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

front outside cover
front inside cover || folio 1 recto

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 gaules 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 ^one^ly 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^hize with mine,
Then let our bodies as our minds conioyne.
And when as place, time, & our consents doe meeete,
Let our embraces each the other greete.
Then void of tedious suits with freenesse prooue,
The touch, the taste, the requisites of loue.

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't thou find,
A vapour, fume, a Gale or blast,
Like to a sigh which loue doth cast.
Can any whirlewind 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 Thesee blasts of seighing raised are,
By th'influence influence of my bright starr.

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

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 pryes
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
Cooles & dies there. A Straunge extremitie
To freeze it'h Sun, & in the shade to fry
Whils't all my blasted hopes decline so soone
Tis Euening with mee, though at high Noone

For pity 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 mooue,
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

Verses made of the life
of man.

Threescore & ten the life & age of man,
In holy Davids 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 folded 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 warmely hous'd saue batts & owles.
3 A passing bell, a midnights groane,
Theise are things wee feede vpon
Then stretch our bones, in some still gloamie valley
Where's nothing dainty Sweete, saue Malanchollie.

On a fountaine.

Theise 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 ieuyce 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\textsuperscript{1} Peter with his keyes,
Vnloke heauen gate so soone as these W.S.

Verses upon a faire ladys 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 lover 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 coppy 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
Deceau.

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'll see
Your beauty & enamourd bee,
And sore forget hee was iust then
The birth & creature of your Pen:
And court you. But with your disdaine
He'lē 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, boulde 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 she deceased
Her a little tryd,
To liue. but luft
it not and dyed

The Northerne voyadge

Foure Clarckes of Oxford , Doctors two, & two
That would bee Doctors, hauing lesse to doe
With Austen then with Gallen , in vacation
Chang'd studies & turn'd bookes to recreation.
And one the tneth 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 Midleton .
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 he would feast Æneas & his crew.

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 & goune 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 commaudement.
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\textsuperscript{d} 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^\textsuperscript{d} day beefore.
And though hee was resou\textsuperscript{l}ued to doe him right
For master Baylyes sake, & Master Wight
Yet hee dissembled thatthe 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 gouuern'd fortune, bounty wise & free.

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^rkes 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 a 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 we
Hope after death who are but shreds of thee.
Hold William calls to horse, William is hee
Who though hee never 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 good Earle himselfe of Nottingame.
There wee crosst Trent & on the other Side
Payde for St Andrew, & vp hill wee ride,
Where wee observed the cunning men. ∼ like moles
Dwelt not in houses but were earth in holes

Soe did they not build upward but dig thorough,
As hermits caues or conies doe their burrough,
Great underminers sure as any where
Tis thought the powder 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 stoode
Churches & houses buildings of stone & wood.
Crosses not yet demolish't & our Lady
With her owne arms embracing her young babie hole
Where let us note though these are Northerne parts
The cros finds in them more then Southerne hearts.
The castle nent: but what shall we 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 downfale: If it be your falte
If you are guiltie may King David s vault
or Mortimer s darke sell conteine you both,
A just 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 truncks of Nottingame.  
Looke to your severall 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 keepes 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  

For in the stable first hee did begin  
From whence hee is become lord of this Inn.  
Marke how th'encrease 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 tis 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'ld 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  
crocked & 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 the12 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 enjoy & 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 soo 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

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 beeofore our iades their race did run.

Noe pilate Moone, nor anie such kind star
As gouuern'd the wise men which came from far
To holie Bethlem , Such lights had they been
That would have 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 & deuide.
And now wee labour more to meete then erst
Wee did to lodge, the laste 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 vp on 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.
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

Some halfe houre after enters the hole taile
As if they were committed to the iaile
The constable that tooke them thus deuide
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 travelers theis heauie judgement 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 traueld sore,
Like wandring Beuis ere hee found the boare
Or as soome louesick ladie oft hath done,
Ere she was rescu'd by the knight o'th Sonne.
Soe are wee lost & meete noe comforte 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 is 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 doubte
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 yonder's Bosworth Stands & this your way
And now when wee had Swet twixt Sun & Sun
An 8 miles longe to 3 the 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 aboue the promise of those streetes.

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 authentick notice from the play.
Which I may guesse 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 Burbidge 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 prædestined 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 had noe other proofe 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.
Beyound 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.

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 behauior 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 every 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 descieues 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 pplace.
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

Amongst leane breathren it may scandall bring;
Who seeke for paritie in euerie thing.
For vs let him enjoy 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 harvest 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 believe 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 perpetuitty.
Whilst all the other pauement & the flower
Are supplicant to the Suruiuers power.

Of the high waies, that hee would graueld 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 meeete & 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^ ^ 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 St Giles this, & this St John 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 bels.
Old Tom's groune young againe the fierie caue
Is now his cradle that was er'st his graue.
Hee grew vp quiccle 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 Martyr for the churches glorie.
But for thy meritorous 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 vndertooke
By poysone, 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 Jesuits 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 thrue 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 & eightenee words alone,
Puts downe the Spanish Inquisition.
Thrice happy 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 alioe.
This spouse of Antechrist & his alone,
Shee's drest soe like the whoore of Babylion .
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.

Ben Ionson to King Iames
From a Gipsye 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 vnpropper 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 gisterpipe
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 St Antonies old Fryer
From needle pinn or thorne
In his bed at eu'ne or morn
From the Goute & the least grudging
Bless our Soueraigne & 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 Subject 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.
Tusdeay a legg & soe forth, sunday more
The liuer & the gizard beetwint fowre.
As for your Mutton in the best householder
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 for'ct to call for breake fast in & eat.
But harke you noble Sir in one crosse weeke
My lord hath lost 4000L: 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 .

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 ryles.
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 soo 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
Perfeccion, cause your eyes & hayre are black.
Or that your beauty that soe farr exceeds
The new Sprung lylies 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 reueled
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.

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 sweetenesse 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 curuers cutt in Stone.
Or curious curuers doe compose
This hath lesse Sence & Soule then those.
But like a country Solomon
Drawn by mine hostesse in his throne
Judging 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.

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 euer 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.
Soo 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 werkes of God thou Seest
Peace though a Taylor were the priest
R.C.

On the Lady Digby.

Sitting & readie to bee drawn
What needs theise 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
Four 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.
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 subjectes onely bid in uaine
To the vast Idoll while the nobler traine
Of valiant louers dayly saile betweene
The huge Colossus legs & pass vnseen
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'l 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 ^Vergin 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'l 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 soo our soules that cannot bee embrac't
May the embraces of our bodyes taste.
Meane while the babling streame shall court the shore
Th'enanourd 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 murmure sent
From soules intran'ed 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 expire
Into the common treasure all her store

Flyes boute 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 berres.
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 rausihst loues distill
Through loues alimbeck & with chimick skill
From the mixt masse our Souueraigne balme deriuue
Then bring the great Elizar to the hiue.
Now in subtile wreathes I will entwine
My sinnouy legs thighs & a^rimes 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 jealous 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 wedlocke 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 unrestrained appetite.
Like & enioy; to will & acte is one
Wee onely sinn when loues rights are not done.

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 hurls
Her limbs into a thousand winding curls
And studies artfull postures such as bee
Caru'd on the barke of evey 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 toylde 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 ^him like ^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 enamourd of hir woe.
These & ten thousand beauties more that di’d
Slaues to the tyrant now enlarg’d deride

His canceld lawes & for their time mispent
Lay vnto loues exchequer double rent.
Come then my Cælia wee'le noe more forbeare
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 cowarde hands.
And yet Religion bids from murther fly
And damn’s mee for that act; then tell my why
That Golliant Honnor whome the world adores
Should make men athists & not woemen whores.

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 Rauen croke.
Sleepes for theflea your proud insulting Elfe
Had taken truce, & was a sleepe it selfe
But twas nights darling, & that wods cheife iwel
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 flyes
Shee makes a groues Satyre, & Pharie hyes
Aboute her pearce 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 rob'd 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 morraly
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 crowne somewhat deprest
And by degrees towards the
That to out lips it might the better stoope
Varied a little the figure of a hoope

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 Pensuennesse
My silence to anie who abroad haue beene
My monie to a Capuchin
Thour loue Loue taughs'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 encompasing
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 Mahometts Paradise & though
All spirits walke in white wee easily know

By this all Angels from an euill spr^te
They set our haires 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 discouering thy
Full nakednesse, all eyes are due to thee
All soules vnbodyed, bodyes vncloth'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

Loues dyet

To what a cumbersome vnwildnesse
And burthenouse corpulence I loue had grone
But that I did to make it lesse
And ^keepe it in proportion
Give 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 mean't for mee
If hee wrought from her a teare I brinde it soo
With scorne or shame that him it 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 weep not but sweat
What hee would dictat I write that
But burnt my letter when shee writ to mee
And if that favour, 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 Faulknners vse
I spring a Mistresse, sweare, write, sigh & weepe
And the game kil'd or lost goo talke, or sleepe.

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
Soo 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 retume
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 confess.
The sinns of her owne youth's ranke lustinesse
Yet loue these secrecies did remoue & 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 oathiess & 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 never witnesse 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 been some bad smel hee would haue thought
That his one feete or breath that smell had brought.
But as we in our Isles 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 forbeare
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 amarous 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 exceede 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 lothesome all being taken simplie alone
Shall not loue ill things joyn'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 fil'd with Sunday guests cald Islington
Where I with friends was in a house that sould
Good nappie ale & 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 man 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
Twixt the fourth Edward, & tha King=mkae 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, 'twas thus I askt for th' Hop
His wife comes Sobbing cryinge shee is lost
Vndone, forsaken twentie things beside
Then wrung her hands & then againe shee cride
I putting on some grauitie 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 thathe night
Which hastned on tooke mee from that delight
And then went Strait to Mims where I more bold
Ask't for Belswagger 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 St 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 St 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'risking 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 stays, tis a sure friend.
And Soe to St^atford whose too flintie Soile
Yeelds nothing ^worth my writing toile.
But pardon if a little I transgresse
In Seeking my next Subiect to expresse

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 chast 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 theD 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 ^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 hansome 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 honnest & 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

*Handle mee, dandle mee I'l 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 #stepe 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 Goddessse 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 dismal 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 vs to her tender mother
The truth of all their loue for discouer.
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 hourely 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 proue.
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 & Holubbard crue

But ere that hee could of an answere 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 sweetharts 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
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'appeare
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 judgement well
For here come some are onely fitt for Hell.

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 unto 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 behind 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  

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 & leanne a dainty cue  
{ In spleene to burne & lead their liues anew  
Now hee that from the rest doth win the golde  
To Madam Baw'd hee payes his usuall 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 sweares 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 lord  

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 tounge  
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 knau=guide who in the darke doth cry  
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, Snuflings, as would fright
Soules to the other world in Such a plight

As Dogs are Scar'd from houses where ye Boyes
Tie to there vailes a rattle or such toyes
This furious foe doth some soe much appall
As they for safetie flie to th' Hospitall
O others with Bisket like beleauerd men
Sustaine in compass 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 ^ *
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 proove 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 forbeare
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 arrivued through many a cruell fray
If all this moue 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
Preithe at 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
Thy sword and belt to, though twere to bee fear'd
Thoud'st looke much like a groome 4 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 discoure 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
Claimes 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 valew 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
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 every 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-sickeharts
Then toying Cupids quvier 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 never 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 sweare
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 benumed
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 seece 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 old
Which greedy Poets dreames haue turnd to ^ gold
But flowd 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
Apollos golden locks crown'd by the morne
This dally'd by the winds in oft resort
With her smooth forehead & calme browes did ^ sport
On which horison shin'd two starres from whence
Loues beames did warme cleere rayes of innocence
Shoold they clowd vp in frownes no ods were known
Iwant Plutos gloomy sill & Cupids throne
Hence did in just dimensions rise & fall
A comely nose which seemd a curious wall
Twixt those faire cheeks in whom whyle Beauty showes
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 moud
As what his altar was his prison proud
Next rose a pretty chin a neck of Snow
Like Ioues when hee tu'nd 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 gracet
Wth golden apples, which loues Dragon saues
From daring louers who their find their graues
Hence my rapt thoughts the milky way did passe
Of Beautyes Heauen till it arriv'd was
At Ioyes Elizium, in whose groues doe Sport
Millions of Cupids whose lesse noble sort
Bansht 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 loues God when doth hee 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 vbiquitarie Show.

Flowing along those thighs those legs those feet
Whose smooth close=knit proportions just 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 Charme
Whyle shee a low sigh breath'd & that became
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 Goddesse blind,
Whose wheele linkt Ropes doth throw
Till they vntwind.
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 alieue
The sight I this! take not what yeend you destroy
A Senselesse 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'embraice, 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
Dismisse thy clogging earth! And life adue

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 every 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 profess
That soules may haue a plenitude of ioy
Although ther bodyes neuer meite t'inojoy
But I must needs confess I doe not find
the motions of my mind
Soe purified as yett but at the best
My body claims in them some interest
I hold that perfect joy makes all our parts
As joyfull as our harts

Our senses tell us if we please not them
Our love is but a dotage or a dreame
How shall we then agree, you may descend
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 we sojourn here
Our bodies may draw nearer
And when their wills no more they can extend
Then let our souls begin where they did end

O' I Could Loue if I Could fynd
a Mrs Pleasinge to my Mynd
whom Neyther gould nor pryd 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 Bould
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 when she 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

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 gave Hir Homely Countrie glous
shee tooke them as they were Ment
for thoose 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 hir
from Hir fond Intent
the fool Reply'd Shee did not Meane
to sin By president. finis

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 loueinge 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 streigth, and then, and then, and then,
weele to those pleasant pleasant warrs againe
Finis

Nemo Parson of S.¹ Gyles
alias Gilliflower: Author
A dialogue between Sir Henry Wotton and Mr. Donne

If her disdaine Least change in you can move
you doe not love,
for 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 heare of others moane,
to mine is stone,
Her eyes that weep a strangers eyes to see,
joy 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 exeed.
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 lover proue
may shew his pacience not his loue.

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 '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 gaards, 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 beckes. winkes, lookes, and often vnder boardes
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
fortune, 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 loose her passages, The Springe
how freash our loue was in the begininge

The Summer, how it ripened, in the yeare;
and autumne, 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 thiserefore 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 *her* necke her skin such luster sets
The seeme no sweat drops. but pearle coronetes

Allusio ex Martiale . lib.10.Ep.47

Vitam quae faciunt Episcopalem
Impraelatur Marshiales, haec sunt;
Res non anxit 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 Bishopps 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 pretty 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 thriveing ffolck; 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.

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.

To Pot Befe

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

To Bake a Rump of Beefe

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 withthe 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 leafe browne loafe will be Baked
To make a french dish with veal

Thake a fillit of veale & cut of peces hafe
an inch thick through the veale then with the back
b\^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

Peper & salt as much as you think will
season it mingele it with the 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 Juice of Lemon & then
Power it into the Liquor to the meat
& then set it t 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 peces of good
butter to coufer it put in either
some white wine or water lust
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
Iuice of a lemon or slice\textsuperscript{e} d which you please you may put \textit{the} harde Egges in either before tis baked or after but you must mingell it weel with \textit{the} meate when ever you put it in.

To make a capon Pie

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

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

To make Pasty Crust

Take a pottle of fine flower by ...\textit{then} take a spoonefull or too fine shuger beaten & a littell ... & mingell with\textit{the} flower

\textit{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 beeke 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 a goe about to make your
crust then put this suet to the flower
& five eggs but two wo of the whites
& so work it with a little cold
water into a little 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 very litell & turn the fat side downe
upon a bord then take the pill of 2
lemon & cut them in narrow peces
as long as your finguer & thurst

them in to every hole of the venson
then take 2 ounces of peper beate
it smale & twice as much salt
then squise the juice 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 & have a pound of good shuger & a littill salt then take 3 pound of beefe suet & 3 pound of godod butter the suet must be finely shred then to the better hafe of the butter & suet & work in to the flower ee cold & tenn Eggs 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 with the liquor then with the other parte of the butter & suet put to it work it very weel to geather beate it with a roleing pin the more you beate it the better role out the Pastie thick & put in the ven'son unparboiled the better then season it with peper & salt & clare 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

To make a round Pastie of 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 & whilst 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 with the 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 whichthen
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 & mine it
smale with some beefe suet & some
marow & hearbs as you like & peper
& salt & spice & were vinger then take
some of 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 Eeges whole or in halves &
the halfe of the minced meate &
some peices of marow & dates &
artehoke botomes boyled tender
pine appels curneles skerits or
parsnipes boyled tender mingle
in all these things or some of
them which you like & lay them in the
Pie with a blade of r two to mace
& some good Butter then make a laire with 3 or
4 sponfuls of white wine or veriuice
& a littell butter & the yolke of an
Egge beaten with a littell amber

& shuger & set it one the fier tell it
boile then put in the juice 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 vergiuice some cloues & mace
& nutmeg work it weel to geather &
make it in to balls & lay them in them
in the Pye withthe 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 haires & 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 or part of it mince it
smale & season it with peper & salt
put in good store of marow or befe
sueit shred smale & harde Eggesshrerd
with what earbes you like mingell all
these weel to geather & make it up
in to Round bales & when the coffin
is redy put in chikens or Pигons with
butter & salt & peper in thaire beles
& so put into the Pye withthe balls
if you like it you may put in either
goosebreyes or barberries 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's 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 toung 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 very 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 weel with your hannds then fill the Pye & put in with it the marow of 2 bones rolde 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 cin 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 tell 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 & cynamon & afew 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 & close them & slice them boile i5 Eggs 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 shred 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
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 acrosse 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 artichake/ botomes & the meate that is craped from the leaues one pound & buter as much as yu want # 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 chiken or capon
or rabit

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 very smal
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 very 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 littell
water lust 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
withthe 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 withthe 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 lare of bakon cut thin *then* a laire of collpop 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 dïlided 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 buter beaten thik a litell vinger & slices of lemon & shake all these togetheer so put one *the* lid *you* may put in either pickled mushroms or oysters pickled or raw

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 buter or *the* fat of *the* veale 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 *theme* 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 & lust before it goes in the oven put in some water afore it is quite baked take it out & put in a bout hafe a pint of white wine made hot so set it in the oven & let it stand a quarter of an houer longer

To make a chiken Pye

take 4 or 5 chikens cut them in peces & take 2 or 3 sweet breads perboiled & cut in peces as big as 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

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 Pigons: & 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 up & a fore 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 minced 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 hafè a
pound a quarter of an ounce of
mace & so of nutmeg. & cloues

& a littell ginger & peper & salt
& so mingell all to gether with a
litell french barley boiled uery
Tender & some oringe pel ele
cut smal or candied orieng peele
or Lemon a quarter of a pint of sack
& as much rose water if you no wine
use veriuice this quantitie will
make six or 8 pyes of indiffrent
size & 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 butock befe o fat & leane
togeather cut it in peces the bignes
of your finger but longer season it with pepper & salt & spice & earles you like then lay it in a dish for too hours that the season may se soake in then lay it

in the pye which must thick course crust & lay butter one the top of the meate so lided up & bake it in an oven made as hot as for brown bread set in the pye at noone & let it stand all night in tell next morning then draw it & coufer it close 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 & at noone draw it then cut up the lid & put in the juice 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 in 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 mion

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 very weel & role in bales & so lay them in the pye with the oysters & hard Egges cut smale layed one the top & butter so Lid it up & when it is baked cut it up & put in some veriuics & some butter & gravye heated to geather

To make a Carpe Pye

Take carpes seale them & take
oat all the great bones then beate them in a stone morter with some of the bloud but put i not is so much as to make it to soft then laerde it with the 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 Lampreys 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 inside of them & close them to gather with a peaces 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 Lampreys & 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

To make a shrimpp Pye

take the shrimps & boile them then 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 
beate 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 you may if you please put in som buter melted in them when the come out of the oven
To make a Ræbiet 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 bottom of the Pye

then put the meat in with harde Egges cut smale & pickely coucombers & aney other pickled things 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 dip 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 & luce of Lemon or orenge & 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 stoones

sparboile them & then sking 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 sake of
buter with wine or vinger

To fry chikens

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

To fry Larkes: take 2 or 3 dosen of
do not gut themthen fry them ouer a quick
fier with good butter be carefull that you
do not over fry them if you have 2 pans
thenthem 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
withthe oysters let the look browne
then lay the larkes & oysters &
skirrites in the dish & power buter
one them

a frigesee

take 6 chikens & cut them into 4 quarter5
& 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

then take them out & put the wine that
the chikens 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 spoon-fulls 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 tell it be thik have a care that it doe not curdel you may put in a litell wine that an onyon has bin steped in this is good sace for either fleck or fish

To frigesey befe with alle

take good yong fat befe & 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 stew sofely tel you think it enoufe & put to it a good pece of buter & a noyon & an anchouis & shak it weil & then put it in your dish hot is hot & tsost at the potom of the dish

To fryeas 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 sofely 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
To stew a Calves Head

take a good Head & clean it a
part & take out the braines then
lay it in cold water for an houre or
to parboile it & skewe it
clear then take it up & cut it in
small pieces & the tongue that take
a quart of the water twas boiled
in & the gravy that run from it
when you cut it season the meat
with pepper & salt & spick & earbes
as you like & a noyon so stwe all
this togethers & when it is all
most done enofe put in hafe a
pint of white wine with some
capers & an achouise or 2 & som
gravy beate wet 4 or 5 yolkes
of eggs put in Lust to thiken
the sauce fry the braines with
yolke of eggs browne to lay one
the tope when tis in the dish & four
bales to put in shred a pound of
veal & a pound of befe sueit
season it with pepper & salt

& spice & what shreed earbes you
like & 3 or 4 yolks of eggs beaten
& so put in to the minced meat & work
it with your hand togethers & then role it
into litell bales som long & some round
hard eggs chopped very smale &
mixd with the bales & roled with it
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 litel lemon
pille with the meat sweet
fry sweet breads of veale diped 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 to coufer it close &
let it stwe for 2 houers then
put in som peper & salt &
& spice & 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 withthe meate & put
y broth 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 thentwith a knife stap it
in searall places & put in to
every hole some spice & the earbes
you like shred smal & rolde 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 ¥a 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 steweing
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
b? bread in with it

To drese a gose

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

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

folio 74 verso || folio 75 recto
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 doing & 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 troters

take a pint of veriuise & a pint of water & shift the troters & 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 osyters & 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 cleare 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 belli s 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 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 Muton

take a good Leg of muton & cut
a great round pece of out next
the bone when tis raw & take
some of it & parboile it & chop
is very smal then take a pint of
yss oysters & t stew them with thare
one water & a litell fare water
doe them but a litell & cut hafe
of them pretty male then take
some whit 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 muton & 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
chouey & an aonyonion & the grave
that dropes from the muton & heate
it to geather & put in the dish
withthe muton

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 withthe meate

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To mince & roast a shoulder of veal

cut of the two flaps of the shoulder
then cut it across 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
pepper & 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 orenge
& oysters & some gravy & some
white wine heathe with the
stewed mete f you must 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 with the portnance then cut
it in to thin slices & proile it
pepering it & salting it & when tis
enouf that take the Head & cut it
open & take the braines & buter
them & put them in the dish with the
broilled meate lay the Head one
the top make the sace with some
grave & buter & an ionion & a
litell withie wine or vinger

sooth Collops

cut a leg of veale crosse the
graine in pret sthine peces &
beate them weel with the back of an
knife & fry them a littell in buter
to make them a littell browne
Then have redy the suet for them when you think them frid enou which mus be made with some grayuey & some whit wine & the yolkes of 4 egges beaten & an achovey & an oinion & some peper & salt & a litell nutmeg set over the fier tel it tis thick then ylay theq colpps in the dish which must hot & put the sace one them with sostes of white bread at the botom

To drese a Leg of muton

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

a artechockes botomes boited 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 handfull 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 bateter
& 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 with the muton doe not take of the kell

To stwe Pigons

first stufe the Pigons the bellies & the cropese with forst meat then set them with the nekes downrdes into a skillet of water & a pece of buter & 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 broth 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 euyry pound of that put 2 pound of good befe suiet cut them small togeathe & beate it weel in a morter thenseasen 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 hput no breald in this meat will s last sweet a fortnight

To hash rabiets with bakon
fill the belleies of the rabiets
with earbes you like cut smal & mingled with buter so lay them
to the fier to rost & when the are all most rosted draw them & cut
them up & cut some of the meate of from the bones in thine peces
& then mingell the meate & the 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 togeather till the snailles are tender enoufe then put them in to a dish with tosted whit bread in the botom

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 weeshit bread so weet this with yolke y of egge & a littell vinger
or whit wine & then stuff the
mutton all over with it & then
rost it not to much when tis
bast it with buter & gravey that
drope it from it & when tis rosted
make the sac with the grauey that
drapes from it the water of the
oysters & the oysters that were
stewed & a litell pece of buter
& an nion heat all this to
geather & power in the dish to the
mutton

To make cabbage Porage

Take a good cabbage & cut it tow &
parboile it & then cut it very small
& cut the crag end of an neck of
mutton & 2 or 3 pound of befe & one
pound of backon cut pretly
small so put all to geather & 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 litel peper & some spice
taste good white bread & put in the
dish with the meate & cabbage &
broath you may put in litell
verges stire it ofen whil it
boiles that it doe not burne to the
pot

To make Baked greene 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 litell
peper & salt so let all this stew
to geather till you think it enouf
& then dish it up
To make green pease Porage

take an crag end on neck of muton & an nuckell of veale & some leek neck befe & tsewe this for 3 houer or more skime it cleane & then put in a good quantey of green pease & let them boile tell 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 broth 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 culendor afore you tak them up put in a pece of good backin to boile & then put in some broth into a skilet & as mane much of the pulp of

the pease as will make it thick 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 must an houer with a bundell of earbes then buter tosted 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 boole it till it smels of the spice pare the crust all 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 creame that is boild you may put in a litel amber grece & mingell all this weel to geather with a quater of a pound of good buter melted then weet a a course cloath & ring it hard & then flower it lite & s spred it one a dish & then power the pudding 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

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 spoonefull 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 bake it

To make a sack Puding

take hafe a pint of sweet cream & 3 egges & the whits beat them weel & 4 spoonfulls of sack & some beaten nutmeg & mace & a litel salt & shuger to you r tast & 2 handfuls 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 grated nutmeg & some mace & a litell salt & 3 spoonfulls 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 theboile pot when it boiles with either fef f befe or muton in it it

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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 & sluger to your tast & a litel salt a 2 hanfdfulls 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 or rice

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 very 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 whites but of 3 & hafe a pound of good befe suiet cut smal & sume grated bread & a spoonefull 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

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 to 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 ecreame 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

warne 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 littell grated bread & shuger & salt & spice to your tast then put in some blanche almons beate smale with a littell 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 clot tided up cloak & so put it in to boileing water twell be boile in an howeer or a litel more

To make a quakeing allmone pudding

boile a pint of good cream: & i0 egges the whites of 2 of them beate them weel put them in to the creame but not to boile & put in hafe a pound of blancked allmons beate very smal & some shuger & spice & a a litell salt to your tast & 2 spoonefulls 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 hower & 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 spoonefulls of fine of grated bread & a spoonef or 2 of flower & put in shuger & salt & spice 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 stirring it if 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 loaf

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

To make a gridiron 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 yeeges 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 hour 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 bottom
& 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 Loaues 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

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so bater the dish or pan you bake it in or you may boile it int a cloath & for sake 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 well in it 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 togetheer & put in some 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 very smal & mingell it with some sweet cream & egges & shuger & spice then put in some luce of Spinige to make it very 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 very tender & let the water draine from it then mince it very smal then grate a manchet very 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
clean & white & fat & parboile
it when tis cold minc it uery
smal then put to it som good coranes
& 6 egges & some grated white
bread & shger & spic & some
cream 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 & peele 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 eggs &
cream 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

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 called a lister

Take a pound & a shafe 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 coaferd 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 in 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 whites of 3 of them & beate them weel & hafe a pint of good alle yest & a some salt & spice & as much fine 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 buttered loaves

take 3 quarts of new milk & put
in as much runet as will turn it
& when it is cold break it & whay the
curd clear from it then break
the curd very small with your hands
then put in the yolks of 8 eggs
well beaten & the whites of
2 of them

& a handfull of grated bread & a
handfull of fine flower & a little salt
so mingled at this well to gather
& work it well with your hands then
make it up into 4 loaves & put them
one buttered paper then beat the yolk of
an egg with a little beer & so
wash the loaves all over with a
feather then set them in the hot
oven & stop them up & the will be
baked in 3 quarters of an hour
but before that you make the loves set
the past before the fire to rise when
the are baked take them & cut of the
tops & with a knife stir in the
crumes & power in melted butter
within some grated nutmeg & shuger
& rose water or sack & so put
one the tops of the loaves
again & dish them up stroud with shuger

an other way of buttered Loufes

Take the yolks of teen eggs & the
whites of 3 of them beat them well
& put to them have a pint of good
ale yeast & some spice & a little salt & as much fine flour as
as will make it in to stipe past &
so worke all this well to gather
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
To make fried curd Puffes

Take the curd of a gallon of new milk & whay it cleane let the curd be very tender & way it thrue a sieue or thin cloath rub it thorwue then take a handfull of fine flower & the yolkes of 6 egges the whites of 2 of them & a grated nutmeg & alitell grated bread & a litel salt & a litell rosewater or orang flower watter so worke all this wel to geather with your hands but not to stife so spred it one trenchers about an ninch thick the breath of litel pastyes so frie them in buter pret browne crisp then put them one up an other in the dish but not above 2 so power one melted bater with sack & shuger

To make fried Butered Loufes

Take a good spoonful of good all yeast & 6 egges & 3 whits & beate them wel & put to the yeast 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 ouen heates so bake them wel then take them & cut the topes of & power in melted buter with sack & shuger

& bake them wel then take them & open them & power in melted buter with shuger or sack or white wine & so put one the top againe & 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 a cabbage Pudding

Take one pound of good befe & parboile it & when tis cold shrid it very 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 gather 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

To make an orragne Pudding

Take 2 orangers them & cut them in hauelfs & take out all the midell then boile boath outward & in ward 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 morter & when tis beat add as much of the pulp of sharpe appels & 12 youlkes of gegges the whits of 6 of them & the luce 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 put 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 Pester 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 Tounges 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 wi the same 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 & then dish 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 with the back of an kife then put it in a stew pan or frying pan with with a pece of good buter & stew
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 twith this past you may yuse for what you like

To make crust for tafeity tarts

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 tارات 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 very litell flower one the buter then dubell up
& so role it out againe & then
buter it so doe till you haue

put in a pound & a quarter of
buter & 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 eggges & one spoone=
full of Roose water mingill make 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 eggges & a litell shuger
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 John 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 1 one the
part one the apples with some
orenge pill cut small candied if
you have it so coufer them up &
cloase them weel at the eyes with
the white of an egg beaten then
with a gageing yarn cut the eyes
& cut them on the lid with a
knife so set them quickly in the
oven do not bake them too much.
If the oven be hot you need not
put up the lid when they are en
enough the sugar will boil in
them.

Apell Pastiey to friy

Take good apples & pare them
& slice them round very pretty thine
then boil them gently in sour surup
for fare the break then
when they are pret tender drayne
the apples from the surup & lay
them in the pasties which must be
3 inches long & an inch thick
so strow one the apples some
good sugar & orange pills cut small
so cloase them up & fry them browne one
boath sides in a great deale of butter
when they are fryed scrape one sugar
& sinese one som luce of orange

To make Taffity tarts of Apricocks
or Pipons

Take a pound of good butter & a
pound of fine flour & the yolks of
2 3 eggs so rub this togeather
very well with your hands then
weet it with as much cold water as will
make it in to paste but not very
stife then role it into square
sheets allmost as thin as brown
paper then dubell one side over the
other & flour a sheet of whit
paper all over & lay 2 of the
sheets of past one it then open

them one at a time then can take
apricocks or pipes & pare them
slice them very 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
hafe of the past 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 & hafe 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 with the roleing pin with 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 hafe 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 hafe 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

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
gosrebeyes then boile them in
surup a litell f before you put
them in the pan if other frute
then betwene the lares of it
lay some good shuger & pound
& a quarter will a make a great
tart to Ice it & all
To make an appel tarte with cream

In the somer take coudlings & in the winter good appelles lohn 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 oven & 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

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 squeue it all the curd throue a course haire siue then put to the curd the yolkes of 12 egges the whits of 2 of them & a pound of good buter melted & a grated nutmeg & 3 quarters of a pound of whit shuger & a pound of good corance & hafe a pound of allmons beat blanchet & beaten very 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 ouen 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 that the whay may be cleare from it then beate it in a cleane morter 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 spoonefaullls of thick sweet cream & some nutmeg a pece of good buter melted & cold againe about a spoonefull & some corance ploumped & 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 oinyaons all cut very smale with some
Iamake 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 bpack 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 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 just take it a live & wash it very clean & stop the holes as you do when you boil them then tie them fast to the spit the insides to gather & bast them with water all the while the rost when they are reoseted enouf the will look now very read then have ready some stewed oysters cut in pieces & put to them some melted buter with the stewed water of the oysters & a little an choive & a little white wine so beate all this well to gather with the inside of the bodies of the lobster & so brake the shells of the other part & lay the meat hole in the dish with the sacce

To Broile whiting

Take whiteings & cover them with salt for a day then hang them up one day by the heads & then Broile them & when you turn them take off the skins & bast them with buter & a little pepper & broil them til you see they are enouf & then put them in a dish with melted buter

To make meate telle

Take a great knuckle 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 lust before you boile the feet soke
them 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

fast as the scuum rieses take
it of put in a vey litel salt
so let it boile & when that the water
is wasted trye if twel lellie &
if it dos then take it & straine
it thro a dubell strainer then
in to a cleane earthen pan &
so let it stand till nex day then
take of all the top cleane with
an knife to euery quart of
lellie put hafe a pound of
good white shuger & some mace
& a nutmeg sliced & some cynimon
& a litell ginger if you plase
so set it one a cleare fier
& put in to it the whites of 2
egges beaten til the froath
so let the lellie boile gentely
& put in the luce 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 narow 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
To salt Hames of Backen

Take a pound of 4 peney shuger & 4 ounces of salt Peter 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 Tounges in with a Littell Bay salt added to it.

To make an orang Puding

take the riney of 4 good sivell orangs pared uery thin boile them tender In searuall waters then dry them weel & beate them uery small in a morter 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 withan more of the same past that is under that past of orang so put it In the oven to bake not to browne.
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 whilst 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.

my Lady ashouver 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 all 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* seasone *them* with 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 Toungus

*them* & cut *the* Rootes cleane of & then take a handfull of salt & some peper Peter salt & coufer your tounges afer you have salted them *with* Peter salt & Bay salt Let *them* Lye in *that* Brine ten dayes then boile *them* in Pump water tell they be *t* pretty tender & take *them* & Peele *them* cleane & put *them* in a Pot & put to *them* some whole peper & a littell cloaues & mace & stick a fue cloaves in *the* tounges & couefer & coufer *them* weel with Butter & 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 *you*p *the* Pot with Bute to keepe *them*

*the* same brine will sarue to salt more Toungs in but when you put *them* in Put in suppon *the* Toungs 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 eggs to make the sase thick

which must be beate ¥ 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 be 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 put 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 & I amake peper & some cloues & some nutmeges all beat togeather & so put a lare of wallnut & a lare of ¥leave & spick & a good quaintey so mustard seed & some salt so
betuene the laures which must be put ore the top of the pot then power one wine vinger a enouf coufear them coufer them close up with strong dubell 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 them

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 Liquour boying 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.
A booke of verses collected by mee RDungaruan

m
R m

Verses made vpon the death of the Ducke of Buckingham

Sooner may I some fixed statue bee
Then prooue some 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 pitty yet at least thy fatall end
Shot like a lightening from a violent hand
Taking thee hence vnsummon'd thou art to us

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'it a fault 
My Charitye shall haue it in thy vault 
Their for thine owne accounting tis vsdue 
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 
Contains 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.

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 never mist his eyes. 
Yet if hee had them twere in vaine, 
For hee would weepe them out againe.
Thy teares if thou but pitty 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.

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 journey fit,
This blest one was her whole life going it.

On Prince Henry.

Within this marble casket lies
A matchlesse jewell of rich prize
Which Nature in the Worlds disdaine
But shewed and then put up againe.

On Richard Earle of Dorset

Let no profane ignoble foot tread neere
This hallowed piece 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 reconcile'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 understood 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.

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 forbeare
To rent a Sigh for, him, or shed a teare.
May hee loue long and scorn'd unpityed fall.
And want a mourner att his Funerall.

On Mr Henry Boling

If gentlenesse could tame the fates or witt
Delude them, Boling had not perish't yet
But hee that gouernes death in judgement sitts
And sayes our Sinnes are stronger then our wits..
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 reueral'd
All that read would by and by
Melt themselues to teares and dy

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 buryed,
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.

Worthy thy vaster Subiect, Let none dare
To coppy 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
Kowne 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 tugg'st 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 pitty thee.
Were I to choose a subject to bestow,
My pitty 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 pitty 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 Ecclipse thy praise

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'dst an enuious wonder whose high fate
The world may still admire scarse 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 euem 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 offring 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
Bettwixt this day and that by Fate bee slaine,
For whom the Curtaine may bee drawne againe

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 vn molested peace vnshared caue
Possesse as Lord not Tenaunt of thy graue.
That vn to 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.

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.

Jerusalem 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.

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 pitty, 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 beecomes 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 wisedome of my fate,
Which knewe to value mee at such a rate

As to my fall to trouble all the skye
Empting vpon mee Ioues full Armory,
Serue in your sharpest mischeifes vse your rack,
Enlarge each ioynt and make each sinew crack
Thy soule before 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 stroake
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 hourely 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 thrall
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 himt 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 jewell 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.

Upon 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 bloo-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 every one that passed by that way,  
Without a Sculpture read 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 under 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  

I blame not fame & nature if they gaue  
Where they could ad noe more their last a graue  
And iustlie doe thy greeued friends forbeare  
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 superstition.  
Their hired Epitaph & periu'rd stone  
Which oft belyes the Soule when shee is gone  
But darst commit thy body as it liyes  
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
Above the Host & Alter raised is.
For though thy body fill a vilier 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 wonne thy sprig of memorie
Noe longer then thy friends did rosemari
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 poysen'd death has done thee grace
Rankt thee aboue 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

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 stead 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 allmost 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

And putting off thy ashy 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 & bouteous greife
I giue thee 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 answere 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 riv'raile
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 downeward 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
Before 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
Divided, 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 weep 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 coppy 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
e
In such a pece 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'estld 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 scarse know
If th'art it selfe vnto that pitch cold grow
Wert not in thee, that hads't 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'n'd 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 eu'n their very Idlenesse they thinke
Is lost in these, that loose their time in drinke

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

folio 18 verso || folio 19 recto
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, t'is 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 Thrasoes 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 just 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 of 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 forbeare
Unseemely 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 jewels 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 beene
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 without hope of remedy
Such an untimely greife haue I for thee

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

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 selfe 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 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\^{l}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 hours, 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 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 ^such 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 little sugar in to the barrell to keep the spirits & so draw it out a mouth or two after when it is fine an cleare & bottle it.

To Make Metheglin

Take ten Gallons of Water and and

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 break 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 little
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 little wheate flower and when it hath stoppe it close and let it stand a mounth then draw it into pottles & keep it in sand or in a cellar a mounth 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 brewsed to ten Gallons you must put in half a bushell 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 it 18 pound of white sugar, boyle the sugar and water neare halfe an hour, taking off the scum as it riseth then take halfe a bushell of flowers pickt and a little bruised, 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 toast 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 Rasberry 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
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
little 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
togather 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 togather then put in a
peck of the topes that are cliped
of Cowslips infuse them in the liquor or letting them work 3 days covering them with a cloath in an earthen pot straine it and put it into a clean caske stope 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 drank.

How to make Goosbery Wine or curant wine

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 togather 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 little 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 little 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 scal= ded, that it taste of nothing and let it stand all night and the next mour ning 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 little 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 cole 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 Juice drawin in Dalma rio, that is boyled in a pott, out of water in a skittle & then straine it out; put it in cold & stir it well togather, 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 luce.

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 togethers 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 Turpentines and wash it in red rose water then put your Turpentine to the Storex liquida and beate them both togethers with a little plaintaine & 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 togethers, 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 Sanders in fine powder stirring it well togethers 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 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, letting 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 strainer. Then put that is strained a
To make sack mead

To every 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 vessel 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 diligently 10 or 12 days as you doe 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 twelve moent in the cask then you may bottle it

To make goosebery Vineger

To every gallon of water put six, pound of ripe goosbery's well brused power your water boiling 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 vessel & to every 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 vessel after six months you may use it

To pickle Large Cucumbers

Take large cucumbers when they are ripe before they turn yellow slice them as thick as half a crown lay one frowering upon another & strow salt betwixt every 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 quartor 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 at the highest sucm it of clein & put itt into the uessill, 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 quantity of sugar, will sarve f..m before you put the wine into the barrell light a grate quant'ty of brimstone matchis & hang them in the uessell & 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 quartor 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

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 gage it before it boile then gage 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
& scum it very cleane then put in the whiths of 5 or 6 egges weel beaten & stire it about one the fier & then take it off & scum 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 Rundeal & put in it a fue cloaues & mace & ginger & the rines of 3 lemons
To make Black cherry 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 warmer place Let stand 8 days stiring it Twise a day & coufer the tub with a cloath then take 15 pound of good Black cheey chriey & Bruse them in a morter 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 thrue a thine caniues Bagg to make it as cleare as you

you must not sqese 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 & & 4 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 you bottell it & then you do put in to euery botell a Littell whit shuger this wine well keep y a yeare

you must not sqese 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 & & 4 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 you bottell it & then you do put in to euery botell a Littell whit shuger this wine well keep y a yeare
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 nutmgs & as much cyinoment
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
eggens the whits of 6 of them with a
quarter of a pound of beaten loafe
shuger beat them hafe an houer &
& straine to the eggens a litel more
then a wine pint of thick alle yest
& 2 spoonefulls of rose water & a
pint of sack mingell all this weel
togeather geather & mak the flower & corans

in a hie ridge so power the eggens & 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
oven 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 eggens 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 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 quarto of cream boiled & when it has 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 marm & warne one the other side of the ridge so then mingell rownd all one way till tis very weel mixed then couer it in warne 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 scorëth twill be baked in 3 quarters of an houer when tis in the hoop cut it in this manner & then with your hand flourered 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 spoonefuls
of sweet cream made blood warme
& a nutmeg grated & some mace &
cloves beaten so mingell all this to
greater 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 as n inch thick & as round as
you can & lay them one butred paper &
bin batred paper about themthe 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 themthen 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 smales carraway

comfits & mingel them in lightely
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 & a
on pound of good croance picked &
& washed & rubed & allmost a pound
of white shuger & a 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 togeather 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 & strw 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 cornc made very cleane
then have redy beaten 4 1/4 egges the
whites of hafe & put to them 2
spoone fulls of sack or rose water
then warme so mingell all to geather
then but the papers or tin plates then you

set them in to a quick ouen but not
to burn them you must wet them ouer
with a feather with fine sugar
when the are weed strew fine
sugar 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 sugar uery
fine & searced & then take the
youlkes 12 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 & sugar & beate
them weel in a uery cleane morter
& when you have beate it a pretty
while you put in

a race of ginger cleane scraped &
finely beaten you must not let it stand
without 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 every one of them as much
of the past as will a litel more then
couer the botomes so set them presently
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 sugar 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

more then will couer 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 & - blanch'd & finel
beaten with orange floure water
then so beate them an other houer
then put in 10 ounces of uery fine
flower dried & cold againe so
mingell it all weil togeather then
have you r tin Plates redy butred
& put in 2 spoonfuls of bater
in to eury blate then have redy

some fine shuger & fine flower in
a tifnie & strewe one them so sent them
presentely in to the ouen which must be
as hot as for manchet but let the 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 morter uert fine with
as much orange flower water as
will keepe them from oyleing as as
then take hafe a pound of fine Loufe sugar beaten very fine & searced & put the bigger hafe to the almonds & a litel amper greec if you like it then beate it in to a Past & role it in to Lenthes with the rest of the sugar & make them in to knots & then lay them one shets of paper & sugar sifeted one it so put them in to a stove to drie & when the are drie then take the whites of or 3 egges & beate them in a bason till the be very white then put to them as much dubled refined sugar fine beaten & searced as will make the whites very thick have a pound will doe then with a pen kinfe lay it one one the sides of the lumballs 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 lumball

take one pound & a hafe of fine Loufe sugar flower & a pound of Loufe shuge both dried & beaten very fine & searced then take the youlke of 6 egges the whites of 3 of them & 6 spooenfulls of sweet cream & 4 spooenfulls 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 all 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 as 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 morter 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 weil & mintell them withe the shuger & spice & buter & then put in one gallon of fine flower weil dried so work all this weil 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 pretty browne
To make Browne 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 stireing it all one way then
when your lorn 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 well withthe
other then take a quart of swee
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 them very thine .
& cut them pareing very small in to an earthen
poaranger or silver one then squeze the
luce to them & let them steepe 3 or 4
houers or if it be all night the luce
will look the yallower then take the
whites of 7 egges the yolkes of 2
of them beate them very well & put to them
some thing more then 7 pints of spring
water & a quarter of a pint of

of orange flower water then traine
out the Lemon Iuce & put to it then
take a pound of duble 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 Eggges
then put all the water & Iuce to it &
one the fier til it be as thick as
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
& pretty & 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 luce 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

then let it hstand 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 wee & put to them the luce of 6 good oranges & as much suger as will make it prety sweet straine the luce 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 Goosber'ey 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 spoon you must squese throue the sive if you do 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

boiled sweet thick creame it must boile as fast as is poibell with some maece or nutmeg in it if so let it boile apase till it tis prety thick & bubeles up & froathes then with a spoone 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 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 thick 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
very hie & powereing it very slow
then knock the pot & let it stand
a day or a niugh before you eate it

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 luce 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 glases you
whip the cream againe & so doe till
you r glases 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
againe til you see it begine to

be thick & take it of the fier & stir
power it out of the skilet keep it
stiring till it but aswlitell 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 graded nutmeg set this on
in a deepe dish one a chafeing dish of
coales stirring it 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

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
scaum be pretie toase then power it
thoure a thine weet cloath & so
yuse the syrrup

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
morneing & night afore youthem
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 seavall waters but the
water that you chane them in to must
be boiling hot elce twell make
the oranges harde yo u must boile them
so long as they are very tender
& the bitternes out of 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 the end as the stake
growes then take thire weight in
dubled refined suger but you must
keepe the oranges coufred cloase after
you have weightd them & picked out all
the spoots to ever pound of suger put
a quart of spring water & so boile it
till tis a cleare syrump 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 syrump a while &
then set them by til the next day & then 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

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 thare 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 duble refined suger
let it boile till you see it Ieley hard
when you drop it one a plate
then put in the luce of a Lemon or
the luce 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 bitness being boiled out & so
put some of them into the glases & then
put in the ileye 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 apples &
puting a quantiety of luce of Lemon
& Leave out the luce 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 luce of the
pipens to a high candie & mingell
that the luce 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

To Preserve oranges

take of the fairest & deepest
colared & coarest grained orange
you can get & pare of lust 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 luce 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

folio 60 verso || folio 61 recto
drie out all the water take out
non more of the meat then you m
must needs then weigh them & to evry
pound of oarng pe 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
luce that you squesed out of the oranges
straining 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 mornieing 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 rineed 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 searull waters till they are
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 clarifie 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 syrrup & then put a quarte of the water which has ben boiled with pipins & so make it leley & then straine it & put it to the syrrup & put in a pound

more of suger & so boile it & when tis a thick leley put it to your oranges one the tope when the syrrup 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.

& 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 syrup & let them boile very softly for all most 2 hours & then & the next day boile them againe & put in hafe the suger that is left let them boile softly a bout hafe an hour & take them & set them by til next day then boile them againe & put in all the rest of the suger afore you boile them & when you have boiled them about halfe an hour 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 syrup 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 to drie in a stoue but in the somer in the sone these are the chipes & for the cakes take the pulp & the luce of 3 of those oranges & mash them small & take out all the seeds & wring in the luce of halfe 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 luce & pulp & the minced pill & stire them weel togethether till the suger be melted but doe not sit it on the fier againe & 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
peecees 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 luce 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 hours then boile them tender in
seavall 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 to &
with a spoone stire them continually
till they begine to drie abut befre
(before that you put them in to drie

you mus beat the orange & pipenes
togeather in a cleane morter & to
euery pound of them you must put a
pound & a halfe of suger finely
beaten & lust weeted with water
& have it redy boiled to all most candie
your suger against the orange &
 pipens are a littell drie then
put it to them & stire it weel
togeather & then make it in to litell
rownd cakes one glases or ea'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 & fairest
orangerest & pare them as thine as
ever 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 seavrell
waters which must bee boeleing hot
before you cleeve 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 from
the inside then take on quarter
of the orange & beate it to past in a
morter & cut the rest of the orange
into peeces some big & some litel
then take the pulp or John appulls or
pipens wash it with spoone as
til it tis very sme & no Lumpes
cu it then take the weight of the
cut & beaten orange in suger take
a litell more then the weight & boile

weet it with faire water very
thine then boile it scum it till it
tis a cleare syrrup then set it to cole
a Litell & then put in the orange
& appelles & let it boile till tis
sweet pretty thick & then put in the Iuce
of the orange that was squesed out &
some Iuce of Lemons warme the
luce before you put it in & then,
stire it sweet togeather & when
tis boiley so thick as it twel cut
take it of the fier & let it
coose awhile & then put it into
glases
To make orange Bisket

cut so many oranges as you will in halves take out all the luce & siedes 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 twise 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 morter 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

To Make Lemon Past

take Lemons & pare them thine & then lay them in spring water for 2 dayes shifeing the water twise 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 & squeue out all the luce & 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 every & beaten small you put to them as much pulp of pipens boiled till they are very tender they must 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 & just before that you take it of the fier put in the luce that you suqesed 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 of the gum weel beaten & the like quantiety of the froath whites of egges so beate them weel togeather 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 themthe egges & gum & suger & then set them in a stove to drie

To make orange cakes

take the best & fairest oranges & cut them in halves & squese out all the luce & keepe that by it self & cut out all themthe in side then 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
To Preserve Cytrons

Cut the cytrons in great quarters
& pare them very cleane them Boyle them
in 2 seavall waters till the be
tender & when you shift them in to the
second water keepe them close
cousef 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
close to drie them weel & pick out all
the stringes out of 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
yellow 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
seavral waters till they be tender
but the waters you change them into
must be boileing hot then take them
lay them betwene a kcloath till they be
drie then weight them & put haufe thire
weight in good Loafe suger & to
every pound of suger put a pint

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 say & then boile up the
cytorms 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 bigest 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 & whilst 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 charcoles so let
them boile as fast as posibell that
the surup may boile all over them

& all wayes keepe them stireing &
lade the surup one them & with a sharp
cleane quiet 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 whitness
& doe not pare the quinces till
after the are scaled 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 luce into a preseræving
Pan then parboile the best
To make orag 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 dryed them
wel yn a cloath & then with knife scrape
out all the meate & the seeds then waie
them & put the dubell waight to them
of dubell refined shuger so then
beat it verye fine togeather In a
morter till tis small then spred it one
glase & sit it In the sone or in an

oven before you lay it one the glases
straw 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 Brandy
& take the Rinyes of 6 good
rivell 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 orange
then take out all the peeles &
then put in all most a pound
of Dubell refine suger &
Boyl it a letrell while &
& scime it clane & then when
it tis colde power it into
the Brandy if you see it not
cleare straine it thrue
a cleane thick flanell & so
Bottell it up & stop it
cloase

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spine
head
fore-edge
tail