes doth *the* water Spring.  
Who thinke it is more glorious to giue,  
Then to receiue *the* ieuycce whereby they liue.  
And by this milke white bason learne you may  
That pure hands you should bring or beare away.  
For which *the* bason wants noe furniture  
Each Dolphin waiting makes his mouth an Ewre.  
Your welcome then you well may vnderstand  
When fish themselues giue water for your hand.  
*William Strode*

#### On a register of a Bible.

I your memories recorder  
Keepe my charge in watchfull order  
My strings deuide *the* word aright  
Pressing the text both day & night.  
And what *the* hand of God hath writ,  
Behold my fingers point point to it.  
How can S<sup>t</sup> Peter with his keyes,  
Vnloeke heauen gate so soone as these W.S.

Verses upon a faire ladyes booke  
of pictures.

My eyes were once blest with the Sight  
Of your faire pictures, drawne Soe bright,  
And shap't with soe much skill *that* I  
Led by the pleasure of my eye,  
Had not my reason taught mee Sence,  
Had allmost gone a louer thence.  
There did I see Such Sprightly dames  
Whoose Lookes would kindle youthfull flames  
In men of fourescore; & giue fire  
Again to their decay'd desire.  
One dame set out soe well there was  
As you had drawn her by a glass.  
A curious peece in which your art  
Outwent it self; for euery part  
Had from your hand receiu'd such grace  
That every limbe did like *the* face  
Invite delight, & court the eye  
With Such a tempting brauery  
That t'was a hard thing to expresse  
Which shewed most Skill shee or her dress.  
Her feathers on her head was wrought  
Soe well, that twas not drawn but bought.  
And sure t'were noe mistake to prooue,  
If gently breath'd vpon twould mooue.

**folio 8 verso || folio 9 recto**

Her hayre soe cunningly set out  
That some young gallant meight noe doubt  
Request a Bracelet or a twist  
To tye about his amerous wrist.  
A curious Jewell deck't her eare  
Enough to make *the* picture heare.  
The squares in such true angles putt  
Nought lack't but one to say 'twas out.  
Last in her gowne, was shewen such wit  
Each part soe fancied & made fitt

A very Taylor meight mistake  
And think you first did measure take.  
I'de sweare we're not the making knowne  
It were not drawn soe butt put on.  
The sleeues their linning did betray  
And through each slash did let in day.  
Were it not of the fashion, yet  
That gowne a fashion would beget.  
Which would soe well bee likt & hould,  
That noe new weare would make it ould.  
But when I thinke how rare, how true,  
Your pen each pictures faces drew,  
With admiration I must dwell  
In their suruey & yet not tell  
(Such beauty to them all you giue)  
Whether your booke of pictures liue.

They surely liue Looke how they smile,  
And mooue, or doth their shape beguile  
My easier sense! O noe, I grant  
To liue they onely language want.  
And sure their tongues they would enioy,  
And speake had you not drawn them coy.  
My thinks t'were easy for that skill  
That writes such liuely shapes to fill  
The shadow with a soule. that soe  
It meight both vnderstand & goe.  
Keepe claspt your booke and let *that* guard  
Deny *them* passe, or t'wilbe fear'd  
They may steale out, & make you looke  
Their absence in your empty booke.  
O when you next your pen doe take  
To cobby out your fancy, make  
Your owne Sweete forme, or Sister limme.  
Your Shapes will make *the* rest looke dimme.  
And you will find your rarest toyles  
Can onely draw *the* rest your foyles.  
Looke on your selfe and see a face  
Which neither Rhetorick nor glasse  
Can flatter. yet o yet take heed  
When in your looke your face you read  
Least with soe faire a shade your booke  
Deceae.

folio 9 verso || folio 10 recto

Deceiue you like Narcissus brooke.  
If e're you draw a man draw Soe  
As hee his Paynter may not know.  
Giue him not eyes, for then he'l see  
Your beauty & enamour'd bee,

And sore forget hee was iust then  
The birth & creature of your Pen:  
And court you. But with your disdain  
He'le vanish & turne shade againe.

Of a woeman. J.M.

O heauens why did you bring to light  
That thing cal'd woeman natures ouersight.  
That base borne tyrant trunk of vanity  
That guilded weathercock Ship of misery.  
That wayward froward most vnconstant euil  
A faire seeming Saint, bould factris of the deuill.  
What is woeman? Shee is such a creature,  
That nature striuing to adorne her feature  
Forgat to make her honnest. this is shee  
That first pul'd fruit from the forbidden tree.  
For which accurst shee then began to fall  
From bad to worse, from worse to worst of all.  
First shee deceased  
Her a little tryd,  
To liue. but lukt  
it not and dyed

The Northeirne voyadge

Foure Clarke of Oxford, Doctors two, & two  
That would bee Doctors, haueing lesse to doe  
With Austen then with Gallen, in vacation  
Chang'd studies & turn'd bookes to recreation.  
And one the tneeth of August Northward bent  
A iourney, not soe soone conceiu'd as spent.  
The first halfe day wee rid, wee light vpon  
A noble Cleargie host, Kitt Middleton .  
Who numbring out good dishes with good tales,  
The maior part of Cheere waide downe the scales.  
And though the countenance make *the* feast (say book is)  
Wee neuer found better welcome with worse lookes.  
Here we paid thankes & parted; & at night  
Had entertainment all in one mans rigight  
At Flowre a villadge, where our tenaunt shee  
Sharpe as a winter morning fierce & free,  
With a leane visage like a carued face  
On a Court Cubbeard offered vp *the* place  
She pleased vs well, butt yet hir husband better  
An honnest fellow & a good bone setter.  
Now whether it were prouidence or luck  
Whether *the* keeper or *the* stealers buck  
There wee had Venison such as Virgill slew



When hee would feast Æneas & his crew.

folio 10 verso || folio 11 recto

Here we consum'd a day; & *the* third morne  
To Daintie with a land wind wee were borne.  
It was *the* market, & *the* lecture day  
For Lecturers sell sermons as *the* lay  
Doe sheepe & Oxen, haue their seasons iust  
For both their markets; There wee dranke downe dust  
In th'interim comes a most officious drudge,  
His face & gounne drawne out with *the* same budge.  
His pendant pouche which was both large & wide  
Looks like a letter pattent by his side.  
Hee was as awfull as hee had binn sent  
From Moses with th'eleuenth commaundement.  
And one of vs he sought a sonn of Flowre  
Hee must bid stand & challenge for an houre  
The Doctors both were quitted of this feare,  
The one was ho<sup>a</sup> rse *the* other was not there.  
Wherefore Whether him of *the* two hee seased best,  
Able to answere him of all *the* rest.  
Because hee needs but rumenate *that* ore  
which hee had chew'd *the* Sabbath <sup>^</sup> day beefore.  
And though hee was resoulued to doe him right  
For master Baylyes sake, & Master Wight  
Yet hee dissembled *that*the mace did erre  
That hee nor Deacon was nor minister

Hoe quoth *the* Sergeant, sure then by relation  
You haue a licence or a tolleration  
And if you haue noe order tis *the* better | Cleuers  
Soe you haue Dods præcepts ~~letter~~ or Clements letter  
Thus looking on his mace & vrging still  
Twas Master Wights & Master Baylyes will.  
That hee should mount, At last hee condescended  
To stop the gap, & soe *the* treatie ended.  
The Sermon pleased, & when wee were to dine  
Wee all had Preachers wages, thankes & wine  
Our next dayes stage was Lutterworth a towne  
Not worthy to bee noted or set downe.  
By any trauellor; for when wee had been  
Through at both ends wee could not find an inn.  
Yet for *the* church Sake turne & light wee must  
Hoping to see one dram of Wicklifes dust;  
But wee found none for vnderneath *the* pole  
Noe more rests of his body then his Soule.  
Abused Martyr how hast thou been torne  
By two wilde factions, first Papists burne  
Thy bones through hate, *the* puritans in zeale

They sell thy marble, & thy brasse they steale.  
A Person mett vs there who had good store  
Of liuings some say but of manners more;  
In whose straight chearefull age a man might See  
well gouern'd fortune, bounty wise & free.

folio 11 verso || folio 12 recto

Hee was our guid to Leister saue one mile  
There was his dwelling where wee staid awhile.  
And dranck stale beere I thinke was neuer new  
Which a browne wench which brought it vs did brew.  
And now wee are at Leister where I shall  
Lep 'ore 6 steeples and one Hospitall  
Twice told, those great landma<sup>r</sup>kes I doe refer  
To Camden s eye England s Corographer.  
Let vs obserue 'othe Amens Heraldrie  
Who being asked what Henrie *that* should bee  
That was their founder duke of Lancaster  
Answer'd t'was Iohn of Gaunt I assure you Sir  
And soe confuted all *the* walls *that* Saide  
Henrie of Grismonde this foundation Laide.  
The next thing to bee noted was our cheare  
Enlarg'd with 7 & 6 bread & beare.  
But o you wretched tapsters as you are,  
Who reckon by your number not your beare.  
And set false figures for all companies  
Abusing innocent meales with oathes & lyes  
Forbeare your cosening to diuines *that* come  
Least they bee thought to drincke all *that* you some.  
Spare not *the* Layitie in reckning thus  
But surelie theft is scandalous to vs.  
Away my Muse from this base subiect know  
Thy Pegasus nere stroake his foote soe boe.

Is not th 'vsurping Richard buried here  
That King of hate & therefore slaue of feare.  
Drag'd from *the* fatall field Bosworth , where hee  
Lost life & what hee liu'd for, crueltie.  
Search find his name; but there is none o King  
Remember whence your power & vastnesse springs  
If not as Richard now; soe shall you bee,  
Who hath noe tombe but scorne & memorie.  
And though from his one store Wolsey meight haue  
A Pallace f or his <sup>a</sup> Colledge for his graue  
And though from his one store what  
~~And though from his one store that~~  
Yet there hee lies inter'ed, as if all  
Of him to bee remembred were his fall.  
Nothing but earth to earth noe pompious waite  
Vpon him but a pible or a quaite.

If thou art thus neglected, what Shall wee  
Hope after death who are but shreds of thee.  
Holde William cald to horse, *William* is hee  
Who though hee neuer saw 3 score & three  
Ore recons vs in age as hee before  
In beere, & will baite nothing of 4 score.  
And hee commaunds as if *the* warrant came  
From *the* <sup>^good</sup> Earle himselfe of Nottingame .  
There wee crosst Trent & on *the* other Side  
Payde for S<sup>t</sup> Andrew, & vp hill wee ride,  
Where wee obserued *the* cunning men. = like moles  
Dwelt not in houses but were earth in holes

folio 12 verso || folio 13 recto

Soe did they not build upward but dig thorough,  
As hermits caues or conies doe their burrough,  
Great vnderminers sure as any where  
Tis thought the pouder Traytors practis'd there,  
Would you not thinke *that* men stood one their heads,  
When gardens couer houses their like leads.  
And one the chimnies top *the* maide may know  
Whether *the* pottage boile or not below.  
There cast in hearbes, & salt, and bread, her meate  
Contented rather with the smoake then heate.  
This was *the* rockie parrish, higher stode  
Churches & houses buildings of stone & wood.  
Crosses not yet demolish't & our Lady  
With her owne arms embracing her young babie  
hole  
Where let vs note though these are Northerne parts  
The cros finds in them more then Southerne hearts.  
The castle nent: but what shall wee reporte  
Of that which is a ruin was a fort.  
The gates 2. statues keepe which are  
To whome it seemes committed as *the* care.  
Of *the* whole dounfale: If it be your falte  
If you are guiltie may King David s vault  
or Mortimer s darke sell containe you both,  
A iust reward for soe prophane a sloth.

And if hereafter tidings shall bee brought  
Of anie place or office to bee bought  
And *the* Cost lead or Vmbedge timber yet  
Shall pass by your consents to purchase it.  
May your deformed trunckes endure *the* edge  
Of axes , feeds. *the* beetle & *the* wedge.  
May all *the* ballats bee cald in & die  
Which Sing *the* warrs of Colebrand & Sir Guy  
O you *that* doe Eildhale, & Holmbrie keepe  
Soe faithfully when both *the* founders sleepe.

You are good gyants & partake noe Shame,  
 With these two worthless trunks of Nottingame .  
 Looke to your seuerall charges wee must goe,  
 Though greiued at heart to leaue a castle soe.  
 The Bulhead is *the* word & wee must eate,  
 Noe Sorrow can descend soe deepe as meat.  
 Soe to *the* Inne wee came, where our best cheare  
 Was *that* his grace of Yorcke had lodged there.  
 Hee was objected to vs when wee call  
 Or dislik't ought my lords grace answered all.  
 Hee was contented with this bread, this diet  
 That keeps our discontented Stomacks quiet.  
 The Inkeeper was oulde 4 score allmost  
 Indeed an Embleme rather then an host  
 In whoe wee read how time & Gods decree  
 To honer thriuing ostlers Such as hee

folio 13 verso || folio 14 recto

For in *the* stable first hee did begin  
 From whence hee is beecome lord of this Inn.  
 Marke how th'increase encrease of straw, & hair, & how  
 By thrift a bottle may beecome a mow.  
 Marke well all you *that* have *the* goulden itch  
 All who Gould hath condemned to bee rich  
 Farewell glad father of thy daughter Maris  
 Thou Ostler Phoenix thy example rare is.  
 Wee are for Newrack after this sad talke  
 And thether other t'is noe iourney but a walke.  
 Nature is wanton there & the hie way  
 Seem'd to bee priuat though it open lay.  
 As if Some Swelling lawyer for his health  
 Or franticke vserer to tame, his wealth  
 Had chosen out by Trent ten miles to trie  
 To great effects of arte & industrie  
 The ground wee trod was meddow fertill land  
 New trim'd & levi'd bt *the* mowers hand.  
 Aboute it grew a rocke rude, steepe, & hie  
 Which claim'd a kind of reuerence from *the* eye.  
 Betwixt them both their Slides a liuelie stream,  
 Not lowde but Swift Meander was a theam  
 crooked & rough but had those Poets Seene  
 Strait, even, Trent it had immortall been  
 Io

This side *the* open plaine admits *the* Sunn  
 To halfe *the* riuer there did Siluer run  
 The other Side ran clouks where *the* curld wood  
 cloud, With his exalted head threatened *the* flood  
 Here could I wish vs euer passing by  
 And neuer past now Newrack is to nie

And as at Christmas seemes a day but Short  
Deluding time with reuels & good Sport  
Soe did the beautious mixtures vs beguile  
And *the* being trauel'd seemd a mile.  
Now as *the* way was sweete soe was *the* end  
Our passadge easie, & our prize a friend  
Whome their wee did enioy & for whose Sake  
As for a purer kind of coine men make  
Vs liberall wellcome with Such harmonie  
As *the* whole towne had bin his family  
My'n Oste of *the* next Inn did not repine  
That wee proferd *the* harte before his Signe  
And where wee lay *the* host & hostesse faine  
Would shew our loue was aim'd at, not there gaine  
The very beggars were so' ingenuous  
They rather prayed for him then beg'd of vs.  
And soe *the* Doctors friends bee pleased to Stay  
The Puritans will let *the* Organs play.  
Would they pull downe *the* Gallery builded new  
With *the* Church wardens seat, & Burleis pew

folio 14 verso || folio 15 recto

Newrack for light & beautie meight compare  
To anie Church but what Cathedrall are.  
To this belongs a vicar who succeeded  
The friend I mentioned Such a one there needed  
A man whose tongue & life is eloquent  
Able to charme those mutnous heads of Trent .  
And vrge *the* cannon home when they conspire  
Against *the* Cros & bels with Sword & fire.  
There Stood a Castle too, they shew mee where  
The rome whe *the* King slept, *the* window where  
Hee talk'd with Such a Lord how long hee stay'd  
In his discourse & all not what hee Sayd.  
From hence without a prospectiue wee see  
Beuer & Lincolne where wee faine would bee  
But *that* our purses & horses both were bound  
Within *the* circuit of a narrow ground.  
Our purpose is all homeward and tis time  
At parting to haue witt as well as rime.  
Full 3 a clock, & twentie miles to ride.  
Will aske a speedie horse, & a sure guide.  
Wee wanted both & Lothborrow may glorie  
Error had made it famous in our storie.  
Twas night & *the* swift horses of *the* sun  
Two houres beefore our iades their race did run.

Noe pilate Moone, nor anie such kind star  
As gouern'd *the* wise men which came from far  
To holie Bethlem , Such lights had they been

That would haue Soone conueid vs to our In.  
 But all were wandring Stars & wee as they  
 Were taught noe course but to ride on & Stray.  
 When (o *the* fate of darknesse who hath tride it)  
 Here our hole fleet was scatte'rd & deuided.  
 And now wee labour more to meete then erst  
 Wee did to lodge, *thelast* crie drownes *the* first.  
 Our voices are all spent & thet *that* follow  
 Can now noe longer trace vs bt *the* hollow.  
 They come *the* formost wee *the* hindmost, both  
 Accusing with like patience hast & Sloth  
 At last vpon a little towne wee fall,  
 Where some call drinke, others a candle call.  
 Vn happie wee Such Straglers as wee are,  
 Admire a candle oftner then a Star.  
 Wee care not for this glorious lampe a loofe  
 Give vs a tallow taper & a drie hoofe. <sup>roofe</sup>  
 And now wee haue a guid wee cease to chafe  
 Now haue wee time to pray *the* rest bee safe.  
 Our guid before cries cum & wee *the* while  
 Ride blindfold & take bridges for a stile  
 Till att *the* last wee ouercum *the* dark  
 And Spite of night & error hit our marke

folio 15 verso || folio 16 recto

Some halfe houre after enters *the* hole taile  
 As if they were committed to *the* iaile  
 The constable *that* tooke them thus deuided  
 Made them seem apprehended & not guided  
 When when wee had our fortunes both detested  
 Compassion made vs freinds & soe wee rested.  
 T'was quiclie morning though by our short stay  
 Wee could not feele *that* wee had lesse to pay  
 All trauelers theis heauie iudgement heare  
 A handsome hostesse mak's *the* reconing deare.  
 Her smiles her words your purses must requite them  
 And euerie welcome from her ads an Item  
 Glad to bee gone from thence at anie rate  
 For Bosworth wee are horst, behold *that* fate  
 Of mortall men, foule error is a mother  
 And pregnant once, doth soone bring forth an other.  
 Wee who last night did learne to know our way  
 Are perfect since, & further out next day.  
 And in a forrest hauing traueled sore,  
 Like wandring Beuis ere hee found *the* boare  
 Or as soome lousesick ladie oft hath done,  
 Ere she was rescu'd by *the* knight o'th Sonne.  
 Soe are wee lost & meete noe comferte then  
 but carts & horses wiser then the men.

Which is *the* way, they neither speake nor point  
 There tongues & fingers both are out of ioint  
 Such Monsters by Colcherton banckes there Sit.  
 After the resurrection from *the* pit.  
 Whilst in this mile wee labour & turne round  
 As in a coniurers circkle, William found  
 A means for our deliuerance, turne your cloake  
 Quoth hee, for Puck is busie in these Oaks.  
 If euer wee at Bosworth will bee found  
 Then turne your cloaks, for this <sup>is</sup> fairie ground.  
 But e're this witchcraft was perform'de, wee met  
 A verie man who had noe clouen feet.  
 Though William still of little faith doth doubt  
 Tis Robin or some Spirit doth walke aboute.  
 Stricke him quoth hee & hee will turne to aire,  
 Cross your Selues & then Strike, strike *that* dares.  
 Thought it's for Sure this massie forrester  
 In stroks will proue a better coniurer.  
 But t'was a gentle keeper one *that* knew  
 Humanitie & manners where they grew.  
 And rod alonge soe far til he could Say  
 Loe younder's Bosworth Stands & this your way  
 And now when wee had Swet twixt Sun & Sun  
 An 8 miles longe to 3.<sup>tie</sup> broade had Spun  
 Wee learne *the* iust proportion from hence  
 Of *the* Diameter & circumference.  
 That night yet made amends, our meat our sheets  
 Were far aboute *the* promise of those sheets <sup>streetes</sup> .

folio 16 verso || folio 17 recto

Those houses *that* were tilde with straw & mosse,  
 Profest but weake repayre for *the* dayes losse  
 Of patience yet this outside let vs know  
 The worthiest things make not *the* brauest Show.  
 The shot was easie & what concerns vs more  
 The way was short, myne host will ride before.  
 Myn Ost was full of ale and historie  
 And one *the* morrow when hee brough vs nye  
 Where *the* two roses ioynd you would Suppose  
 Chauer ne're made *the* Roamont of the rose.  
 Heare him, See you yon wood, there Richard lay  
 With his hole armie, looke *the* other way  
 And loe where Richard in a bed of grasse  
 Encamp't him Selfe one night & his whole force  
 Vpon this hill they met, why hee could tell,  
 The inch where Richmond lay, where Richard fell  
 Besides what of his knowledge hee can Say,  
 Hee hath authenticke notice from *the* play.  
 Which I may gesse by musteringe vp *the* gostes,  
 And pollicies not euident to hostes.  
 But cheeflie by *the* one perspicuous thing,

Where hee mistooke a player for a King.  
For when hee would haue Said King Richard died,  
And cried a horse a horse. hee Burbedge cried  
How euer his talke his companie pleased well  
His mare went truer then his Chronicle.

And euen for conscience sake vnspurde, vnbeaten  
Brought vs 6 miles and turn'd taile at Neweaten  
From thence to Couentrie , where wee Scarse dine  
Onely our Stomacks warme with zeale & wine  
And thence as if wee were praedestined forth,  
Like Lot from Sodom high to Killingworth .  
The keeper of *the* Castle was from home  
Soe *that* halfe mile wee lost, yet when wee come,  
An host receaued vs there wele not denie him  
My lord of Leicester s man *the* Parson by him  
Who <sup>^</sup> had noe other prooffe to testifie  
Hee seru'd *that* Earle but age & bauderie  
A waie for Shame why should 4 miles diuide  
Warwick and vs, they *that* haue horses ride.  
A short mile fromm *the* towne an humble shrine  
At foote of a high rock consists in Signe  
Of Guy & his deuotions, who there Stands  
Ougly & huge, more then a man on's hands:  
His helmet Steele, his gorget male, his Shield  
Brass, made *the* chappell fearefull as a field  
And let this answere all *the* popes complaints,  
Wee Set vp Gyants though wee pull downe Saints.  
Beyond this is *the* rode way as wee went  
A pillar Stands where this Colossus lent  
Where hee would Sigh & loue, & for hearts ease,  
Oft=times writ verses, Some Say Such as these  
Here will al languish, in this Sillie bower  
While my Sweete love triumphes in yon high tower.

folio 17 verso || folio 18 recto

Noe other hindrance now but wee may passe  
Cleare to our In, O there a hostesse was  
To whome *the* castle and *the* dungeon are  
Sights after dinner, Shee is morning ware  
Her hole behaiour borrowed was & mixt  
Halfe foole, halfe puppet, & her pace betwixt  
Measure & Gig, her cursie was an honnor  
Her gate as if her neighbour had out gone her.  
Shee was bard vp in whalebone, bone which leese  
None of *the* Whales lenght, for they reach her knees.  
Oft with her head & then shee hath a middle  
As her wast Stands shee looks like *the* new fidle.  
The fauorite Thearbo truth to tell you  
Whose neck & throat are deeper then *the* belly



Haue you seene monkyes chain'd aboue *the* loynes  
Or pottle pots with rings, iust soe shee ioynes.  
Her selfe together, a dressing shee doth loue  
In a smale print below, but tent aboue.  
What though her name bee king yet tis noe treason  
Nor breach of ~~treason~~ Statute to enquire *the* reason  
Of her branch't ruf, a cubit euerie poke  
I seeme to wound her, but Shee Stroke *the* Stroake  
At our departure, and our worships there  
Paid for our title deepe. as any where.  
Though beedles & professors both haue done  
Yet euery In claimes augmentation.

Please you walke out & see *the* castle come  
The owner saith it is a scollers home.  
A place of strenght & health in *the* same sorte  
You would conceiue a Castle & a cowrt.  
The Orchards, Gardens, Riuer & *the* Aire,  
Doe with *the* Trenches Rampeere Wals compare.  
It seemes nor loue nor force can intercept it,  
As if a louer built a Souldier kept it.  
Vp to *the* Tower though it bee steepe & high  
Wee doe not climbe but walke, although *the* eye  
Seeme to bee wearie, yet our feete are Still  
I *the* same posture cousened vp *the* hill.  
And thus our workemans art desceiues *the* fence,  
Making *the* rounds of pleasure a defence.  
As wee descend *the* Lord of all this fame,  
The honorable Chauncellor towards vs came.  
Aboue *the* hill there blew a gentle breath  
Yet now wee find a gentler gale beneath.  
The phrase & welcome of this knight did make  
The seat more elegant, *the* words hee spake  
Were wine & musick, which hee did expose  
To vs if all our art could censure those.  
With him there was a Prelate by his face,  
Archdeacon to Bishop by his pflace.  
A greater man for *that* did counterfite  
Lord Abbot of some couent standing yet  
A corpulent relique marie & tis sinne,  
Some Puritane gets not *the* face cal'd In

folio 18 verso || folio 19 recto

Amongst leane breathren it may scandall bring;  
Who seeke for paritie in euerie thing.  
For vs let him enioy all *that* God Sends  
Plentie of flesh of liuing & of friends  
Imagine heere vs ambling downe *the* Streite  
Girting in Flower & making both ends meete.  
Where wee fare well 4 days & did complaine

Like haruest folkes of weather & *the* raine.  
 And on *the* feast of Bartholmew wee trie  
 What reuels *that* Saint keepes at Banburie .  
 I'th name of God amen, first to begin,  
 The alter was translated to an Inn.  
 Wee lodged in a Chappel by *the* Signe,  
 But in a Banckrout Tauerne by *the* wine.  
 Besides our horses vsadge made vs thinke,  
 Twas Still a Church for they in Coffins drinke.  
 As if twere congruous *that* those auncient lie  
 Close by those alters in whose faith they die.  
 Now you belieue *the* church hath good variety  
 Of monuments, when Ins haue Such satiety  
 But nothing lesse, there's noe incriptions there,  
 But *the* church wardens names of *the* last yeare,  
 Insteede of Saints, & windowes & of wales  
 Here buckets hang & there a cobweb fals  
 Would you not sweare they loue antiquitie  
 Who rush *the* quier for perpetuities.  
 Whilst all *the* other pauement & *the* flower  
 Are supplicant to *the* Suruiuers power.

Of *the* high waies, *that* hee would graueeld keepe  
 For else in Winter Sure it will bee deepe!  
 If not for Gods for Mr . Wheatlie s sake,  
 Leuel *the* walkes Suppose those pitfals make  
 Him spraine a lecture or misplace a ioynt,  
 In his long prayer or in his fifteenth point.  
 Think you *the* dawes or stares can make him right.  
 Surelie this sinn vpon your heads must light.  
 And Say beloued what vnchristian charme  
 Is this you haue not left a leg or arme  
 Of an Apostle, think you ~~where *the*~~ ^ Were they whole  
 That they would rise at last assume a soule?  
 If not t'is plaine *that* all *the* Idolatrie,  
 Lies in your follie not imagerie.  
 Tis well *the* pinacles are fallen in twaine,  
 For now *the* diuel Should hee tempt againe  
 Hath noe aduantage of a place soe high,  
 Fooles hee can dash you from your gallerie.  
 Where all your medlie meete & doe compare  
 Not what you learne but who is longer there.  
 The Puritane, *the* Anabaptist, Brownist  
 Like a grand Sallet, tinkers what a towne is't  
 The crosses allso like old Stumps of trees,  
 Are sto<sup>o</sup> les for horsemen *that* have feeble knees,  
 Carrie noe heads aboueground, they which tell  
 Than Christ hath once descended into hell,  
 But to *the* graue his picture buried haue  
 In a far deeper dungeon then *the* graue.

That is descended to endure what pains,  
 The Diuel can thinke or his disciples brains.  
 Noe more my greife in Such profane abuses  
 Good whippes makes better verses then *the* muses.  
 Awaie & looke not backe, awaie whilst yet  
 The church is Standing, whilst *the* benefit  
 Of Seeing it remaines ere long you Shall  
 Haue *that* rot downe & & cal'd apocryphall.  
 And in some barne here cited manie an autor  
 Kate Stubs , Anne Ascue , or *the* Ladyes daughter.  
 Which shall bee vrg'd for fathers stop disdaine,  
 When Oxford once appear, Satyr restraine.  
 Neighbour how hath our anger thus out go'ne  
 Is not S<sup>t</sup> Giles this, & this S<sup>t</sup> Iohn s.  
 Wee are return'd but iust with soe much ore  
 As Rawleigh from his voyadge & noe more.  
 R. C.

On greate Tom.

Bee dumb you infante chines thump not your mettle  
 That ne're outrang a Tinker & his kettle.  
 Cease all your pettie larums for to day  
 Is great Toms' resurrection from *the* clay  
 And know when Tom rings out his loudest knels  
 The best of you will bee but dinner bells.  
 Old Tom's groune young againe *the* fierie caue  
 Is now his cradle *that* was er'st his graue.  
 Hee grew vp quiclee from his mother earth  
 For all you see was but an howers birth.  
 Looke on him well my life I doe engage  
 You ne're saw prettier babie of his age.  
 Braue constant Spirit none could make *the* turne  
 Though hang'd drawen, quarterd till they did thee burne  
 Nor yet for this nor ten times more bee Sorrie  
 Since thou werte Martyrd for *the* churches glorie.  
 But for thy meritorious Sufferinge  
 Thou shortly Shalt to Heuen in a String.  
 And though wee green'd when thou werte thumpt & bang'd  
 Weele all bee glad great Tom to see *the* hang'd.  
 R. W.

Verses on Mrs Mallet

Haue I renounc'd my fayth! or basely Sold

Saluation & my loyalty for gold  
Or haue I forraine practice vnderooke  
By poyson, Shot, sharpe knife, or sharper booke  
To kill my King? haue I betray'd *the* state,  
To fyer or some newer fate?  
Which learned murtherers *the* grand destinys  
The Iesuits haue nurs't? if of all this  
I guiltie am proceed I am contente  
That Mallet take mee for my punishment.  
For neuer Sin was of Soe high a rate  
But one nights hell with her meight expiate.  
Although *the* Law with Garnet and *the* rest  
Dealt far more mildlie hanging's but a iest.  
To this immortall torture, had shee been then  
When Marty r s torrid days ingendred, when  
Crueltie was wittie, & inuention free  
Did liue by blood, and thriue by crueltie.  
Shee would haue been more horrid engines far  
Then fier or famine, rakes or halters are  
Whither her wit forme take or tyre I name  
Each is a stroke of tyranie & shame  
But for *the* breath spectators come not nigh,

That layes about (~~spectators come not nigh~~. God blesse *the* company)  
The man in *the* bears skin bated to death  
Would chose *the* dogs far rather then her breath.  
One kisse of hers & eighteene words alone,  
Puts downe *the* Spanish Inquisition.  
Thrice happie wee (quoth I thinking thereon  
That know not dayes of persecution.  
For were it free to kill this grislie Elfe  
Would marters make in compase of her selfe.  
And were shee not preuented by our prayer  
By this time shee corrupted had *the* ayer  
And am I innocent & is it trew  
That thing which Poet Plinie neuer knew  
Nor affrick Nile , nor euer Hacluit s eyes  
Discr'id in all his east, west voyages.  
That thing which Poets ~~were~~ were affraide to fayne  
(For feare her shadow should infect there brayne)  
Should dote on mee. as if they did contriue  
The Diuel & shee to damne a man aliue.  
This spouse of Antechrist & his alone,  
Shee's drest soe like *the* whoore of Bablylon .  
Why doth not Welcome rather purchase her  
And beare aboute this rare familiar.  
Six market days a Wake, & a fayre to'ot  
Will quite his charges & *the* Ale to boote  
Not Tygresse like shee feeds vpon a man  
Worse then a Tyger or a Leopard can

Lett mee goe thinke vpon some diulish spell  
At once to bee *the* diuel & her farewell.  
*Richard.Corbett* .

folio 21 verso || folio 22 recto

Ben Ionson to King Iames  
From a Gipsej in *the* Morning  
From a payre of squinte eyes turning,  
From *the* Goblen & *the* Specter  
From a drunkard though with Nectar  
From a woeman true to noe man  
Which is vglie besides common  
From a rampant smock *that* itches  
To bee putting on *the* britches  
Whersoere they haue their being  
Bless our Souerayne & his seeing.  
From vnproper serious toyes  
From a Lawyer three parts noyse  
From impertinence like a drumme  
That beats his dinner & his roome  
From a tongue without a fyle  
All of phrase & yet not style.  
From *the* candlesticks of Lothburie  
From loud pare wiues of Banburie  
Onely care & time outwearing  
Blesse our Souerayne & his hearing.  
From gaping Oysters & fryde fish  
From a sows babye in a dish  
From anie portion of swine  
From bad venison & worse wine  
From linge whatsoere cooke it boyle  
Though it be sauct with musturde oyle

.  
From *the* diet & *the* knowledge  
Of *the* students of Beare colledge  
From these & what may keepe men fasting  
Bless our Souueraigne & his tasting-  
From a traueling Tinkers sheet  
From a payre of Carriers feete  
From a Ladye *that* doth breath  
Worse aboue then vnderneath  
From Tobacco & *the* Type  
of *the* Diuels glisterpipe  
From a stinke all Stinkes excellinge  
Bless our Souueraine & his smelling.  
From bird lime tarr & from all pitch  
From a Do & her Itch  
From *the* Bristles of a Hogge  
From *the* ringworme of a dogge  
From *the* courteship of a bryer

From S<sup>t</sup> Antonies old Fryer  
From needle pinn or thorne  
In his bed at eu'ne or morne  
From *the* Goute & *the* least grudging  
Bless our Souueraigne & his touching.  
Blesse him from all offences  
In his sports & in his sences  
From a boy to crosse his way  
From a foole or a foule day  
O blesse him heauen & send him long  
To bee *the* Subiect of each Song  
The acts & yeares of all our kings t'outgoe  
While hee is mortall weele not thinke him soe.

folio 22 verso || folio 23 recto

By Mr Dr Corbet .  
I reade of Ilands floating & remouede,  
In Ouid s time but neuer saw it prou'd  
Till now; That fable by *the* Prince & you  
By your transposing England is made trew.  
Wee are not where wee were *the* Dogstar ranges  
Noe cooler in our climate in Spaine s.  
The selfesame breath, same ayre, same heate & burning,  
Is here as there will bee till your returning.  
Come ere *the* Carde bee alter'd least perhaps  
Your stay doe make an errour in our maps.  
Least England will bee found when you shall pass  
A thousand miles more Southard then it was.  
O that you were (my lord) o *that* you were  
Now in Blackfryers , or had a disguis'd eare  
O *that* you were Smith againe two howers to see  
In Pauls next Sunday at full Sea at three  
Then should you hear *the* Legent of each day  
The perills of your Inn & of your way.  
Your entertainements, accidents, vntill  
You could arriue at court & reach Madrill  
Then should you hear how *the* state Graunds did floate  
With their twice double diligence aboute you.  
How our enuiron'd Prince Walk't with a guard  
Of Spanish Spies & his owne seruants bar'd  
How not a Chaplaine of his owne may stay  
When hee would hear a Sermon preach't or pray.

You would bee hungrie hauing dynde to hear  
The price of victuals & *the* skarstie there  
As if *the* Prince had ventur'd there his life  
To make a famine not to fetch a wife  
Yours eggs (which must be added to) are there  
As English capons Capons as sheepe here.  
Noe grasse for horse, or cattell, for they say

It is not cut & made, grasse there growes hay.  
 Item your pullets are distinguisht there  
 Into foure quarters as wee carue *the* yeare.  
 And are a weeke a roasting, Monday noone  
 A winge, at supper something with a spoone.  
 Tuseday a legg & soe forth, sunday more  
 The liuer & *the* gizard beetwint fowre.  
 As for your Mutton in *the* best houseoulder  
 Tis fellonie to cheapen a hole shoulder  
 Then tis we seething hot with you they sweare  
 You neuer hearde of a raw Oyster there.  
 Your could meat coms in reaking, & your wine  
 Is all burnt Sack *the* fier is in *the* wine.  
 Lord how our Stomacks come to vs againe  
 When wee conceiue what Snatching is in Spaine .  
 I whilst I write & doe *the* newes repeate,  
 Am forc't to call for breake fast in & eat.  
 But harke you noble *Sir* in one crosse weeke  
 My lord hath lost 4000<sup>L</sup>: at Gleeke  
 And though they doe allow you little meat  
 They are content your losses should be great  
 False on my Deanerie falser then your fare is  
 Or then your difference with *the* lady d'Oliueres .

folio 23 verso || folio 24 recto

Which was reported strongly for one tyde  
 But after 6 howers flowing eb'd & dyed.  
 If God would not this great designe should bee  
 Perfect & round without some knauerie  
 Nor *that* our Prince should end his enterprise  
 But for soe many miles soe many fyles.  
 If for a good euent *the* heauens doe please  
 Mens tongues should become rougher then *the* seas  
 And *that* th'expence of paper should bee much  
 First written then translated out of Dutch  
 Currantoes, Diets, Packets, Newes yet more newes  
 Which soe innocent whiteness doth abuse.  
 If first *the* Belgie=Pismire must bee seene  
 Beefore *the* Spanish Lady bee our Queene  
 With *that* Successe with such an ende at last  
 Alls welcome, pleasant, gratefull *that* is past.  
 And such an end wee pray, Then shall you see  
 A type of *that* which mother Zebedee  
 Wish't for her sonne in Heauen, *the* Prince & you  
 At eyther hand of Iames ; you need not Sue  
 Hee on *the* right you on *the* lefte *the* King  
 Salfe in *the* mids't you both enuironing  
 Then shall I tell my lord his word & band,  
 Are forfitt till I Kisse *the* Princes hand.  
 Then shall I see *the* Duke your royall friend  
 Giue all your other honours this you

This you haue wrought for this you hammer'd out  
Like a Stronge Smith good workeman & a Stoute  
In this I haue a parte in this I see  
Some new additions smiling vpon mee  
Who in an humble distaunce craue a share  
In all your greatnesse whatsoer'e you are

x Vpon a Gentlewoeman whose eyes  
& hayre were black x

If shadowes bee *the* pictures excellence  
And make it seeme more liuely to *the* sence  
If stars in *the* bright day doe loose their light  
And shine most glorious in *the* maske of night.  
Why should you thinke faire creature *that* you lack  
Perfection, cause your eyes & hayre are black.  
Or *that* your beauty *that* soe farr exceeds  
The new Sprung lyllies in their maydenheads  
That cherrie colour of your cheeks & lips  
Should by *that* darkenesse Suffer an Eclipse  
Nor is it fit *that* Nature should haue made  
Soe bright a Sun to shine without a shade  
It seemes *that* nature when shee first did fancie  
Your rare composure Studied Nigromancie  
And when to you shee did those gifts impart  
Shee vsed altogether *the* black arte.  
Shee drew *the* magick circle of your eyes  
And made your hayre *the* chaine wherein shee tyes  
Rebellious harts, those blew veines which appeare  
Twin'd in Meanders like to eyther spheare  
Misterious figures are, & when you list  
Your voyce commaundeth like an Exorcist.  
O if in Magick you haue skill soe farr  
Vouchsafe to make mee your familiar.  
Nor hath kind nature her black arte reuealed  
In outward parts alone some lie concealed  
As by *the* Springhead men may often know  
The nature of *the* streames *that* run beelow  
Soe *the* black haire & eyes doe giue direction,  
To make mee thinke *the* rest of like perfection.

folio 24 verso || folio 25 recto

The rest where all rest lyes *ththat* blessed Man  
That Indian mine *that* streight of Magellan .  
That worlde=deuiding Gulfe which who soe ventures  
With Swelling sayles & rauish't sences enters  
Into a worlde of blisse. Pardon I pray  
If my rude muse presame here to display  
Secrets vnknowne, or haue her bounds ore past



In praying sweetnesse which I nere shall tast.  
Staru'd men know there's meat & blind men may  
Though hid from them yet thinke there is a day.  
A rover in *ththe* marke his arrow Sticks  
Sometimes as well as hee *ththat* shutes att pricks  
And if I meight direct my shaft aright  
The black marke would I hit & not *ththe* white

X

On Tom Patten

In *ththe* great yeare Six hundred & to  
When all wise men had more to doe  
Then to get children from *ththe* earth  
Their sprang a Heteroclite birth  
A doubtfull issue Cotsal from  
Enhaled was they cal'd it Tom.  
This like a man not such an one  
As cunning caruers cutt in Stone.  
Or curious caruers doe compose  
This hath lesse Sence & Soule then those.  
But like a country Solomon  
Drawn by mine hostesse in his throne  
Iudging in Ale who is beguild  
As th' other in *ththe* Harlots childe  
Haue you seene children counterfit  
A face in lome, *ththe* wall being wet  
And by mistaking their true grounds  
Intend a mans & make a hounds.  
Soe nature when shee meant it least  
Brought forth a mans & meant a beasts.  
A head it had & eares, & eyes  
And nose & mouth soe farr tis wise  
But cleaue him downe, downe to *ththe* Renes  
And you shall neuer hurt his braines.

folio 25 verso || folio 26 recto

His tongue betwixt his slim'd lips lies  
Like a bob Snaile; & for his eyes  
Euen artificiall ones doe roole  
Quicker with Sand then his with Soule.  
His eares are but to Scallop shels  
To lay vp filth which his nose smels  
And euery of his senses owes  
Faith & allegeance to *that* nose.  
With *that* hee listens, tasts, & heares  
And handlesse to when meat appeares.  
And with his Elephanticke Snout

Feeds all his famish't parts throughout.  
His hand are such wee plainely Se'et  
As nature did ordeine for feet.  
Soe like they are those other hands  
On which hee goes & treads, & stands.  
O who would thinke his will Should goe  
Vpon all foure & hee one two.  
His blood is liuid & not red  
Like a horse radish at *the* head.  
His veines like lashes of a whip,  
Or like Smale tackling of a Ship  
More I could glaunce at, but I note  
That hee is christned by *the* Cote  
And when such workes of God thou Seest  
Peace though a Taylor were *the* priest  
R.C.

On the Lady Digby.

Sitting & readie to bee drawn  
What needs these veluets, Silks & launes  
Imbroidres, fringes, feathers lace  
Where eue'ry limbe take like a face  
Send these Suspected helps to aide  
Some formes defectiue or decayed.  
This beautie without falsehood faire  
Needs nought to cloath it but *the* aire  
Yet something to *the* painters veiew  
Were fitly interpos'd soe new  
Hee shall (if hee can vnderstand  
Worke with my fancie his owne hand.  
Draw first a cloud, all saue *the* necke  
And out of *that* make day to breake  
Till like her face it doth appeare  
And men may thinke all light rose there  
Then *the* light of *that* disperse  
The cloud & shew *the* vniuerse.  
Yet at such distance as *the* ey  
May rather it adore then spy  
They heauens design'd, draw next a spring  
With all *that* youth or loue can bring  
Foure riuers branching out like seas  
And Paradice confin'd in these

Last draw *the* circle of this globe  
And let there bee a starry robe  
Of constillations bout her hurl'd  
And thou hast painted beauties world.

But Painter see you doe not sell  
A cobby of this peece or tell  
Whose t'is But if it fauour find,  
Next sitting wee will draw *the* mind.

folio 26 verso || folio 27 recto

x A Louers Rapture

I will enioy thee now my Celia come  
And fly with mee to loues Elyzium  
The Gyant honor *that* keepes cowards out  
Is but a Masker & *the* seruil rout  
Of baser subiects onely bid in uaine  
To *the* vast Idoll while *the* nobler traine  
Of valiant louers dayly saile betweene  
The huge Colossus legs & pass vnseene  
Vnto *the* blissfull shore, bee bold & wise  
And wee shall enter, *the* grim swash denies  
Onely tame fooles a passadge *that* not know  
Hee is but forme & onely frights in show  
Let thy dull eyes *that* looke from far draw nere  
And thou shalt scorne what wee were wont to feare  
Wee shall see how *the* stalking Pageant goes  
With bowed knees a heauie load to those  
That made & bare him, not as wee once thought  
The seede of Gods but a weake Modell wrought  
By greedie men *that* seeke t'enclose *the* Common  
And within priuate armes impale free woemen  
Come then & mounted on *the* wings of Loue  
We'le at *the* fleeting ayre & mount aboue  
The Monsters head, & in *the* noblest seats  
Of those blest shades quench & renew our heats  
There shall *the* game of Loue & Innocence  
Beautie & nature banish all offence

From our close Iuy twines there I'le beholde  
Thy bared snow & thy vnbraided golde.  
There my enfranchis'd hand on eu'rie side  
Shall on thy naked polisht Ivory slide.  
No curtaine though of most transparent laune  
Shall bee before thy <sup>v</sup>ergin tresses drawne.  
But *the* rich mine to *the* enquiring eye  
Expos'd shall readie Still for mintage lye.  
And wee will coyne young Cupid there a bed  
Of roses, & fresh Myrtle shall bee spread  
Vnder *the* coolest shades of Cypress groues  
Our pillowes *thenthe* doune of Venus doues  
Wheron our panting limbs we'le gently lay  
In *the* faint respit of our actiue play.

That so our Slumbers may in dreames haue leasure  
 To tell *the* nimble fancie our past pleasure  
 And soe our soules *that* cannot bee embrac't  
 May *the* embraces of our bodyes taste.  
 Meane while *the* babling streame shall court *the* shore  
 Th'enamour'd chirping wood quice shall adore  
 In varied tunes *the* dietie of loue.  
 The gentle blasts in Westerne winds shall moue  
 The trembling leaues, till a soft murmur sent  
 From soules intraun'cd in amarous languishment  
 Rouse vs & shoute into our veines fresh fier  
 Till wee in their sweet extasy expire.  
 Then as *the* empty Be *that* lately bore  
 Into *the* common treasure all her store

folio 27 verso || folio 28 recto

Flyes bout *the* paynted flowers with nimble wing  
 Deflowring *the* sweete Virgins of *the* Spring  
 Soe will I rifle all *the* sweets *that* dwell  
 In my delicious Paradice, & swell  
 My bag with honie draune forthe by *the* power  
 Of feruent kisses from each Spicy flower  
 Ile search *the* rosebuds in their perfumde bed  
 The violet knots, Ile curious mazes tread.  
 Through al; *the* garden, tast *the* ripened cherries,  
 The warme firme Apples tip'd with crimson berries.  
 Then will I visit with a wandring kisse  
 The vale of Lyllies & *the* bower of blisse  
 And where *the* beautious region doth deuide  
 Into two milkey waies my lippes shall slide  
 Downe those smooth allies, wearing as they goe  
 A track for louers in *the* printed snow.  
 Thence climing o're *the* swelling Appenine  
 Retire into *the* grooue of Eglantine  
 Where I will all those rausht loues distill  
 Through loues alimbeck & with chimick skill  
 From *the* mixt masse our Souueraigne balme deriue  
 Then bring *the* great Elizar to *the* hiue.  
 Now in subtile wreathes I will entwine  
 My sinnouy legs thighs & a<sup>r</sup>mes with thine  
 Thou like a sea of milke shalt lie displaide,  
 While I *the* smooth calme Ocean will inuade  
 With such a tempest as when Ioue of olde  
 Fell downe on Danae in a showre of golde

Yet my tall pine shall in thy cyprian strate  
 Ride safe at anchor & vnlade her fraite.  
 My rudder with thy bold hand like a tride  
 And skillfull Pilot thou shalt steere & guide.  
 My barke into loues channell, where it shall

Daunce as *the* bounding waues doe rise & fall.  
 Then Shall thy circling armes embrace & clip  
 My naked body & thy balmy lippe  
 Bath mee in iuyce of kisses, whose perfume  
 Like a religious incense shall consume  
 And send vp holy vapours to those powers  
 That bless our Soules, & croune our sportfull howers  
 That with such Halcyon calmes fixe our soules  
 In stedfast peace *that* noe annoy controuls.  
 There noe rude sound affrights with suddain starts  
 Nor iealous eares when wee vnrip our hearts.  
 Suck our discourse in noe obseruing parts  
 This blush *that* glaunce traduc'd nor wee betrayd  
 To riuals by *the* bribed chambermayds.  
 Noe wedlo<sup>^</sup>ke bonde vnwreath'd our twisted loue  
 Wee seeke now midnight arbour noe darke grooue.  
 To hide our kisses. There *the* hated name  
 Of husband, or of wife, best, chast or shame  
 Are emptie words, & raine, whose verie sound  
 Was neuer heard in *the* Elyzian ground.  
 all things are lawfull there *that* may delight  
 Nature or vnrestrained appetite.  
 Like & enioy; to will & acte is one  
 Wee onely sinn when loues rights are not done.

folio 28 verso || folio 29 recto

The Roman Lucrece there heares *the* diuine  
 Lectures of loue great Master Aretine  
 And knowes as well as Lais how to mooue  
 Her pliante body in *the* acte of loue.  
 To quench *the* burning Rauisher shee <sup>hurls</sup>  
 Her limbs into a thousand winding curls  
 And studies artfull postures such as bee  
 Caru'd on *the* barke of euery neighbour tree  
 By learned hands, *that* soe adioynd *the* band  
 Of those faire plants which as they grow haue paund  
 Their glowing fires vpon *the* Graecian Dame  
 That in her endless webs toyld for a name.  
 As fruitlesse as her worke doth now display  
 Her selfe before *the* youth of Ithaca .  
 And doth *the* amorous sports of night prefer  
 Beefore all dreames od *the* lost Traueller.  
 Daphne hath broke her barke & *that* swift foote  
 Which th'angry God hath fastned with a roote.  
 To *the* fixt earth, doth now vnfetered runn  
 To meete th'embraces of *the* Youthfull Sunn  
 Shee hangs vpon <sup>^</sup>him like <sup>^</sup>his Delphicke tyre  
 Her kisses blow *the* cole, & breath new fier.  
 Full of her God shee sings inspired Layes  
 Soft Oads of loue such as deseru'd *the* bayes  
 Which shee her selfe was next her Laura lyes

In Petrarch es learned armes dying those eyes  
Which did in such smooth paced number flow  
As made *the* world enamour'd of hir woe.  
These & ten thousand beauties more *that* di'd  
Slaues to *the* tyrant now enlarg'd deride

His cancel'd lawes & for their time mispent  
Lay vnto loues exchequer double rent.  
Come then my Cælia wee'le noe more forbear  
To tast our ioyes struck with a panicke feare.  
But will depose from his imperious sway  
The proud vsurper & walke free as they  
With necks vnyockt, nor is it iust *that* hee  
Should fetter your soft sex with chastitie  
Whome nature made vnapt for abstinence,  
When yet *the* false impostures can dispence  
With humane iustice, & with sacred right  
And mauger both their lawes, commaund men fight  
With riuals, or with emulous loues *that* dare  
Equale with thine their Mrs eyes or hayre.  
If thou complaine of wrong, & cause my Sword  
To carue thee out reuenge vpon *that* word  
It bids mee fight; & kills or else hee brands  
With marks of infamie my coward hands.  
And yet Religion bids from murther fly  
And damn's mee for *that* act; *then* tell my why  
That Gollian Honnor whome *the* world adores  
Should make men athists & not woemen whores.

folio 29 verso || folio 30 recto

The Nightingale. |G|M

My limbs were wearie & my head opprest  
with drowsinesse & yet I could not rest  
My bed was such noe downe nor feathers can  
Make one more soft, though Joue againe turn'd Swan.  
No feare=distracted thoughts my slumbers broke  
I heard no Scrihoule squeake nor Rauens croke.  
Sleepes for *theflea* your proud insulting Elfe  
Had taken truce, & was a sleepe it selfe  
But t'was nights ~~nights~~ darling, & *that* wods cheife iewel  
The Nightingale *that* was soe sweetely cruell.  
It woed my eares to rob mine eyes of sleepe  
That whilst shee sung of Tereus thay meight weepe.  
And yet reioyce *the* Tyrant did her wronge  
Her cause of woe was burden of her song  
Which whilst I listned to & striu'd to hear  
Twas such I could haue wish't my selfe all eare.  
Tis false *the* Poets faine of Orpheus; hee

Could neither mooue a stone, a beast or tree  
To follow him: But wheresoere shee flies  
Shee makes a groues Satyre, & Pharie hyes  
Aboute her pearch to daunce their roundelais  
For shee sings ditties to *them* whilst Pan playes.  
Yet shee sings better now as if in mee  
S'had meant with sleepe to try *the* mastery.  
But whils't shee chaunted thus, *the* clock for spite  
Dayes worser heralde chid away *the* night.  
Thus robd of sleepe mine eyelyds nightly guest  
My thought I lay content though not with rest

Vpon *the* crowne of a hat drunken in  
for wante of a cup by . G.M.

Well fare those three *that* when there was a dearth  
Of cups to drinke in yet could find out myrth  
And spight of fortune make their want their store,  
And nought to drinke in caused drinking more.  
No brickle glass wee vs'd nor did wee thinke  
T'would helpe taste t'haue windows to our drinke  
wee scorn'd base clay which tortur'd on *the* wheele  
Martyrde at last *the* force of fier doth feele.  
Both these are fraile, wee dranke not morryaly  
In such like emblemes of mortalitie.  
The cup *that* bruers drinke in, & long may  
Polluted not our lips, nor yet *the* horne,  
Due to *the* forehead by our lips was borne  
We did abhor those hell bred bloud bought mettals  
Silver & gould, nor should *that* which makes kettals  
Serue vs for cups, nor *that* which is *the* neuter  
Betwixt these three & is  
But twas as rare a thing as often tryd  
As best of those though seuen times purifi'd.  
A seuen times scoured felt, but turned neuer  
And pittie ti's I cannot call it beauer.  
The circulated croune somewhat deprest  
And by degrees towards *the*  
That to out lips it might *the* better stoope  
Varied a little *the* figure of a hoope

folio 30 verso || folio 31 recto

From a iust circle, drawing out an angles  
And *that* wee meight not for our measure wrangle  
The butlers selfe ? whose hat it was & band  
Fild each his measure with an euen hand.  
Thus did wee round it & did neuer shrinke  
Tell wee *that* wanted cups now wanted drinke.

## The Will

Before I sigh my last gaspe let mee breath  
Great loue some Legacyses, here I bequeath  
Mine eyes to Argos, if mine eyes can see  
If they bee blind then loue I giue them thee  
My tongue to Fame t'Embassadors mine eares  
To woemen or the sea my Teares.  
Thou loue hast taught me heretofore  
By me serue hir, who had twentie more  
That I should giue to none but such as had to much before.  
My constancie I to *the* Plannets giue  
My truth to them who at *the* Court doe liue  
My Ingenuitie to opennesse.  
To Jesuites or Buffones my Pensiuenesse  
My silence to anie who abroad haue beene  
My monie to a Capuchin  
Thour loue Loue taugh's't me by appointing mee  
To loue where there no loue receau'd can bee.  
To giue to such as haue an incapacitie.  
I giue my reputation to those,  
Who were my friends, mine Industrie to foes  
To scoolemen I bequesth my doubtfullnesse  
My sicknesse to Physitians or excesse

To Nature all *that* I in rime haue writt  
And to my merry companie my witt.  
Thou loue by making mee adore  
Her who begot in me this loue before  
Taugh mee to make as though I gaue  
When I did but restore.  
*John Donne*

## To his *Mistress*

Come Madam come all rest my powers defy  
Vntill I labour I in labour ly.  
The foe oftimes hauing *the* foe in sight  
Is tyrde with standing though hee neuer fight  
Of with *that* girdle like hauens zone glistring  
But a far fairer world encompassing  
Vnpin *that* spangline brestplate *that* you weare  
That I may shrine *that* shines soe farr.  
Vnlace your selfe for *that* harmonious chine  
Tels mee from you *that* now is your bed time.  
Of with *that* happie busk *that* I enuy  
That still will bee & still can stand soe nigh.  
Your gound going of such beauteous state reueale



As when from flourie meades hils shadowes steale  
Of with *that* wirie coronet & shew  
The hayrie Diadem which on you doth grow  
Now of with those shoes, & then softly tread  
In this loues hallowed Temple, this soft bead  
In such white robes heauens Angels vse to bee  
Receaued by men, Thou Angell bringst with thee  
A heauenly Mahomets Paradise & though  
All spirits walke in white wee easily know

folio 31 verso || folio 32 recto

By this all Angels from an euill spr<sup>l</sup>te  
They set our haire but these our flesh vpright.  
Licence my rouing hand & let them goe  
Behind, before, betwene, aboue, below.  
O my America my new found land  
My Kingdome safest when with one man mand  
My mine of precious stones my Empery.  
How blest am I in this discovering thy  
Full nakednesse, all eyes are due to thee  
All soules vnbodyed, bodyes vnclath'd shoul'd bee  
To tast hole ioyes gemms *that the* woemen vse,  
Are as Atlantass bales cast in mens views.  
That when a fooles eye lightneth on a gemm  
His greedy ey meight court theirs & not them  
Like vnto bookes with gaudie couerings made  
For lay men, Are all woemen thus aray'd  
Themselues are musick books which onely wee  
(Whome their imputed grace will dignifie)  
Must see reueal'd, Then sweet *that* I may  
As librally as to a Midwife shew  
Thy selfe, cast all, yea this white hence  
There is noe pennance due to Innocence  
T' enter into these bonds is to bee free,  
There where my hands is set, my seale shall bee  
To teach thee I am naked first, Why then  
What needst thou haue more couering *then* a man  
*Iohn Donne*

Loues dyet

To what a cumbersome vnwildnesse  
And burthenouse corpulence I loue had grone  
But *that* I did to make it lesse  
And <sup>^</sup>keepe it in proportion  
Giue it a Dyet made it feede vpon  
That which loue worst endures Discretion.  
Aboue one sigh a day I allowde him not

Of which my fortunes & my faults had part  
 And if some time by stealth hee got  
 A shee sigh from my Mistresse hart  
 And thought to feast on *that* I let him see  
 T'was neither verie sound nor mea<sup>nt</sup> for mee  
 If hee wrought from her a teare I brinde it soe  
 With scorne or shame *that* him <sup>it</sup> nourisht not  
 If hee suckt herse I let him know  
 Twas not a teare which hee had got  
 His drinke was counterfeit as was his meat  
 For eyes *that* roule towards all weepe not but sweat  
 What hee would dictat I write *that*  
 But burnt my letter when shee writ to mee  
 And if *that* fauour, made him fat  
 I said if anie title bee  
 Convei'd by this, ah, what doth it availe  
 To bee *the* fourteenth name in an entaile.  
 This I reclaim bastard loue to fly  
 And what & when, & where, & how I chuse  
 Now necligent of sport I ly  
 And now as other Faulkners vse  
 I spring a Mistresse, sweare, write, sigh & weepe  
 And *the* game kil'd or lost goe talke, or sleepe.

folio 32 verso || folio 33 recto

To his *Mistress*

Once & but once found in thy companie  
 All thy supposed scapes are layde to mee  
 And as a theife at bar is question'd there  
 By all *the* men *that* haue been robd *that* yeare  
 Soe am I (by this traiterous meanes surpris'd)  
 By this Hydropike father Catichis'd.  
 Though hee were wont to search with glaziers eyes  
 As though hee came to kill a Cockatrice  
 Though hee haue sworne *that* hee would sure ~~returne~~ <sup>^ moue</sup>  
 Thy beautyes beauty, & foode of our loue.  
 Hope of his goods if I with thee were seene  
 Yet close & secret as our soules w'haue been  
 Though thy immortall mother which doth ly  
 Still buried in her bed yet will not dy  
 Take this aduantage to sleepe out day light  
 And watch thy entryes & returns at night.  
 And when shee takes thy hand & would seeme kind  
 Doth search what rings what armelets shee can find  
 And kissing notes *the* colour of thy face  
 And fearing least thou art  
 To try where thou dost long doth name strange meates  
 And notes thy palenesse, blushings, sighs, & sweats  
 And politiquely to thee will confesse

The sinns of her owne youth's ranke lustinesse  
Yet loue these secrecies did remooue & mooue  
Thee, to gull thine owne mother for my loue  
Thy Brethren which like Phary sprite  
Oft skipt into our chamber those sweete nights  
And kiste & dandled on thy fathers knee  
Were bribd next day to tell what they did see.

The grimme eight foote high iaubond seruing man  
That oft names God in oathes & onely then  
He *that* to bar *the* first gate doth as wide  
As *the* great Rhodian Colossus stride  
Which if in Hell noe other paines there were  
Makes mee feare hell because hee must bee there  
Though by thy father hee were hir'd for this  
Could neuer witsse any touch or kisse.  
But (o to common ill) I brought with mee  
That which betrayes mee to mine enemie  
A loude perfume, which at my entrance cry'd  
Euen at thy fathers nose, soe were we spy'd.  
When like *the* tyrant King *that* in his bed  
Smelt gunpowder, *the* pale wretch shivered  
Had it beene some bad smel hee would haue thought  
That his one feete or breath *that* smell had brought.  
But as we in our Iles imprisoned  
Where cattle onely & diuers dogs are bred  
The precious Vnicorns strange monsters call  
So thought hee good strange which had none att all.  
I taught my silke their whistlings to forbear  
Euen my opprest shoes dumb & spechlesse were  
Onely thou bitter sweete whome I haue layd  
Next me: & mee mee traiterously hast betray'd  
And unsuspected hast inuisible  
At once fled into him & stay'd with mee  
Base excrement of earth *which* dos't confound  
Sence, from distinguishing *the* sick from sound  
By thee *the* silly amarus sucks his death  
By drawing in a leaperous hartlesse breath

folio 33 verso || folio 34 recto

By this *the* greatest staine to mans estate  
Fals on vs to bee cald effeminate.  
Though you bee much loude in *the* Princes hall  
These things *that* seeme excede substantiall  
Gods when yee fum'd on alters were pleas'd well  
Because you were burn't not *that* they lou'd *the* smel  
Yee are lothsome all being taken simplie alone  
Shall not loue ill things ioyn'd & hate each one  
If you were good your good would soone decay  
And you are rare *that* takes your good away

All my perfumes I giue most willingly  
T' embalme thy fathers course, when will hee die.

A iourny of a Gentleman vnto Wales  
written at the entreaty of a Lady .

Ladie when last I writ I promis'd then  
To run o're Wale s with a relating penn  
And, I my iourney from *the* towne begun  
That's fild with Sunday guests cald Islington  
Where I with friends was in a house *that* sould  
Good nappie ale & wine ~~wine~~*that* makes men bould  
Of which I thinke your Cubbord had a share  
And somewhat better else hee would not dare  
Mounted vpon his palfrey to haue plaid  
The bold forerider to a chambermaide  
But sure it was some : *that* was soe plac't  
To keepe her vnsuspected, vndisgrac't  
But hee is rid away and I was left  
To drinke *that* wine which by a Scuruy theft

Would have bereft mee of my braine, but yet  
I got to horse and rod with feare not witt  
From thence to Holloway , where a blind <sup>man</sup> will  
At Irish play with him *that* hath best Skill.  
I wondring at it 'gan to aske him how  
Hee knew his points, oh play, quoth he, then know  
I plaid for two good pots, wonn them, then hie  
To horse, & Say, The blind eate many a fly.  
And soe apace to Highgate where I heare  
Some Bowlers Sing, some curse, some laugh, some sweare.  
I satt astonish't at this dismall brabble.  
Thinking it like Babels confused rabble.  
Ive not to See fooles praise, dispraise aboue  
That knew not where or whether it did roule.  
To See them writhe their trunks as if *tha* could  
Alter *the* cunning of *the* sencelesse wood  
Yet they more Sencelesse did beeleeue *tha* t'would.  
And Soe I left but a portlie man  
Presents vs with what drownes all care a can  
Fild' with this nutbrowne liquor which wee take  
And soe our iourney vnto Barnet make  
Whose field hath been far fam'd for the great fight  
T'wixt *the* fourth Edward , & *tha* King=~~mk~~ae knight  
The braue Earle Warwick ; hee *tha* durst doe *that*  
Faint hearted Henry fear'd & trembled at  
But comming to *the* towne another theame  
Presents it Selfe which better doth beseeme  
My Stragling pen, t'was thus I askt for th' Hop

His wife comes Sobbing crying shee is lost  
 Vndone, forsaken twentie things beside  
 Then wrung her hands & then againe shee cride  
 I putting on some grautie demaund  
 What doth afflict her thus what vnkind hand  
 Hath cau'sd this blubbr'ing tumult, shee replies  
 Her husband is growne false, & then shee cries  
 I laught at this Parenthesis, & entreate  
 That shee would doe Soe, now shee givs repeate  
 The cause, forsooth her husband hee was gone  
 To'th Cristning of a child *that* was his owne  
 But not begott on her, I smi'ld at this  
 And bid her gett another man to kisse  
 And then crie quittance with him, but shee swore  
 Shee would not for - God blesse vs bee a whore.  
 I would haue tempted her but *thatthe* night  
 Which hastned on tooke mee from *that* delight  
 And then went Strait to Mims where I more bold  
 Ask't for Bels<sup>w</sup>agger at which woemen Scold  
 And flung there durt about this heauie curse  
 I scap't by *the* swift running of my horse  
 Whoe quicly brings mee to Blaclocks & hee  
 Vnto S<sup>t</sup> Albans bore mee companie  
 Where *with* a ciuill cup beetwixt vs two  
 Wee wisht all health to Mrs. Anne & you

And Soe to rest wee went, Slept out *the* night  
 And in *the* morning *the* Same health recite  
 I then was truly happy but hard fate  
 Vrg'd mee to leaue this my soe much lou'd mate  
 And lesse accepted company mee halse  
 Now on my iourney towards craggie Wales  
 Out of S<sup>t</sup> Albains gone I greiued spie  
 Lord Bacon s buildings now neclected lie.  
 Oh who would trust this world *that* e're had Seen  
 Whole troupes of Suppliants at those gates t'haue been  
 Whoe with a fawning cringe & downecast eye  
 Would kisse *the* ground as hee went passing by  
 Who would have sold their soules to gett his nod  
 And a'wd his frowne more then they did there God.  
 Yet now these Parasites goe passing by  
 And say hee sentenc't was deseruedly..  
 These thoughts brought mee to Redburne where I Spie  
 The Country Mayds e'ury where f<sup>f</sup>isking by  
 Trust mee a prettie one I had espide  
 But your commaund her companie deride.  
 And then I durst not, but went iogging on  
 To Dunstable whose was is famous growne.

Nor doth way its durt in fame transcend  
Where once *that* lights it stayes, tis a sure friend.  
And Soe to St<sup>r</sup>atford whose too flintie Soile  
Yeelds nothing <sup>^</sup> worth my writing toile.  
But pardon if a little I transgresse  
In Seeking my next Subject to expresse

folio 35 verso || folio 36 recto

I could not chuse but light at Weeden towne  
To see *that* Hostesse of soe great renowne.  
Far fam'd faire Knightly whoe hath Hostesse been  
This many yeares, but guiltie of *the* Sin  
That's due to her profession, but I rowe  
As chaste as Lucrece for any thing I know.  
She'es faire without exception plumpe & full  
And her eye witnesseth shee is not dull  
They *that* haue tr'id both, sweare *that* Franck at Greyes  
Compa'rd to her hath lost *the* crowne of bayes.  
Better then both I like *the*D auntrie host  
That with his pot of ale & browne bread tost  
Sings merry catches, & with mamsie nose.  
Lights his Tobacco, crying those oh those  
Were happie times when <sup>^</sup> wee thought money drosse  
And esteem'd thriftiness to bee a losse.  
Hee liues as merry as *the* day is long  
And thinks of nothing but a Sprightly Song  
To cheare those weary guests *that* vse to rayle  
On there hard Saddles *that* haue gald their tayle  
But now wee ride to Couentrie amaine  
Where pure men teach & teach & teach againe  
The vniust iudge was neuer soe besett  
With widdowes cries as God is with their chatt  
They pray soe often as if hee had nought  
To doe but harken to what they haue sought

But while they pray'd I went to Merydin  
And there my hostesse tooke mee by *the* chin,  
And Swore I was as prettie a handsome youth  
As in her life time She had Seene forsooth.  
But for this commendations I must pay  
For two fresh cans, & soe wee went away.  
To goe (famous for Iron) to Bromicham  
Where wee all night lod'gd at *the* holy lambe  
But if one maiden of *the* house had been  
Not holy Sure I had committed Sinn.  
I left her honest & I daily pray  
Shee'le keepe her Selfe Soe to *the* latest day  
And Soe wee left this towne & now to Tongue  
Whose greatest bell hath been renowned long

Boue Bowe, or Christchurch Tom *that* hath oft been  
Rung out with praises by their youthfull Deane.  
And this in Miracles hath outdone Tom  
Att's first or second resurrection.  
The Sound of this hath made an Host forget  
His drinke to meditate on Sacred writ..  
Now it rings out & with its dismall sound  
Driues vs away to Newport where I found  
A prettie Hostesse but yet somewhat coy  
At *the* first sight, yet afterward shee'd toy

folio 36 verso || folio 37 recto

Handle mee, dandle mee I'lle not bee Sullen  
Take vp my linnen cloathes after my wollen.  
While shee denide mee I would faine haue done  
But when shee granted faith then I'de haue none.  
But went to Whit=church , & if I not err  
Nothing's there famous but a Scoolemaster.  
Who with oft' lashing & pedantique looks  
Frights his amased Scollers to their books  
Brother to broad=beard Gill I thinke for hee  
Looks full as grim & terrible to mee  
As this doth now to these, may Gill & hee  
Sterne father=lasher to each other bee.  
Now towards famous Chester where bi'th way  
Broxon thsteepe hils vrge vs to make a Stay  
From whence wee See a valley rich in Store  
Of corne & pleasant Medowes cheque'rd o're.  
With Such Sweete Smelling flowers as if here  
There Goddesses meant in glory to appeare.  
Here a pure gliding Streame, there a thick groue  
The welcom'st friends to those *that* burne with loue.  
And now I thinke of Loue I will relate  
A story to you of *the* cruell fate  
Of two *that* were Soe Smitten *that* I feare  
If they not marry there will bee fowle ge ere

Your patience (fairest Ladie) & Ile tell  
The dismall chaunces *that* their loues befell.  
In London towne where many louers bee  
These louers first did first ^ each *the* other see.  
Hee was aprentize of noe small respect  
Yet for her loue his trade hee did neclect.  
And shee was daughter to an Irishman  
Whoe for this louer will doe what shee can  
Thinking it best vnto her tender mother  
The truth of all their loue for discover.  
Who doth direct they should together flee  
To Chester , soe to passe *the* Irish sea.  
But marke well now th'ill fortune *tha* attends

This louing couple, & their louing ends.  
They being here hourelly expect a wind  
To be (as they were to each other) kind;  
But blust'ring Æolus not fit for loue  
To their desires still doth contrary prooue.  
And makes them waite, till one from London sent  
Comes here their wish't-for passadge to preuent  
And being armed with a Constable  
That thought himselfe to bee a man-full able  
Enters *the* house & gius to search whils't wee  
Knowing their ends denie their company  
But I desirous for to free these two  
From Mr Constable & Holbbard crue

folio 37 verso || folio 38 recto

But ere *that* hee could of an answer thinke  
I'cald for wine to make his worship drinke:  
So after two or three cups hee forgot  
His drinke, in hope to haue *the* other plot  
Whils't our two louers by a backway trace  
Out of this Inn into Some safer place.  
Send them good luck & a succesfull gale  
To carry them to Dublyn or Youghale  
Wales now expects my company & I  
O're Chester sands to *the* Welsh countrie hie.  
Flint first receau'd mee where I wondring see  
Of Welsh & English such a company.  
It was a faire, forsooth, wherein was sold  
Both bootes & shoes I & lace to of gold  
But this *the* younge men from *the* rest doe Sift  
To giue their sweethearts for a fairings=gift.  
T'was sport alone to see them buy & sell  
This could noe Welsh t'other noe English tell.  
Yet both together in *the* end agree  
To bee i'th Ale=house drunke for company.  
I fear'd their drunken fate, & rid apace  
To Holywell *that* much renowned place  
Whose well was first fam'd by a Maydens death  
And since kept sacred by *the* Papists breath.

Whoe come each yeare hither to wash their skins  
Thinking thereby to wash away their sins.  
I though noe Pilgrim did there often swim  
Vnder pretence to wash each sinfull limbe  
But there's another reason *that* inuites  
Mee to these holy (as they thinke them) rites  
The men & woemen doe together laue  
Their tender bodies in this Springing waue.  
Oh I haue seene Such beauties naked heer,  
Would make those Saints in humane shapes t'appare



To whome they pray soe humbly & desier  
To bee there seruants Strooke with Paphian fire.  
But they nor hear them, nor haue power to come  
To this on earth from their Elizium  
They are far better where they are but I  
Liu'd willing heer hauing *that* company  
Ti's a strange fate some writers doe professe  
None diying Papists come to happinesse  
Shall such rich beauties in a fier frie  
When deform'd soules shall liue eternally  
In ioyes beyond expression, because they  
Doe *the* same thing but in another way.  
A sentence to to cruell, oh tis hard  
When such perfection is from heauend bard  
And yet oftimes I like their iudgement well  
For here come some are onely fitt for Hell.

folio 38 verso || folio 39 recto

Soe vgly & deformed *that* they seeme  
Witches, already being but fifteene  
These are true remedies for loue, & vexe  
My soule soe much *that* I halfe hate *the* Sexe  
But then one thought of you soe good soe rare  
Makes mee to loue your Sex or foule or faire  
When on these higher mountaine tops I trace  
And see *the* countries vnderneath this place  
I wish you heer *that* th'vnder world meight see  
Your beautie far 'boue there deformitie.  
Were you but here wee then should find noe night  
Being enlightned with soe pure a light.  
Wee then should thinke *the* Moone had gone astray  
And you were come heer to Supply her way  
But yet more bright more constant far then shee  
That vnto vs appeares Soe variously.  
And yet I wish you absent for I feare  
Your presence an Idolatrie would reare  
Youle say these lines are compliments I know  
And faith I care not for I meant them Soe  
Poets may write what ever they desier  
And if you lik't not cast it in *the* fier.  
ER

To a Gentleman who had  
gotten the running of the  
reines.

Robin  
When at *the* Globe wee last did dine  
Vnkind thou bard'st thy thirstie Soule her wine

In thee two Deuills stroue thy whooring Sinn  
 Refus'd to let thy drinking Deuell in.  
 Thou knowest mee well & wilt expect *that* I  
 Against *the* pot take part with Lecherie;  
 True; for a common drunkard I doe Sett  
 Twelue Score beehind a loathsome Sodomet  
 Yet am testy growne for thy mishap  
 Neither to Bawd nor whoore I'le Stirr my cap  
 Not *that* mi'nt phleame & zeale breeds such a Qualme  
 As voided forth plaine Robert Wisdomes psalme  
 But for thy sake as fits a constant friend  
 I'le raile against *the* Queanes world without end  
 Then sursum Corda: tell truth honnest Muse  
 Play *the* wise constable a bribe refuse  
 When strong Potatoes & rich wines are flowne  
 Throughout *the* marrow & *the* soule is growne

folio 39 verso || folio 40 recto

Rid of her duller reason ~~each~~ all are bent  
 To giue th' annuly Venus Spirit vent  
 Then like knights errants each to his Lady flies  
 Who captive in Some obscure corner lyes  
 Where when you are like blest Æneas come  
 Into *the* entrance of this blest Elizium  
 You fare much like *the* Cripples at *the* Poole  
 Where hee who first can enter in doth foole  
 { His lazie fellowes while th' excluded crue  
 { Swear & catch cold & learne a dainty cue  
 { In spleene to burne & lead their liues anew  
 Now hee *that* from *the* rest doth win *the* gole  
 To Madam Baw'd hee payes his vsuall Tole  
 Then may-be comes a wench whose breath doth smell  
 Like a dead Rats *that* twixt *the* wainscote fell  
 This mounts his angry foote two cubits high  
 Leueld against *the* Bawd swears shee shall die  
 Wherefore as *the* blind Paynims of old dayes  
 With Some Selected Damsell sought t' appease  
 Their angry friends soe one shee doth afford  
 Which at first sight y'oude thinke game for a <sup>llord</sup>

But marke her well you'le See Shee better paints  
 Then ould deuotion did *the* Chauncell Saints  
 Fall but a Kissing & you'le find ere long  
 Though shee bee Silent yet shee hath a toungue  
 Then great Priapus Sends his cunning Eand  
 As his especiall to Search out *the* land  
 Whose false report doth often Soe beewitch  
 His Maister *that* hee trailes him to *the* ditch  
 Like a knaue=guide who in *the* darke doth crie  
 Here hoe alls cleere when hee i'th durt doth lie

Thus once embog'd when res to rem is brought  
 Make your owne play or by my troth t'is nought  
 For shee soe little minds *the* game shee beares  
 As shee may crack a nut or say her prayers  
 Last when *the* ventrous part hath Sprung a leake  
 Tis like a Venson pastie *that* doth breake  
 by th' ouer heated oven; when from the Pie  
 The liquor flowes till it grow hot & drie  
 Now woe & Well a day you Muses nine  
 Put, on your sable weeds & helpe to whine  
 Heers a distemper heer *the* fier flies  
 Through out *the* bones with such Solemnities  
 Of Aches, Tumors, Snufflings, as would fright  
 Soules to *the* other world in Such a plight

folio 40 verso || folio 41 recto

As Dogs are Scar'd from houses where ye Boyes  
 Tie to there vailes a rattle or such toys  
 This furious foe doth some soe much appall  
 As they for safetie flie to th' Hospitall  
 O others with Bisket like beleaguerd men  
 Susteine in compasse of a priuate Denn  
 A meager hunger which oftimes doth last  
 As longe as did renowned Moises fast  
 Doth not this mooue thee, sure thou wouldst not <sup>^</sup> turne  
 Hadst thou seene Sodom & Gomorrah burne  
 Doe, then, goe on, & let thy thin pox giue  
 Example to *the* bad world how to liue  
 Or grant thee pox prooffe *which* I false doe know  
 Oh doe but thinke how dreadfull it would Shew  
 At midnight in thy Bawdie roome to view  
 The grim fac't Constable with all his crue  
 Black Dr Faustus at his direfull end  
 Summon'd to yeeld his Soule to th' rghly friend  
 Could not bee more agast: oh then forbear  
 A bed *that* must a walking Holbert feare  
 Yet doe *the* Diuell right I must confesse  
 Those common houses haue this happinesse

Thou shalt bee none of those soe rich Soe proude  
 That through an Needles eye to Heauen must croude  
 But rather like *that* Strong Philosopher  
 Whoe all his household Stuffe at once could beare  
 Nay I haue knowne Some hotter Letchers Soone  
 Turne their warme cloakes into a could Battoone  
 There faces yet Stood red with Pimples through  
 As if Still soultrie hot did euer glowe  
 Lord now my thinkes I see thy sunday cloke  
 Hange vp at Greyes iust as of old ye Oake  
 Of Mars tir'd Souldiers armes did beare when they

Had safe arriued through many a cruell fray  
If all this mooue thee not, yet let there bee  
For my sake one from thy wild fier free  
Oh let not Frank *that* honnest friend of mine  
Whome fate hath kept from Bridwell descipline  
At last for all her old past frailties cry  
Feeling worse Smart by thy hot company  
Preithee let honnest Henry find a Bit  
Of merry vice by thee not tainted yet  
But oh scorne halfe crowne houses they will shake  
Thee soluble while thy wrong taile doth take  
The Parlor for an house of office tie  
First let thy girdle and thy hatband flie

folio 41 verso || folio 42 recto

Thy sword and belt to, though twere to bee fear'd  
Thoud'st looke much like a groome ± 3 months casheird  
Mend Robin mend cold I cause thy retreat  
I shold at once soe many Deuils cheate  
As my thrice happy verse meight allmost braue  
That wise discourse *that* did 3 thousand saue.  
RH E.

On a Gentlewoeman like  
his Mrs

Faire copy of my Cælias face  
Twinne of my soule thy perfect grace  
Clames in my Soule an equall place  
Disdaine not a diuided heart  
Though all bee hers you shall haue part  
Loue is not bid to rules of art.  
For as my Soule first to her flew  
Yet Stayde with mee; so now tis true  
It dwels *with* her though fled to you  
Then enterteine this wandring guest  
And is not loue allowe it rest  
It left not but mistooke *the* nest  
To lead or brasse or Some such bad  
Mettell, a Princes Stamp may ad  
The vales which it neuer had  
But to *the* pure refined ore  
The Stamp of Kings imparts noe more  
Worth, then *the* mettell had before  
Onely *the* Image giues a rate  
To subiects in a forrein state  
Its pris'd as much for its owne weight

folio 42 verso || folio 43 recto

So though all other hearts refine  
to your pure worth yet you haue mine  
Onely because you are her wine.  
T. C.

To his Mrs

Religion bids mee pause or else I'de pay  
Deuotions vnto *that* glasse euey day  
Wherein I saw your face; oh there did I  
View *that* white forehead & *that* piercing ey  
Who can with one looke make more loue=*sicke*harts  
Then toying Cupids quier full of darts.  
I viewd those lips which Nature crow'nd with blisse  
Happiest of all when they each other kisse.  
Each part I saw with Such perfection fraught  
*With* Natures best of Skill & Wisedome wrought  
As wanton Poets in their flowing witt  
Could neuer fancy out a beauty yet  
Equall to yours; but he *that* glasse bee throwen  
Into some place *that* neuer shall bee knowen  
For if once more you looke in't you must proue  
*Narcissus* like with your fayre selfe in loue  
And then more cruell will make you bee  
My foe by being Riuall vnto mee

To his Mrs

Drinke to mee Caelia with thine eye  
And I'le pledge thee with mine  
Leaue but a kisse with in *the* cup  
And I'le expect noe wine  
The thirst *that* from *the* soule proceeds  
Doth aske a drinke diuine  
But meight I of Ioues Nectar sup  
I would change it for thine  
I sent to thee a rosy wreath  
Not so to honour thee  
As being well assured there  
It would not withered bee  
And you thereon did onely breath  
And sent it back to mee  
Since when it liues, & smels I swear  
Not of it selfe but thee.  
B I.

A dreame

When Sable night had half her minutes Sumnd  
Toild soules lay steept in care their eares benumbed  
And fayries to *the* tune of Snorting Straynes  
Tript silent measures ore *the* shady plaines  
Then gentle sleepe my truce *with* teares had made  
And vald my feeble eyes in cooling shade  
Where my wingd maister *with* God Morpheus came  
Whoe from Ioues beseme brought lou'd Cloris flame  
Which thrond for euer in *that* place diuine  
Like Paradice in Christall orbe doth Shine  
While shee in paces Angellick came nigh  
Marke how a cunning timer plants hes eye  
On some rare peece whose feature glances smiles  
Within his working braine hee first compiles  
Then drawes in art: so I *with* earnest view  
Of her coelestiall forme *the* Image drew  
In at my eager eyes then *with* loues dart  
Engrau'd it in deepe notes vpon my heart  
Her haire not like those Saundy locks of<sup>old</sup>  
Which greedy Poets dreames haue turnd to <sup>^</sup> gold  
But ~~floewd~~ flowd in waues like louely berry Crowne  
When *the* inamourd Sun his beames sends downe

To court *the* gentle fruit till from aboue  
It takes deepe color of his ardent loue  
So shewd her haire diuinely so till by  
The light of her illuminating eye  
It tooke new luster then it put to Scorne  
Appollos golden locks crown'd by *the* morne  
This dally'd by *the* winds in oft resort  
*With* her smooth forehead & calme browes did <sup>^</sup> sport  
On *which* horison shin'd two starres from whence  
Loues beames did warme cleere rayes of innocence  
Should they cloud vp in frownes no ods were kn<sup>owen</sup>  
Iwant Plutos gloomy sill & Cupids throne  
Hence did in iust dimensions rise & fall  
A comely nose *which* seemd a curious wall  
Twixt those faire cheeks in whom whyle Beauty <sup>showes</sup>  
The lilly how to blush scorne pales *the* rose  
Then opeit her rosy lips wherein I found  
Loue in a pale of pearle inuiron'd round  
Where hee an altar had whence breathd a Sent  
Richer then e're Sabian spices lent  
Her tender tongue *that* breath in such charmes mould  
As what his altar was his prison proud

Next rose a pretty chin a neck of Snow  
Like Ioues when hee tu'rnd Swan did Leda noe  
In *that* sweete breast like Phoenix Cupid burn'd  
Fir'd by her eyes a fresher God hee tur'nd  
Heere *the* Hesperidies their gardin plac't  
Where two soft little hills *the* valley gra'ct  
Wth golden apples, *which* Ioues Dragon saues  
From daring louers who their find their graues  
Hence my rapt thoughts *the* milky way did passe  
Of Beautyes Heauen till it arriued was  
At Ioyes Elizium, in whose groues doe Sport  
Millions of Cupids whose lesse noble sort  
Banisht from thence, to other Beautyes fly  
And are conceiud *the* glory of an eye.  
Then did my ventrous fancy strait inuade  
The hidden pleasures of *that* secret Shade  
Where Amber Springs with liuing Nectar flowe  
To feast Ioues God when doth <sup>hee</sup> passe *the* rowe  
Of those pure Rubyes, whose sphere shines so bright  
As lends th' adioyning groue of Myrtles light  
Heire my soule Stayd yet to *proceed* below  
It did a glad vbiqutarie Show.

Flowing along those thighs those legs those feete  
Whose smooth close=knit *proportions* iust did meet  
Like Alablaster pillers made vs beare  
An altar *which* to loue *the* Graces neare  
Whyle yet I gaz'd a winged Cupid brings  
A lute whereto his gentle bow lent Strings  
*Which* wal'd it'h Iuory of her gracefull arme  
Did (by soft fingers toucht) rude discord Cha<sup>rme</sup>  
Whyle shee a low sigh breath'd & *that* beecame  
A Heauenly voice *which* theis high notes did frame  
Vp Vp thou God of Loue.  
Whose piercing steele,  
Wrapt in strange formes great Ioue  
Doth often feele,  
Wound thine accursed foe  
That Goddess blind,  
Whose wheele linkt Ropes doth throw  
Till they vntwinde.  
Rest ~~Rest~~ thou poore restlesse soule  
In soft repose  
But when by greifs controule  
Thine eyes vnclose  
Thy rocklike constancie  
(Whyle fates doe frowne  
Tyme and despaire must try  
Then ioy shall crowne.

Neuer such ayres diuine Amphion sent  
 To make Deucaleons Stony race relent.  
 The pictur'd Arrace felt its people Striue  
*Which* their fixt limmes made by their straines aliue  
 The sight I this! take not what ~~you~~<sup>you</sup> destroy  
 A Sencelesse Soule but crowne my hopes *with* ioy  
 Stay (Shee replide) and know wee Soules more pure  
 Crowne none but constant hopes *which* long endure  
 Then Shee retir'd; but my awakened feares  
 Sayl'd after blowne *with* Sighs on Streames of teares  
 And sought t'embrace, when my presuming arme  
 Mist *the* aeriall frame and in a charme  
 Caught empty Scorne; like fond Ixions hope  
 Who courting Iuno *with* a clowde did cope.  
 Thinke how widdow'd Turtle wayles her mate  
 Snatch't from her loued side by cruell fate  
 Or how despairing Orpheus did complaine  
 Loosing his deer Euridice againe  
 Such ruthfull moanes I through *the* guilty night  
 Send forth on Cupids wings to reach her flight  
 Dull Greifs to flow, Vp nimble soule. Pursue  
 Dismiss thy clogging earth! And life adue  
 H B

Oh that I were all soule *that* I meight prooue  
 for you as fit a loue  
 As you are for an Angell, for I vowe  
 None but pure spirits are fit loues for you  
 You're all aetheriall, there in you noe drosse  
 Nor any partes that grosse  
 Your coursest halfe is like a curious lawne  
 Ore vestall reliques for a couering drawne  
 Your other part, part of *the* purest fire  
 that ere heauens did inspire  
 Makes euery thought *that* is refin'd by it  
 A quintessence of goodnesse and of witt.  
 Thus haue *your* raptures reacht to *that* degree  
 in loues Philosophy  
 That you can figure to your selfe a fier  
 Voyd of all heat, a loue without desier  
 Nor in diuinity doe you goe lesse  
 you thanke and you professe  
 That soules may haue a plenitude of ioy  
 Although ther bodyes neuer meite t'inioy  
 But I must needs confesse I doe not find  
 the motions of my mind  
 Soe purified as yett but at the best  
 My body claimes in them some interest



I hold that perfect ioy makes all our parts  
As ioyfull as our harts

folio 46 verso || folio 47 recto

Our sences tell vs if wee please not them  
Our loue is but a dotage or a dreame  
How shall wee then agree, you may decend  
But will not to my end  
I faine would tune my fancy to *your* key  
But cannot reach to that abstracted way  
Ther rests but this, *that* whilst wee soiourne heer  
Our bodyes may drawe neer  
And when their wills noe more they can extend  
Then let our soules begin where they did end

O' I Could Loue if I Could fynd  
a Mrs Pleasinge to my Mynd  
whom Neyther gould nor pryde Could Moue  
to Buy Hir Bewtie sell Hir Loue

One that were Neate but not too fyne  
whoe Lou's me for my selfe not myne  
One Rather Comely then too fayre  
white Skind & of a Brownis Heare

Not ouer Blushing nor too Bould  
Not Chyldish fond nor yett too B<sup>C</sup>ould  
Not Sullen Sylent nor all tongue  
Not Pewlinge weake nor Manlyke stronge

Modest & full of pleasant Mirth,  
yett Close as Centure of the Earth  
in whom noe passions yow shall See  
But <sup>when</sup> shee Smyles or she Lookes on mee

whoe Calls to Bedd with Meltinge Eys  
whoe Sweet & fresh as Morn doth Ryes  
if such an one I Chaunce to fynd  
I haue a Mrs to my Mynd. finis

folio 47 verso || folio 48 recto

Since Euerie man I Come amonge  
Sings prayses of His Choys  
I'll write my Loue a Prettie songe  
shee'l fitt it for a voys

As for desent and Birth in Hir  
yow see Before yow seeke  
the Howse of york & Lancaster  
vnited in Hir Cheeke

I gaue Hir Homely Countrie glous  
shee tooke them as they were Ment  
for those as well Can shew men's loues  
as Can a Spanish Sent.

I Haue a Braslett of Hir Hea ayre  
I Haue a Ribbon too  
the flees nor garter euer were  
such orders as these two

ons on a tyme my mynd I Broke  
and whisperd in Hir Eare  
a tale of Loue an easie yoake  
*which* farr Hir Betters Beare,

I tould Hir that Poore Modestie  
was out of fashion Quite.

yett shee denyd and tould me play  
Shee would my Reason Slyght

But when as that my ways should wayn<sup>hir</sup>  
from Hir fond Intent  
the fool Reply'd Shee did not Meane  
to sin By president. finis

folio 48 verso || folio 49 recto

March on March on my merry merry Maides,  
To Venus warrs  
yow neede not feare your pates g  
yow shall receaue noe wounds noe scarrs,  
yow may Come Naked to the fight  
yow neede noe othre vaile but night  
only yow must not must not see  
the blushes of your Ennemy  
The loueing Battle sett and we begin  
to Countermaund so Countermaund, with Equall striueinge  
who shall winn.

I faint I fint and yet my thinkes yow yeald  
both loose and yet my thinkes yow win the feild  
recouer streingth, and then, and then, and then,  
weele to those pleasant pleasant warrs againe  
Finis

Nemo Parson of S.<sup>t</sup> Gyles  
*alias* Gilliflower: Author

folio 49 verso || folio 50 recto

folio 50 verso || folio 51 recto

A dialogue between Sir Henry Wotton  
and M<sup>r</sup> Donne

If her disdain Least change in you can move  
you doe not love,  
ffor when *the* hope gives fuell to *the* fire,  
you sell desire,  
Love is not Love. but given free,  
And so is mine, so should *yours* bee,  
Her heart that melts to hearo of others moane,  
to mine is stone,  
Her eyes that weepe a strangers eyes to see,  
ioy to wounde mee:  
yet I so well affect each part,  
As caus'd by them) I love my Smart,  
Say her disdaynings lustly must be grac't  
with name of chaste,  
And *that* shee frownes least longing should exceed.  
and raging breed  
So her disdaines can ne'r offend;  
Vnlesse selfe-love take private end.  
Tis love breeds love me and could disdain  
kils that againe  
As watter causeth fire to fret and fume,  
till all consume  
who can of love more gift make,  
then to love selfe for loves Sake.  
I'll neuer dig in Quarry of an hart  
to have no part,  
No rest in fiery eyes. which always are  
Canicular  
who this way would a louer proue  
may shew his pacience not his loue.

folio 51 verso || folio 52 recto

A frowne may be sometimes for physicke goode  
but not for food  
And for *that* raging humour there is shure  
A gentle Cure.  
why barre you loue of priuat end  
which neuer should to publique <sup>t</sup>end

ELEGIES XIII.

His parting from her

Since she must goe, and I must mourne, come night  
Enuiron me with darknesse, whilst I write:  
Shadow that hell vnto me which alone  
I am to suffer when my soule is gone  
Haue we for this kept gaurds, like spie o'r Spie?  
had correspondence whilst the foe stood by,  
Stolne (more to sweeten them:) our manie blisses  
of meetinges, conference, imbracmentes kisses  
Shadow'd with negligence our most respectes  
Varied our language through all dialects  
Of becke. winkes, lookes, and often vnder broards  
Spoke dialogues with our feet farre from words  
haue wee prov'd all *the* secrets of our Art,  
yea thy pale inwards, and thy panting Hart?  
And after all this passed purgatory  
must sad divorce make vs *the* vulger Story  
ffortune, do thy worst, my friend haue armes  
Though not against thy Strokes, ageinst *the* harmes  
Bend vs, in sunder thou canst not diuide  
Our bodies so but *that* our soules are ty'd  
And we can loue by letters still, and gifts,  
and thoughts & dreames; loue neuer wanteth shifts  
I will not looke vpon *the* quickning Sunne  
but Straight her bewtie to my selfe sense shall runne  
The ayre shall not her soft *the* fire more pure  
Watters suggest her cleare, and *the* earth shure  
Time shall not louse her passages, The Springe  
how freash our loue was in *the* begininge

The Summer, how it ripened, in *the* yeare;  
and autumnne, what our goulden haruest weare  
The winter I'll not thinke on to spight thee  
but count it a lost season so shall shee  
And this to *the* comfort of my deare I know  
my deeds shall still bee what my deedes are now  
The poles shall moue to teache me ere I start  
and when I Change my lou. I'll chang my hart  
Nay if I waxe but Could in my desire  
Thinke heauen hath motion lost, & *the* world fire  
Much more I could. but many words haue made  
That, oft, suspected, which men would perswade  
Take thiserfore all in this I loue soe true  
as I will neuer looke for lesse in you,

## The Comparison

As the sweet sweat of Roses in a still  
as *that which* from chaf'd muskats pores doth trill  
As *the* Almighty balme of th'early East  
such are *the* sweat drops of my mistris breast  
And on <sup>her</sup> necke her skin such luster sets  
The seeme no sweat drops. but pearle coronetes

folio 52 verso || folio 53 recto

Allusio ex Martiale . lib.10.Ep.47

Vitam quae faciunt Episcopalem  
Impraelatur Marshiales, haec sunt;  
Res non anxita adepta, sed decata;  
Non ambitus Honor, Sapor perenn is;  
Lis nunquam, toga casta, mens superna;  
Artes ingenuae, favens Potestas;  
Prudens dextera, liberalis Aula;  
Non caelo ebria, pernegata Curis;  
Non crispus Torus, attamen venustus  
Somnus, qui monet horulas fugaces;  
Quod sint esse velint, Suprema malint;  
Optent Parliamenta, non pavescant.

To Mr Marshall

~~The things that make a Bishoppes life more fayre  
Prelat=abominableting Marshall are  
Goods~~

To Mr Mr Marshall .

The things that make a Bishops life more fayre  
Prelas te=abominateing Marshall are;  
Vnpurchasd Goods, to prety sett apart;  
Vncourted Honor; a well seasond heart;  
Not Strife; a Robe unspotted unstaynd, a Minde upright;  
An humble Knowledge; Mercy mixt with might.  
Wife Innocence; a thriving fflock; To all,  
An open Right hand, and a liberall Hall;  
Nighte rapt with Heav'n, and sequesterd from Care; }  
A wife not courtly pranckt, but debonaire; }  
Sleepe, that mistrusts how swift the howers are; }  
Heau'n be their wish; with worldly State content;

Let them affect, not feare a Parliament.

folio 53 verso || folio 54 recto

Aske not to know this woman She is worse  
then all ingredientes made into one curse  
and those on mankinde power out Should bee  
thinke but the worst of all her Sex tis Shee  
I could forgiue her if She were a Whoore  
falce periured if she were no more  
but She is Such a one as may yet forestall  
the diuell and be the damning of us all.

folio 54 verso || folio 55 recto

To Pot Befe

Take *the* Leane part of a Buttock  
of Befe & cut it into

To Bake a Rump of Beeffe

Take out all *the* bones & season it with  
peper & sellt as you doe venison *then* shred  
a pound of befe suiet uery smalle: strow  
hafe of it in *the* bottom & hafe of it on *the*  
Top of *the* meate in *the* pot *then* Bake it in  
*then* shred a good handfull of Earbes strew  
*them* ouer *the* meate with a handfull of capers  
cut & a very littell handfull fo shuger poure  
on all these hafe a pint of claret wine &  
tenn spoonfulls of vinger *then* Lay on *the* other  
hafe of *the* suett with *the* bones smale: broaken  
past it up close & Bake it six hours soe sarue it  
up with tosts of white & browe bread upon  
*which* poure *the* liquor haueing first taken of all  
*the* fatt alle will sarve for want of wine

To Bake a Pigg

Take a Pigg & scald it & wash: it *then* lard it  
great peces of lard & put it into an earthen pot  
with sippets of bread & a pound of butter som: mace  
& nutmeg & ginger & cloves beaten smale & so set  
it into an ouen & let it stand as long as a loafe  
browne loafe will be Baked

To make a french dish <sup>with veall</sup>

Thake a fillit of veale & cut of peces hafe  
an inch thick through *the veale then withthebaek*  
b<sup>a</sup>ackside of a chopeing knif beat *the veale*  
on one side till it be ridy to fall to peces *then*  
take earbes *that you like & & iues of each a good*  
quantey shred uery small *then take grose*

folio 55 verso || folio 56 recto

Peper & salt as much as you think will  
season it mingele it *withthe* hearbs &  
rub *the meate* all ouer *then* put it in to a  
Large dish weel butred & powre on *the*  
top of it a good qanteitie of claret  
wine & a littell pece of good butter  
*then* put it in to *your* ouen to bake about  
an houer *then* take two yolkes of  
Eggs & beate *them with* hafe a spounfull  
of wine vinger or Iuice of Lemon & *then*  
Power it into *the* Liquor to *the* meat  
& *then* set it † into *the* ouen a littell  
Longer *then* serue it up with sippets  
or if *you* like better *you* may put  
good paste ouer it when *you*  
Bake it

To make a calues Head Pie

make a coffin of uery fine crust  
& when *the* calues Head hath bin  
boyled in watter & salt *that* yt tis  
tender cut cut it in to Littell peces  
from *the* bones & season it with  
peper & salt & spice as *you* like  
& what earbes *you* like with a

Littell sampher & a race of ginger  
when tis seasnoed lay it in *the* Pie  
& put ouer it ~~p~~butter peces of good  
butter to coufer it put in either  
some white wine or water Iust  
before *you* put it in to *the* ouen one *the* top  
of *the* meate before *you* laye *the*  
butter one lay one *the* harde Egges  
choped very smale when *the* Pie is  
backed *then* open *the* lide & put in *the*

Luce of a lemon or slic<sup>e</sup> d *which you*  
please you may put *the* harde Egges  
in either before tis baked or after  
but you must mingell it weel with  
*the* meate when ever you put it in

To make a capon Pie

Make very good crust & when you  
made *the* Pie season *the* capon or  
hen with a littell peppr & salt & spic  
*then* put it in to *the* Pie & laye one it  
butter en'ouf to coufer it *then* put *the*  
lide one & set it in *the* ouen till it  
be weel baked whilest *the* Pie is  
bakeing take *the* yolkes six  
hard egges or more as you Ple

folio 56 verso || folio 57 recto

is in bigness & pare a lemon or too &  
slice & mince *them* mingele it with *the*  
Eggs when *the* Pie is baked open it &  
take out *the* capon & break it up & tak  
take a littell of *the* winges mince it  
put *the* Leamon & hard Egges let not  
to muck batter remaine in *the* Pie  
put a littell of it in to a dish with  
a littell claret wine & *the* Iuice  
of too le or 3 lemons oranges & a  
littell shuger if you please haue  
uery littell butter in *the* Pie  
besides *the* gravey of *the* capon &  
put in carkes side bones leggs &  
winges of *the* capon againe *then* lay  
*the* hard eggs upon it *then* power  
*the* claret upone all this you must  
doe it as fast as you can least *the*  
Pie be cold

To make Pasty Crust

Take a pottle of fine flower by  
...*then* take a spoonefull or too  
fine shuger beaten & a littell  
... & mingell *withthe* flower

*then* take halfe a pound of good buter



& rup it into *the* flower untill thare  
be none to be seene *then* take too pound  
of good beefe suet cut into peces  
& boyle it in water a good while &  
when it tis cold shred it small *then*  
beate it upon a deser with a rouleing  
pin *the* suet must be thus prepared  
before you n̄goe about to make your  
crust *then* put this suet to *the* flower  
& five eggs but t̄æwo<sup>2</sup> of *the* whites  
& so work it with a litle cold  
water into a litle past *then* spread  
a broad with a rouleing Pin your  
past after you have wrought it &  
turned it one *the* other side &  
beat it a good while before you  
make your Pastie

To season venson for a Pastie  
Take out all *the* bones parboyle  
it uery litell & turn *the* fat side downe  
upon a bord *then* take *the* pill of 2  
le lemons & cut *them* in narrow peces  
as long as your finguer & thurst

folio 57 verso || folio 58 recto

*them* in to every hole of *the* veneson  
*then* take 2 ounces of peper beate  
it smale & twice as much salt  
*then* squise *the* Iuice of *the* 2 lemons  
in to *the* peper & salt & when *the*  
lemon pell hath binne lain in *the*  
venson 3 houers take it out &  
stufe in *the* places of it *the*  
peper & salt & strow some of  
boath sides let it lie soe  
till morning *then* put it in to  
past with good batter to coufer  
it

To make shred Pyes

slice beefe very thine so  
lay it all night to dry in a  
cloath *then* shred it but not uery  
small *the* suet as much *then* put  
boath togeather & shred *them* uery  
smale shred dates & put in &  
resons of *the* sone & couraces &  
a littell ginger & sprg mint beaten  
& Roose water & salt

To Bake venson in fine  
curst

Take a peck of fine flower &  
hafe a pound of good shuger & a littill  
salt *then* take 3 pound of beefe suet  
& 3 pound of good butter *the* suet  
must be finely shred *then to the*  
better hafe of *the* butter & suet &  
work in to *the* flower eē cold & tenn  
Eggg eggs but *the* whites but of hafe  
*then* take *the* some creame & as much  
water & wet *the* past up cold with it  
& & when it is wet *withthe* liquor  
*then withthe* other parte of *the*  
butter & suet put to it work it  
uery weel to geather beate it with  
a roleing pin *the* more you beate  
it *the* better role otut *the*  
Pastie thick & put in *the*  
ve<sup>n</sup>son unparboiled *the* better *then*  
season it with peper & salt & clare<sup>t</sup>  
wine with suger if you please  
minced suet *which* must not be left  
out to but put under *the* venson  
*which* will need to be baked 4 hower<sup>s</sup>

folio 58 verso || folio 59 recto

To make a round Pastie <sup>of</sup> Mutton

Take good crust & role it out ~~thine~~  
not thine *then* take a Legg of  
good mutton & parboile it a  
Littell & *then* cut it in thine  
slices & whilest it tis hot  
sprinkell upon it wine vinger &  
peper & salt & role out a peice  
of past round & lay *the* slices upon  
it *then* have prepared some oiyons  
redeily boyled tender & beaten  
to a pap *withthe* back of a spoon  
& put it one *the* mutton & some  
peces of good butter under *the*  
meate & upon it & lay a pece  
of past round rould round like  
*the* other upon it: you must put

in ~~some water~~ *the liquor that*  
bonese of *the mutton hath*  
bin shred in after it tis  
Paked or before *which then*  
please so close it up with  
an edge of past as you doe a Past

~~To make a round Pastie of mutton~~

To make a Pie of Lambe

Take a pece of veale & minc it  
smale with some beefe suet & some  
marow & hearbs as you like & peper  
& salt & spice & were vinger *then* take  
some of y this meate an egg a beaten  
make it in to littell bales *then* lay  
*the rest of the meat at the bottom of*  
*the Pie then* take some lambe being  
planched & *the sweete breads of the*  
lamb & *the stones & yolkes of*  
harde Egges whole or in halves &  
*the halfe of the minced meate &*  
some peices of marow & dates &  
artechoke botomes boyled tender  
pine appels curneles skerits or  
parsnipes boyled tender mingle  
in all these thinges or some of  
*them which you like & lay them in the*  
Pie with a blade of r two to mace  
& some good <sup>Butter</sup> *then* make a lare with 3 or  
4 sponfulls of white wine or veriuce  
& a littell butter & *the yolk of an*  
Egge beaten with a littell amber

folio 59 verso || folio 60 recto

& shuger & set it one *the fier* tell it  
boile *then* put in *the Iuice* of a lemon &  
when it is baked put in *the Seir* &  
shake it & sarue it up

To make a steak Pye

Take a good neck of mutton or lamb  
cut in steakes & breake *the bones*  
season it with a littell peper & salt

*then* take a pece of leane mutton  
shred it very smale with some befe  
suet & marow & earbes as you like  
choped smale some grated bread 3  
yolkes of egges 2 or 3 spoonfulls of  
creame one spoonfull of shuger & as  
much vergiuce some cloues & mace  
& nutmeg work it weel to geather &  
make it in to balls & lay *them* in *them*  
in *the* Pye with*the* steakes & lay  
in som good butter cloase *the* Pye it  
a loir of to it of 6 spoonfulls of  
white wine *the* Iuce of a Lemon &  
a Littell suger & a littell good butter  
&& *the* yolke of an Egge stir it tell  
it begens to boile open *the* Pye  
put in *the* liquor & *then* sarue it up

#### To Make a Haire Pye

Take two haire & bone *them* & *then* par  
boile *thefleek* & *then* beate it as smalle  
as you can in a mortar *then* season it  
with peper & salt & what spice you  
like so laye it in *the* Pye with as  
much butter as you think fit this  
Pye is to be eate colde

#### A Pye of veale

Parboile a Legg of veale <sup>or part of it</sup> mince it  
smale & season it with peper & salt  
put in good store of marow or befe  
sueit shred smale & harde Egges shre<sup>d</sup>  
with what earbes you like mingell all  
these weel to geather & make it up  
in to Round bales & when *the* cofin  
is redy put in chickens or Pigons with  
butter & salt & peper in thaire beles  
& so put into *the* Pye with*the* balls  
if you like it you may put in either  
goosebreyes or barberies or grapes  
put butter one *the* top so Lided  
up & Bake it thus you may doe  
larkes

To make a Pye of neates or sheep<sup>es</sup>  
or calves Tongues

Take *the* tongues being boyled  
tender & Pelle *them* & slice *them* thine  
season *them* with peper & salt &  
what spice you like & earbes  
*then* lay *the* peces of tounge in *the*  
Pye & strow *the* earbes shred  
one it with some marow or ~~but~~  
butter one *the* top *then* Lid it up &  
kake it & when tis Baked put  
in to it 6 spunfulls vergiuses & 2  
of white wine & some butter a  
Littell shuger & a yolk of an egge  
beaten stire all this to geather  
one *the* fier tell it be uery hot  
*then* open *the* Pye & put it in

To make a Lumber Pye

Take hafe a pound of veale par  
boyled & shred uery smale *then* take  
a pound of beefe sueit shred smalle  
& peney Loufe grated 6 Egges with  
*the* whites season *the* meate with  
Cynamon mace & nutmeg & cloves  
beaten smale to geather take a large  
handfull of spinnage & what earbes elce  
you like & cut *them* very smalls & put  
it to *the* meat take a quarter of a pint of  
vergiuce & put it to *the* rest & hafe a  
pound of good corrance & hafe a pound of  
shuger work all these to geather we<sup>e1</sup>  
with *your* hannds *then* fill *the* Pye & put in  
with it *the* marow of 2 bones rolded in yolks  
of Eggs trust if harde into *the* Pye lay  
one *the* top 2 ounces of letuce sucketts  
& upon ~~that~~ a pound of good butter Lid it up  
& as much candid citron as much orange  
& a much ein errinago & upon *that* a pound of  
sweet frech butter Lid it up & bake it  
when you tis Baked put in a caudele of sack  
verigus rose water batter & shuger stir it  
one *the* fier tell it boyle *then* put it into  
*the* middle of *the* Pye

To make mince Pyes of neats  
Tongues

Parboile *the* tongues & pele *them* & let  
*them* lye till *the* be cold *then* take double  
thaire waite in beefe suiet shred smal  
& mingelle it *with* *the* tongues shoped  
uery smal & a pound of corrance one  
nutmeg with cloves & mace & cynnomon  
& a few sliced dates & some apeles.  
cut smale & a littell sack & some minced  
orange pill candied soe much suger  
as you think fit so fill *the* coffins &  
bake *them* if you make of *the* humbles  
of venson add more sueit to it

To make an an Egge Pye

take tenn pipens pare *them* & crose *them*  
*them* & slice *them* boile i5 Egges uery har  
harde put *them* in to cold water to  
make *them* pele *the* beter shred hafe  
a pound of beefe sueit & hafe a a  
pound reasons stoned <sup>shred</sup> uery smal  
*then* put to *them* a pound & a hafe of  
corrance 9 nutmegs beaten smale  
a littell mace & cloues & a littell salt  
& as much shuger as you think will  
fit make *the* cofins very thin

*the* will be baked in hafe an houre

To make Lenten Pasties

take fureing hearbs grated bread hard  
yolks of Egges good store of corrance  
& a litel nutmeg & mace you must make  
*the* past with cold water butter & suger  
& 2 Egges role *the* paste into pasties  
*then* put in y put in *the* stuf with a litell  
buter & so bake *them*

To make a Pallatt Pye

Boule 8 sheeps tongues & 3 pallatts

till *the* be tender *then* pick *the* hard  
kernells out of *the* tongues & pill  
*them* cut *them* in thin slices about an  
inch square season scrape *the* ballatts  
cleane *then* cut *them* like *the* tongues  
season *them* with suger cynoment &  
white wine as will coufer *them*<sup>200</sup>  
let it ly 9 houers *then* put *them* in to *the*  
coffins to geather with *the* wine & a  
of marow or good buter & a fue dates  
& reasons stoned & hard egges so  
bake it

folio 62 verso || folio 63 recto

To make a Pie of sheeps feet

Take *the* sheeps feet wash *them* &  
boile *them* tender *then* pele *them* & put  
*them* in to cold water *then* take *them* out  
& slit *them* in tow & cut *them* acroase  
or as you would have *them* for *the* pye  
*then* season *them* with salt & peper &  
what spice you like & earbis: cut  
smal & an onyon so put it all into  
*the* pye with butter one *the* top  
of it *then* lid it up & put some  
water in to it iust as you put it  
in *the* oven let it bake an houer  
& a hafe & when tis baked a  
caudell of yolkes of egges &  
verges & gravey & heat it hot  
& *then* put it in to *the* pye

To make an artichoake Pye

Take a pound & 6 ounces of articho  
ake/ botomes & *the* meate *that* is  
craped from *the* leaues one pound  
& buter as much as yu want  
it a littell peper & salt & spice

mingell all to geather so put it in  
to *the* pye with a caudell made with  
6 yolkes of egges 6 spounfulls of  
creame & a littell sack & some suger  
you may put dates in if you please  
& marow so cloase it up & bake it

To make a Pye of chicken or capon  
or rabbit

take either of *them* & hafe rost  
*them* if you shred it smale as ~~for~~  
rub to it som marow or befe suiet  
shred smale you season it with peper  
& salt & *the* spice you liske *then* cut  
hard egges & what earbes you like  
so mingell all to geather & put it  
in to *the* pye *which* must be good  
past *then* bake it

To make a stump Pye

take a pece of a leg of veale &  
take of all *the* skines *then* take as  
as much befe suiet as *the* veale  
or more mince boath uery smal

folio 63 verso || folio 64 recto

to geather *then* take what earbes  
you like & cut smal & put to *the* meat  
with peper & salt & what spice you  
like & suger a littell if you like  
it & corrance put in *the* Iuce of  
a Lemon or some vinger *the* yolkes  
of 6 Egges so work all these  
to geather uery weel *that* is may  
cut ferme & so put it in to *the*  
Pye & when it tis baked afore you  
didd it up put som buter one  
*the* tope of *the* Pye & a litell  
water Iust as you put it in *the*  
oven it will be baked in an houer  
& a hafe quarter when it comes  
out of *the* ouen put in a littell  
veries & suger if you like it  
best you may put in to *the* pye  
a handfull or 2 of corrance  
with*the* meate

To make a choch callop Pye

take a fillet of veale or a Leg of  
Lamb & cut it as you doe for collops  
& beate it with*the* back of an knife



uery weel *then* season *them* peper & salt  
& what spice you like & an onyon  
cut in hafe *then* lay *the* meate in to *the*  
Pye & a laire of bakon cut thin  
*then* a laire of collpōp with hard egges  
cut smal & *the* spice & what earbes  
you like so lay all this in til *the*  
Pye be full *then* put buter one *the* top  
& so dliided it up afore it gos in to  
*the* oven put in some water let it  
Bake an houer & a hafe when you  
take it out cut up *the* lid & powre  
all *the* fat away & put in a leare of  
grauine o butter beaten thik a  
litell vinger & slices of lemon &  
shake all these togeather sō put  
one *the* lid you may put in either  
pickled mushroms or oysters  
pickled or raw

folio 64 verso || folio 65 recto

to make a sauory veale Pye

Take veale & cut uery thin & beate  
it uery much *then* take some time &  
& parsley & sage & a noyion all shred  
smale & peper & salt & some spice  
& role up all this on *the* saruall  
peces of *the* neate with some befe  
sueit or butter or *the* fat of *the*  
ueale if you have enouf of it *then*  
laye it in to *the* pye with some  
slices of lemon & *the* marow of 2  
bones & hard egges cut small layed  
one *the* top of *the* pye with some  
buter & afore you put it in *the* oven  
oven put in either white wine  
or some water & when tis baked  
you may if you pleas make a  
caudell for it & put in to it  
of white wine & *the* yolkes of  
egges & a littell grauiey & an  
choufey or 2

to make a Pig Pye

take *the* Pigg *that* is fat & sprinkelle it  
with whit wine vinger *then* beate spice

& season it & peper & salt *then* lay *the* Pigg in to *the* Pye with baye leaves & smome time & sage & a noyion & hard egges cut small *you* may cut *the* Pigg in to peces as *you* think fit lay one *the* top of *the* Pye some good butter & Iust before it goes in *the* oven put in some water afore it tis quite baked take it out & put in a bout hafe a pint of white wine made hot so set <sup>it</sup> in *the* oven & let it stand a quarter of an houer longer

To make a chicken Pye

take 4 or 5 chikens cut *them* in peces & take 2 or 3 sweet breads perboiled & cut in peces <sup>as big as</sup> wallnuts *then* take *the* udder of veale cut in thin slices & *the* pottomes of artichoakes boiled tender if *you* can have *them* season *the* meat with peper & salt & spice & earbes as *you* like

folio 65 verso || folio 66 recto

*then* lay it in *the* pye with hard Egges cut smal *then* lay one *the* top of *the* meat in *the* pye some good butter & afore it goes into to *the* oven put in some water & gravey if *you* have aney.

To make a fine battalia Pye

take 4 or 5 very good fat Pignons: & 3 or 4 good Pallats of an oxe or a cowes boiled coks combes boiled tender & 3 or 4 botomes of artichoakes/ boiled tender a pint of good oysters & *the* marow of 2 or 3 bones of beefe season all these with peper & salt & spice & *then* put it in to *the* Pye & one *the* tope lay one hafe a pound of good buter so died it y up & afore if good in *the* oven put in some water & gravey if *you* have it

To make a haggase Pye

take a good calves chardon boile  
it tender a'when when it tis cold cut it  
in peces *the* length of *your* finger &  
take out all *the* kernells *then* season it  
with peper & salt & spices & earbes  
if you like & cut dovde Egges smal  
& put in *withthe* meate *then* lay it in  
*the* pye & one *the* top lay one some  
good buter & afore *that* it goes in *the*  
oven put in some water twil  
be baked in an houer & a hafe

To make mincedt Pye

take a good neates tongue & parboile  
it you *then* pille it cleane *then* cut of all *the*  
hard parts & to a pound & a hafe of  
tongue put as much good beefe suiet  
& a pound a hafe of pipens cut  
very smal as *the* meate & a pound &  
a hafe of corrance suger hafe a  
pound a quarter of an ounce of  
mace & so of nutmeg. & cloues

folio 66 verso || folio 67 recto

& a littell ginger & peper & salt  
& so mingell all <sup>to</sup> tgeather with a  
litell french barley boiled uery  
Tender & some oringe pel ele  
cut smal or candied orieng peelee  
or Lemon a quarter of a pint of sack  
& as much rose water if you no wine  
use veriuiice this quantitie will  
make six or 8 pyes of indiffrent  
sise & *the* will be baked in an  
houer you may make minct pyes  
of veale or lamb or befe or  
udder of tripes or rabiets o  
capon when tis rosted & cold

To make a Beefe Pye

take a buttock befe o fat & leane  
together cut it in peces *the* bignes

of *you* r finger but longer season  
it with peper & salt & spice &  
earbes you like *then* lay it in a  
dish for too houers *thatthe* sease ni  
-ng may se soake in *then* lay it

in *the* pye which must thick course  
crust & lay buter one *the* top of *the*  
meate so Lided up & bake it in an  
oven made as hot as for browne bread  
set in *the* pye at noone & let it  
stand ~~all night~~ in tell next morning  
*then* draw it & coufer it cloase with  
a wolen cloath to keepe warme  
while you heate *the* oven againe  
but it must not be so hot as before  
*then* set in *the* pye againe & <sup>at</sup> noone  
draw it *then* cut up *the* lid & put in  
*the* Iuice of 2 lemons or some  
veriuies & shred some lemon pill  
smal & stir it in *the* pye it may  
be eaten with spoones

To make an oyster Pye

Parboile *the* oysters <sup>in</sup> a litell in white  
wine with ther one liquor *then* let  
*them* stand by & take *the* yolkes  
of egges & beate *them* & some spice  
& some parsley & time & a ~~nian~~

folio 67 verso || folio 68 recto

a noian cut smal & some lemon  
pill & a fue of *the* oysters cut smal  
& a litell salt & a 2 spoonfulls of  
grated white bread & 2 of white  
wine mingele all these to geather  
uery weel & role in bales & so  
lay *them* in *the* pye with *the* oysters  
& hard Egges cut smale layed one  
*the* top & buter so Lid it up &  
when it tis baked cut it up & put  
in some veriuics & some buter  
& gravey heated to geather

To make a Carpe Pye

Take carpes seale *them* & take

oat all *the* great bones *then* beate  
*them* in a stone mortar with some  
of *the* bloud but put i not is so  
much as to make it to soft then  
larde it *withthe* bellie of an Eele  
& season it with peper & salt so  
lay it in *the* pye to bake if tis  
to be eaten cold

to make a Lamprey Pye

first string *the* Lampreyes wash *them*  
not *then* season with peper & salt & &  
spice vinger & let it run from *them*  
then season *them* with all sorts of  
spice put in to *the* in dside of *them*  
& cloase *them* to geather with a peces  
of good buter all so *then* lay *them* in your  
Pye or pot & put in a great onyon  
in *the* midell *then* lay some buter one  
*the* top of *the* Lampreyes & *then* lid  
it up but make an open tunell on  
*the* lid & when it tis baked put in  
some clarat wine & a litell vinger  
& some grayuey & *the* yolks of an  
Egge or 2 heat all this togeather  
& put in to *the* Pye

folio 68 verso || folio 69 recto

To make a shripmp Pye

take *the* shrimps & boile *themthen*  
pick *them* & boile *them* againe being  
first cleane-washed in warme  
water *then* put *them* in a pipkin with  
cleale water & a good quantitey  
of marrow & a litell white wine  
& a litell salt & peper & spice  
pbeate smal *then* make *the* coffins  
of good past & drye *them* a littell in  
*the* oven before you put in *the* shrimps  
*then* fill *them* & k bake *them* & when yu  
may if you please put in som  
buter melted in *them* when *the*  
come out of *the* oven

To make a Rābriet Pye

take *the* Rabiets & parboile *them* & when  
*the* are cold cut all *the* meate from  
*the* bones in smal long peces *then* season  
it with peper & salt & *the* spice you  
like lay a quarter of a pound of  
buter in *the* botom of *the* Pye

*then* put *the* meat in with harde Egges  
cut smale & pickely coucombers &  
aney other pickled thinges with a  
litell Lemon pill cut smal *then* lay  
*the* meate in & put a quarter of a pound  
of good buter one y it & so Lid it up & when  
it goes in *the* oven power in some water  
& or grauey if you haue it

To fry a brest of Lamb

take a brest of Lamb & parboile a litel  
*then* take out out all *the* long bones if  
you pleas *then* cut it *the* long way & *then*  
cut a twise *the* crose way so *that* you  
may make six peces of it *then* take  
*the* yolkes of six egges & beate *them*  
& put in some spice & peper & salt &  
parseley & time cut smale *then* dipe *the*  
peces of lamb in to it *that* it may be  
all coufred with it shred an some  
lemono pill & put in ~~*then* lay one brest one of~~  
~~*the* tope of *the* Pye~~ frye it in good  
buter & for sauce to it 4 or 5 spoone  
fulls o whit wine or verges & Iuce

folio 69 verso || folio 70 recto

of Lemon or orange & a pece of good  
buter & *the* yolke or an yge heat all  
these togeather to be thik &  
put *the* lamb in a dish & power *the*  
sace over it

To frye lamb stoēnes

þarboile *them* & *then* skinng *them* lay *them*  
in white wine a littell to soake

*then flower & dip them & yolke of Egges  
then flower them againe & so frye them  
in good bater make the sace of  
buter with wine or vinger*

To fry chickens

*flea the chickens whilest they are hot  
& put them in to water for a littell  
time while then put them int to a frying  
pan with water & a litel salt &  
peper & some spice & som parsley  
& when they begine to be tender put in  
six yolks of egges beate & a littell  
sweet creame & a litell wine &  
gravey & stir all these geather  
ouer they fier till it tis thick*

To fry Larkes: take 2 or 3 dosen of

*doe not gut them then fry them ouer a quick  
fier with good butter be carefull that you  
doe not over fry them if you have 2 pans  
then them doe more at a time then with one  
then take about a quart of oysters &  
scald them a litell then flower them when you  
have taken them out of thaire liquer &  
then fry them a litel in good buter then  
take some skerrites that are tender  
boiled pille them & flower them & fry them  
with the oysters let them look browne  
then lay the larkes & oysters &  
skirrites in the dish & power buter  
one them*

a frigesee

*take 6 chickens & cut them into 4 quarter<sup>s</sup>  
& lay them for 2 howers in as much white  
wine as will coufer them wa a onyon  
& earkbes you like then put & the liquer into  
a frying pan stue them to geather in it then  
take sweet breads & lambs stons if you  
can have them & fry them by them seluels  
being first parboiled if you pease*

folio 70 verso || folio 71 recto

*then take them out & put the wine that*

*the* chickens were fryed in into *the* pan & giue it on boile *then* take it of *the* fier & stir in it 6 yolkes of egges beaten *with* a 2 anchovis & some peper & salt & spice & mushromes

sace good for aney frigesey

take *the* yolke of 6 egges & beate *them* weel mix *them* with 3 or 4 spoonfulls of white wine or verges & vinger & an anchouyes & some peper & salt & spic & what earbes you like cut smal so put at this beaten to geather into a frying pan & fry it till it be thik have a care *that* it doe not curdel you may put in a litell wine *thaty* an øy onyon has bin steped in this is good sace for either fleck or fish

To frigesey befē with alle

take good yong fat befē & cut it into thin slices & beate it *then* lay it for 2 or 3 houers in alle with peper & salt & some spics & earbes *yo* like *then* put it in to a frying pan & let it stæw sofully tel you think it enoufe & put to it a good pece of buter & a noyon & an anchouis & shak it weel & *then* put it *yin* your dish *hæt* is hot & tsost at *the* potom of *the* dish

To fry<sup>cas</sup> sheeps feete

take sheeps feet & boile *them* & pille *them* cleane & cut *them* in peces *then* put *them* in a pot with som good strong broath & a litell peper & salt & spice & earbes & a noyon so let it stew sofully tel *the* be tender *then* put in a pece of good bater & litell Lemon pele cut smal & a gody & 2 or 3 of egges & so shake it to geather till it be



thick *then* put it in your dish

folio 71 verso || folio 72 recto

To stuew a Calues Head

take a good Head & cleave it a parte & take out *the* braines then lay it in cold water for an houer or to ~~then~~ ~~par~~boile it & skewe it cleare *then* take it up & cut it in small peses & *the* tounge *that* take a quart of *the* water twas boiled in & *the* gravey *that* run from it when you cut it season *the* meate with peper & salt & spick & earbes as you like & a noyon so stwe all this togeather & when it is all most done enofe put in hafe a pint of white wine with some capers & an achouise or 2 & som gravey beate wet 4 or 5 yolkes of egges put in Iust to thicken *the* sace fry ~~the~~ *the* braines with yolke of egges browne to lay one *the* tope when tis in *the* dish & foor bales to put in shred a pound of veale & a pound of befe sueit season it with peper & salt

& spice & what shreed earbes you like & 3 or 4 yolks of Egges beaten & so put in to the minced meat & work it with *your* hand togeather & *then* role it into litell bales som long & some round hard egges chopeped uery smale & mixd with *the* bales & roled with itt is good in ~~the~~ when tis all most stwed *then* put in bove a quarter of a pound of good buter for sipeits tost good white bread & lay in *the* dish & you may fry some in buter when yu have put it in *the* dish *then* slice a lemon thine & lay one it stwe a litlel lemon pille with *the* meate sweet fry <sup>s</sup>w<sup>e</sup>et breads of veale ~~dip~~ ~~ed~~ ~~in~~ cut thin & diped in yolks of eggs & lay one *the* top with some of *the* braines & fryed & clarcy diped in

To stwe a Leg of befe

take a good leg of befe & break  
*the* bones where *the* sinews are  
but not *the* marow bone *then* put  
it in to pot with a good deale  
of water when it boiles scum  
cleane *then* put coufer it close &  
let it stwe for 2 houers *then*  
put in som peper & salt &  
& spice & ~~the~~ the botom of  
2 peney loves & & so let it stwe  
tel *the* befe be very tender  
& fore you take it pu put in  
earbes you like *that* ye may be  
stwed in so put tosted bred in  
*the* dish ~~with~~ the meate & put  
y broath enouf for to coufer

To stwe a Rump of Befe

take *the* rump when tis a litell  
salted & hafe boile it *then* take  
it up & lay it in a dish to save *the*  
gravey *then* with a knife stap it  
in searull places & put in to  
euery hole some spice & *the* earbes  
you like shred smal & rolded in  
buter so put a pite in to euer  
place & put in to *the* pot or dish  
*then* bake it in & power ouer it  
a pint of clarit wine & a quart  
of good broath & a litel vinger  
spread over *the* befe *the* yolkes  
of 3 or 4 egges beaten so put it  
in to ya hot oven twel need  
to stand in above 2 houers &  
when tis baked put tosted  
bread in *with* it in *the* dish *that*  
you sarue it in you may put in  
som oynion when tis stweing

To stew a shoulder of muton

take it & parboile it a littell  
& with a litel salt you cut it  
into thine slices & put it in a  
stew pan & put to it *the*  
gravey *that* came from it & more  
if you have it & above a pint  
of onions boiled very tender  
& mashed very smale put some  
peper & salt & a spic to it &  
some good broath so much  
as you think will be enouf  
to stew it in so when tis  
enouf power it in *the* dish  
*with* & put tosted bread in  
*the* botom

~~To stew a cowes udd~~

To stew a cowes udder

take a young fat udder & bolie it  
then cut it in to smale peces &  
put it in to a stew pan *with* some  
good broath & peper & salt & a  
noion & what earbes you like cut  
smale & some spic so let it stew  
til you find it very tender *then*  
you dish it up & put tosted  
bb bread in *with* it

To drese a gose

take a good goose *that* is a litell  
powdred & cut it into 4 quarters  
after it tis parboiled a litell  
then put it in to a strew pan  
*with* as much good broath as you  
think will stew it & some peper  
& salt & a littell garlick &  
som onions & time & parsely

folio 74 verso || folio 75 recto

so let all tstew toggeather  
tel you think tis enouf & *then*  
serve it up *with* tostes of  
white bread

To stew befe steakes

take a pece of good fat young  
befe & is interlarded with fat &  
cut it in to prety thin slices & lay  
*them* in a dish but yu must beate  
*them* with a roleing pin & hack *them*  
with *the* back of an kinfe to make  
*them* tender *then* season *them* with peper  
& salt what earbes you like cut  
smale so dtew *them* with some  
good broath if you have it it  
not with asome gravey & water  
kepe it coufred all *the* while  
tis doeing & when tis all enouf  
put in a littell veriuse or vinger  
so put it in *the* dish with sotstes  
of white bread

To boile sheepes trotters

take a pint of veriuse & a pint of  
water & shift *the* trotters & so stew  
*them* with peper & salt & spice & an  
onion & some earbes you like cut  
smale when *the* are enouf put in  
a pece of buter & beate it in *the*  
liquor with *them* so dish it up & put  
in tosted white bread

To make a hash of muton

take a good shoulder of muton &  
par boile it a litel with some salt  
*then* take some of *the* water & some  
water of osy<sup>s</sup>ters & put it in a stew  
pan ~~with~~ ouer *the* fier *then* take *the*  
muton out of *the* broath & cut it  
& crose in side & out side *then* stro  
a littel peper & salt one it &  
lay it one a gridiron one a clea<sup>re</sup>  
fier & as tis browne cut it  
of in litell peces & put it in *the*  
stew pan to *the* liquour cut it  
a crose a gaine & let it

broile as it did so cut of a  
gaine te you have cut *the* meate  
all most of *the* bone *which* must  
be broiled againe to lay one *the*  
stewed meat to *which* you must  
put some oionys boiled tender  
& broak smale & some oyster  
flowred & diped in beaten  
yokes of egges & fried brown  
& layed one *the* top of *the* meat  
in *the* dish & bone a fore you  
put it in *the* dish put in a  
litel white wine & shake it  
weel to geater you may put in  
some shred earbes in *the* stewe-  
=ing put tosted white bread in  
*the* dish with it

#### To Boile a Capon

tak french barley & boile it in  
2 or 3 waters tel it tis white  
& uery tender *then* fill *the* bellis e  
of *the* capon with *the* barley

*then* boile *the* capon with bones  
of muton & befe & skime it as it  
boiles *then* put in a crust of bread &  
some peper & salt spic & earbes  
*that* you k like & when tis enouf take  
a good handfull of blanched almons  
beate smale & straine it in to *the*  
broath so let it boile a litel *then*  
dish it up with tosted whit  
bread in *the* dish

#### A french way to boile cabbage

cut a godd cabbage in 6 or 8 peces  
*then* wash it cleane & put it in a  
stew pan to water & a h pound of  
good buter & peper & salt & spice  
& bunch of time so let it stew  
2 3 or more *then* dish it up with  
tosted bread in *the* dish

## To Rost a Leg of Mutton <sup>with a</sup> Puding

take a good Leg of mutton & cut  
a great round pece of out next  
*the* bone when tis raw & take  
some of it & parboile it & chop  
is uery smal *then* take a pint of  
vs oysters & *stew* *them* with thare  
one water & a litell fare water  
doe *them* but a litell & cut hafe  
of *them* prety male *then* take  
some <sup>whit</sup> grated bread & put to it &  
some yhard egges cut smale &  
s a grated nutmeg & litell salt  
& peper & what earbes yu like  
cut smale & some white wine  
so mingell all togeather with som  
befe marow or som buter you  
may minc in a litell Lemon pill  
& put in all this in to *the* hole  
of *the* leg of mutton & stich it up  
& spict it carefully & *then* rost

it & for sace for it take *the*  
water *the* oysters were stewed in &  
some of *the* oysters & a litel an  
chouicy & an aonyonion & *the* grave  
*that* dropes from *the* mutton & heate  
it to geather & put in *the* dish  
with *the* mutton

## To Rost a Leg of Lamb

when tis hafe rosted cut eof  
all *the* meat from *the* bones in  
prety thin peces & put it in a  
stew pan with a litell water &  
some peper & salt spice & earbs  
you like ~~then~~ cut smale & some  
oysters & mushromes so let it  
stew tell you think it enoufe *then*  
put it in a dish with lemon sliced  
one *the* top you may put in *the*  
bone with *the* meate

To m Hash & rost a shoulder of veal

cut of *the* two flapes of *the* shoulder  
*then* cut it acroset *the* shoulder & bast  
it *then* take *the* 2 flaps & put *them* in a  
stew pan with some water when  
it boiles skime it & *then* put in some  
peper & salt & spice & earbes & an  
onion so let it stew while *the* veal  
is rosted enouf so laye put it in  
a dish put *the* stewed meat to  
it with some pickled coucombers  
sliced & some lemon or orange  
& oysters & some gravey & some  
white wine mheate *withthe*  
stewed mete f you mut st put  
in a pece of buter & *the* rosted  
veale must be cut all in to  
litell peces & *the* sace powred  
one it with tostest of whit  
bread in *the* potom of *the* dish

To boile a lambes Head & portnance

take *the* Head & wash it cleane but doe  
not cut it a parte *then* parboile it but  
a littell *withthe* portnance *then* cut  
it in to thin slices & proile it  
pepering it & salting it & when tis  
enouf *that* thake *the* Head & cut it  
open & take *the* braines & buter  
*them* & put *them* in *the* dish y *withthe*  
broiled meate lay *the* Head one  
*the* top make *the* sace with some  
grave & buter & an ionion & a  
littell wthie wine or vinger

soeth Collops

cut a leg of veale crose *the*  
graine in pret sthine peces &  
beate *them* weel *withthe* back of an  
knife & fry *them* a littell in buter  
to make *them* a litell browne

Then have redy *the* sweet for  
*them* when you think *them* frid enouf  
*which* mus be made with some  
grayuey & some whit wine & *the*  
yolkes of 4 egges beaten &  
an achovey & an oinion & some  
peper & salt & a littell nutmeg  
set over *the* fier tel it tis  
thick *then* ylay *the* collps in  
*the* dish *which* must hot & put  
*the* sace one *them* with sotes  
of white bread at *the* botom

To drese a Leg of muton

take a good leg of muton & stufe  
it weel all ouer earbes & harde  
egges cut uery smal & befe ~~suiet~~  
swet & peper & salt & spice  
& *then* boile wthhen tis enouf  
put if *the* are to be had some  
colleflowers boild tender

a artechockes botomes botiled  
tender & for sace some graye &  
some buter & capers & an nion &  
a littell vinger doe not boile *the*  
muton to much & when you put it in  
*the* dish lay *the* colliflowers & *the*  
potom of *the* artickoakes about it  
& *then* power one *the* sace

To rost a shoulder of muton in blood

shred hafe a pound of beefe swet smal  
& a haendfull of spinage & sorell &  
parsely & a litel time & a nion shred  
small & season this with peper & salt  
& spice *then* mingell all this with  
sheepes blood to weet it uery weel  
& let *the* shoulder be diped in blood &  
cut it all over in slashes to *the*  
bone & stuf it full of *the* minced  
earbes & *then* put *the* kell all ouer it  
skewe it fast to *the* muton *then*  
rost it & bast it with blood &  
some ba<sup>u</sup>ter



& for sace take hafe a pint of  
white wine & some caper & graue  
& some sampere shred & a litel  
anchouies heat all this to  
geather put in *the* dish *withthe*  
muton doe not take of *the* kell

To stwe Pigons

first stufe *the* Pigons *the* bellies &  
*the* cropese with forst meat *then*  
set *them* *withthe* nekes downrdes  
into a skillet of water & a pece  
of buter & ~~bales~~ bales of forsed  
meate & a bundell of earbes *that*  
*you* like & some peper & salt &  
spice so let *them* stew tell yu  
think *the* are enouf put in hafe  
a pint of white wine *the* yolke of  
4 egges & a litell anchouies to  
make *the* sace thick stett it  
ouer *the* fier & when

when you thake up *the* pigons stire  
this in to *the* broath *the* were stewed  
in & put *the* pigons in *the* dish & power  
*the* sace ove *them* & with tosted bread  
in *the* botom of *the* dish

To make forest meate

take *the* flesh of a leg of veale  
& to every pound of *that* put 2 pound  
of good befe suiet <sup>cut</sup> *them* small togeathe  
& beate it weel in a mortar *thensease*  
seasin it to *you* r tast with peper &  
salt & spice & ... earbes cut smal  
& *the* yolkes of egges & some whites  
some crume of good white bread but  
if *you* keepe it long bput no bredad  
in this meat will s last sweet a  
fortnight

To hash rabiets with bakon

fill *the* belleies of *the* rabiets  
with earbes you like sut smal  
& mingled with buter so lay *them*  
to *the* fier to rost & when *the* are  
all most rosted draw *them* & cut  
*them* up & cut ysome of *the* meate  
of from *the* bones in thine peces  
& then mingell *the* meate & *the* earbes  
earbes *that* were in *the* belleies  
to geather & season it with  
peper & salt spice & put to  
it some grave & a some white  
wine & a litel anchovies & a  
pece of buter so stwe it all  
to geather with *the* bones a  
littell while *then* put it in a dish  
with tosted bread at *the* botom  
baken fried but uery thin &  
layed ore *the* top of *the* meat

#### To stewe snailes

take *them* in *the* winter *then* *the* are  
fat & with out hornes & put *them* in  
pot of boileing water till *the* be  
all dead *then* pick *them* out of *the* shels  
& wash *them* uery cleane with salt  
& water *then* put to *them* hafe a pint  
of white wine & so much water  
as will stewe *them* & some peper  
salt & spice & earbes cut smal & a  
som bater & an onion & some lemon  
pill so let all stew together till  
*the* snailles are tender enoufe *then*  
put *them* in to a dish with tosted  
whit bread in *the* botom

folio 81 verso || folio 82 recto

#### To Rost a shoulder of muton

take oysters & stew *them* in a  
dish *then* take some of *them* & cut  
*them* prety smal & mingell *them* with  
earbes *that* you like cut smal &  
some peper & salt & spice  
& hard egges cut smale & grated  
weehit bread so weet this with  
yolke y of egge & a littell vinger

or whit wine & *then* stuff *the*  
mutton all over with it & *then*  
roast it not to much ~~when tis~~  
baste it with butter & gravy *that*  
dripes from it & when tis roasted  
make *the* sauce ~~with~~the gravy *that*  
dripes from it *the* water of *the*  
oysters & *the* oysters *that* were  
stewed & a litle pece of butter  
& an onion heat all this to  
gether & power in *the* dish to *the*  
mutton

To make cabbage Porage

Take a good cabbage & cut it tow &  
boyle it & *then* cut it uery small  
& uct *the* crag end of an neck of  
mutton & 3 2 or 3 pound of beefe & one  
pound of backon ~~at~~ cut prety  
small so put all to gether & let  
it stwe till *the* meate & cabbage  
be tender & *then* dish it up & take  
of some of *the* fat but afor you  
take it from *the* fier put in a  
littell salt if it be not salt enouf  
& put in a litle peper & some spice  
taste good white bread & put in *the*  
dish ~~with~~the meate & cabbage &  
broath you may put in litle  
verges stire it ofen whil it  
boiles *that* it doe not burne to *the*  
pot

folio 82 verso || folio 83 recto

To make Baked <sup>greene</sup> Pease Porage

take a crag end of an neck of  
mutton or veale & cut it in peces  
& 2 or pigons & a pite of Bakon  
a some greene pease a good maney  
& what earbes you like with a litle  
peper & salt so let all this stew  
to gether till you think it enouf  
& *then* dish it up

To make greene pease Porage

take an crag end on neck of  
muton & an nuckell of veale &  
& some leek neck befe & tsteue  
this for 3 houer or more skime  
it cleane & *then* put in a good  
quantey of greene pease & let  
*them* boile till *the* be uery tender  
you must put in either a duock or  
2 or 3 pigons or a hen to boile in  
*the* b

broath for to lay in *the* dish &  
boile in some peper & salt & spice  
what earbes you like if you please  
you may straine *the* pease throue  
a culender *that* non of *the* sheles goe  
may be in *the* broath so put in  
tosted whit bread spred with buter  
in *the* botom of *the* dish *which* you  
most make d hot so put in onely *the*  
pigons or hen or duock

To make yallow pease Porage

take some good strong broath of  
of fresh meate & put in as maney  
good pease as you think make it thik  
& boile *them* till *the* are tender as  
you may mash *them* throue a ca<sup>u</sup>lendor  
afore you tak *them* up put in a pece  
of good backin to boile & *then* put  
in some broath into a skilet  
& as mane much of *the* pulp of

folio 83 verso || folio 84 recto

*the* pease as will make it thik  
enoufe *then* ta about quartes or  
a litel more of *the* porage boile  
in about hafe a pound of good  
buter & peper & salt & cloues or  
some lamacke peper & an onion  
so let it stew in *the* skilet all  
most an houer with~~what~~ a  
bundell of earbes then buter  
tosteds of good white bread &

lay *them* in *the* botom of *the*  
dish & *then* put in *the* borage

a boiled Puding

take a quart of sweet creame & &  
put in it 2 or 3 blades of mace &  
all moust a nutmeg grated & a litel  
synimonet booile it till it smels  
of *the* spice pare *the* crust <sup>all</sup> of from  
a good white peney lofe *that* is light  
or french bread if *you* have it

cut it in thin slices *the* broad way &  
lay it in a dish *then* power *the* boileing  
creame one it being sweetned with a  
quarter of a pound of shuger & *then* coufer  
it up close & let it stand till it tis  
all most cold *then* with a spoone break  
*the* bred as smal as *you* can & put in to  
it *the* yolkes of teen egges *the* whites  
of 4 of *them* beate *the* egges very weel  
& put in about 12 or more of blanched  
almones beat very smal with some crea<sup>m</sup>  
*that* is boild *you* may put in a litel  
amber grece & mingell all this weel  
to geather with a quatrter of a pound  
of good buter melted *then* weet a  
a course cloath & ring it hard &  
*then* flower it litely & s spred it  
one a dish & *then* power *the* puding  
in to it & so tie it up up close  
& put it in to boileing water & let  
boile an houer make *the* sace for  
of sack & buter & shuger

folio 84 verso || folio 85 recto

a Baked allmond Puding

Take a pound of allmonds & blanch  
*them* in to water *then* beate *them* in a  
morter & now & *then* put in to *them* a  
sponefull of sweet creame take  
*the* morow of 2 bones of befe cut  
uery smale & 6 egges whites &  
all beate uery weel mingell all  
*them* with a pint of sweet cream &

some grated nutmeg & shuger to  
you r tast so power it in a dish  
with past rownd *the* brime & so  
k bake it

To make a sack Puding

take hafe a pint of sweet cream  
& 3 egges & *the* whits beat *them* weel  
& 4 spoonfulls of sa<sup>a</sup> ck & some  
beaten nutmeg & mace & a litell  
salt & shuger to you r tast & 2  
handfulls of reasons & some grated  
whit bread so make it as thick

as bater *then* take thin cofins  
shoch as yo u bake bisket in & buter  
*them* & *then* put in *the* bater with a litell  
melted buter beaten in it so bake  
*them* prey browne & *then* turn *them* out on  
in a dish & put sack & melted buter  
& shuger to *them*

To make a quakeing Puding

take a quart of sweet creame & a  
a grated nutmeg & some mace & a  
litell salt & 3 spoonefulls of fine  
flower one spoone full of sack or  
rose water & take *the* yolkes of i2  
egges *the* whites only of 8 of *them*  
& beate *them* uery weel & mingell *them*  
*with*the creame *then* weet a cloath  
& ring it hard & *then* flower it & so  
so bater it so tis *the* bater in  
it uery cloas & put it in *the*boile  
pot when it boiles with either  
fef f befe or muton in it it it

folio 85 verso || folio 86 recto

To make a white Pot

take a quart of sweet creame &  
a grated nutmeg & some mace &  
ginger & boile in *they* creame &  
power it one a peney lofe cut  
uery thine *then* take 8 egges *the*

whites of 3 of *them* & beate *them*  
& stir ~~in~~*them* in to *the* bread & creame  
& shuger to *your* tast & a litel salt  
a 2 hanf dfulls of reason of *the* sone  
*then* buter a dish & power in *the*  
bater & lay one *the* top some  
marow or good buter so bake it

To make a Pudding of Barley <sup>or rice</sup>

take a quarter of a pound of french  
barley or rice & lay it in water  
24 houers *then* tie it up fast in a  
cloath & boile it with befe till  
it be uery tender *then* tak it &  
mingell it *with* it *with* as much  
sweet creame as will coufer

it so boile it in a skilet *with*  
some nutmeg & mace & after it tis  
boiled mingell it *with**the* barley boile=  
ing hot & sweeten it to *your* stast & *then*  
beate 6 egges *the* whits but of 3 &  
hafe a pound of good befe suiet cut  
smal & sume grated bread & a  
spoonfull or 2 of sack hafe a  
pound of corance so boile it in a  
a cloath or *you* may bake it

To make a hastey Pudding  
*with* out buter

set a quarte of sweet creame  
one *the* fier & put in to it *the*  
cromes of a grated peney lofe in it  
so boile it *with* some nutmeg  
tell it be as thick as *you* would  
have it *then* put in *the* yolkes of 7  
egges weel beaten *then* let it boile  
a litell it must be stired all *the*  
while it boiles *you* may put in  
hafe a pound of corance

folio 86 verso || folio 87 recto

a hedge hogg Pudding

Take 3 peney loves & grate *them*

& sift *them* throue a culdner all  
*the* lumbes of bread *you* take hafe  
a pound of good befe suiet cut  
very small & some grated -  
nutmegs & a litell salt & 'a quarter  
of a pound of shuger mingell this  
weel togeather & put in *the* yolkes  
of 7 egges & *the* whites of 2 of  
*them* *you* put in a pint of sweet  
colde creame or more if *you*  
see it doe not weet it enouf  
*you* tie it up cloase in a cloath  
& put it into boileing water  
twill be boiled in a litell above  
an houer when *you* dish it up  
stick it *with* blanched a  
allmones, cut *the* long way  
*you* melt buter & beat *with*  
some sack & shuger & power  
one it

To make a curd Puding <sup>to</sup> boile

take 2 handfulls of good tender curd  
weet whayed & 6 yolkes of egges  
& whites a peney loafe grated &  
what corance *you* like shuger salt  
& spice to *your* tast *you* may put  
in a littell melted buter or e <sup>c</sup>ream<sup>e</sup>  
so tie it up cloase in a cloath &  
put it in to boileing water twill  
be boiled in an houer when *you*  
dish it up power one melted  
buter *with* sack & shuger

To make Bisket Pudding

warme a quarte of sweet creame  
put to it *the* yolkes of i0 egges  
*the* whites of 2 of *them* beate *them*  
weel *then* grate a naple bisket  
& a a litell grated bread & shuger  
& salt & spice to *your* tast *then* put  
in some blanche almons beate  
smale *with* a litell rose water



& some caraway comfites with  
some sitron & if you please some  
corance & if you like it put in  
amber greece & you must put in  
some marow & mingell all this  
weel to geather & put it in a  
cloath tided up & so put  
it in to boileing water twell  
be boile in an hower or a litel  
more

To make a quakeing allmone puding

boile a pint of good cream: & i0  
egges *the* whites of 2 of *them* beate  
*them* weel <sup>put</sup> *them* in to *the* creame b<sup>ut</sup>  
not to boile & put in hafe a  
pound of blancked allmons beate  
uery smal & some shuger & spice  
& a a litell salt to yor tast & 2  
sponefulls of fine flower so  
stirr all this weel to geather.  
& *then* buter & flower a cloath

& tie it up cloase in it & put it  
in to boileing water it well be boiled  
in an houer & a hafe when you dish it  
up power one melted buter with  
sack shuger & rose water

A quakeing Pudding

boild a quarte of good cream  
with a grated nutmeg & some mace  
& a fve cloaves & a litel syomonent  
when tis boiled stir it *that* it doe not  
creame one *the* top & when it tis  
cold & take *the* yolkes of teen egges  
*the* whites of 2 of *them* beat *them* weel  
& put to *them* 3 sponefulls of ~~fine~~  
of grated bread & a spoonef or 2  
of flower & put in shuger & salt &  
spiee to *your* tast stir this weel to  
in to *the* creame ~~y-then~~ ~~put~~ i tie it up  
cloase in a cloath & put it in to  
boileing water stiring it if doe  
not stie

stick to *the* pot in quart of an houer  
*then* twil be harde an houre will  
 boile it when you dish it up ~~melt~~  
 power one melted buter with  
 sack & shuger stired in *with* it

To make a Pudding in a white loafe

take a two peney Loafe & cut  
 of all *the* crust from *the* top  
 cut it pret thick & & *then* take  
 out all *the* croume & grate it  
 uery smale ouerwele it smal  
 & take *the* yolkes of 3 egges & *the*  
 whit of one of *them* & beat *them* we<sup>el</sup>  
 & put *them* to *the* grated bread  
 with as much cream as will  
 make it prey thine & put in  
 some shuger & salt & spice to  
 your tast & stir this weel to  
 geather & put it in to *the* botom  
 of *the* loafe & lay on *the*

top of *the* loafe one it to tie it up  
 in a cloath but not to cloase for  
*the* loafe will swell so put it into  
*the* pot with the befe when *the* pot  
 boils an houer will boile it or a  
 litle more when you dish it up power  
 one melted bater with sack & shuger

To make a gridirorn Pudding

take good white bread & cut it in  
 thine slices & lay it one a grid iron  
 till it be ~~when~~ tis weel dried *then*  
 break it in to 3 pintes of cream  
 so let it stand all night in *the*  
 morning put it into a skilet but  
~~boile~~ it doe not let it boile &  
 stir it weel *then* power it in to a  
 a pan & let it stan till tis all most  
 cold *then* take 6 yegges *the* whits of 2  
 of *them* & a litel fine flower make  
 it a litel thicker *then* bater

& put in a littel salt & 4 spone  
fulls of good yest so stir all this  
to geather & *then* coufer it with  
a cloath & set it to *the fier* to  
rise for hafe an houer so *then* put  
it in a dish & bake it

To make a Dumpling

Take a quart of fine flower & a  
handful of resons of *the sone* &  
as maney coranse & a grated nut=  
=meg, & a litel salt & 4 yolkes  
of egges & 2 whites of egges  
weel beaten & *then* put *them* to *the*  
flower & weet it with water so  
much as *that you* may role it an hands  
with out puting in a cloath but  
doe not make it to harde & make  
it holow in *the* midell & put in a  
good pece of buter so cloass it *that*  
it doe not brak in peecs nor rune  
out so boile it

to make a Hartichoak Pudding

boile *them* very tender *then* take *the* botom<sup>es</sup>  
& pick out all *the* stringes & mash *them*  
all very soft *then* mingell it with cream  
& make it a litel thicker *then* bater *then*  
put in 6 egges & *the* whites of 3 of *them*  
weel beaten & some shuger & nutmeg  
mingell all this weel to geather &  
put it in a dish & bake it *then* may  
power one some goed & shuger ove it  
when it comes out of *the* ouen

a shakeing Puding to bake or boile

Take 2 peney Loaes grate *them* &  
power one *them* 3 pintes of boileing  
hot cream & so couer it cloase &  
put in a grated nutmeg & a litel mace  
& 8 egges *the* whites of 4 of *them*  
beate *the* egges weel & mingell all  
to geather it must not be

so bater *the* dish or pan you bake  
it in or you may boile it int a cloath  
& for sace power one sack & shuger  
& melted buter

#### a Potatoe Puding

first pare *the* potatoes *then* grate  
*them* very smal & put *them* into a  
pan & fill it full of water &  
stir *the* potatoes weel in ¶ if  
you put *them* in a cloath & ringe  
*them* very harde & saue *the* water  
*then* power one more water one  
*the* grated potatoes & ringe  
*them* againe so doe 3 times & ~~*then*~~  
*then* mingell *them* with cream It it may  
be as thick a bater so mash it well  
together & put in sone croance  
& resons & shuger & spice & egges  
& a litel sack so bute a dish yuu  
bake it in

#### To make a greene Puding

Take a peney Loafe & grate it  
uery smal & mingell it with some  
sweet cream & egges & shuger &  
spice *then* put in some Iuce of  
Spinige to make it uery greene  
*then* put in to spoonfulls of fine  
flower & a litel salt so weet a cloath  
& tie it up cloase & loase & put it in to  
boile when *the* watter boiles twel  
be boiled in an houer

#### Spinage Toasts

Take a handful of spinage & boile  
it uery tender & let *the* water draine  
from it *then* mince it uery smal *then*  
grate a manchet uery small & put to  
it with some curance & gshuger &  
spice & 5 egges *the* whits of 2 of  
*them* & a litell cream to weet

*them* enouf fro to make it shine  
like toasts so fry *them* in buter  
when *the* are fried browne put  
*them* in a hot dish & power one *them*  
melted buter with sack or whit  
wine & g shuger

To make a chardon Puding

Take a chardon when tis uery  
cleane & white & fat & parboile  
it when it tis cold minc it uery  
smal *then* put to it som good coranes  
& 6 egges & some grated white  
bread & shger & spic & some  
creame to make it as weet as  
a puding so boile it for a bove  
an houer when tis boiled power  
one it some melted buter

A calues foot Pudding

Take 2 feet & bole *them* uery  
tender & peepe *them* while *the* are hot  
& when *the* are cold mince *them* very  
smale *then* mingell *them* with a peney  
loaufe grated uery smale & some  
shuger & spice & befe suiet cut  
smal or marow & some egges &  
creame enouf to weet is thine  
as for a puding *then* take a eale of  
a brest of veale & power it into it  
& *then* bind it up in *that* & *then* put it  
in a cloath & tie it cloase & put  
it in boileing water twel be  
boiled in alitell more *then* an houer

folio 92 verso || folio 93 recto

a slight kacked Puding

slice in to 3 pints of good milk  
2 peney Loves & when it has  
soaked 2 houer 7 yolkes of egges  
weel beaten & some shuger &  
spice to *your* tast & alitel salt  
& some melted buter so put it  
in *the* dish it is butered & kaked

it twel be done in an houer

To make a Dutch dish <sup>caled</sup> a lister

Take a pound & a fhafe of fine  
flower 6 egges whits & all beate  
*them* & 3 spoonefulls o ale yest &  
hafe a pound of melted buter  
& 6 spoonefulls of nue milk  
blood warme & a litel salt so  
beate all this to geater for a  
quarter of an houer or more

*then* set it before *the* fier cloase  
coferd for an houer or more till it  
dos rise uery much *then* put it in to  
a kakeing pan *that* must be batred so  
set it in to a hot oven & when tis  
baked cut it open power in it some  
melted buter beaten with sack &  
shuger so close it up againe &  
scrape one shuger & sarve it up

To make a great butred Loufe

Take 3 quartes of nue milk &  
put <sup>in</sup> as much runiet as will turne  
it & when tis come break it & take  
*the* whay cleane from it *then* break *the*  
curd uery smale with *your* hands  
*then* take *the* yolkes of 10 egges & *the*  
whits of 3 of *them* & beate *them* weel  
& hafe a pint of good alle yest & a  
some salt & spice & as much fine

folio 93 verso || folio 94 recto

flower as will make it into very  
stife past so work it all togeather  
uery weel & set it before *the* fier  
to rise while *the* oven heates  
*then* make it up in a loufe & put a  
paper under it & set it in *the* oven  
& when tis throuely baked take  
it out & cut of *the* top & power  
in it some melted buter beaten  
with sack & shuger & lay *the* top on  
againe

To make butred loufes

take 3 quarts of nue milk & put  
in as much runet as will turn it  
& when tis com bereak it & whay *the*  
curd cleare from it *then*brak break  
*the* curd uery small with your hands  
*then* put in *the* yoalke of 8 egges  
weel beaten & *the* whits of  
2 of ~~them~~ them

& a hanf dfull of grated bread & a  
handfull of fine flower & a litel salt  
so mingell at this weel to geather  
& work it weel y with your hands *then*  
make it up in to 4 loufes & put *them*  
one butered papers *then* beate *the* yolke  
of an egge with a litell bere & so  
whsh *the* loafes all over with a  
feather *then* set *them* in to *the* hot  
ouen & stop *them* up & *the* will be  
baked in 3 quarters of an houer  
ba<sup>u</sup>t afore *that* you make *the* Loves set  
*the* past before *the* fier to rise when  
*the* are baked take *them* & cut of *the*  
topes & with a knife stire in *the*  
crumes & power in melted buter  
with~~m~~ some grated nutmeg & sha<sup>u</sup>ger  
& rose water or sack & so put  
one *the* topes of *the* loufes  
again & dish *them* up stroud <sup>with</sup> shuge<sup>r</sup>

folio 94 verso || folio 95 recto

an other way of butered Loufes

Take *the* yolkes of teen egges & *the*  
whites of 3 of *them* beate *them* weel  
& put to *them* hafe a pinte of good  
alle yest & some spice & a litel  
salt & as much fine flower as  
as will make it in to stife past &  
so worke all this weel to geather  
with your hands & *then* set it before  
*the* fier to rise while *the* ouen  
heated *then* make it up in to 4  
Loufes & put *them* in a hot ouen

& bake *them* weel *then* take *them* &  
open *them* & power in melted  
butter with shuger or sack or  
white wine & so put one *the* top  
again & put *them* in a dish you may  
wet *them* over afore *the* are baked  
with an yolke of an egge beat  
with beare

To make fri<sup>e</sup>d curd Puffes

Take *the* curd of a gallon of new  
milk & whay it cleane let *the* curd  
be very tender & way it throve a sieue  
or thin cloath rub it thorwue *then*  
take a handfull of fine flower &  
*the* yolkes of 6 yegges *the* whites  
of 2 of *them* & a grated nutmegg  
& a litell grated bread & a litell  
salt & a litell rosewater or oreng  
flower watter so worke all this  
weel to geather with *your* hands but  
not to stife so spred it one  
trenchers about an ninch theick  
*the* breath of litell pastyes so frie  
*them* in butter pret browne crisp  
*then* put *them* one up an other in *the* dish  
but not above 2 so power one melted  
batter with sack & shuger

folio 95 verso || folio 96 recto

To make fried Butered Loufes

Take a good spoonefull of good  
all yeast & 6 egges & 3 whits &  
beate *them* weel & put to *the* yest *then*  
take as much fine flower as  
will make it into as stife past  
as for marchant wen put in  
some salt & grated nutmeg so  
set *them* before *the* fier to rise  
while *the* oven heates so bake  
*them* weel *then* take *them* & cut *the*  
topes of & power in melted  
butter with sack & shuger



### To make a cabbage Pudding

Take one pound of good befe & parboile it & when tis cold shrid it uery smal & 2 pound of befe suiet & some earbes *that you like* cut small & some peper & salt & a grated peney loufe & 5 harde g egges cut smalle mingell all this weel to geather *then* take g a good cabbage & cut a hole in *the* midell big enoufe for to hold all *the* minced meate so put it in & lay *the* top of *the* cabbage *that you* cut of one againe *them* put it in a cloath & tie it up cloas & boile it a bove an houer *then* take it up & unetie it & let it boile 2 houers more *then* dish it up & power melted buter one it

folio 96 verso || folio 97 recto

### To make an orragngge Pudding

Take 2 orangers *them* & cut *them* in hauelfs & take out all *the* midell *then* boile boath outward & inward pilles in seuarall water =till *the* bitternes is is gone & *the* pilles be very tender *then* dry *them* from *the* water & beate *them* uery smal in a mortar & when tis beat add as much of *the* pulp of sharpe appels & 12 youlkes of gegges *the* whits of 6 of *them* & *the* Iuce of *the* orange & a quarter of a pound of melted buter & a litell salt & a litell orang flower water so mix all this togeather with shuger to *your* tast & bake it in d a dish þ*that* is butred & put past round *the* brime

### To salt neates Tounges

Take *them* & put *them* into an Earthen

pan & coufer *them* all over with Perter  
salt & let *them* ly a week & turn *them*  
& so let *them* Ly an other week &  
*then* turn *them* againe so let *them* Ly  
3 3 weeks & *the* will be selt enouf  
so dry *them* or you may boile *them*  
with out dryeing boile *them* in  
Pump water *the* same brine will  
be as good to salt more Touniges in

#### To make white Pease Porage

Take some leane befe & a knoukel  
of veale & make strong broath  
& put in som salt & peper & spice  
2 or 3 quartes of pease in as  
much spring water as will make  
*them* ner soft boile *withthem*

folio 97 verso || folio 98 recto

hafe a pound of good Bakon &  
some mint when *the* pease are  
soft *then* rub *them* throue a culdener  
& *then* ptut 3 or 4 quartes of *the*  
strong broath to *the* pulp of *the*  
pease & some grauey doe not  
put in to much of *the* pulp of *the*  
pease for fere of makeing it to  
thick at *the* ferst for twell  
groe thicker cut 2 onyons in  
halvess & stire in & som sorell  
& som hole peper so boile it  
sofely for above hafe an houer  
*then* put in 3 pints of nue milk  
& let it boile a litell more  
& *then* put in hafe a pound of buter  
so let *thi* s boile a litell *then* dish  
it up & put in french bread  
cut thine & tosted & some bals  
made with forst meat

#### To make Graueyie

Tate some Leane befe & cut it  
in to thine peces & hack it with  
*withthe* back of an kife *then* put it  
in a stew pan or frying pan with  
*with* a pece of good buter & stew

it or frie it gentely & put in a 2  
ladell fulls of good fresh broath  
& so let it stwe or frie till you  
think all *the* grauie it out of *the*  
befe put in an onyion ~~eat~~ so keepe  
this grauie for *your* yuse as long  
as it twel keepe sweet

folio 98 verso || folio 99 recto

To make Puffe Past

Take a quart of fine flower &  
yolkes of 4 egges & *the* whits  
of 2 beat *them* weel & put in a  
litell cold water so weet *the*  
flower & prouf of past *then* role  
it out broad & *then* lay one peces  
of good buter *then* fold it to  
geater & role it out broad  
& lay one more buter againe  
& so doe 7 times ~~t~~with this  
past you may yuse for what you  
like

To make crust for tafeity <sup>tarts</sup>

as neare as you can gese take as  
much fine flower as will make  
a dozen of these tarts &

rub in it with *your* hands a prety  
quantiey of good buter & *the* yolkes  
of 6 or 7 egges *then* weet it with  
water *that* has bin boiled & all most  
cold so make it in to past & role  
it out for *your* tartes as thine as  
posibil you may a littell shuger  
in *the* past

another way to make Puffe past

Take 3 pints of fine flower & a  
litell shuger & *the* white of an egge &  
cold water so make *the* past & *then*  
role it out broad & lay good buter  
all ouer it & strow a uery litell  
flower one *the* buter *then* dubell up

& so role it out againe & *then*  
buter it so doe till you haue

folio 99 verso || folio 100 recto

put in a pound & a quarter of  
buter s this past you may make  
what tartes you please with

Past for Minct Pye

Take hafe a Peck of fine  
flower & 3 pound of good buter  
& one pound of good shuger &  
13 egges so workes all this up  
in to past indifrent stife

To make fine crust

Take 3 pints of uery fine flower  
& hafe a pound of good buter &  
6 yolke of egges & one spoone=  
full of Roose water ~~mingill~~ <sup>make</sup> thes  
~~with~~ past with boilein water

Thine Appilles Pasties

Take a quart of fine flower &  
hafe a pound of good buter & *the*  
yolke of 4 egges & a litell sh<sup>u</sup>ger  
boile *the* water & let it be all  
most quite cold *then* make *your*  
make *your* past this quaintey will  
2 pastyes a broad as a quarter of  
a sheet of paper roled uery thine  
*then* take pipens or Paremaines  
or Iohn appeles & cut *them* uery thin  
in round slices & lay *them* in *the*  
past as Like slates one a house  
*then* deuide a pound of good shuger  
in to 2 partes & so put it one *the*  
part one *the* apples with some  
orange pill cut small candied if  
you haue it so coufer *them* up &  
cloase *them* weel at *the* eyes with

folio 100 verso || folio 101 recto

*the white of an egge beaten then  
with a gageing yorn cut the eyes  
& cut ~~them~~ ~~on~~ the lide with a  
kinfe so set them quickly in the  
ouen doe not bake them to much  
if the ouen be hot you need not  
put up the Lid when they are en  
enouf the shuger will boile in  
them*

Apell Pastiey to friy

Take good appels & pare them  
& slice them round uery prety thine  
then boile them gentely in ~~sour p~~  
surup for fere they break then  
whe they are pret dender drayne  
the appeles from the surup & lay  
them in the pasties which most be  
3 Inches long ng & an inch thick  
so strow one the applles some

good shuger & orange pills cut small  
so cloase them up & fry them browne one  
boath sides in a great deale of buter  
when they are fryed scrape one shuger  
& squise one som Iuce of orange

To make Taffity tartes of Aprecocks  
or Pipons

Take a pound of good buter & a  
pound of fine flower & the yolkes of  
2 3 egges so rub this togeather  
uery weel with your hands then weat  
it with as much cold watter as will  
make it in to past but not very  
stife then role it into square  
sheets alltmost as thin as brown  
paper then dubell one side ouer the  
other & flower a sheet of whit  
paper all ouer & lay 2 of the  
sheets of past one it then open

folio 101 verso || folio 102 recto

them one at a time ~~them~~ take  
aprecocks or pipens & pare them  
slice them uery thin ~~then~~ & as broad

as you can & Lay *them* betwene *the*  
to sheets of paste about 2 or 3  
lares thick *the* breath of one  
hufe of *the* passt so lay *the* fru-  
in all but leave so much roome  
as *that* the eges may be broade  
enouf for to cloas fast to  
geather & so put one *the* frute  
good shuger enouf to coufer it  
or more will be better so cut  
*them* square & prick *them* with a  
pin & bake *them* not to browne

To make a tarte in a Patey Pan

Take all most a quart of fine  
flower & hufe a pound of buter leave  
out a litel pece *then* cut *the* rest in  
to *the* flower & put in *the* yolkes  
of 8 egges weel beate so work  
this weel to geather <sup>with</sup> *the* roleing pin <sup>with</sup> your hands  
till it be past *then* diuide it into  
halues & role one broad enouf to  
coufer all *the* inside of *the* pan &  
as you role it put in hufe *the*  
pece of buter was lefe out so  
dubell *the* past & role it but not  
to thine *then* buter *the* pan & lay it  
in *then* role out *the* other hufe to  
make *the* lid thiner: *then* laye in *the*  
what frute you please in *the* pan  
with more shuger *then* will coufer  
it so Lid it up but make *the*  
eyes uery thine so twhen tis

folio 102 verso || folio 103 recto

all most baked take it out  
of *the* oven & Ice it all over *the*  
lid with a thick Ice *then* put it  
in *the* oven againe till tis  
baked enoufe if *the* frute be  
gosbebreyes *then* boile *them* in  
surup a litell fbefore you put  
*them* in *the* pan if other frute  
*then* betwene *the* lares of it  
lay some good shuger & pound  
& a quarter will amake a great  
tart to Ice it & all

To make an appell tarte <sup>with</sup> cream

In *the* somer take coudlings & in *the*  
winter good apples Iohn apples  
or Paremaines & pipens pare *them*  
& cut *them* in quarters & cut out *the*  
core *then* lay *them* one by an other  
as cloase as you can in to a raised  
tarte made with good past

*then* put one a good deale of white  
shuger one *the* apples & so dLid it up  
& bake it til tis enouf *then* take  
hafe a pint of sweet creame some  
nutmeg & make *the* creame boile & thicken  
it with yolkes of egges & sweeten it  
*then* take out *the* tart out of *the*  
ouen & pcut up *the* lid & power in *the*  
cream which must have in it some  
orange flower water or sroose water  
so sit *the* tart in *the* oven againe  
a litter while to harden & *then* take it  
out this way you may make goodbreys  
tart but *the* must be boath cold  
when you sarve *them* to *the* tabell

folio 103 verso || folio 104 recto

To make cheese cakes

tak 8 quarts of nue milk &  
put runet in it enoue for to  
make it come to a tender curd  
*the* milk must be no hoter *then*  
frome *the* cowe & when tis come *then*  
breake it & take *the* whay from it  
*then* with *the* back of a spoone squese  
it all *the* curd throue a course haire siue  
*then* put to *the* curd *the* yolkes of  
i2 egges *the* whits of 2 of *them* &  
a pound of good buter melted & a  
grated nutmeg & 3 quarters of a  
pound of <sup>whit</sup> shuger & a pound of good  
corance & hafe a pound of allmons  
beat blanchd & beaten uery fine  
mingell all this weel to geater  
& work *the* buter in to *the* curd  
with your hands & put in some

orange flower water so put it in to  
*the* past & pine paper round if *you* doe  
not bake *them* in chees cake patey pans  
so put *them* in to *the* oven as soone as  
*the* are made when *the* are baked scape  
shuger one *them*

To make alomond chees cakes

Take a quart of nue milk & an other  
of cream as hot as it comes from *the*  
cowe *then* put runet in it enoufe to  
make it come when tis come whay it  
dry & hang it up in a strainer *thatthe*  
whay may be cleare from it *then* beate  
it in a cleane mortar til tis fine  
& put to it a quarter of a pound of  
almons blanched & beaten uery  
small & *the* yolkes of 6 egges *the*  
whites of 2 & 3 spoonefa<sup>ulls</sup> of  
thick sweet cream & some nutmeg

folio 104 verso || folio 105 recto

a pece of good buter melted & cold  
again about a spoonefull & some  
corance ploumpled & cold & hafe  
a pound of white shuger mingell all  
this weel togeather & *then* put it in  
to good past pin paper about *the*  
cheese cakes if *you* doe not make  
*them* in cheese cake patey panes  
so bake *them* & when *the* are baked  
scrape shuger one *them*

To make a coller of Befe

Take good young fat befe *the* flank of  
it Lay in as much poump water as  
will coufer it & put to it 2 handfulls  
of bay salt & 2 of spanish salt a  
will make a strong brine put in some  
salt peter so let *the* befe ly in it 3  
days turneing it euery day *then* take it  
out & dry it in a course cloath *then*  
strow one it sage & parsey & time &  
2 oinyons all cut very smale *with* some



I amake peper & what spice you like  
& mingell all this to geather with a  
litell spanesh salt & whit salt so  
strow all this one *the* inside of *the*  
befe *then* role it up as hard as you can  
& bind it up with strong þpack thrid  
uery thick *then* put it in a depe pot  
with a quarte of bere vinger & *the*  
brine *that* it lay in & lay one *the* top  
of *the* befe *the* skine *that* you must

folio 105 verso || folio 106 recto

take of frome *the* inside of *the*  
befe to make it moist so bake  
this with browne bread & tie of  
*the* top of *the* pot w browne  
paper or browne cured cust  
put one so when tis baked &  
cold you must take it out & keepe  
to keepe it make nue brine

To Drie neates Tounges

take 3 or 4 good large tounges  
salt *them* with bay salt & salt  
Peter one pount so mingell it  
togeater & let *the* tounges  
ly in a fortnight in hot weather  
& lese in cold & turne *them* euery  
day so *then* take *them* out hange  
*them* to smoake but not to hot  
& when *the* are smoked enouf  
keepe *them* in a drie place

To Buter a Lobster

Breake *the* sheles & take out all *the*  
meate & cut it in prey big peces  
*then* put it in a stew pan or dish *then*  
put to it some white wine & a  
pece of good buter & some salt &  
a litell peper & grated nutmeg & a  
litel anchovie so let all this  
stew togeater til you think tis  
enouf *then* dish it up one tosted  
whit bread layed in *the* dish

To Rost a lobster

~~then is Iust pege~~ take it a live & wash  
it yuery cleane & stop *the* holes  
as you doe when you boile *them*~~then~~  
tie *them* fast to *the* spit *the* insides  
to geather & bast *them* with water  
all *the* while *the* rost when *the* are

folio 106 verso || folio 107 recto

reoseted enouf *the* will look ðe  
uerey read *then* haue redy some  
stewed oysters cut in peces  
& put to *them* some melted  
buter ywith~~thet~~-stewed water  
of *the* oysters & a litel an  
choive & a litell white wine  
so beate all this weel to  
geather with~~the~~ inside of  
*the* bodies of *the* bobster &  
so brak *the* shells of *the*  
other part & lay *the* meate  
hole in *the* dish with~~the~~ sace

To Broile whitings

Take whiteings & coufer *them*  
with salt fore day *then* hang *them*  
up one day by *the* heads & *then*  
Broile *them* & when you tourn

*them* take of *the* skines & bast *them*  
ywith buter & a litell peper & broil  
*them* til you see *the* are enouf & *then*  
put *them* in a dish with melted  
buter

To make meate Iellie

Take a great kauckle of veale & 4  
calues feet wash *them* & *the* veale very  
cleane & lay *the* veale & feet in water  
to soake for 2 dayes but change  
*the* water twis a day & before you  
boile it cut *the* bone of *the* veale  
Long way & take out all *the* marow  
Iust befour you boile *the* feet soke

*ythem* in warme water & *the* veale  
*that* all *the* bloud be cleare out *then*  
put it in a pot with 9 quarts of  
spring water & one of white  
wine & as *ye* to

folio 107 verso || folio 108 recto

fast as *the* scuum rises take  
it of put in a vey litel salt  
so let it boile & when ~~that~~*the* water  
is wasted trye if twel Iellie &  
if it dos *then* take it & straine  
it throue a dubell strainer ~~then~~  
in to a cleane earthern pan &  
so let it stand till nex day *then*  
take of all *the* top cleane with  
an knife to euery quart of  
Iellie put hafe a pound of  
good white shuger & some mace  
& a nutmeg sliced & some cynimon  
& a litell ginger if you please  
so set it one a cleare fier  
& put in to it *the* whites of 2  
egges beaten til *the* froath  
so let *the* Iellie boile gentely  
& put in *the* Iuce of 2 lemons  
&

& some orange flower water doe  
*the* more you stire it *the* Leese cleare  
it twel be so stir lit but litell &  
when you find it uery cleare *then* take  
it & straine it throue a gelliye  
bagg before *the* fier *that* it may run  
*the* beter so when tis cold enouf  
to put in to glases put it in with  
some of *the* pill of lemon cut uery  
thine & in narrow pslices

To Pickel all kind of greene sallets

make a Brine strong enouf to bare  
an egg but doe not boile it in to this  
brine put in what so euer you would  
pickell & when it has layn a month  
tak out as much as you will use in a  
week boile it a uery Litel in  
water & when *the* are cold put good  
vinger to *them* which will make *them*

uery greene

folio 108 verso || folio 109 recto

To salt Hames of Backen

Take a pound of 4 peney shuger &  
4 ounces of salt <sup>Peter</sup> mix *the* salt & shuger  
weel to geather & *then* take *the* Hames  
& heate it weel before *the* fier & *then*  
with *your* hands rub in *the* salt &  
shuger as much as it twill take  
in or till tis all spent *then* rub in  
as much comon salt as *the* Hames  
will take in *then* hang rub *the*  
ashes of paper ore *them* for to  
make *them* black so hang *them* up  
in *the* chimely to smoke but let  
*the* fier not be hot & when *the*  
have hung 3 weekes *then* take *them*  
downe & keepe *them* in a drie  
plaic *the* Pickell of this is good  
to put neats Touniges in with a  
Littell Bay salt added to it

folio 109 verso || folio 110 recto

To make an orang Puding

take *the* riney of 4 good sivell oranges  
pared uery thin boile *them* tender In  
searuall waters *then* dry *them* weel &  
beate *them* uery small in a mortar *then*  
put *them* into *the* yolkes of 8 egges  
uery weel beate & hafe a pound of good  
shuger or a littell more if *you* put In  
all most hafe a pound o nue buter so  
work all this weel to geather  
*then* make a past of buter & flower &  
a littel shuger & an Egge or 2 *then*  
so role it out uer thin & lay it all  
over *the* dish *then* put in *the* orange  
past *then* cover it over with ~~an~~ more  
of *the* same past *that* is under *that* past  
of orang so put it In *the* oven to  
to bake not to browne

folio 110 verso || folio 111 recto

Mrs Masters Receipt  
to pott Beefe

Take the fleshy end of the Buttock rand, & take off all the fatt and skinn, and lay it in water for *the* Space of 12 hours, then drain it from *the* water again, and take as much Salt as you think will Season *the* same, and half as much peper as Salt, & mingle them together, and mingle them together, and Rub *the* beef all over with *the* same, and Let it lye about 36: houres turning *the* same 3 times a day: Then put it in an earthen pott and Cover it with *the* fatt and and Skinn *which* you took off, and cover it over with past also, and Bake it with Houshold Bread, and beat it well in a Morter whilest it is hott. you must put no Liquor in your pott: But you may Skimm the fatt from *the* Gravy and mingle with *the* meat as you pound it: and put in a little piece of Butter: and also if you find it not Seasoned enough you may putt in more as you pound it.

folio 111 verso || folio 112 recto

my Lady ashouer s Resaite to  
msate a west falia Ham of a  
Legg of Pork or other Hames

Take quarter of a pound of salt  
Peter & *the* quantety of a wall=  
=nut of Peter salt a pint of  
ordnarey salt mix all these  
uery weel to geather with a  
pound of uery course shuger  
tate a Large Legg of Porke cut  
Ham fashion cut *the* skin about *the*  
knuckle Loose & cram in as much of *the*  
seasening as you can get in Rube it in uery  
weel alle ouer *the* Porke if you heate  
it before *the* fier it twell take in *the*  
seasoning *the* better & when you have done it  
so Lay it in a large earthen dish & a turne  
it in *the* Pickell uery day for 3 weekes & then  
dry it in a cloath & then shake brans all  
ouer it & *then* hang it u. in *the* chimney if you  
haue aney sa dust burn *that* to smoke it if not  
wood it must 3 weekes or a month to *the* Pickell  
you may put in an ounce of le make never punded

To Pickell Pidgeyeons

take *them* Bone *them* & begine at *the*  
neck *then* season *them* <sup>with</sup> peper & salt &  
*what* spice you Like & Lemon time &  
sowe up euer place where *the* skin  
is broak boile *them* in syder & a  
Littell vinger & water & keepe *them*  
in *the* pickell onely as it decayes  
make more

To neat Bake neates Tounge

*them* & cut *the* Rootes cleane of  
& then take a handfull of salt &  
~~some peper~~ Peter salt & coufer  
your tounge after you have salted  
them *with* Peter salt & Bay salt  
Let *them* Lye in *that* Brine ten dayes  
then boile *them* in Pump water till  
they be pretty tender & take *them* &  
Peele *them* cleane & put *them* in a  
Pot & put to *them* some whole peper  
& a littell cloaves & mace & stick a  
few cloaves in *the* tounge & coufer

& coufer *them* weel with Butter  
~~wh~~ when *the* are in *the* pot & so Bakye  
*them* an hower & a hafe *then* take *them*  
& put *them* into an other pot &  
straine *the* Buter & power one  
*them* & fill yep *the* Pot with Bute  
to keepe *them*

*the* same brine will sarue to salt  
more Tounge in but when you put  
*them* in Put in aupon *the* Tounge  
more Peter salt & Bay salt

To stuew great oysters

Take a quart of or 3 pints of  
*them* & put *them* into a sase pan  
with thaire one Lickeure then

Let *them* stwe a littell ~~time~~ while  
& put to *them* hafe a pint of whit  
wine & a littell spice & an oyion  
& a littell Lemon time & so stwe  
set *them* one *the* fier againe. ta  
littell while & take *the* yolkes  
of 3 <sup>e</sup>ggs to make *the* sase thick

*which* must be beate y with a litell  
of the Lickeuer being a-cold  
takene out to be cold & so put  
in againe & made thick over *the*  
fier & put in about hafe a  
pound of good Butter & slices of  
tosted whit bread Layed one  
*the* potom of *the* dish *then* put  
*them* in to & warme *the* dish a  
fore you put it in

folio 114 verso || folio 115 recto

Mrs Eatetons way to Pickell  
Walnuts

Put *the* wallnuts into an great  
Earthen Pot & power boyleing  
water withsat boiled in it one  
*them* & put a trencher one *them* to  
keepe *them* under *the* water *which*  
must <sup>be</sup> enoufe to be a good deale a  
bove *them* & coufer *them* cloase up as  
soone as *the* boileing sat & water  
is powered one *them* let *them* stand in  
euery water 2 dayes boiled with  
a good glarge handfull of salt  
1 days 5 times & when they  
have layne ten day tput *them* in  
to a culondear to let all *the*  
water run from *them* & then  
put in an earthen pot wallnutes

folio 115 verso || folio 116 recto

Leaves & a fue bay leaues & beaten  
peper & Iamake peper & some cloues  
& some nutmeges all beat togeather  
& so put a lare of wallnut & a lare  
of yleave & spick & <sup>a</sup> good quaintey  
so mustard seed & some salt so

betuene *the* lares *which* must be  
put ore *the* top of *the* pot *then*  
power one wine vinger a enouf  
coufear *them* coufer *them* cloase  
up with strong ldubell paper  
tied eone *the* pot about a week  
after look one *them* to see if *the*  
win vinger coufers *them* if not  
put in more & let *them* stand  
a month afore you yuse ~~m~~them

folio 116 verso || folio 117 recto

To make mead

To .12. gallons of water take .8. Quarts of  
Honey put your honey in your kittle with  
*the* water with 18 whites of new Laid Eggs with  
shell well beaten stir them in *the* Honey  
and water and Let it stand on *the* fire till  
it is well melted then hang it over fire  
and stir it no more till it Boyles then scum  
it it and put in an ounce an halfe of  
Corriander seeds, Race Ginger, Cloves, mace,  
nutmegs, of Each about a Quarter of an ounce  
let it Boyle an hour sett a Gallon of water  
by to BPut in whilst it boyles that you may  
have your full Quantity at last which you  
may know by a notch in a stick before  
you hang it over *the* fire have Rind's of  
three Lemonds tied strong on a thread and  
hand them in *the* vessell pouer your Liqueur  
boylng hot on it let it be Cold before you  
work it then work it up with about a  
Quarter of a Pint of Good Ale just as  
you would Bear.

folio 117 verso || folio 118 recto

folio 118 verso || folio 119 recto

folio 126 verso || folio 127 recto

folio 139 verso || folio 140 recto

folio 144 verso || folio 145 recto

folio 159 verso || folio 160 recto



folio 161 verso || folio 162 recto

folio 182 verso || folio 183 recto

folio 183 verso || Part II folio 73 verso

back outside cover i;½i;½i;½i;½i;½i;½

back inside cover || endleaf 1 recto

A booke of verses  
collected by mee  
RDungaruan

endleaf 1 verso || endleaf 2 recto

endleaf 2 verso || folio 1 recto

m

R m

Verses made vpon the death of the  
Ducke of Buckingham

Sooner <sup>Soner</sup> may I some fixed statue bee  
Then prooue <sup>some</sup> forgetfull of thy death or thee  
What art thou gone soe quicly? could a knife,  
Let out soe many titles and a life.  
Now I'le mourne thee o that soe huge a pile  
Of State Should thus passe in soe smale a while.  
Let the rude geneus of the giddy traine  
Bragge in a fury it hath stab'd Spaine  
Austrea and the Skipping French yea all  
Those home bred Papists who did wish our fall  
The Eclypse of two wise princes iudgements, more  
The wast whereby our Land was Still kept poore  
Il'e pittie yet at least thy fatall end  
Shot like a lightening from a violent hand  
Taking thee hence vnsummon'd thou art to us

folio 1 verso || folio 2 recto

The great example of mortalitie:  
And when our after times Shall want a name  
To Startle greatnesse here is Buckingame ,  
Fallen like a Meteor and tis hard to Say  
Whether yt was that went the Stranger way  
Thou; or the hand that Slew thee thy Estate  
Was high and he was resolute aboue that

But Since I am of non ingag'd to thee  
Death and that liberty Shall make me free  
Thy misse I know not yiff thou had'st a fault  
My Charitye shall haue it in thy vault  
Their for thine owne accounting tis vn̄due  
To Speake ill of the dead though it bee true.  
And this euen those that enuy thee confesse  
Thou hadst a flowing mind a Noblenesse.  
A fortune, Friends and Such proportion  
As cals for sorrow thus to bee vndone

Yet should I speake the vulgar, I should bost  
Thy bouls Assasonate, and wish allmost  
He were noe Christian *that* I vpp meight Stand  
To prayse th'Intent of his misguided hand  
And Sure when all the Patriots in their Shade  
Shall ranke, and their full musters there bee made  
Hee shall set next to Brutus and receiue  
Such Bayes as the ' Heathenish Ignorance can giue  
But then the Christian checking this Shall Say  
Though he did good he did ytt the wrong way  
And oft those fall into the worse of ill  
That act the peoples wish without their will.

Epitaphes. On Niobe turn'd to Stone

This Pile thou seest built out of flesh not Stone  
Containes no shroude within nor mouldring Bone,  
This Bloodlesse Trunk is destitute of Tombe  
Which may the Soules fled Mansion enwombe  
This Seeming Sepulcher (to tell the troth)  
Is neither Tombe nor Body and yet both.

folio 2 verso || folio 3 recto

On a Mayd

Beneath this Stone (*which* thou must loue,)  
More beauty lyes then liues aboue.  
Ere 'foure yeares old shee hence did part  
When death in enuy of Cupids dart  
First struck her by Fames truest tongue  
The childish God was tould as younge  
Shee was as hee is fain'd, and faire  
That both together Seene, and paire  
Of Twins might Seeme, at *which* hee cryes,  
Till then hee neuer mist his eyes.  
Yet if hee had them twere in vaine,  
For hee would weepe them out againe.

Thy teares if thou but pittie hast  
Thou canst not choose but Shed and wast  
For if a sin could taint her yeares  
Tis cleane washt in her Mothers teares

On the Lady Arabella Stuart

How doe I thanke thee death and blesse the howre,  
That I haue past the guard and Scap't the Tower.  
That now my Pardon is my Epitaph,  
And A Small coffin my poore carcass hath.  
For at thy charge both Soule and Body were,  
Enlarg'd at once Secu'd from hope and feare,  
That among Saints; this among Kings is laid  
And what my Birthright claimes my death hath paid

On the Countesse of Pembroke

Vnderneath this Sable Herse  
Lyes the Subiect of all verse.  
Sidneye s Sister Pembrock s Mother,  
Death e're thou hast kil'd an other,  
Faire and learn'd and good as Shee  
Time will throw a Dart at thee.  
Marble Piles let no man raise  
To hir Name, for after dayes  
Some good Lady kind as Shee  
Reading this, like Niobe  
Will turne marble and become,  
Both her mourner and her Tombe.

folio 3 verso || folio 4 recto

On A faire child that  
dyed Suddenly

As carefull Nurses in their beds doe lay,  
Their Babes *that* would to long the wantons play.  
So to preuent my youthes approaching times,  
Nature my Nurse layde mee to bed betimes.

On the death of a child  
a yeare ould .

How can Heauens Voyage long or hard appeare,  
This feeble Infant went it in a yeare.  
Yet Reader let not Strenght Secure delay,

For many dye before the'are on their way.  
Here Contemplation to the iourney fit,  
This blest one was her whole life goeing it.

On Prince Henry .

Within this marble casket lyes  
A matchlesse Iewel of rich prize  
Which Nature in the Worlds disdain  
But shewed and then put vp againe.

On Richard Earle of Dorset

Let no profane ignoble foote tread neere  
This hallowed peece of Earth; Dorset lyes here  
A Small Sad relique of a noble Spirit,  
Free as the Aire and ample as his Merit.  
Whose least perfection was large, and great,  
Enough to make a common man compleat.  
A Soule refin'd and cull'd from many men,  
That reconcil'd the Sword vnto the pen,  
Vsing both well. No proud forgetting Lord,  
But mindfull of meane Names and of his word.  
One that did loue for honnor not for ends,  
And had the noblest way of making friends.  
By louing first. One that did know the Court,  
Yet better vnderstood it by report,  
Then practize. For he nothing tooke from thence,  
But the Kings fauour for his recompence.  
One for Religion or his Countryes good,

folio 4 verso || folio 5 recto

That valude not his Fortune nor his Blood,  
One rich in faire opinion high in praise,  
And full of all wee could haue wish't but Dayes.  
Hee that is warn'd of this and Shall forbear  
To rent a Sigh for, him, or s<sup>h</sup>edd a teare.  
May hee loue long and scorn'd vnpittyed fall.  
And want a mourner att his Funerall.

On Mr Henry Boling

If gentlesse could tame the fates or witt  
Delude them, Boling had not perish't yet  
But hee that gouernes death in iudgement sitts  
And sayes our Sinnes are stronger then our wits.. s.

On Prince Henry

Reader wonder think it none  
Though I speake and am a stone,  
Here is shrin'd celestiall dust.  
And I keepe it but in trust.  
If I should my treasure tell.  
Wonder then you meight as well  
How these stones could chuse but breake.  
If they had not learn'd to speake.  
Hence away and ask not mee,  
Whose these sacred ashes bee.  
Purposely it is conceal'd  
For if that should bee reueal'd  
All that read would by and by  
Melt themselues to teares and dy

folio 5 verso || folio 6 recto

On the death of Prince Henry  
by Dr Iunon

Nature waxing old began  
This to desire  
Once to make vp such a man  
Men meight admire  
And soe with to to fine a thread  
Shee rues it Since  
In eighteene yeares Shee perfected  
A peerelesse Prince.  
But death the moth of natures art  
This danger spied  
This sight reuiued each mans hart  
And no man died  
And loe in time amends to make  
And helpe this error  
Remorselesse death vntimely brake  
This loueoly mirror.  
But death beware a surfeict for ti's said  
There's no man cares to live now Henry's  
(dead)

On the death of Prince Henry

Keepe station Nature, and rest Heauen sure  
On thy Supporters shoulders: leat past cure  
Thou dash't in ruine, fall by a greifes weight,

Will make thy Bases shrink and lay thy height,  
 Low as the Canter. Hear and see it read,  
 Through the astonish't world. Henry is dead.  
 It is enough. who seekes to aggrauate  
 One strayne beyond this, prooue more sharpe his fate  
 Then sad our doome. The World dares not Suruiue,  
 To pararell this woes Superlatiue.  
 O Killing Rhetorick of Death. Two words,  
 Breath stronger terrours then Plague, Fire, or Swords.  
 Ere conquer'd This were Epitaph and Verse  
 Worthy to bee præfixt on. Natures Hearse,  
 Or Earthes sad dissoloution, whose fall  
 Will bee lesse grieuous though more generall.  
 For all the woe space ere buried,  
 Throngs in this narrow compasse. Henry is dead.  
 Cease then vnable Poetry. Thy Tone and Phrase  
 Is weake and dull to strike vs with amase.

folio 6 verso || folio 7 recto

Worthy thy vaster Subiect, Let none dare  
 To copy this sad happ but with despaire  
 Hanging at his Quils point; For not a streame  
 Of inck can write much lesse improue this Theame.  
 Inuention highest wraught by Greefe or Wit,  
 Must sink with him and on his Tombestone sit.  
 Who like the dying Sun tells vs the Light  
 And glory of our day fell in his Night.

Vpon the Lady Mary Villiers

The Lady Mary Villiers lyes  
 Vnder this stone; with weeping eyes  
 The Parents that first gaue her breath  
 And those sad friends layde her in Earth  
 If any of them Reader were  
 Knowne vnto thee then shed a teare.  
 Or if thy selfe possesse a Gemme,  
 As deare to thee as shee to them  
 Though a stranger in this place  
 Bewaile in theirs thy owne sad ease  
 For thou perhaps at thy returne  
 Mayst find thy darling in an Vrne.

On Sir Walter Rawleigh

I will not weepe for t'were as great a sin  
 To shedd a teare for thee as to haue beene  
 An Actor in thy Death. Thy life and age

was but a various scene on Fortunes stage.  
Which whom though tuggs't and stone'st e'un out of breath  
In thy long toile: Ne're master'd till thy death.  
And then despite of traynes and cruell witt  
Thou did'st at once subdue malice and it.  
I dare not then soe blast thy memory,  
As say I doe lament or pittie thee.  
Were I to choose a subiect to bestow,  
My pittie on he should be one as Low  
In spirit as desert, That durst not dy,  
But rather were content by slauery  
To purchase life. or I would pittie those  
Thy most industrious and friendly foes  
Who when they thought to make thee scandals story,  
Lent thee a swifter flight to heau'n and glory.  
That though by cutting of some wither'd dayes  
(Which thou could'st spare them to Eclipse thy praise

folio 7 verso || folio 8 recto

Yet gaue brighter foile made thy ag'd fame  
Appeare more white and faire, *then* foule their shame  
And did promote an Execution  
Which (but for them) Nature and Age has done.  
Such worthlesse things as these were onely borne,  
To liue on pittyes almes. To meane for scorne  
Thou di<sup>d</sup>st an enuious wonder whose high fate  
The world may still admire scarce imitate.

A iter

Great Heart who taught thee so to dy,  
Death yeilding thee the Victory.  
Where took'st thou leaue of life? if there  
How could'st thou bee so freed from feare.  
But sure thou died'st and quit'st the state,  
Of Flesh and Blood before that Fate.  
Else what a miracle was wrought  
To triumph both in flesh and thought.  
I saw in eu'ry stander by  
Pale death, Life onely in thine ey  
The Legacy thou gau'st vs then  
Wee'le sue for when thou die'st againe  
Farewell, Truth shall this Honor say  
Wee died Thou onely liued'st that day  
Io Gill.

On the duke of Richmond

Are all diseases dead, or will Death say  
He could not kill this Prince the common way  
It was euen soe; and Time with Death conspir'd  
To make his End as was his life admir'd.  
The Commons were not somon'd now I see,  
Merely to make lawes, but to mourne for thee  
Nor lesse then all the Bishops could suffice,  
To waite vpon so great a sacrifice.  
The Court the Altar was, the Wayters Peers,  
The Mirrhe and Frankincense Great Caesar s teares  
A brauer offering with more pompe and state,  
Nor time nor Death did euer celebrate.

Vpon Poet Shakespeare

Renowned Spencer lye a thought more nigh  
To learned Chaucer , and rare Beaumont lye  
A little neerer Spencer . to make roome  
For Shakespeare in your threefold fourefold Tombe.  
To lodge all foure in one bed make a shift  
Vntill Doomesday, for hardly will a fift  
Betwixt this day and that by Fate bee slaine,  
For whom the Curtaine may bee drawne againe

folio 8 verso || folio 9 recto

If your precedency in death doe barr,  
A fourth place in your sacred Sepuchre  
Vnder this carued Marble of thine owne  
Sleepe braue Tragædian Shakespeare sleepe alone  
Thy vnmolested peace vnshared caue  
Possesse as Lord not Tenaunt of thy graue.  
That vnto others, or vs it may bee,  
Honour hereafter to bee laid by thee.

On the death of Mr Rice  
Manciple.

Who can doubt Rice to *which* eternall place  
Thy soule is fled *that* did but know thy face.  
Whose body was soe light it meight haue gone.  
To heauen without a resurrection  
Indeede thou wert all type thy lines we're signes,  
Thy Arteries but Mathematicke lines  
As if 2 soules had made *the* compound good  
Which both should liue by faith & none by blour.  
R.C.



On Ben. Stone .

Here worthy of a better chest,  
A pretious Stone inclos'd doth rest.  
Whom Nature had so rarely wrought,  
That Art did him admire. and thought  
From his Examples rules to take,  
How shee by it the like meight make.  
Pallas her selfe did wish to weare  
Still such a Jewell at her eare.  
But sicknesse did it from her wring,  
And plac't in Libitinaes ring.  
Who changing Natures work anew,  
Deaths fearefull Image on it drew.  
Pitty that paynes had not been sau'd,  
To good this Stone to bee ingrau'd.

Aliter.

Ierusalem s curse shall neuer light on mee  
For here a stone vpon a stone shall bee.

Aliter

Loe heere I lye stretch't out both hands and feete,  
My bed my graue, my shirt my winding sheete -  
No need to carue a tombestone out for mee,  
A tombestone I vnto my selfe will bee.

**folio 9 verso || folio 10 recto**

On a Virgins Tombe

Stay doe not passe, here fixx your eyes,  
Vpon a Virgins Obsequies.  
Pay tribute from a troubled heart,  
Tis but a teare before you part.  
And what are teares? they are but streames  
Of Sorrow, which like fearefull dreames  
Disturbe your senses, yet I craue,  
No other sacrifice to haue.  
But if you passe and let fall none,  
Y'are harder then this marble stone.  
Your Loue is colder and your eyes  
Lesse senselesse of my miseries.

On a child

Nature in this smale volume was about,  
To perfect what in woemen was left out.  
But fearing least a peece soe well begun  
Meight want preseruatiues when shee had done  
Ere shee could finish what shee vndertooke  
Threwe dust vpon it, and shut vp the booke.

Barkly es Epitaph

Hee that's imprison'd in this narrow roome,  
Were't not for custome needs nor verse nor Tombe.  
Nor from these can their memory bee lent,  
To him who must bee his Tombes monument.  
And by the vertue of his lasting name,  
Must make his Tombe liue long, not it his fame.  
For when his gaudy monument is gone,  
Children of the vnborne world shall spy *the* stone  
That couers him; and to their fellowes cry  
Tis here iust here about Barkley doth ly.  
Let them whose feyned Titles fortyfy  
Their, Tombes, whose sickly vertue feares to dy.  
And let their Tombes bely them; call them blest  
And charitable Marble faine the rest.  
Hee needs not when his Lifes true Story's done,  
The lying postscript of a periurd stone.  
Then spare his Tombe; that's needelesse and vnsafe,  
Whose vertue must outliue his Epitaph.

folio 10 verso || folio 11 recto

On Mrs Drug

Stay passenger and for her sake  
Who while shee liu'd had power to make  
All eyes that on her cast their light  
To fixe with wonder and delight  
Deyne that these liues one sigh may borrow  
Breath'd from thy heart with gen'rous sorrow.  
To see in this sad Tombe now dwelling,  
The fayrest Drury late excelling.  
In virtue beauty and all grace,  
That Heau'n in earthly mould can place,  
And that which may your greife encrease,  
Is that shee did a maide decease.  
And all that wee in her admir'd,  
With her is perisht and expir'd.

Matchlesse shee liu'd vnmatch't shee dyde,  
Drurye s sole heire, and Suffolk es Pride

To Mr Felton .

Inioy thy bondage make thy prison knowe,  
Thou hast a liberty thou canst not owe  
To these base punishments kept intire, sence  
Nothing but guilt shackles the conscience.  
I dare not tempt thy valiant blood to whaye  
In seeling it with pittie, nor dare I pray  
Thine act may mercy find, least thy great story,  
Loose something of its miracle and glory.  
I wish thy meritts friendly cruelty,  
Stout vengeance best beecometh thy memory.  
For I would haue posterity to heare,  
Hee that can brauely doe can brauely beare.  
Tortures may seeme great to cowards eye,  
Tis noe great thing to suffer lesse to dye.  
Should all the clouds fall out, and in that strife,  
Lightening and Thunder send to take thy life.  
I would applaude the wisdom of my fate,  
Which knewe to value mee at such a rate

folio 11 verso || folio 12 recto

As to my fall to trouble all the skye  
Emptying vpon mee Ioues full Armory,  
Serue in your sharpest mischeifes vse *your* rack,  
Enlarge each ioynt and make each sinew crack  
Thy soule beefore was straitned thanke thy doome  
To shew her vertue shee hath larger roome.  
Yet sure if euery artery were broake  
Thou shouldst find strenght for such another <sup>stroake</sup>  
And now I leaue thee vnto death and fame,  
Which liues to shake ambition with thy name  
And if it were noe sinne, the court by it  
Should houely sweare before the Fauorite.  
Farewell; for thy braue sake wee shall not send,  
Henceforth *commanders* enemies to defend.  
Nor will it euer our Iust Monarch please,  
To keepe an Admirall to loose the seas.  
Farewell. vndaunted stand, and ioy to bee,  
Of publique sorrow the Epitome,  
Let the Dukes Name solace and crowne thy <sup>thrall</sup>  
All wee for him did suffer; thou for all.  
And I dare bouldly write as thou darst dye,  
Stout Felton Engand s ransoms here doth lye.

Felton s Epitaph.

Here wintred suspends though not to saue,  
Suruiuing friends th'xpences of a graue.  
Felton s Dead Earth, which to the world must bee  
Its owne sad monument, his Elegie.  
Is large as fame, but whether bad or good,  
I dare not say, by him twas wrote in blood.  
For which his Body's thus entomb'd in aire,  
Arch't o're with heauen, and with a thousand faire,  
And glorious Diamond starres, a Sepulcher  
That time can neuer ruinate, and where,  
Th'impartiall worme that is not brib'd to spare  
Princes when wrapt in marble, Cannot share,  
His flesh which oft the charitable skies  
Embalme with teares, doeing those obsequies,  
Belong to men, shall last till pitting foule,  
Contend to reach his body to his Soule

folio 12 verso || folio 13 recto

On Richard Earle of Dorset

Sexton bee mute I knowe thy ill taught tongue,  
I speaking this Lords praise may doe *him* wrong.  
Tis past all mortals power: then much more thine,  
To tell his vertue dwells within this shrine,  
Yet if illi'trate persons pass this way,  
And ask what Iewel gloryfyes this clay.  
Then tell his name, no more: that shall suffice,  
To draw downe floods of teares, from druest eyes.  
Say Dorset s ashes this Tombe hath in keeping  
Then lead them forth, for theyl grow blind with weeping.

Vpon one drowned in the snow

Within a Fleece of silent waters drown'd  
Before my death was knowne a graue I found.  
That which exi'ld my Life from her sweete home  
For greife, straight snoze it selfe into a Tombe.  
One Element my angry fate thought meete  
To bee my Death, Graue, Tombe and winding sheete,  
Phœbus himselfe my Epitaph had writ

But blou tting many ere he thought one fitt.  
Hee wrote vntill my Graue and Tombe were gone  
And twas an Epitaph that I had none.

For euery one that passed by that way,  
Without a Sculpture re<sup>a</sup>d that there I lay.

On an ould woeman.

Scilla is tootlesse yet when shee was younge  
Shee had many teeth & to much toungue.  
What shall I then of toothlesse say  
But *that* her toungue hath wore her teeth away

An Elegy on Dr Rauis by Dr Corbet

When I passe Pauls & trauaile in *the* walke  
Where all our Britaine sinners sweare & talke  
Old Henrie Ruffine Bankrupts, South sayers  
And youths whose cosenage is as old as theirs  
And there behold *the* body of my lord  
Trod vnder foote by vice which hee abhord  
It wounded mee *the* landlord of all times  
Should let long liues & leases to their crimes  
But to his sauing honours doth afforde  
Scarce soe much Sun as to *the* Prophets Gourde  
Yet since swift flights of enuy haue best ends  
Like breath of Angels which a blessing sends  
and vanisheth withall while fowler deeds  
Expect a tedious haruest of badde seeds

folio 13 verso || folio 14 recto

I blame not fame & nature if they gaue  
Where they could ad noe more their their last a graue  
And iustlie doe thy greeued friends forbear  
Bubbles & Alablaster boyes to reare  
Ore thy religious dust, but bid men know  
Thy life with such illusions cannot shew.  
For thou hast dy'd amongst those happie ons  
Who trust not in their superstitions.  
Their hired Epitaph & periu'rd stone  
Which oft belyes *the* Soule when shee is gone  
But darst commit thy body as it lyes  
To toungues of liuing men, & vnborne eyes.  
What profits thee a sheete of Lead what good  
If on thy Course a Marble Quarrie stood.  
Let those *that* feare their rising purchase vaults  
And send their statues to excuse their faults.  
As if like birds *that* peck at paynted grapes  
Their Iudge knew not their persons from their shapes  
Whilst thou assured from thy easie dust  
Shalt spring at first they would not yet they must.  
Nor neede *the* Chauncellor boast whose Pyramis

About *the* Host & Alter raised is.  
For though thy body fill a viler roome  
Thou shalt not change deeds with his for his tombe

Mr Dr Corbet s Elegy on  
Sir Thomas Ouerburie .

Had'st thou like other knights & Sirs of worth,  
Sickned & dyed, being stretcht out & layde forth  
After thy funerall sermon, taken earth  
And left noe deede to prayse thee but thy birth  
Then Ouerburie by a passe of theirs  
Thou meighte haue tyded hence in two howers teares..  
Then had wee worne thy sprig of memorie  
Noe longer then thy friends did rosemarie  
Or then *the* dole was eating for thy sake  
And thou hadst sunke in thine owne wine & cake  
But since it was soe ordered & thought fit  
By them who knew thy truth & fear'd thy witt  
Thou should'st bee poyesen'd death has done thee grace  
Rankt thee about *the* region of thy place.  
For none heares poyson nam'd but makes reply  
What Prince was *that* what states man *that* did dy  
In this thou hast outliu'd an Elegy  
Which were to narrow for posteritie.  
And *the* ranke poyson *that* did seeme to kill  
Working a fresh (in some historians quill  
Shall now preserue thee longer ere thou rot  
Then could a poem mixt with Antidot  
Now needs't thou trust noe Herald with thy name  
Thou art *the* voice of Iustice & of Fame  
While sinn detecting her owne conscience striues  
To pay *the* vse in Interest of liues

folio 14 verso || folio 15 recto

Enough of time & meight it please *the* law  
Enough of bloude, for naming bloud I saw  
Hee *that* writes more of thee must write of more  
Which I affect not, but refer men ore  
To Tiburne , by whose art they may desine  
What life of man is worth by rvalueing thine.

To his matchlesse neuer to bee  
forgotten friend .

Accept thou Shrine of my dead Saint  
In steed of Dirges this complaint  
And for sweete flowers to crowne thy Hearse

Receiue a strew of weeping verse  
From thy greiu'd freind; whom thou meighst see  
Quite melted into teares for thee  
Deare losse since thy vntimely fate  
My taske hath been to meditate  
On Thee, on thee, Thou art *the* booke  
The librarie whereon I looke  
Though almost blind; For thee (lou'd Clay )  
I languish out not liue *the* day  
Vsing noe other exercise  
But what I practize with mine eyes  
By which wett glasses I find out  
How lazily time creeps about

To one *that* mournes: This onely this  
My exercise & businesse is.  
So I compute *the* weary howers  
With sighes dissolued into shewers  
Nor wonder if my time goe thus  
Backward & most preposterous:  
Thou hast Benighted mee: Thy sett  
This Eue of blackness did begett  
Who wast my day (Though ouercast  
Beefore thou hadst thy noone=tide past  
And I remember must in teares  
Thou scarce had seene soe many yeares  
As day tels howers) By thy cleere Sun  
My loue & fortune first did run  
But thou wilt neuer more appeare  
Folded within my Hemispheare  
Since both thy light & motion  
Like a fled Starre is fal'n & gon  
And twi'xt mee & my Soules deare wish  
An earth now interposed is.  
Which such a strange Eclipse doth make  
As n'ere was seene in Allmanake  
I could allowe thee for a time  
To darken mee & my sad clime  
Were it moneth, a yeare or Ten  
I could thy exile liue till then  
And all *that* space my mirth adiourne  
So thou wouldst promise to returne

folio 15 verso || folio 16 recto

And putting off thy <sup>ashy</sup> Shrowd  
At length disperse this Sorrowes cloud  
But woe is mee; The longest date  
Too narrowe is to calculate  
These empty hopes. Neuer shall I  
Bee soe much blest as to descry

A glimpse of thee, till *that* day come  
Which shall *the* earth to cinders doome  
And a fierce feauer shall calcine  
The body of this world like thine  
My little world. That fitt of fire  
Once of our bodyes shall aspire  
To our soules blisse. Then wee shall rise  
And view our selues with cleerer eyes.  
In *that* calme Region where noe night  
Can hide vs from each others sight.  
Meane time thou hast hir Earth much good  
May my harme doe thee; Since it stood  
With Heauens will; I meight not call  
Hir longer mine, I giue thee all  
My short liu'd right & interest  
In hir, whom liuing I lou'd best.  
With a most free & bounteous greife  
I giue <sup>thee</sup> what I could not keepe.  
Bee kind to hir; & pre' thee looke  
Thou write into thy Doomsday booke

Each parcell of this Rarity  
*Which* in thy Casket shrin'd doth lie.  
See *that* thou make thy reckning streight  
And yeild her back againe by weight.  
For thou must Audit on thy trust  
Each graine & Atome of this dust.  
As thou must answer him *that* lent  
Not gaue thee this sad monument.  
So close *the* ground: & 'bout hir shade  
Black curtaines drawne. My Bride is layd.  
Sleepe on my loue in thy coald bed  
Neuer to be disquieted.  
My last good night: Thou wilt not wake  
Till I thy fate shall ouertake;  
Till age, or greife, or sicknesse must  
Marry my body to thy dust  
It soe much loues; & fill *the* roome  
My heat keepes empty in thy tombe.  
Stay for mee there. I will not faile  
To meete thee in *that* hollow  $\text{r}^{\text{v}}$ aile  
And thinke not much of my delay  
I am allready on *the* way  
And follow thee with all *the* speed  
Desier can make or sorrowes breed  
Each minute is a short degree  
And eu'ry hower a step to thee.  
At night when I beetake to rest  
Next morne I rise neerer my west



Of life, allmost by eight howers saile  
 Then when sleepe breath'd his drowsy gale.  
 Thus from *the* Sunne my bottome steares  
 And my dayes Compasse downward beares  
 Nor labour I to stemme *the* tide  
 Through which to thee I swiftly glide  
 'Tis true *with* Shame & greife I yeild  
 Thou like *the* vaunt first took'st *the* field  
 And gotten hast *the* victorie  
 In thus aduenturing to die  
 Beefore mee, whose more yeares might craue  
 A iust precedence in the graue.  
 But harke! my pulse like a soft Drumme  
 Beates my approach; tels thee I come:  
 And slow how e're my marches bee  
 I shall at last sit downe by thee.  
 The thought of this bids mee goe on  
 And waite my dissolution  
 With hope and comfort. Deare (forgiue  
 The crime) I am content to liue  
 Diuided, with but halfe a heart  
 Till wee shall meete and neuer part.  
 HK

Vpon the death of Beaumont

Beaumont lies here: and where now shall wee haue  
 A muse like his, to sigh vpon his graue  
 Ah none to weepe this *with* a worthy teare  
 But hee *that* cannot. Beaumont *that* lies heer.  
 Who now shall pay thy tombe *with* such a verse  
 As thou *that* Ladyes didst, faire Rutland s herse.  
 A monument *that* will then lasting bee  
 When all her marble is more dust then shee  
 in thee all's lost, a sudden dearth & want  
 Hath seas'd on witt, Good Epitaphs are scant  
 Wee dare not write thy Elegy whilst each feare  
 Hee ne're shall match *that* copy of thy teares.  
 Scarce in an age a Poet & yet hee  
 Scarce liues *the* third part of his age to see  
 But quickly taken of & onely knowne  
 Is in a minute shut as soone as showne  
 Why should weake nature tyre her selfe in vain<sup>e</sup>  
 In such a peece to dash it strait againe  
 Why should shee take such workes beyond her skill  
 Which when shee cannot persist shee must kill

Alas what is't to temper slime & myre  
 Then nature's purz<sup>z</sup>estl'd when shee workes in fyre  
 Great braines like bright glasse crackle straight while ^ those  
 Of stone and wood hold out & feare noe blowes  
 Beaumont dyes young: so Sydney did before  
 Their was not Poetry hee cold liue noe more  
 Hee cold not grow *the* higher, nay I scarce know  
 If th'art it selfe vnto *that* pitch cold grow  
 Wert not in thee, that had'st arriu'd *the* hight  
 Of all *that* witt cold reach, or Nature might.  
 O when I read those excellent things of thine  
 Such strenght such sweetenesse coucht in euery line,  
 Such life of Fancie such high choyc of brayne  
 Nought of *the* vulgar mint, no borro'wd straine  
 Such passions, such expressions meete my ey  
 Such witt vntaynted with obscenyty?  
 And those soe vnaffectedly exprest  
 But all in a pure flowing language drest  
 And all soe borne within thy selfe thine owne  
 Soe new, soe fresh, soe nothing had vpon

I greiue not now *that* old Meanders raine  
 Is rui'nd to suruiue in thee againe  
 Such in his time was hee, of the same peece  
 The smoth, euen, naturall witt, & loue of Greece  
 Whose few sententious fragments shew more worth  
 Then all the Poets Athens e're brought forth.  
 And I am sorry wee haue lost those howers  
 On them, whose quicknesse comes far short of ours  
 And dwelt not more on Thee, whose euery page  
 May bee a pattern to their scene & stage  
 I will not yield thy worke soe meane a prayse  
 More pure, more chast more saynted then are playes  
 Nor with *that* dull supinesse to bee read  
 To passe a fyre or laugh an hower in bed,  
 How doe *the* muses suffer euery where  
 Taken in such mouthes, censurd in such cares,  
 That twixt a whist, a line or two rehearse  
 And with their rheume together spawle a verse  
 This all a Poems leasure; after play  
 Drinke, or Tobocco it may helpe the day  
 Whilst euen their very Idlenesse they thinke  
 Is lost in these, *that* loose their time in drinke

folio 18 verso || folio 19 recto

Pittie their dullnesse; wee *that* better know  
 Will a more serious hower on thee bestow  
 Why should not Beaumont in *the* morning please  
 As well as Plautus , Aristophanes .  
 Who if my pen may as my thoughts bee free

Were scurrill witts & Buffones both to thee  
 Yet these our learned of seuerest brow  
 Will dayne to looke on, & to note them to.  
 That defye our owne, 'tis English stuffe  
 And th Author is not rotten long enough.  
 Alas what fleame are they compard *with* thee  
 In thy Philaster & Mayds Tragedie.  
 Where's such an humor as thy Bessus? Nay  
 Let them put all their Thrasoos in one play  
 Hee shall out bid them: Their conceit was poore  
 All in *the* circuit of a Bawd & whore.  
 A cosening Danus, Take *the* foole away  
 And not a good iust extant in *the* play  
 Yet these are wits because they're old & now  
 Being Greeke & Latine they are learned to.  
 But these their owne time were content t'allow  
 A thriftie fame, and thine is lowest now.  
 But thou shalt liue & when thy name is growne  
 Sixe ages old or shalt bee better knowne  
 When th'art <sup>with</sup> Chaucer s standing in *the* tombe  
 Thou shalt not share but take vp all his roome  
 I E.

#### On the Lady Markham

You wormes my riuals while shee was aliue  
 How many thousand were there *that* did striue  
 To haue your freedome for their sakes forbear  
 Vnseemely holes in her soft soft skin to weare  
 But if you must (as what worme can abstaine  
 Tast of her tender body yet refraine  
 With your disorder'd eatings to deface her  
 And feed *your* selues soe as you most may grace her  
 First through her eare tips see you worke a paire  
 Of holes *which* as the moist inclosed aire  
 Turnes into water may *the* cold drops take  
 And in her eares a paire of iewels make  
 That done vpon her bosome make *your* feast  
 Where on a crosse carue Iesus on her breast  
 Haue you not yet enough of that white skin  
 The touch of which in times past might haue <sup>ben</sup> binne  
 Enough t'haue ransom'd many a thousand soule  
 Captiu'd to loue. then hence *your* bodies rowle  
 A little higher, where I wold you haue  
 This Epitaph vpon her forehead graue  
 Liuing shee was young faire & full of witt  
 Dead all her faults are in hir forehead writt  
 As vnthrifts mourne in strawe for their pawned beds

As woemen weepe for their lost mayden heads  
When both are *with out* hope of remedy  
Such an vntimely greife haue I for thee

**folio 19 verso || folio 20 recto**

On *the* Sacrament

He was the word that spake it  
he tooke the bread and brake it  
And what that word did make it  
I doe beleue and take it

**folio 20 verso || folio 21 recto**

S

To make Goosbury Wine

Gather your Goosburys when they be  
throw ripe & very dry then beate them  
in a cleane wooden bowle with a  
wooden beater as you doe use to beate  
Apples for Sider, then Let them lye  
all night in a cleane earthen pott or  
Tubb covered, the next mourning straine  
them throw a haire strainer in a  
press as you doe Sider, then put it in  
cleane earthen potts or a cleane  
Runlett that hath one end out, cover  
it and let it stand and it will worke  
it sealfe cleane, casting up a great  
thick skin like a Curd take that  
off cleane and put in as hard sugar  
unbaten as will make it of a good  
sweetness and bottle it. it will be  
ready to drink quickly and not

**folio 21 verso || folio 22 recto**

keep long it will drink much like  
Rennish wine.

If you see it need you may let it runn  
throw a haire Raigne after the skin  
is taken off or through a gotten Gelly  
bagg, A Raigne I think it best and  
I beleive it is best to Straine them  
out the same day for I think lying  
all night with the skins makes it

sharper, but this is as I made it  
when my Daughter liked it so well  
and I am trying Currents this way  
and boyle it a little with the sugar.

To make Goosbury Wine.

Take a Gallon of Goosburys, pick of  
the topps and sta<sup>l</sup>kes score them a

cross the toppes put to them one  
Gallon of spring water one pound of  
sugar let them stand close stopped in  
an earthen pott 24 houres, then straine  
them throw a Cotten strainer and  
put to the Liquour one pound of  
sugar, and so bottle it up; the Goos=  
=burys must be full ripe./

To make Goosbury Wine boyled

Take 3 pound of picked Goosburys  
full ripe, a pound of sugar, a quart of  
water: bruise the Goosburys well and  
mingle altogather ~~the~~ and straine  
it throw a Canvas bagg give it but  
2 or 3 walmes at most and so put  
it up in a vessell close stopped and

**folio 22 verso || folio 23 recto**

in 10 or 12 days bottle doe not tie  
down your corkes: for it may flie &  
breake your bottles: if you boyle it  
too much it will Ielly and never be  
cleane For Raw Goosbury Wine Iuice  
the same quantitie as before. But  
bottle it not in a monthes time.?

To Make English Wine.

Gather your Grapes when they be  
throw ripe very drie pick all the  
rotten ones from the bunches, then  
put them into a cleane Tubb and  
mash them all to pieces upon the  
stalkes with a wooden beater <sup>^ such</sup> as you  
knock fine Napkins with when

they are so bruised put them into  
another Tubb and when they are

all mashed let them stand all night  
covered with a cleane cloath then  
the next mourning put them in  
baggs as you do Sider and press the  
Luce out into a cleane Tubb that hath  
a spikett at the bottome so let them  
stand covered till there rise a scum  
on the topp like Est, then draw it  
into a barrell, it will work in the  
barrell a day or two before it must  
be stopped up, put a litle sugar in  
=to the barrell to keep the spirits &  
so draw it out a mounth or two  
after when it is fine an cleare &  
bottle it.

To Make Metheglin

Take ten Gallons of Water and and

**folio 23 verso || folio 24 recto**

boyle it halfe an howre and when it  
is could put it seaven quarts of honey  
and break in the water with such a  
thing as you breake beate bisket with  
but thrice as big with a long handle  
that it may always touch the bottom  
for the honey will lie there till it be  
melted and so long it must be beat  
this proportion will make it bare  
up an egge so as only the Crowne is  
seen, if it be good if not you must  
in more till it will do so then put  
a handfull of rosemary and sweet  
marjorum and a little sweetbrier,  
one ounce of ginger and an ounce  
of mace and nutmegs sliced and  
scraped and so let it boyle halfe

an houre takeing off the scum as  
it riseth, but as little of the Rosmary  
and ginger as you can and so let it  
stand till the next mourning, then  
take the whites of egges shells and  
all, and beate them with a litle

water, & put them in the drink when  
it is cold, and then set it on the fire  
and let it boyle as long as any scum  
will rise and skim it all the while  
very cleane then straine it into  
pans to stand and coole and the  
next mourning take of the cleare  
of it and turne it into a Barrell  
with a pint of yest, beaten with  
the white of an egge, and a litle  
wheate flower and when it hath

folio 24 verso || folio 25 recto

stoppe it close and let it stand a  
mounth then draw it into pottles &  
keep it in sand or in a cellar a moun<sup>th</sup>  
longer and then drink it.  
From the Lady Tempe the best I  
have dranke

To Make Elder Ale.

Take halfe a hogshead of good strong  
Ale, a peck of ripe Elderberrys well  
pickt 2 pennyworth of Ginger and as  
much cloves & nutmeggs when you  
boyle the wort put all these ingredi  
=ents into it, boyle them well toga  
=ther and work it as you do other  
drink, or plaine Ale put halfe a  
pound of hopps to the Ale that  
it may keep till the spring untill

which time it is not unusal to drink  
straine it like other drinke./

How to make Cowslip Wine./

Take to every Gallon of water two  
pound of powder sugar, boyle it an  
houre and straine it cleane and  
set it cooling. to every Gallon of  
liquor put an ounce and an halfe  
of sirup of sittern and to tenn  
Gallons two spoonfulls of Ale yest  
beaten with the sirup and put to=  
=gather a working haveing two brown  
tosts put in hot spread the toasts

with the sirrup and set them a  
working two days, and in the  
working of it put in the flowers  
being first brewed to tenn Gallon<sup>s</sup>  
you must put in halfe a bushell

folio 25 verso || folio 26 recto

of flowers and when you bottle it  
you must put a lump of fine sugar  
into every bottle and tye down the  
Corkes./

To make Marigold Wine./

Take 8 Gallons of spring water put  
ti it 18 pound of white sugar, boyle  
the sugar and water neare halfe an  
houre, takeing off the scum as it  
riseth then take halfe a bushell of  
flowers pickt and a litle brused, then  
take off your liquor & poure it hott  
upon the flowers and let it stand  
till tis cold then straine *the* liquor  
from the flowers and spread sum  
good thick Ale balme upon both  
sides a large tost of household bread  
(being baked hard) while 'tis hot,

and so put it into your liquor &  
~~poure it hot upon the flowers &  
let it stand till tis cold~~ cover it  
when it has worked two days or less  
take out the toast and tunn it into  
a vessell fitt for it and stope it close  
and in three weekes bottle it put  
=ing into every bottle a lump of  
Sugar./

To make Raspberry Wine /

To a Gallon & a halfe of Rasberys  
take one Gallon of water let it stand  
6 houres, then draw it out and let  
it stand 6 houres more then straine  
it through a haire seive rubbing *the* pulp  
through then put it presantly into  
a close vessell & to every Gallon a



pound and halfe of Sugar and  
when you find it cleare draw it

folio 26 verso || folio 27 recto

out and put a pound and halfe  
more sugar to every Gallon let it  
stand an houer or too to setle so  
botle it up to your use.

To make Rasbury wine from the  
Earle of Warwick .

Take to a hogshead of white wine four  
=score pound of ripe rasberys and put  
them in at the bunghole and let  
them lye three days then stir it  
very well with a long stick that will  
reach to the bottome of the hogshead  
and at three weekes end this will  
be fit to be drunke.

\*Bushels:

To make Mum from *the* Lady Tyrrell

In one hogshead, 13, strike of Malt;  
let it stand on 3 hours; and put in

6 pound of hopps, boyle the wort 2  
hours; when it is turned up make a  
litle bag, and put into it 2 hanfulls  
of wheate, and a few Cloves, sow it  
up and put it in the hogshead, and  
stope it close./

To make Cowslip Wine

To 3 Gallons of water take 6 pound  
of the best pounded sugar boyle them  
together halfe an houre, as the scum  
riseth take it off and set it to colle  
as you do wort, when it is cold take  
a spoonfull of the best Alle, and  
therewith beate 3 ounces of the  
sirup of the Iuce of flowers then  
power it into the liquor and bruise  
it well together then put in a  
peck of the topes that are clipped

of Cowslips infuse them in the liqu  
=or leting them work 3 days cover  
=ing them with a cloath in an earthen  
pot straigne it and put it into a clean  
caske stoped close so let it stand 3  
weekes then botle it and tye the  
corkes well and set it in saund and  
let it stand 6 weekes before it is dran<sup>k</sup>

How to make Goosbery Wine or curant<sup>wine</sup>

Take a peck of Goosberys and pick  
them cleane and stampe them;  
then take 3 Gallons of water and  
put your Goosberys into it and let it  
stand together all night then straigne  
them and put to every Gallon halfe  
a pound of sugar. let it stand a  
day or too, to setle them put it into

a barrell when it hath stood four days  
draw it out into bottles, and to every  
Gallon put halfe a pound of lofe  
sugar more the Goosberys must be  
strained for feare to make it thick.  
this way you make Currant wine  
also./

To make Meath./

To every quart of honey take 6 quarts  
of water and boyle it on a good quick  
fire so long as any scum ariseth as it  
boyles put above halfe a pint of water  
into it at a time very oft and scum  
of the scum as it riseth and besure  
you keep it up to the same quantitie;  
you put of, water and honey at first;  
put in it a litle rosmary according  
to the quantitie you make and boyle  
it a quarter of an houre; scuming it

very well you must put into it a litle  
ginger, as much as you think will give  
it a taste of it, and let it have a walm

after it. Then take it and put it into a wooden vessell, that is very well scalded, that it taste of nothing and let it stand all night and the next morning straine it throw a haire sieve, then if you make any store, you may boyle up the grounds that is in the bottome of the vessell with 3 or 4 quarts of water and when it is cold straine it to the rest, and put thereto a litle good light barme that which you make in the winter you must let it stand 3 days and 3 nights cover'd up before you bottle it. Two nights will serve in the summer.

then bottle it up, but besure you scum of the barme cleare before you bottle it. Let your vessell you intend to put your meath too colle in stand with scalding water; whilst you boyle your Meath. Four spoonfulls of good new Ale barme will serve for 5 quarts of honey.

To make Elderberry Wine/

Take twenty pound of maligole raisings, rub them clean, & shread them very small, boyle 5 gallons of water an hour then poure it hot upon *them* and let it stand ten days stirring it now and then, pass it through a haire seeve, and put 6 pints of Elderberys Iuice drawin in Dalmario, that is boyled in a pott, out of water in a skittle & then straine it out; put it in cold & stir it well

folio 29 verso || folio 30 recto

together, then tun it in a vessell & let it stand in a warme pkace 6 weekes or two months and then boyle it, the cellar is a warme place enough & Gallon of of berrys make two quarts of Iuce.

Sir George Hastings Balsome

1 Take a pint and halfe of the best sallet Oyle, and put a quarter of a pound of yellow waxe being cut small into it then take a handfull of bays a handfull of time & a handfull of Rosemary a handfull of Balme and cut them all small with *your* knife and put them to the oyle & wax in the pipkin and let them all boyle together the wax being first melted in the Oyle let all these herbes boyle halfe a quarter of an houre after the wax is melted.

2 Then take Storex liquida two ounces, and wash it in 3 waters of plaintaine, then take halfe a pound of venice Tur=  
pentine and wash it in red rose wa<sup>^</sup>ter then put your Turpentine to *the* Storex=  
liquida and beate them both together with a litle plantaine & red rose water then put else likewise into *the* pipkin to *the* rest, with a quarter of a pint of plaintaine and red rose water mixte together, both waters makeing not halfe a pint and let them boyle at a softe fire a quarter of an houre that it look green and take it from the fire, then put in an ounce of red Sa<sup>u</sup>nders in fine powder stirring it well together and straine it in a faire basson or anything else will hold it, and when it is cold put in your knife to *the* bottome, and power

folio 30 verso || folio 31 recto

out the water that remaineth. Set it on the fire again and when it is melted put your quarter of an ounce of Sanguis Draconis and halfe an ounce of mamma being both in fine powder put it into the pipkin, leting it boyle a quarter of an houre continually stirring of it, beate your Sanguis Draconis first in powder then put into that powder your mamma, and it will make it beate the easier then take it from the fire and straine it twice before it grow colde through a thick strai=  
ner. Then put that is strained a

=gaine into the pipkin and set it  
on the fire and put in the fower  
ounces of the Oyle of Ipericon and  
the five drams of right balsome, &  
stir it continually that it may  
mingle well together till it be almost  
cold then power it out into pots for *your* use/

To make sack mead

To euery 3 quarts of water take one quart  
of honey to 10 gallons of Liquor put in 30 ounces  
of hops boiling them an hour in *the* Liquor &  
when it is cold, fit for yesting clear it of into  
a uessell which will contain it to work in then  
put on your Liquor Six pennyworth of as good  
yest as you can get it must be wrought  
dilegintly 10 or 12 daies as you <sup>doe</sup> ale or any other  
Liquor when it grows heady fit for Tunning be  
carefull to get a sack cask to Tunn it in then  
let it stand from march you make it untill  
that time twelue moenth in *the* cask then you  
may bottle it

To make goosebery Vineger

To euery gallon of watter put six, pound  
of ripe goosberys well brused power *your* wate<sup>r</sup>  
boyling hot upon them in a runlet let it stand  
to ferment in a hot place well couered untill  
*the* berries rise to *the* top then draw *the* Liquor  
forth into a nother uesill & to euery gallon  
put half a pound of powder sugar then Tun itt  
into *the* rundlet a gain, let it work whilst it will  
then close *the* uessill after six months you  
may use it

folio 31 verso || folio 32 recto

To pickle Large Cucumbers

Take large cucumbers when *they* are ripe  
before they turn yellow slice them as thick  
as ~~thiek~~ as half a crown lay one frowning  
upon another & strow salt betwixt euery  
flowering & when *they* haue stood to drain  
put *the* Liquor from them boyl a pickel of

good uineger with mase pepper, & spice if you please, when tis cold put them in & keep them for use when *they* mother put fresh pickle to them if you please you may slice an onion or 2 a among them

### Lemm Sillibub

Take A pinte of Cream halfe A pinte of renish wine a quator of A pint of Sack half A pound of Suger put to these *the* rind of one Lemon grated & *the* iuce sture them well & then whip them with a whiske & Laye *the* froth as it rises, In *your* glases it should be made ouer night

-

### To make birch wine

To euery gallon of Birch atter put 2 pound of sugar boyle it uery well & scum it till thear will noe moer ries then put it thro a hair sif when its cold put barm to itt as much as you wold doe to ale & keep itt uery warm as *the* barm may rise & when it is at *the* highest sucn it of clein & put itt into *the* uesill, when it hath stood 6 weeks you may

bottle it cooking it well it will keep a yere or more, if you would drink it sooner half *the* quantty of sugar, will sarve f. m before you put *the* wine into *the* bar<sup>r</sup>ell light a grate quant<sup>i</sup>ty of brimstone matchis & hang them in *the* ues<sup>s</sup>ell & when *they* are out take them a way & put in *your* wine whilst *the* uessell is warm *the* longer you keep it in *the* uessell before you bottle it *the* better it will be

### To Pickle Mushromes

Take *your* mushromes & pill them with a knife then put them into faire watter then drayn *them* out & put salt to them & boil them drayne *them* from *the* licquor & put then into uinegar & water & let them ly in it 24 ours then make a pickle of halfe white wine & half uinegar & put to it mase Iamaico pepper, white pepper & gingir & soe put *your* mushroms into it, & couer

them with mutton suet

for *the* Gripes

Take A new quart bottle cork & burn it  
to A cole then beat it to powder & mingle it  
with half a quortor of a pint of sack or  
less if it can be mixed well so strain it & giue  
as much at a time as you can but all in one day  
this quantity you may giue a child of half a  
year ould it is good for man woman ~~or child~~

folio 32 verso || folio 33 recto

A Larger quantity as you think fitt it will  
giue ease in half an hour

The Lady Smith s Receipt to make  
meathe

take Ten pounds of Honey & nine  
gallons of water keepe out one gallon  
of water to mix with *the* Honey Let *the*  
8 gallons <sup>gage it before it</sup> boile ~~thengage it~~ & Let it boile  
downe to *the* notch & scum it uery weel

The Lady Smith s Receipt to make  
meade

Take 10 pounds of Honey to 9 gallons of  
water keepe out on gallon of water to mix with  
*the* honey set on *the* 8 gallons in *your* boiler then  
gage it & let it boile hafe an hower then put  
in *the* rest & let it boile downe to *the* notch  
& scoum it very cleane *then* put in *the* whiths  
of 5 or 6 g egges weel beaten & stire it  
about one *the* fier & *then* take it of & scoum  
of uery cleane one *the* fier & then take  
it of set it of coole & when it tis cold  
put it in to a tub & put to it as much good  
alle yest as you think will make it work  
tis best put in to a Runday & put in it  
a fue cloaues & mace & ginger & *the* rines  
of 3 lemons

folio 33 verso || folio 34 recto

To make Black cherey wine

Take 5 galonons of spring water  
& & 20 pound of good malago resons  
& cut *them* not uery smale brub  
~~in~~*them* cleane in a cloath afore you cut  
*them* boile *the* water a full hower  
*then* power it into *the* tub to *the* cut  
resons boyleing hot & stire it  
weel to geather with a stick &  
set *the* Tub in *the* seller if it be  
uery hot wether it rot in a warme<sup>r</sup>  
place Let stand 8 days stiring  
it Twise a day & coufer *the* tub  
with a cloath *then* take 15 pound  
of good Black eheey chriey<sup>s</sup> &  
Bruse *them* in a mortar to break *the*  
stones & *then* put *them* to *the* water &  
*the* resons & stire it weel & let it  
2 days Longer *then* take straine it  
throue a course haire siue &  
after *that* thru a thine caniuies  
Bagg to make it as cleare as you

folio 34 verso || folio 35 recto

you must not squese it to  
hard *that* it may not make it  
thick *when* ys is done *then* tun  
it up in *the* vesell *which* must  
be quit full & set in a seller  
& ~~&~~ stop *the* vesell with  
browne paper 3 or 4 times  
dubell to 4 days & *then*  
stop it up close with clay &  
so let it stand for a month &  
*then* drawe it of in to a lese  
vesell *that* it may be full & so  
Let it stand for a month  
or 6 weekes before ~~t~~ you  
bottell it & *then* you do put  
in to euery botell a Littell  
whit shuger *this* wine well  
keep ya yeare

folio 35 verso || folio 36 recto

folio 36 verso || folio 37 recto

folio 37 verso || folio 38 recto



folio 38 verso || folio 39 recto

folio 39 verso || folio 40 recto

To make a Plum cake with citron

take a pound of uery fine flower &  
set it before *the* fier & drie it uery  
weel & when tis cold put in to it 2  
pound & a f hafe of good buter & hafe a  
pound of lofe shuger foley ley beaten &  
& a quarter of an ounce of mace &  
& 2 nutmegs & as much cynoment  
fonely beaten as will ly one a 6 penc  
& a litel salt five pound of good  
corance cleane washe & rubed &  
picked so mingell all this togeater geater  
uery weel & a pece of citron or  
hafe a candid orange cut either  
very small *then* beate 12 yolke of  
egges *the* whits of 6 of *them* with a  
quarter of a pound of beaten loafe  
shuger beat *them* hafe an houer &  
† straine to *the* egges a litel more  
*then* a wine pint of thick alle yest  
& 2 spoonefulls of rose water & a  
pint of sack mingell all this weel  
together geather & mak *the* flower & corans

in a hie ridge so power *the* eggs & yest one  
side & a quarte of cl ream one *the* other  
side blood warme so mingell all togeater  
till it be weel mixed *then* coufer it with  
a flowerd cloat *that* is warmed & set it before  
*the* fier til it rise very light *then* power  
it in to *the* hoop *that* is butred & clape it  
downe a litel with *you* r hand to make it  
smove *you* r hand must be either butred  
or flowered so put it in to a quick  
ouen but have a care it doe not burne  
in an houer & a hafe twel be baked  
for to candie it beate *the* whites of 2  
nue layed egges to *the* froath *then* have  
ready one pound of fine loufe shuger  
finely sarced so beate it with *the*  
whites til it be uery whit *then* lay  
it one *the* cake with an knif & it  
will drye with out puting it in to  
*the* oven

To make a Plum cake

Take 5 pound of very fine flower & drie it before *the fier* & when tis dried put in a quarter of a pound of good white shuger & 2 nutmeges & some mace & cloves & cynimont of of all *the* spice aboue an ounce & a litel salt so mingell all this weel togeather with 6 pound of good corance weel washed & rubed & picked so make all this into a hie ridge in *the* pan or couer you make it in *then* power in one on side a quartø of cream boiled & when it has  $\text{p}$  boiled take it of *the fier* & put in it a pound of good buter & so let it all melt *then* haue redy beaten 20 yolks of egges & ten of *the* whits *then* straine a pint of thick alle yest to *them* & 4 spoonefulls of sack so beate it togeather *then* power in *the* egges

& yest one on side & *the* creame blood ~~warm~~ & warme one *the* other side of *the* ridge so *then* mingell rownd all one way till tis very weel mixed *then* coufer it in warme with a cloath *that* is warmed & flowered & so set it before *the fier* to rise for hafe an houer while *the* ouen heates *then* power it in to *the* hoop *that* is butred & sent it in to a quick oven but doe not let it sc<sup>r</sup>or<sup>h</sup> twill be baked in 3 quarters of an hou<sup>r</sup> houer when tis in *the* hoop cut it in this maner & *then* with your hand flouered claped it smoue but not to harde downe you may see it if you please

To make Littell Plum cakes

take a pound of loufe shuger finely beaten & *the* yolkes of 4 egges & *the* whites of 2 & hafe a pound of good

nue buter & 2 pound of good corance  
washed & picked & rubed & 6 spoonfuls  
of sweet cream made blood warme  
& a nutmeg dgrated & some mace &  
cloues beaten so mingell all this to  
geater *then* put in as much very fine  
dried flower as will make it in to a  
very Limber past so make *them* in to litel  
cakes asn inch thick & as round as  
*you* can & lay *them* one butred paper &  
bin batred paper about *them* *the* will  
be backed in hafe an houer if *you*  
please *you* may put in either sliced  
canded orange or cytorn *you* must  
weet *them* over with a youlk of an  
egg beaten with a litell bere *then*  
put in to *the* cake 2 or 3 spoonfulls  
of sack *which* will make *them* light

To make a seed cake

take 8 quarts of fine dried flower  
& one pound of loufe shuger finely  
beaten & 2 mutmegs & some cloves & mace  
a litel salt so mingell all this togeather  
& lay it up in a hie ridge in *the* pan *you*  
make it in & have ready beaten 13 egges  
*the* whites of 6 of *them* *then* straine to *them*  
a bove a pint of good alle yest so beate  
*the* yest in *the* egges & put 4 or 5 spoone  
of sack to *them* & *then* have redy all most a  
quart of good reame boiled & 4 pound &  
=& 3 quarters of buter melted in it  
& when tis melted but doe not let *the*  
buter boiled let it stand til tis but  
blood warme *then* power it in one on  
side of *the* flower & *the* yest & egges  
one *the* other so mingell it round  
till tis all weel mixed togeather  
*then* flower & warm a cloath & lay ouer  
it & set it byefore *the* fier to rise  
for about hafe an houer *then* put in 4  
pound of *the* smaless carraway

folio 42 verso || folio 43 recto

comfitts & mingel *them* in lightly  
with *your* hands & *then* power it in to  
*the* hoop *you* bake it in & set it in *the*  
oven where it must bake 2 houers

tis best to be Iced & *then* put into  
*the* oven againe for to harden it

To make boiled cakes

take 2 pound of fine flower & aone  
on pound of good croance picked &  
& washed & rubed & allmost a pound  
of white shuger & <sup>a</sup> nutmeg &  
some cloues & mace & a litel  
salt mingell all this weel to  
geather with a quarter of a pound  
of buter & a pirt of cream & as  
much good alle yest as you think  
will make it light so knead all  
this weel together *then* make  
*them* in to litell cake as brode as  
as your hand & *then* put *them* in to

a kettle of boileing water & let *them*  
boile a while *then* take *them* up with a  
slice flowred & when *the* are boiled  
enouf *they* will not stick to *the* ketell  
you lay *them* one a cloath *that* is flowred  
till you have taken *them* all out *then* put  
*them* one flowred papers & strow some  
shuger of *them* & *then* bake *them* in a quick  
oven

*the* Lady Deuenshire s Plum cakes

Take a pound of fine flower & drie it  
& a pound of loufe shuger finely  
beaten & a pound of nue buter & s a  
beaten nutmeg & some cloves & mace &  
a litel salt rube *the* flower & shuger  
& spice to geather & *then* put in a pound  
of good cornce made very cleane  
*then* have redy beaten 15 <sup>14</sup> egges *the*  
whites of hafe & put to *them* 2  
spooone fulls of sack or rose water  
*then* warme so mingell all to geather  
*then* but *the* papers or tin plates *then* you

folio 43 verso || folio 44 recto

set *them* in to a quick ouen but not  
to burn *them* you must wet *them* ouer

with a feather ~~with fine~~ shuger  
when *the* are weeted strew fine  
shuger ove *them* pret thick before  
*the* are put in to *the* ouen

To make fine Bisket

take a pound of very fine flower  
& drie it very drie & leaten u-  
uery fine *then* beate a pound of  
& a quarter of fine shuger uery  
fine & searced & *then* take *the*  
youlkes i2 egges *the* whites of 6  
of *them* & beate *them* with 5 spone  
full of orange flower water  
or sack *then* mingell *the* egges  
with *the* flower & shuger & beate  
*them* weel in a uery cleane mortar  
& when you have beate it a prety  
while you put in

a race of eginger cleane scraped &  
finely beaten you must not let it stand  
with out beateing for *the* space of 3  
hours *then* strew in to it one ounce  
of good carraway seeds & stir *them* weel  
in *then* have your tin Plates redy butred  
& put in euery one of *them* as much  
of *the* past as will a litel more *then*  
couer *the* botomes so set *them* presentely  
in to *the* ouen which must not be very  
hot so let *them* bake but not to brown

another Bisket

take a pound of fine flower & drie  
it & a pound of lofe shuger finely  
beaten & searced *then* mingell *them*  
weel togeather *then* take 12 egges *the*  
whites o of 4 or 5 of *them* & beate *them*  
weel & *then* mingell *them* togeather with  
a spoone & beate *them* an houer in a  
pan or bason with a great spoone  
*then* have redy butred tin Plates  
to put in *the* bisket stufe a littell

folio 44 verso || folio 45 recto

more *then* will coufer *the* botomes

or so much as *yo* u think will make  
*the* Biskets thicke enouf so scrape  
shuger one *them* & set *them* in to *the* oven  
*which* must not be but litell heated  
so bake *them* as browne as *yo* u like

To make almond Bisket

tak a pound of very fine flower  
& drie it shuger & beate it uery  
smalle *then* beate 8 egges for an  
houer & when *yo* u have beate *them* so  
Long *then* mingell *them* with 4 ounces  
of a almonds & r blanchd & finel  
beaten with orange flouer water  
*then* so beate *them* an other houer  
*then* put in i0 ounces of uery fine  
flower dried & cold againe so  
mingell it all weel togeather *then*  
have *you* r tin Plates redy butred  
& put in 2 spoonefulls of bater  
in to a eury blate *then* have redy

some fine shuger & fine flower in  
a tiffie & strew one *them* so sent *them*  
presentely in to *the* ouen *which* must be  
as hot as for manchet but let *the* oue  
ouen Lid be set up a while before *that*  
*yo* u put in *the* Bisket for fere *the* burn  
so let *them* stand in til *the* are baked  
at *the* botom *then* take *them* out & losen  
*them* from *the* botoms of *the* plates &  
set *them* in to *the* ouen againe & let  
*them* stand till *the* be harde couereing  
*them* with paper least *the* burn *the* oven  
lid must be up all *the* while *the* bake

To make almond Iumballes

take hafe a pound Iorg dan almonds  
put *them* in to cold water all night  
*then* blanch *them* in to cold water & *then*  
take *them* & drie *them* in a cloath *then* beate  
*them* in a cleane mortar uert fine with  
as much orange flower water as  
will keepe *them* from oyleing as as

*then* take hafe a pound of fine Loufe  
shuger beaten uery fine & searced  
& put *the* biger hafe to *the* allmonds &  
a litel amper greec if you like it  
*then* beate it in to a Past & role it  
in to Lenthes *withthe* rest of *the*  
shuger & make *them* in to knotes  
& *then* lay *them* one shets of paper  
& shuger sifeted one it so put  
*them* in to a sstove to drie & when  
*the* are drie *then* take *the* whites of  
or 3 egges & beate *them* in a bason  
till *the* be uery white *then* put to *them*  
as much dabled refined shuger  
finel beaten & searced as will  
make *the* whites very thick have  
a pound will doe *then* with a pen  
kinfe lay it one <sup>one</sup> *the* sides of *the*  
Iumballs to coufer it *then* set *them*  
in to *the* stove againe till tis drie  
*then* coufer *the* other side so set  
in to *the* stove & when *the*  
are dried enouf keepe *them* in  
so hot as *the* do not melt

To make another ~~almond~~ Iumball

take one pound & a hafe of fine Loufe  
shuger flower & a pound of Loufe shuge<sup>r</sup>  
booth dried & beaten very fine & searced  
*ythen* take *thethe* youlke of 6 egges *the*  
whites of 3 of *them* & 6 spoonefulls of  
sweet cream & 4 spoonefulls of  
orange flower water & *the* bignes of  
an egg of nue buter *then* mingell all  
this togeater in to a stife past  
you must work a bove a quarter of an  
houer *then* break it a broad *then* put in  
a fue coriander seed & a few carra=  
=way seeds *then* role it in to litell  
roles & make *them* in to what forme  
you like *then* lay *them* one Pie Plates  
butered thine over & prick *them* <sup>all</sup> over  
so bake *them* in an oven not to hot  
if this quantie of ~~creame~~ will not  
make it weet enouf put in 3 or 4  
more egges but no more creame or  
buter

To make ordinary Beane cake or  
rough Mackaroones

take a pound of *the* best Iordain  
almonds put *them* in to warme  
water & let *them* ly till *the* will  
blanch <sup>as</sup> as you blanch *them* put *them*  
in to cold water when *the* are blancht  
slice haufe of *them* as thine as  
you can *then* beate *the* other hafe  
in a cleane mortar with hafe  
a pound of good Loufe shuger till  
tis very smalle *then* take waferes  
& lay ~~the~~ it upon *them* *then* tak *the*  
almonds *that* are sliced & hafe a  
pound of loufe sshuger & *the*  
whits of 3 or 4 egges to a froath  
& *then* put in *the* shuger & beate  
it & *then* put in *the* almonds &  
so lay it one *the* past with *the*  
egges of *the* almonds upwards  
as round as you can *then* strowe  
shuger one *them* & bake *them* but littell

not browe at tall

To make shrewsburie cakes

Take a pound of good shuger & some  
mace & cloves & mutmegs in all  
hafe an ounce beat all this very  
fine *then* take 2 pound & a haufe  
of good nue buter & 5 egges beate  
*them* weel & mintell *them* withe *the*  
shuger & spice & buter & *then*  
put in one gallon of fine  
flower weel dried so work all  
this weel to geater with *your* hands  
as you doe for past *then* make it up  
in round balls weighing 3 ounces  
apece so *then* pateing *them* oat with  
*your* hands in to thin cakes &  
lay *them* one butred papers &  
bake *them* prety browne



To make Browne f wafers

take hafe a pound of Loufe shuger  
beate it & sifeted & one pound of  
fine flower & a pint of sweet cream  
& alittle nue milk & a nutmeg &  
some cloves & mace beaten fine &  
a litell salt so mingell all this weell  
together stiring it all one way *then*  
when your Iorn is hot make it uery  
cleane & rub it with bater & so put  
one a litell of *the* bater as much as  
you think will make a wafer so bake  
*that & then* put one more

To make Eringo cakes

take 3 egges beate *them* uery well &  
in *the* beateing put to *them* as much  
grated whit bread as will make  
*them* thick *then* put to *them* 3 or 4 egges  
more & beate *them* uery weel *withthe*  
other *then* take a quart of swe  
sweet cream - & 2 ounces of  
candied Eringos roots cut uery

small & beaten *then* take a quarter of a  
pound of nue buter & put in to *the* cream  
*withthe* Eringos & set it one *the* fier & let  
it boile up but you must stire it while  
tis one *the* fier & when it has boiled take  
it of & stire in *the* Egges & set it one a  
gaine to make it thick *then* take it of  
& put in some corance & shuger & some  
nutmeg & cloaue & maek *then* put it in to  
fine thine past & raise it kile litel  
tartes & so a put *them* one butred paper  
or flowerd & so bake *them*

To make yallow Lemon cream

take 4 Lemons & pare *themas* <sup>uery</sup> thine : &  
cut *them* pareing very small in to an earthen  
poaranger or silver one *then* squeue *the*  
Iuce to *them* & let *them* steepe 3 or 4  
houers or if it be all night *the* Iuce  
will look *the* yallower *then* take *the*

whites of 7 egges *the* yolkes of 2  
of *them* beate *them* very weel & put to *them*  
some thing more *then* 7 pints of spring  
water & a quarter of a pint of

folio 49 verso || folio 50 recto

of orange flower water *then* traine  
out *the* Lemon Iuce & put to it *then*  
take a pound of duple refined shuger  
beaten & weeted with a litel water  
& boiled up to a cleane surupe & skin  
skimed cleane or if you please to  
clarerifie it with whites of Egges  
*then* put all *the* water & Iuec to it &  
one *the* fier til it be as thick as  
creame *then* take it of keepe it  
stireing til it be cold ypu must  
power it out of *the* vesell yf tis  
set over *the* fier in snow cream  
looke prety round *the* brimes of  
*the* dish yu put it in

another way to make Lemon cream

set a quart of thick sweet cream  
on ~~the fire~~ a quick cleare fier *then*  
put in *the* rine of a Lemon cut thine  
& prety & when *the* creame has  
boiled a litell *then* take it & put it  
in to a pan of nue milk & let it  
stand 12 houer in a cole place

*then* skime it in to a silvr or earthen  
dish & betwene *the* lares as you put in *the*  
dish lay some suger betwene & put in a  
Litell orange flower water

To make Lemon Buter

boile a quart of thick sweet cream  
& take 3 egges whites & all beate *them*  
weel & put *them* in to *the* creame & let  
it boile againe *then* squese in *the* Iuce  
of a Lemon & put in some of *the* riney  
cut very thin when tis turned to a  
curd *then* take it & hang it up in a cloath  
*that* all *the* whay may rune from it *then*  
boile *the* curd up with cream & *then*

sweeten it as you like

To make orange cream

take *the* Iuce of 6 oranges & make  
it scaldeing hot but doe not let it  
boile for it will make it biter *then*  
take *the* youlks of 3 egges & beate *them*  
well & & as much shuger as will make  
it sweet. so mingell *them* togeather

folio 50 verso || folio 51 recto

*then* let it hstand ~~on~~ one *the* fier  
till it this thick keepeing it  
stireng all *the* while for fere it  
should curdell *then* scum it & put it  
in to your glases

To make Buttered oranges

take 12 egges *the* whites of 6 of  
*them* & beate *them* uery weel & put  
to *them* *the* Iuce of 6 good oranges  
& as much suger as will make  
it prety sweet straine *the* Iuce  
throue a peec of musline & *then*  
beate it withe *the* egges & suger  
*then* set it one a chafein dish of  
cleare coles & keepe it stireing  
*then* put in a pece of nue buter  
& let it be one *the* fier but not  
boile til you see it tis thick *then*  
take it of & power it in to  
a silveer or earthen dish &  
stire it til it tis cold you  
may put in a litel orange flower  
water

To make Goosberley cream

take a quart of goosberieys  
Aforre *the* are rip & scald *then* very  
tender *then* straine *them* throue a haire  
siue it is course *then* sweeten *the* pulp it as you  
like *then* take thick sweet cream &  
boile it & when tis quit cold put it

to *the* sweetned pulp *which* with a  
spooone you must squeue throue *the*  
sive if you doe not think *the* cream  
will make it thick enouf put in *the*  
*the* yolkes or 2 or 3 egges

To make a cream to eat *with* frech cheese

tak scaled or rosted apples & scrape  
of *the* pulp from *the* cores *then* spred *them*  
thine one *the* botom of *the* dish you mean  
to eat out of *then* put one *the* fresh  
cheese one it & one *the* sides of *the*  
dish as fer as you will have *the* cream  
shall reach *then* tilhaue redy

folio 51 verso || folio 52 recto

boiled sweet thick creame it must  
boile as fast as is poibell with some  
maec or nutmeg in it if so let it  
boile apase till yit tis prety thick &  
bubeles up & froathes *then* with a  
spooone or siluer Ladell skime  
of *the* froath of itt as it rises &  
put it one *the* appelles with  
some suger & orange flower  
water doe not fill *the* dish to full  
becaues *that* when *the* cream is cold  
you must put in *the* fresh cheese in  
to it

To make sack cream

take a pint of sweet thich cream  
& make it boile with some mace  
& nutmeg & *then* take it of *the* fier  
& stire it till it it tis so cold  
an twil not cream one *the* top  
*then* sweeten it & put in 3 or 4  
spoonfulls of sacke & stire it  
about weel & *then* put int in *the* dish  
& let it stand 2 houers *then* eate it

To make almond creame

take a pint of thich sweet cream  
& when it has biled put in a Large

hande full of sweet almonds ~~beaten~~  
blanched & beaten very small with  
orange flower water so boile it a  
litell *with the* creame to make it  
thick. & *then* take it of *the fier* &  
- sweeten it & power it in a dish &  
stire it while tis all most cold

To Make a cold syllabub

take some white wine & bere &  
sweeten it in *the* pot you sarue it in  
*then* take some cream & boile it & put  
in some shuger *then* stir it til it tis  
as cold as milk from *the* cow *then*  
power it in to *the* pot holdeing it  
uery hie & powereing it uery slow  
*then* knock *the* pot & let it stand  
a day or a niugh before you eate it

folio 52 verso || folio 53 recto

To make a syllabub

take a quart of sweet cream  
& sweeten it in *the* pot *then* weane  
to eate it out of set it one *the*  
grownd *that* take a pint of Rhenish  
wine & put some suger in it &  
Let one stand and one sstoole &  
power in *the* wine in to *the* pot as  
hie as *the* can doe not power it in  
apase for fere of speleing it  
so let it stand 2 houer before you  
eate it

another syllabub

take a pint of white wine & a  
litell orange flower water & a  
quarter of a pound of louffe suger  
*the* Iuce of 2 lemons Let this  
stand mingled a quarter of an ~~hour~~  
houer or more *then* put it in to  
a broad milk pan & put to

it a quart of thick sweet cream  
*then* with a stife Birchen Rod

beate it very much & as *the* curd rises  
put it in to *the* syllabub glasses you  
whip *the* cream againe & so doe till  
*you* r glasses are full so let it stand  
4 or 5 houers in *the* somer & in *the*  
wonter 24 houers before *you* eate it

To make an almond Poset

take 3 pintes sweet cream & boile  
it a Litell take 2 handfulls of almonds  
blanched & beaten with some nue  
milk til *they* are very fine as posibel  
*then* put *them* into *the* creame & let it  
boile a littell while keepeing of it  
stired *then* take *the* yolke of 12 egges  
weel beaten with a litell cream *then*  
take *the* cream of *the* fier & put in  
*the* egges & stir it weel ove *the* fier  
again til *you* see it begine to

folio 53 verso || folio 54 recto

be thick & take it of *the* fier & stir  
power it out of *the* skilet keep it  
stiring till it but aswilitell warme  
*then* nue milk *then* have redy heated  
one a chanfeing dish of coles & pint  
of sack in a deepe dish with hafe  
a pound of suger & some grated  
nutmeg so when *the* sack is hot  
power in *the* cream holdeing it  
up hie from *the* dish of hot sack  
so let it stand cofered with a  
hot puter dish over it till *you*  
see it in curd harde enouf  
*the* fier musst be but litell under  
it or if *you* see it hard enouf  
let it stand for a quarter of an  
houer of *the* fier cloase coufered  
with a hot dish

To make a sack Posset

take 10 egges boath yolkes & whites &  
beate *them* very weel *then* straine *them* to  
hafe a pint of sack & hafe a pound of  
shuger & a grated nutmeg set this on  
in a deepe dish one a chafeing dish of

coales stiring it ~~all~~ all *the* while it  
heates *which* it must doe till tis as  
thick as a cadell *then* have redy a quart  
of sweet cream boiled & all most  
cold & power it in to *the* sack holdeing  
*the* cream hie up when *you* power it in  
& as *you* power it in one must stire  
it round so *you* take it of *the* fier  
& cufer it cloase *with* *with* a hot  
puter dish for a quarter of an houer

folio 54 verso || folio 55 recto

folio 55 verso || folio 56 recto

folio 56 verso || folio 57 recto

folio 57 verso || folio 58 recto

To clarifie Suger

take *the* whites of 2 eggs & all  
most hafe a pint of spring water  
beate *the* whites of egges & water  
till it froth *then* put to it a pound of  
suger *that* *you* will refine & stire it  
well togeather til *the* suger be all  
melted *then* set it one *the* fier &  
stir it & when it rises drop in  
a spoonefull more of water so doe  
3 or 4 times as it rises til *the*  
sc<sup>u</sup>m be prety toase *then* power it  
thoure a thine weet cloath & so  
yuse *the* syrrip

folio 58 verso || folio 59 recto

To Prasve oranges

take *the* deepest culeard & *the*  
thickest rine oranges *you* can get &  
chip of *the* very out sides as thine  
a posibel *then* put *them* into spring  
water & let *them* ly in to dayes  
& 2 nights changeing *the* water  
morning & night afore *you*them

in to *the* water as soone as you  
have chiped *them* rub *them* with  
salt *then* put *them* in to water for 9  
dayes & nights so you take *them* &  
in 5 or 6 searvall waters but *the*  
water *that* you chane *them* in to must  
be boileing hot elce twell make  
*the* oranges harde *yo* u must boile *them*  
so long as *they* are very tender  
& *the* bitternes out vf *them* *then*  
take *them* & lay *them* betwene  
2 hot linen cloathes for to

take out *the* water out of *them* *then*  
take *them* & cut a litel rownd hole in  
*the* orange big enouf for to take out  
all *the* seedes ofe *that* end as *the* stake  
growes then take thire weight in  
dubled refined suger but you must  
keepe *the* oranges coufred cloase after  
you have weighd *them* & picked out all  
*the* spoots to ever pound of suger put  
a quart of spring water & so boile it  
till tis a cleare syrrup *then* set it by  
till tis all most cold & *then* put in *the*  
oranges *which* you must have every  
orange tied in a tifney & *the* round  
pece you *then* cut out put one againe  
so let *them* boile in *the* syrrup a while &  
*then* set *them* by til *the* next day & *then* heat  
heat *them* againe & so doe for every day  
for a week & *then* boile *them* up & when you  
see *the* are cleare & enouf put each  
orange in to a pot or glas & when *the*  
leley in all most cold put it one  
*the* oranges

folio 59 verso || folio 60 recto

To make leley for hole oranges  
or the pilles of *them*

take 10 pipens & 5 Iohn applles  
pare *them* & cut *them* cleane from *the*  
coares & ~~stick~~ put in to some  
spring water *then* take *them* out of  
*that* water & put *them* into a quart  
of spring water so let *them* boile  
th til there is but a pint of *the*  
water *then* take it & straine it



but doe not squese it hard for *then*  
twel not be cleare put to it  
a pound of duple refined suger  
let it boile till you see it Ieley <sup>hard</sup>  
when you drop it one a plate  
*then* put in *the* Iuce of a Lemon or  
*the* Iuce of 2 oranges put it in  
when tis of *the* fier *then* have  
redy in *your* glases either orange  
piles boiled tender & cut in narow  
long slices or Lemon pilles

*the* bitrness being boiled out & so  
put some of *them* into *the* glases & *then*  
put in *the* ieley which must be stired  
till it be cold or *the* pilles will settel  
to *the* botom) this way you may make  
Ieley of Lemons onely boileing  
Lemon pill amongst *the* applles &  
puting a quantiety of Iuce of Lemon  
& Leave out *the* Iuce of *the* orange  
& *the* pille of it) & this way you  
may Lemon cleare cakes  
only boile a pound & a halfe of suger  
to every pint of *the* Iuce of *the*  
pipens to a high candie & mingell  
*that* & *the* Iuce of Lemon when tis  
of *the* fier so stire it togeather  
& *then* put it in to *your* glases & *then*  
put it in to a stove U turn *them*

out as you doe other cleare  
cakes

folio 60 verso || folio 61 recto

To Preserve oranges

take of *the* fairest & deepest  
colared & coarest grained orange  
you can get & pare of Iust *the* out  
rine as thine a ever you can pare  
it *then* lay *them* in spring water one  
night *then* cut *them* in halves & ring  
out all *the* Iuce *then* boile *them* till  
*they* be tender & *the* biternes is out  
changeing *the* water which must be  
boileing hot *that* you change *them* into  
*then* take *them* out of *the* water &  
lay *them* betwene linen cloase to

drie out all *the* water take out  
non more of *the* meat *then* you  
must needs *then* weigh *them* & to evry  
pound of oarnges put 3 pound &  
a quarter of good suger & to every  
pound of suger a wine pint of  
water you put in *the* oranges

& let *them* boile gently & when *they* are  
all most boiled enoufe put in *the*  
Iuce *that* you squesed out of *the* oranges  
straineing it throue a tifney so  
let *them* boile a quarter of an houer or  
more *then* take *them* of *the* fier & put  
*them* in to silver or white earthen  
bason & let *them* stand all night & *the*  
next morneing take *them* out cleane  
from *the* syrrup & boile *the* syrrup up  
thick one a quick fier till it be  
boiled to a good high coulear & when  
it is all most cold put it one *the*  
top of *the* oranges in to *the* pots or  
glases *that* you keepe *them* in

To Presarve oranges Hole

take *the* deepest & thick rined oranges  
& pare *them* as thick as posibell *then*  
put *them* in to spring water for  
3 dayes puting *them* in to fresh  
water every day *then* boile *them*  
in searual waters till *they* are

folio 61 verso || folio 62 recto

tender & *the* bitternes out of *them*  
*the* water *that* you change *them* in to must  
be boileing hot when *they* are boiled  
put *them* in to a pan of cold spring  
water & let *them* ly in it all night  
*the* next day take *them* & drie *them*  
in a cloath & *then* put *them* into  
*the* pan *that* you boile *them* in & put  
to *them* as much clarified suger  
as will move *then* center *them* & so  
let *them* boile sofely turneing *them*  
often *then* when you think *they* have  
boiled long enoufe take *them* &  
put *them* in a white earthen  
bason & let *them* stand till *the*  
next day & *then* boile *them* againe

till you see *them* Look cleare & are  
very tender *then* take *them* cleare  
from *the* syrrop & *then* put a quarte  
of *the* water *which* has ben boiled  
with pipins & so make it  
Ieley & *then* straine it & put it to  
*the* syrrop & put in a pound

more of suger & so boile it & when  
tis a thick Ieley put it to *your* oranges  
one *the* tope when *the* syrrop is all  
most cold

To Presarve Bermudas oranges or Lemons

take *the* oranges or Lemons & pare  
*them* as thine a posibell you can *then*  
rub *them* with salt *then* wash of *the*  
salt & *then* put *them* in to a tub of  
spring water & let *them* ly 3 dayes  
changeing *the* water twise a day *then*  
boile *them* in a greate kitell of  
water til *they* be very tender & *the*  
bitternes out of *them* you must weigh  
*them* before *they* are boiled & to every  
pound of orange or Lemon you must  
put 2 pound of good loafe suger  
& to every pound of suger a  
pint of spring water boiled  
with 12 pipens pared & quartred  
& so let *them* boile a fast as  
*they* can till *the* liquer be thick.

folio 62 verso || folio 63 recto

& *the* strenth of *the* pipenes out of *them*  
*then* straine *the* water from *them* &  
*then* put in hafe *the* suger into it  
*the* first day *then* take *the* oranges  
or Lemons & cut a litel round hole  
in *the* top & with a squer pick out  
all *the* seedes *then* put *the* top you  
cut ofe on againe but afore you  
cut them put *them* into an earthen  
pot with hot water & when  
you have picked out all *the* seeds  
fill up *the* hole of *the* Lemons or  
oranges with suger & stop *them* cloase  
*then* tie *them* up in each orange in  
tifney or *the* Lemons you put *them*

in to *the* syrrop & let *them* boile  
very softely for all most 2 houres  
& *then* & *the* next day boile *them*  
again & put in hafe *the* suger *that*  
is left let *them* boile softely a  
bout hafe an houer & take *them* &  
set *them* by til next day *then*  
boile *them* again & put in all *the*

rest of *the* suger afore you boile *them*  
& when you have boiled *them* about  
halfe an houer take *them* of *the* fier &  
take out *the* oranges or Lemons cleane  
from *the* jeley & put *them* in to your pots  
or glases & when *the* syrrop is cold  
put it one *them* so keepe *them* in store

To make orange cakes & chipes

take 12 oranges & scrape *them* a litel *then*  
pare *them* not to thine *then* boile *them*  
tender *then* take a pound of good Loafe  
suger & wet it with spring water & *then*  
put all *the* pilles in to it & boile it  
a good while *then* take out all most a  
third parte of *them* & mince *them* very  
small & set *them* by & let *the* other  
boile keeping *them* stired till you  
see *the* suger candey about *the*  
sides of *the* skilet *then* take out  
*the* pilles & lay *them* one glases to

folio 63 verso || folio 64 recto

to drie in a stoue but in *the* somer  
in *the* sone these are *the* chipes &  
for *the* cakes take *the* pulp & *the*  
Iuce of 3 of those oranges &  
mash *them* small & take out all  
*the* seeds & wring in *the* Iuce of  
hafe a Lemon *then* take a pound of  
Loafe suger & ~~ye remainder~~ or  
a quarter more & weet it with  
spring water & boile it to a  
candie height *then* take of *the*  
fire & put in *the* Iuce & pulp &  
*the* minced pill & stire *them* weel  
together till *the* suger be melted  
but doe not sit it on *the* fier  
again & *then* put it in coffines  
made with paper *which* must

be redy made afore *the* cakes  
be done *then* put *them* in a stoue to  
drie if somer *then* in *the* sone  
*the* next day turn *them* out on  
peeeces of glases if *they* be drie  
enouf

#### To Make orange Cakes

take 12 fare large oranges & pare  
*them* very thine & cut *them* in haleves  
& wring out all *the* Iuce in to awhite  
earthen porenger or boson *then* with a  
knife cut out all *the* meate out of  
*them* & lay *the* pelle fin spring water  
for 2 houres *then* boile *them* tender in  
seavrall waters & put in 12 faire  
pipens & boile *them* till *they* be all  
most tender *then* take *them* out & pare *them*  
& cut *them* cleare from *the* core into  
white earthed bason & when *the*  
orange is boiled very tender take  
*them* out & drie *them* in a cloath *then*  
weigh *the* oranges & pipens togeather  
& put *them* in a large puter dish & set  
*them* on a chafeing dish of codles t̄ &  
with a spoone stire *them* continually  
till *they* begine to drie abut befre  
(before *that* you put *them* in to drie

folio 64 verso || folio 65 recto

you mus beat *the* orange & pipenes  
together in a cleane mortar & to  
euery pound of *them* you must put a  
pound & a halfe of suger finely  
beaten & Iust weeted with water  
& have it redy boiled to <sup>all most</sup> candie  
your suger against *the* orange &  
pipens are a littell drie *then*  
put it to *them* & stire it weel  
together & *then* make it in to litell  
rownd cakes one glases or ea<sup>r</sup>then  
plates so set *them* in a stoue to  
drie & in 2 or 3 dayes turne *them*  
so doe till *they* be drie enouf

To make orange marmalad

take *the* deepest culard & farest  
orangest & pare *them* as thine as  
euer you can *then* cut *them* in halues  
& wring out all *the* Iuce which must  
be strained in to a glase & kept  
*then* cut out all *the* meate cleane

out of *the* oranges & rub *the* outsides  
with salt & *then* wash *them* cleane *then* lay  
*them* in soake in spring water for 2  
dayes changeing *the* water twise a day  
*that* take *them* & tie *them* lose up in a cloath  
& boile *them* in 3 seavrall  
waters which must bee boeleing hot  
before you cleave *them* in to it so boile  
*them* till *they* be very tender *then* take  
*them* out & lay *them* betwene coures  
cloathes to drie & *then* cut out all *the*  
black spots & take out all *the* string<sup>s</sup>  
from *the* inside *then* take on quarter  
of *the* orange & beate it to past in a  
morter & cut *the* rest of *the* orange  
into peceses some big & some litel  
*then* take *the* pulp or Iohn appulls or  
pipens wash it with spoone as  
til it tis very s..rne & no Lumpes  
cu it *then* take *the* weight of *the*  
cut & beaten orange in suger take  
a litell more *then* *the* weight & boile

folio 65 verso || folio 66 recto

weet it with faire water very  
thine *then* boile it scum it till it  
tis <sup>a</sup> cleare syrrup *then* set it to cole  
a Litell & *then* put in *the* orange  
& appelles & let it boile till tis  
weel prety thick & *then* put in *the* Iuce  
of *the* orange *that* was squesed out &  
some Iuce of Lemons warme *the*  
Iuce before you put it in & *then*,  
stire it weel togeather & when  
tis boiley so thick as it twel cut  
take it of *the* fier & let it  
coole awhile & *then* put it into  
glases

## To make orange Bisket

cut so many oranges as you  
will in halves take out all *the*  
Iuce & siedades but not *the* white  
onelly *the* all *the* rest of *the* meat  
*then* any *the* halves of *them* in  
fare water for 4 dayes

changeing *the* water twice a day  
*then* boile in seavrall waters till  
*they* be very tender & *the* bitternes out  
*the* water *that* you change *them* into must  
be boileing hot elce tweel make *the*  
orange harde when *the* are boiled  
& drie *them* in a cloath *then* scrape out  
*the* white & weigh *them* & put to *them*  
3 times thaire weight in loafe suger  
*then* beate *them* & *the* suger togeather in  
a mortar till *the* orange is very small  
& *then* spred it one earthen plates  
or peces of glase & put it in to  
a stove to drie & when *they* are drie  
one *the* top turne *them* so keepe *them*  
in *the* stove

folio 66 verso || folio 67 recto

## To Make Lemon Past

take Lemons & pare *them* thine & *then*  
lay *them* in spring water for 2 dayes  
shifeing *the* water twice a day  
*then* boile *them* in too seavrall waters  
till *the* tender *then* but afore *that* you  
doe lay *them* in water ~~cut out~~ all  
*them* in halves & squese out all *the*  
Iuce & seeds & tak out *the* pulp  
& when *they* are boiled *then* weight  
*them* & *then* beate *them* small in a  
morter when *they* are dried in a  
cloath ~~euery~~ & beaten small you put to *them*  
as much pulp of pipens boiled  
till *they* are very tender *they* must b  
be pared aquartered & cut from  
*the* cores ~~the~~ pipens must be as much  
as *the* weight of *the* Lemons *then* take  
*the* weight in Loafe suger as much

as boath *the* Lemons & pipens

weet *the* suger with water a litell  
& boile it & skime it till it be cleare  
*then* put in *the* Lemon & pipenes & boile it  
till it be reasnoabell thick *then* &  
iust before *that* you take it of *the*  
fier put in *the* Iuce *that* you sugesed  
out of *the* Lemons *then* take it of *the*  
fier & put it in to an earthen  
bosen to coole & *then* take it & lay  
it in what forme you please one  
glases & strow ouer *them* loafe suger  
· so put *them* in to a stoue &  
when *they* are drie enoufe to turne  
turne *them*

To Candie oranges or Lemons

take gum dragon & lay it in water  
all night *then* take *the* whites of  
egges & beate *them* till *they* be all  
of a froath *then* take aquantiey

folio 67 verso || folio 68 recto

of *the* gum weel beaten & *the* like  
quantiey of *the* <sup>froath</sup> whites of egges so  
beate *them* weel together with so  
much fine Loafe suger beaten  
very fine as will make *the* gum &  
egges very sticke & sweet & *then*  
take presarvered *then* oranges or  
Lemons & lay one *them* *the* egges &  
gum & suger & *then* set *them* in a  
stove to drie

To make orange cakes

take *the* best & fairest oranges  
& cut *them* in halves & squeue out  
all *the* Iuce & keepe *that* by it self  
& cut out all *them* ~~meate~~ in  
side *then* lay ~~lay~~ *the* halves in  
water for a day *then* boile *them*  
tender in 3 searuell waters  
*the* water *that* you change *them* in  
to must be boileing hot



☞ when *they* are boiled tender *then*  
lay *them* betwene a cloath to drie  
& *then* weight *them* but *you* must not  
cut out aney of *the* white of *the* in  
sides of *the* orange but onely take  
out all *the* seedes & *the* stringes a  
fore *that* *you* lay *them* in water put  
put *the* weight of ~~*the* orange~~  
suger to *that* of *the* orange & more  
beeines of *the* Iuce *then* cut *the*  
orange in to littell very small &  
put it in to *the* suger when it tis  
boiled all most to suger againe  
~~with~~ *the* Iuce *then* set it over *the*  
fier againe till all *the* suger be  
melted but be sure doe not Lett  
it boile *then* take it of & put it  
in to glases & set *them* in a stoue  
*they* mus be cleare cake glases  
so when *they* are a litell drie  
turn *them* out & keepe *them* in <sup>a</sup> stoue

folio 68 verso || folio 69 recto

#### To Presarve Cytrons

cut *the* cytrons in great quarters  
& pare *them* very cleane *them* boile *them*  
in 2 seavrall waters till *the* be  
tender & when *you* shift *them* in to *the*  
second water keepe *them* cloase  
coufred in *the* first till *the* second  
be boilling hot *then* put *them* in & boile  
*them* very fast till *the* be very tender  
*then* put *them* in to betwene linen  
cloase to drie *them* weel & pick out all  
*the* stringes out <sup>of</sup> *them* & weigh *them* & to  
every pound of cytrons put 4 pound  
of good Loafe suger & six wine  
pints of water so stire it weel &  
in *the* presarveing Pan & *then* set it  
one *the* fier & put in *the* cytrons &  
as *the* boile keepe *them* skimeing  
*then* take 3 oranges & pare of *the*  
yallow pille & *then* pare of all *the*  
whit & mince ~~*that*~~ & put it

into *the* sirup & let it boile to

geather & when *the* cytrons are boiled  
take *them* up & put *them* in to *the* potes or  
glases but let *the* surup boile to a  
candie heigh *then* it one *the* cytrons  
& for a fortnight after keepe *them*  
where *the* may be with in *the* heate of  
*the* fier

To dry cytrons

take *the* fairest & best cytrons &  
cut *them* in quarters & take out *the*  
pulp very cleane *then* lay *them* in salt  
y water for 3 or 6 dayes shifteing *the*  
water every day *then* ~~put *them*~~ wash *them*  
in fresh water & *then* boille *them* in 3  
seavrall waters till *they* be tender  
but *the* waters you change *them* into  
must be boileing hot *then* take *them*  
lay *them* betwene a lcloath till *they* be  
drie *then* weight *them* & put haufe thire  
weight in good Loafe suger & to  
every pound of suger put a pint

folio 69 verso || folio 70 recto

of water & boile it to a surrup &  
skime it clean & *then* put in *the*  
cytrons & let *them* stand a month  
in *the* surup & boile *the* surup once  
every day & power it one *the*  
cytrons suy & *then* boile up *the*  
cytrons in *the* surup till *the* are  
prety cleare *then* take *them* out  
& Lay *them* one sives to drie for 2  
2 dayes *then* lay *them* one glases &  
set *them* in a stove to keepe drie  
if you will have *them* be greene &  
with out cande you must dipe  
*them* in hot wather but & if you  
would have *them* with a cande you  
must boile some suger to a  
cande height & dipe *them* in &  
drie *them* in a stove

To Presarve Quinces White

take qinces not of *the* biggest but of  
a reasnoabell sise pare *them* & take

thaire weight in fine loafe suger *then*  
take a great skilet of water & *then*  
with a small kinfe coare *the* quinces  
at boath endes of *them* coare *them*  
befor you pare *them* ~~then~~ put boile *them*  
till ye be a litell tender but not  
broak attal & whilest ye are doeing  
you must boile up *the* surup & to every  
pound of suger you must but a pint of  
water so boile it & skime it *then*  
pare *the* quinces & put *them* in as fast  
as you can in *the* presarveing Pan  
*which* must stand one a chafeing  
dish of cleare charkcoles so let  
*them* boile as fast as posibell *that*  
*the* surup may boile all over *them*

folio 70 verso || folio 71 recto

& all wayes keepe *them* stiring &  
lade *the* surup one *them* & with a sharp  
cleane squiet prick *the* quinces in  
holes *that* *the* surup may soake in &  
keepe *them* skimeing & when you  
see *them* tender & cleare take *them*  
out of *the* surup & put *them* in glases  
& boile *the* surup a litel more &  
*then* take it set it by till tis al  
most cold & *then* put it one *the*  
quinces you must not presarve a  
more *then* one or 2 pound at a time  
& set *them* to coole as fast as  
posebell when you have taken  
*them* out of *the* surup *that* *the*  
may keepe thare whitnesse  
& doe not pare *the* quinces till  
after *the* are sealed tender

To Presarve quinces in Ieliey

take *the* smalest quinces & wipe  
*them* cleane *then* Lay a grater over  
a dish set it on a chafeing dish of  
coles but not very hot & grate *the*  
quinces into *the* dish & when you have  
a sufficant quantiey straine *the*  
out *the* Iuce into a preseræving  
Pan *then* parboile *the* best

To make orang Bisket

Take 6 of best sivell oranges  
you can get & boile *them* 3 seavuall  
waters till *the* be very tender *then* cut *them*  
In halves when you have dried *them*  
wel yn a cloath & *then* with knife srape  
out all *the* meate & *the* seeds *then* waie  
*them* & put *the* dubell waight to *them*  
of dubell refined shuger so *then*  
beat it verey fine togeather In a  
morter till tis small *then* spred it one  
glase & sit it In *the* sone or in an

folio 71 verso || folio 72 recto

folio 72 verso || folio 73 recto

oven before you lay it one *the* glases  
strow five shuer *thatthe* Bisket may  
not stik & when *the* are dry you may  
cut *them* yn what shapes you please

To make orange or Lemon  
Brandy

Take a quart of good Brand<sup>y</sup>  
& take *the* Rinyes of 6 good  
sivell oranges pared uery  
thine Brandy & put *them*  
into *the* Brandy in an  
Earthen Iug coufred with  
3 dubell whit papers &  
tided cloase downe & let  
*them* steepe 24 howers *then*  
take *the* Pelles out of *the*  
Barndy Boyle *them* In a  
quart of saving water till

*the* water tastes of *the* orang<sup>e</sup>  
*then* take out all *the* peeles &  
*then* put in all most a pound  
of Dubell refine suger &  
Boyl it a lettell while &  
& scime it clane & *then* when  
it tis colde power it into  
*the* Brandy if you see it not  
cleare straine it throue

a cleane thick flanel & so  
Bottell it up & stop it  
cloase

**folio 73 verso || Part I folio 183 verso**

**spine**

**head**

**fore-edge**

**tail**