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

Last Updated: 6 May 2020

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

front outside cover

front inside cover || folio 1 recto

these ar to will and require

Mary Helerd

Mary Heler

PART I

Phillips his

15745

folio 1 verso || folio 2 recto

folio 2 verso || folio 3 recto

To Make Ink

take 6 ounces of gaules & 2 ounces

of coporus & 3 ounces of gum araback

& a quart of whit wine bruse the 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 ^ onely hast

My selfe, my seruice, & my loyall heart,

What need'st thou feare if thou impart

The full fruition of loues happinesse?

Thou canst not this denie, if thou no lesse

Then I doe loue; for tis most meete

Louers each other should at full regreete.

Desires limited are complements in loue,

Your hand to graspe, your cherrie lip to proue,

Or softer breast to touch, are motiues, which

I may compare to an vncured itch.

But in true loue there is no satisfaction,

If you reduce not wishes into action.

If your desires can sympat^hize with mine,

Then let our bodies as our minds conioyne.

And when as place, time, & our consents doe meete,

Let our embraces each the other greete.

Then void of tedious suits with freenesse prooue,

The touch, the taste, the reguisites of loue.

folio 3 verso || folio 4 recto

Soe spight of enuie wee like twinns will liue

like Venus d'oues wee will both tak & giue

Occasion of delight, & if ere fate

Crosse our delights, I will participate

Your storms, & sunshines both the worst & best,

Your pains my smart, your pleasures are my rest.

On a Sigh

1 Tell me thou God of wind

In all thy Cauerns can'st thou find,

A vapour, fume, a Gale or blast,

Like to a sigh which loue doth cast.

Can any 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 Theese blasts of seighing raised are,

By th'influence influence of my bright starr.

folio 4 verso || folio 5 recto

5 Their Æolus from whence they came

Is loue that striues to blowe the flame.

The powerfull sway of whose be/hest

Makes breath & bellowes of one breath.

5 Try gentle gale try that againe

O do not passe from mee in vaine

Goe mingle with her soule diuine

Engendring spirits like to thine,

Yet take my soule along with thee

To make a stronger sympathie.

6 My soule before the grosser part

Thus to her heauen should depart

And when the body cannot lye

On wings of winds my soule shall flie.

Though not one soule our bodies ioyne,

One body shall our soules confine.

W.S.

Dry those faire those christall eyes,

Which like groweing fountaynes rise.

To drown their bancks, greifes sullen brooks

Would better flow in furrow'd lookes.

Thy louely face was neuer meant,

To bee the shore of discontent.

Then cleere those watrish starres againe

That else portend a lasting raine.

Least the clouds which settle there

Prolong my winter all the yeare

And the example others make

In loue with sorrow for thy sake

HK

folio 5 verso || folio 6 recto

I prethee turne that face away

Whose splendor but benights my day

Sad eyes like mine, & wounded hearts

Shun the bright rayes which Beauty darts

Vnwellcome is the Sun that 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 pitty 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

folio 6 verso || folio 7 recto

Verses made of the life

of man.

Threescore & ten the life & age of man,

In holy Dauids tyme seem'd but a span.

And halfe that time is lost & spent in sleepe,

Saue onely thirtie fiue for vse wee keepe.

Our dayes of youth must bee abated all

Childhood & youth wise Soloman doth call

But vanity: vanity hee sayes,

Is what befals vs in our childish dayes.

Our dayes of Age wee take noe pleasure in,

And dayes of greife wee wish had neuer binn.

Soe age deducted youth, & Sleepe, & Sorrow,

Onely one Span is all the life wee borrow

Verses made of Maloncholy

Hence all you fond delights

As short as are the nights

Wherein loue Spends its folly

1 There's nought in this world sweet

If men were wise to seet

Saue onely Malanchollie.

Welcome foulded armes & fixed eyes

A look that piercing mortifys,

2 An eye that fixed on the ground

A toung chain'd vp, without a sound,

Fountaine heads, & pathlesse groues

Places which pale passion loues.

Moone=light walkes when all the fowles,

Are 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.

folio 7 verso || folio 8 recto

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 St Peter with his keyes,

Vnloeke heauen gate so soone as these W.S.

Verses upon a faire ladyes booke

of pictures.

My eyes were once blest with the Sight

Of your faire pictures, drawne Soe bright,

And shap't with soe much skill that I

Led by the pleasure of my eye,

Had not my reason taught mee Sence,

Had allmost gone a louer thence.

There did I see Such Sprightly dames

Whoose Lookes would kindle youthfull flames

In men of fourescore; & giue fire

Again to their decay'd desire.

One dame set out soe well there was

As you had drawn her by a glass.

A curious peece in which your art

Outwent it self; for euery part

Had from your hand receiu'd such grace

That every limbe did like the face

Invite delight, & court the eye

With Such a tempting brauery

That t'was a hard thing to expresse

Which shewed most Skill shee or her dress.

Her feathers on her head was wrought

Soe well, that twas not drawn but bought.

And sure t'were noe mistake to prooue,

If gently breath'd vpon twould mooue.

folio 8 verso || folio 9 recto

Her hayre soe cunningly set out

That some young gallant meight noe doubt

Request a Bracelet or a twist

To tye about his amerous wrist.

A curious Jewell deck't her eare

Enough to make the picture heare.

The squares in such true angles putt

Nought lack't but one to say 'twas out.

Last in her gowne, was shewen such wit

Each part soe fancied & made fitt

A very Taylor meight mistake

And think you first did measure take.

I'de sweare we're not the making knowne

It were not drawn soe butt put on.

The sleeues their linning did betray

And through each slash did let in day.

Were it not of the fashion, yet

That gowne a fashion would beget.

Which would soe well bee likt & hould,

That noe new weare would make it ould.

But when I thinke how rare, how true,

Your pen each pictures faces drew,

With admiration I must dwell

In their suruey & yet not tell

(Such beauty to them all you giue)

Whether your booke of pictures liue.

They surely liue Looke how they smile,

And mooue, or doth their shape beguile

My easier sense! O noe, I grant

To liue they onely language want.

And sure their tongues they would enioy,

And speake had you not drawn them coy.

My thinks t'were easy for that skill

That writes such liuely shapes to fill

The shadow with a soule. that soe

It meight both vnderstand & goe.

Keepe claspt your booke and let that guard

Deny them passe, or t'wilbe fear'd

They may steale out, & make you looke

Their absence in your empty booke.

O when you next your pen doe take

To 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

Deceaue.

folio 9 verso || folio 10 recto

Deceiue you like Narcissus brooke.

If e're you draw a man draw Soe

As hee his Paynter may not know.

Giue him not eyes, for then he'l see

Your beauty & enamourd bee,

And sore forget hee was iust then

The birth & creature of your Pen:

And court you. But with your disdaine

He'le vanish & turne shade againe.

Of a woeman. J.M.

O heauens why did you bring to light

That thing cal'd woeman natures ouersight.

That base borne tyrant trunck 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 lukt

it not and dyed

The Northeirne voyadge

Foure Clarckes of Oxford , Doctors two, & two

That would bee Doctors, haueing lesse to doe

With Austen then with Gallen , in vacation

Chang'd studies & turn'd bookes to recreation.

And one the 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 hee would feast Æneas & his crew.

.

folio 10 verso || folio 11 recto

Here we consum'd a day; & the third morne

To Daintie with a land wind wee were borne.

It was the market, & the lecture day

For Lecturers sell sermons as the lay

Doe sheepe & Oxen, haue their seasons iust

For both their markets; There wee dranke downe dust

In th'interim comes a most officious drudge,

His face & 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 commaundement.

And one of vs he sought a sonn of Flowre

Hee must bid stand & challenge for an houre

The Doctors both were quitted of this feare,

The one was hoa 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 ^ day beefore.

And though hee was resoulued 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.

folio 11 verso || folio 12 recto

Hee was our guid to Leister saue one mile

There was his dwelling where wee staid awhile.

And dranck stale beere I thinke was neuer new

Which a browne wench which brought it vs did brew.

And now wee are at Leister where I shall

Lep 'ore 6 steeples and one Hospitall

Twice told, those great landma^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 Lancester

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 neclected, what Shall wee

Hope after death who are but shreds of thee.

Holde William cals to horse, William is hee

Who though hee neuer saw 3 score & three

Ore recons vs in age as hee before

In beere, & will baite nothing of 4 score.

And hee commaunds as if the warrant came

From the ^good Earle himselfe of Nottingame .

There wee crosst Trent & on the other Side

Payde for St Andrew, & vp hill wee ride,

Where wee obserued the cunning men. .. like moles

Dwelt not in houses but were earth in holes

folio 12 verso || folio 13 recto

Soe did they not build upward but dig thorough,

As hermits caues or conies doe their burrough,

Great vnderminers sure as any where

Tis thought the pouder Traytors practis'd there,

Would you not thinke that men stood one their heads,

When gardens couer houses their like leads.

And one the chimnies top the maide may know

Whether the pottage boile or not below.

There cast in hearbes, & salt, and bread, her meate

Contented rather with the smoake then heate.

This was the rockie parrish, higher 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 vs note though these are Northerne parts

The cros finds in them more then Southerne hearts.

The castle nent: but what shall wee reporte

Of that which is a ruin was a fort.

The gates 2. statues keepe which are

To whome it seemes committed as the care.

Of the whole dounfale: If it be your falte

If you are guiltie may King David s vault

or Mortimer s darke sell conteine you both,

A iust reward for soe prophane a sloth.

And if hereafter tidings shall bee brought

Of anie place or office to bee bought

And the Cost lead or Vmbedge timber yet

Shall pass by your consents to purchase it.

May your deformed trunckes endure the edge

Of axes , feeds. the beetle & the wedge.

May all the ballats bee cald in & die

Which Sing the warrs of Colebrand & Sir Guy

O you that doe Eildhale, & Holmbrie keepe

Soe faithfully when both the founders sleepe.

You are good gyants & partake noe Shame,

With these two worthless truncks of Nottingame .

Looke to your seuerall charges wee must goe,

Though greiued at heart to leaue a castle soe.

The Bulhead is the word & wee must eate,

Noe Sorrow can descend soe deepe as meat.

Soe to the Inne wee came, where our best cheare

Was that his grace of Yorcke had lodged there.

Hee was obiected 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

folio 13 verso || folio 14 recto

For in the stable first hee did begin

From whence hee is beecome lord of this Inn.

Marke how th'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 t'is noe iourney but a walke.

Nature is wanton there & the hie way

Seem'd to bee priuat though it open lay.

As if Some Swelling lawyer for his health

Or franticke vserer to tame, his wealth

Had chosen out by Trent ten miles to trie

To great effects of arte & industrie

The ground wee trod was meddow fertill land

New trim'd & levi'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 enioy & for whose Sake

As for a purer kind of coine men make

Vs liberall wellcome with Such harmonie

As the whole towne had bin his family

My'n Oste of the next Inn did not repine

That wee proferd the harte before his Signe

And where wee lay the host & hostesse faine

Would shew our loue was aim'd at, not there gaine

The very beggars were so' ingenuous

They rather prayed for him then beg'd of vs.

And soe the Doctors friends bee pleased to Stay

The Puritans will let the Organs play.

Would they pull downe the Gallery builded new

With the Church wardens seat, & Burleis pew

folio 14 verso || folio 15 recto

Newrack for light & beautie meight compare

To anie Church but what Cathedrall are.

To this belongs a vicar who succeeded

The friend I mentioned Such a one there needed

A man whose tongue & life is eloquent

Able to charme those mutnous heads of Trent .

And vrge the cannon home when they conspire

Against the Cros & bels with Sword & fire.

There Stood a Castle too, they shew mee where

The rome whe the King slept, the window where

Hee talk'd with Such a Lord how long hee stay'd

In his discourse & all not what hee Sayd.

From hence without a prospectiue wee see

Beuer & Lincolne where wee faine would bee

But that our purses & horses both were bound

Within the circuit of a narrow ground.

Our purpose is all homeward and tis time

At parting to haue witt as well as rime.

Full 3 a clock, & twentie miles to ride.

Will aske a speedie horse, & a sure guide.

Wee wanted both & Lothborrow may glorie

Error had made it famous in our storie.

Twas night & the swift horses of the sun

Two houres beefore our iades their race did run.

Noe pilate Moone, nor anie such kind star

As gouuern'd the wise men which came from far

To holie Bethlem , Such lights had they been

That would haue Soone conueid vs to our In.

But all were wandring Stars & wee as they

Were taught noe course but to ride on & Stray.

When (o the fate of darknesse who hath tride it)

Here our hole fleet was scatte'rd & deuided.

And now wee labour more to meete then erst

Wee did to lodge, thelast crie drownes the first.

Our voices are all spent & thet that follow

Can now noe longer trace vs bt the hollow.

They come the formost wee the hindmost, both

Accusing with like patience hast & Sloth

At last vpon a little towne wee fall,

Where some call drinke, others a candle call.

Vn happie wee Such Straglers as wee are,

Admire a candle oftner then a Star.

Wee care not for this glorious lampe a loofe

Give vs a tallow taper & a drie hoofe. roofe

And now wee haue a guid wee cease to chafe

Now haue wee time to pray the rest bee safe.

Our guid before cries cum & wee the while

Ride blindfold & take bridges for a stile

Till att the last wee ouercum the dark

And Spite of night & error hit our marke

folio 15 verso || folio 16 recto

Some halfe houre after enters the hole taile

As if they were committed to the iaile

The constable that tooke them thus deuided

Made them seem apprehended & not guided

When when wee had our fortunes both detested

Compassion made vs freinds & soe wee rested.

T'was quiclie morning though by our short stay

Wee could not feele that wee had lesse to pay

All trauelers theis heauie iudgement heare

A handsome hostesse mak's the reconing deare.

Her smiles her words your purses must requite them

And euerie welcome from her ads an Item

Glad to bee gone from thence at anie rate

For Bosworth wee are horst, behold that fate

Of mortall men, foule error is a mother

And pregnant once, doth soone bring forth an other.

Wee who last night did learne to know our way

Are perfect since, & further out next day.

And in a forrest hauing 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 younder's Bosworth Stands & this your way

And now when wee had Swet twixt Sun & Sun

An 8 miles longe to 3.tie 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 sheets streetes .

folio 16 verso || folio 17 recto

Those houses that were tilde with straw & mosse,

Profest but weake repayre for the dayes losse

Of patience yet this outside let vs know

The worthiest things make not the brauest Show.

The shot was easie & what concerns vs more

The way was short, myne host will ride before.

Myn Ost was full of ale and historie

And one the morrow when hee brough vs nye

Where the two roses ioynd you would Suppose

Chauer ne're made the Roamont of the rose.

Heare him, See you yon wood, there Richard lay

With his hole armie, looke the other way

And loe where Richard in a bed of grasse

Encamp't him Selfe one night & his whole force

Vpon this hill they met, why hee could tell,

The inch where Richmond lay, where Richard fell

Besides what of his knowledge hee can Say,

Hee hath authenticke notice from the play.

Which I may 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 Burbedge cried

How euer his talke his companie pleased well

His mare went truer then his Chronicle.

And euen for conscience sake vnspurde, vnbeaten

Brought vs 6 miles and turn'd taile at Neweaten

From thence to Couentrie , where wee Scarse dine

Onely our Stomacks warme with zeale & wine

And thence as if wee were praedestined forth,

Like Lot from Sodom high to Killingworth .

The keeper of the Castle was from home

Soe that halfe mile wee lost, yet when wee come,

An host receaued vs there wele not denie him

My lord of Leicester s man the Parson by him

Who ^ 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 aI languish, in this Sillie bower

While my Sweete love triumphes in yon high tower.

folio 17 verso || folio 18 recto

Noe other hindrance now but wee may passe

Cleare to our In, O there a hostesse was

To whome the castle and the dungeon are

Sights after dinner, Shee is morning ware

Her hole behauiour borrowed was & mixt

Halfe foole, halfe puppet, & her pace betwixt

Measure & Gig, her cursie was an honnor

Her gate as if her neighbour had out gone her.

Shee was bard vp in whalebone, bone which leese

None of the Whales lenght, for they reach her knees.

Oft with her head & then shee hath a middle

As her wast Stands shee looks like the new fidle.

The fauorite Thearbo truth to tell you

Whose neck & throat are deeper then the belly

Haue you seene monkyes chain'd aboue the loynes

Or pottle pots with rings, iust soe shee ioynes.

Her selfe together, a dressing shee doth loue

In a smale print below, but tent aboue.

What though her name bee king yet tis noe treason

Nor breach of treason Statute to enquire the reason

Of her branch't ruf, a cubit euerie poke

I seeme to wound her, but Shee Stroke the Stroake

At our departure, and our worships there

Paid for our title deepe. as any where.

Though beedles & professors both haue done

Yet euery In claimes augmentation.

Please you walke out & see the castle come

The owner saith it is a scollers home.

A place of strenght & health in the same sorte

You would conceiue a Castle & a cowrt.

The Orchards, Gardens, Riuer & the Aire,

Doe with the Trenches Rampeere Wals compare.

It seemes nor loue nor force can intercept it,

As if a louer built a Souldier kept it.

Vp to the Tower though it bee steepe & high

Wee doe not climbe but walke, although the eye

Seeme to bee wearie, yet our feete are Still

I the same posture cousened vp the hill.

And thus our workemans art desceiues the fence,

Making the rounds of pleasure a defence.

As wee descend the Lord of all this fame,

The honorable Chauncellor towards vs came.

Aboue the hill there blew a gentle breath

Yet now wee find a gentler gale beneath.

The phrase & welcome of this knight did make

The seat more elegant, the words hee spake

Were wine & musick, which hee did expose

To vs if all our art could censure those.

With him there was a Prelate by his face,

Archdeacon to Bishop by his pflace.

A greater man for that did counterfite

Lord Abbot of some couent standing yet

A corpulent relique marie & tis sinne,

Some Puritane gets not the face cal'd In

folio 18 verso || folio 19 recto

Amongst leane breathren it may scandall bring;

Who seeke for paritie in euerie thing.

For vs let him enioy all that God Sends

Plentie of flesh of liuing & of friends

Imagine heere vs ambling downe the Streite

Girting in Flower & making both ends meete.

Where wee fare well 4 days & did complaine

Like haruest folkes of weather & the raine.

And on the feast of Bartholmew wee trie

What reuels that Saint keepes at Banburie .

I'th name of God amen, first to begin,

The alter was translated to an Inn.

Wee lodged in a Chappel by the Signe,

But in a Banckrout Tauerne by the wine.

Besides our horses vsadge made vs thinke,

Twas Still a Church for they in Coffins drinke.

As if twere congruous that those auncient lie

Close by those alters in whose faith they die.

Now you belieue the church hath good variety

Of monuments, when Ins haue Such satiety

But nothing lesse, there's noe incriptions there,

But the church wardens names of the last yeare,

Insteede of Saints, & windowes & of wales

Here buckets hang & there a cobweb fals

Would you not sweare they loue antiquitie

Who rush the quier for perpetuitie.

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 meete & doe compare

Not what you learne but who is longer there.

The Puritane, the Anabaptist, Brownist

Like a grand Sallet, tinkers what a towne is't

The crosses allso like old Stumps of trees,

Are sto^ o 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.

folio 19 verso || folio 20 recto

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 Iohn s.

Wee are return'd but iust with soe much ore

As Rawleigh from his voyadge & noe more.

R. C.

On greate Tom.

Bee dumb you infante chines thump not your mettle

That ne're outrang a Tinker & his kettle.

Cease all your pettie larums for to day

Is great Toms' resurrection from the clay

And know when Tom rings out his loudest knels

The best of you will bee but dinner bels.

Old Tom's groune young againe the fierie caue

Is now his cradle that was er'st his graue.

Hee grew vp quiclee from his mother earth

For all you see was but an howers birth.

Looke on him well my life I doe engage

You ne're saw prettier babie of his age.

Braue constant Spirit none could make the turne

Though hang'd drawen, quarterd till they did thee burne

Nor yet for this nor ten times more bee Sorrie

Since thou werte Martyrd for the churches glorie.

But for thy meritorious Sufferinge

Thou shortly Shalt to Heuen in a String.

And though wee green'd when thou werte thumpt & bang'd

Weele all bee glad great Tom to see the hang'd.

R. W.

folio 20 verso || folio 21 recto

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 poyson, Shot, sharpe knife, or sharper booke

To kill my King? haue I betray'd the state,

To fyer or some newer fate?

Which learned murtherers the grand destinys

The Iesuits haue nurs't? if of all this

I guiltie am proceed I am contente

That Mallet take mee for my punishment.

For neuer Sin was of Soe high a rate

But one nights hell with her meight expiate.

Although the Law with Garnet and the rest

Dealt far more mildlie hanging's but a iest.

To this immortall torture, had shee been then

When Marty r s torrid days ingendred, when

Crueltie was wittie, & inuention free

Did liue by blood, and thriue by crueltie.

Shee would haue been more horrid engines far

Then fier or famine, rakes or halters are

Whither her wit forme take or tyre I name

Each is a stroke of tyranie & shame

But for the breath spectators come not nigh,

That layes about (spectators come not nigh. God blesse the company)

The man in the bears skin bated to death

Would chose the dogs far rather then her breath.

One kisse of hers & eighteene words alone,

Puts downe the Spanish Inquisition.

Thrice happie wee (quoth I thinking thereon

That know not dayes of persecution.

For were it free to kill this grislie Elfe

Would marters make in compase of her selfe.

And were shee not preuented by our prayer

By this time shee corrupted had the ayer

And am I innocent & is it trew

That thing which Poet Plinie neuer knew

Nor affrick Nile , nor euer Hacluit s eyes

Discr'id in all his east, west voyages.

That thing which Poets were were affraide to fayne

(For feare her shadow should infect there brayne)

Should dote on mee. as if they did contriue

The Diuel & shee to damne a man aliue.

This spouse of Antechrist & his alone,

Shee's drest soe like the whoore of Bablylon .

Why doth not Welcome rather purchase her

And beare aboute this rare familiar.

Six market days a Wake, & a fayre to'ot

Will quite his charges & the Ale to boote

Not Tygresse like shee feeds vpon a man

Worse then a Tyger or a Leopard can

Lett mee goe thinke vpon some diulish spell

At once to bee the diuel & her farewell.

Richard.Corbett .

folio 21 verso || folio 22 recto

Ben Ionson to King Iames

From a Gipsey 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 glisterpipe

From a stinke all Stinkes excellinge

Bless our Souueraine & his smelling.

From bird lime tarr & from all pitch

From a Do & her Itch

From the Bristles of a Hogge

From the ringworme of a dogge

From the courteship of a bryer

From St Antonies old Fryer

From needle pinn or thorne

In his bed at eu'ne or morne

From the Goute & the least grudging

Bless our Souueraigne & his touching.

Blesse him from all offences

In his sports & in his sences

From a boy to crosse his way

From a foole or a foule day

O blesse him heauen & send him long

To bee the Subiect of each Song

The acts & yeares of all our kings t'outgoe

While hee is mortall weele not thinke him soe.

folio 22 verso || folio 23 recto

By Mr Dr Corbet .

I reade of Ilands floating & remouede,

In Ouid s time but neuer saw it prou'd

Till now; That fable by the Prince & you

By your transposing England is made trew.

Wee are not where wee were the Dogstar ranges

Noe cooler in our climate in Spaine s.

The selfesame breath, same ayre, same heate & burning,

Is here as there will bee till your returning.

Come ere the Carde bee alter'd least perhaps

Your stay doe make an errour in our maps.

Least England will bee found when you shall pass

A thousand miles more Southard then it was.

O that you were (my lord) o that you were

Now in Blackfryers , or had a disguis'd eare

O that you were Smith againe two howers to see

In Pauls next Sunday at full Sea at three

Then should you hear the Legent of each day

The perills of your Inn & of your way.

Your entertainements, accidents, vntill

You could arriue at court & reach Madrill

Then should you hear how the state Graunds did floate

With their twice double diligence aboute you.

How our enuiron'd Prince Walk't with a guard

Of Spanish Spies & his owne seruants bar'd

How not a Chaplaine of his owne may stay

When hee would hear a Sermon preach't or pray.

You would bee hungrie hauing dynde to hear

The price of victuals & the skarstie there

As if the Prince had ventur'd there his life

To make a famine not to fetch a wife

Yours eggs (which must be added to) are there

As English capons Capons as sheepe here.

Noe grasse for horse, or cattell, for they say

It is not cut & made, grasse there growes hay.

Item your pullets are distinguisht there

Into foure quarters as wee carue the yeare.

And are a weeke a roasting, Monday noone

A winge, at supper something with a spoone.

Tuseday a legg & soe forth, sunday more

The liuer & the gizard beetwint fowre.

As for your Mutton in the best househoulder

Tis fellonie to cheapen a hole shoulder

Then tis we seething hot with you they sweare

You neuer hearde of a raw Oyster there.

Your could meat coms in reaking, & your wine

Is all burnt Sack the fier is in the wine.

Lord how our Stomacks come to vs againe

When wee conceiue what Snatching is in Spaine .

I whilst I write & doe the newes repeate,

Am forc't to call for breake fast in & eat.

But harke you noble Sir in one crosse weeke

My lord hath lost 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 .

folio 23 verso || folio 24 recto

Which was reported strongly for one tyde

But after 6 howers flowing eb'd & dyed.

If God would not this great designe should bee

Perfect & round without some knauerie

Nor that our Prince should end his enterprise

But for soe many miles soe many rlyes.

If for a good euent the heauens doe please

Mens tongues should beecome rougher then the seas

And that th'expence of paper should bee much

First written then translated out of Dutch

Currantoes, Diets, Packets, Newes yet more newes

Which soe innocent whiteness doth abuse.

If first the Belgie=Pismire must bee seene

Beefore the Spanish Lady bee our Queene

With that Successe with such an ende at last

Alls welcome, pleasant, gratefull that is past.

And such an end wee pray, Then shall you see

A type of that which mother Zebedee

Wish't for her sonne in Heauen, the Prince & you

At eyther hand of Iames ; you need not Sue

Hee on the right you on the lefte the King

Salfe in the mids't you both enuironing

Then shall I tell my lord his word & band,

Are forfitt till I Kisse the Princes hand.

Then shall I see the Duke your royall friend

Giue all your other honours this you

This you haue wrought for this you hammer'd out

Like a Stronge Smith good workeman & a Stoute

In this I haue a parte in this I see

Some new additions smiling vpon mee

Who in an humble distaunce craue a share

In all your greatnesse whatsoer'e you are

x Vpon a Gentlewoeman whose eyes

& hayre were black x

If shadowes bee the pictures excellence

And make it seeme more liuely to the sence

If stars in the bright day doe loose their light

And shine most glorious in the maske of night.

Why should you thinke faire creature that you lack

Perfection, cause your eyes & hayre are black.

Or that your beauty that soe farr exceeds

The new Sprung lyllies in their maydenheads

That cherrie colour of your cheeks & lips

Should by that darkenesse Suffer an Eclipse

Nor is it fit that Nature should haue made

Soe bright a Sun to shine without a shade

It seemes that nature when shee first did fancie

Your rare composure Studied Nigromancie

And when to you shee did those gifts impart

Shee vsed altogether the black arte.

Shee drew the magick circle of your eyes

And made your hayre the chaine wherein shee tyes

Rebellious harts, those blew veines which appeare

Twin'd in Meanders like to eyther spheare

Misterious figures are, & when you list

Your voyce commaundeth like an Exorcist.

O if in Magick you haue skill soe farr

Vouchsafe to make mee your familiar.

Nor hath kind nature her black arte reuealed

In outward parts alone some lie concealed

As by the Springhead men may often know

The nature of the streames that run beelow

Soe the black haire & eyes doe giue direction,

To make mee thinke the rest of like perfection.

folio 24 verso || folio 25 recto

The rest where all rest lyes ththat blessed Man

That Indian mine that streight of Magellan .

That worlde=deuiding Gulfe which who soe ventures

With Swelling sayles & rauish't sences enters

Into a worlde of blisse. Pardon I pray

If my rude muse presame here to display

Secrets vnknowne, or haue her bounds ore past

In praying 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 Hetoroclite birth

A doubtfull issue Cotsal from

Enhaled was they cal'd it Tom.

This like a man not such an one

As cunning caruers cutt in Stone.

Or curious caruers doe compose

This hath lesse Sence & Soule then those.

But like a country Solomon

Drawn by mine hostesse in his throne

Iudging in Ale who is beguild

As th' other in ththe Harlots childe

Haue you seene children counterfit

A face in lome, ththe wall being wet

And by mistaking their true grounds

Intend a mans & make a hounds.

Soe nature when shee meant it least

Brought forth a mans & meant a beasts.

A head it had & eares, & eyes

And nose & mouth soe farr tis wise

But cleaue him downe, downe to ththe Renes

And you shall neuer hurt his braines.

folio 25 verso || folio 26 recto

His tongue betwixt his slim'd lips lies

Like a bob Snaile; & for his eyes

Euen artificiall ones doe roole

Quicker with Sand then his with Soule.

His eares are but to Scallop shels

To lay vp filth which his nose smels

And euery of his senses owes

Faith & allegeance to that nose.

With that hee listens, tasts, & heares

And handlesse to when meat appeares.

And with his Elephanticke Snout

Feeds all his famish't parts throughout.

His hand are such wee plainely Se'et

As nature did ordeine for feet.

Soe like they are those other hands

On which hee goes & treads, & stands.

O who would thinke his will Should goe

Vpon all foure & hee one two.

His blood is liuid & not red

Like a horse radish at the head.

His veines like lashes of a whip,

Or like Smale tackling of a Ship

More I could glaunce at, but I note

That hee is christned by the Cote

And when such workes of God thou Seest

Peace though a Taylor were the priest

R.C.

On the Lady Digby.

Sitting & readie to bee drawn

What needs 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

Foure riuers branching out like seas

And Paradice confin'd in these

Last draw the circle of this globe

And let there bee a starry robe

Of constillations bout her hurl'd

And thou hast painted beauties world.

But Painter see you doe not sell

A coppy of this peece or tell

Whose t'is But if it fauour find,

Next sitting wee will draw the mind.

folio 26 verso || folio 27 recto

x A Louers Rapture

I will enioy thee now my Celia come

And fly with mee to loues Elyzium

The Gyant honor that keepes cowards out

Is but a Masker & the seruil rout

Of baser subiects onely bid in uaine

To the vast Idoll while the nobler traine

Of valiant louers dayly saile betweene

The huge Colossus legs & pass vnseene

Vnto the blissfull shore, bee bold & wise

And wee shall enter, the grim swash denies

Onely tame fooles a passadge that not know

Hee is but forme & onely frights in show

Let thy dull eyes that looke from far draw nere

And thou shalt scorne what wee were wont to feare

Wee shall see how the stalking Pageant goes

With bowed knees a heauie load to those

That made & bare him, not as wee once thought

The seede of Gods but a weake Modell wrought

By greedie men that seeke t'enclose the Common

And within priuate armes impale free woemen

Come then & mounted on the wings of Loue

We'le at the fleeting ayre & mount aboue

The Monsters head, & in the noblest seats

Of those blest shades quench & renew our heats

There shall the game of Loue & Innocence

Beautie & nature banish all offence

From our close Iuy twines there I'le beholde

Thy bared snow & thy vnbraided golde.

There my enfranchis'd hand on eu'rie side

Shall on thy naked polisht Ivory slide.

No curtaine though of most transparent laune

Shall bee before thy ^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'le gently lay

In the faint respit of our actiue play.

That so our Slumbers may in dreames haue leasure

To tell the nimble fancie our past pleasure

And soe our soules that cannot bee embrac't

May the embraces of our bodyes taste.

Meane while the babling streame shall court the shore

Th'enamourd chirping wood quice shall adore

In varied tunes the dietie of loue.

The gentle blasts in Westerne winds shall moue

The trembling leaues, till a soft murmur sent

From soules intraun'cd in amarous languishment

Rouse vs & shoute into our veines fresh fier

Till wee in their sweet extasy expire.

Then as the empty Be that lately bore

Into the common treasure all her store

folio 27 verso || folio 28 recto

Flyes 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 berries.

Then will I visit with a wandring kisse

The vale of Lyllies & the bower of blisse

And where the beautious region doth deuide

Into two milkey waies my lippes shall slide

Downe those smooth allies, wearing as they goe

A track for louers in the printed snow.

Thence climing o're the swelling Appenine

Retire into the grooue of Eglantine

Where I will all those rauisht loues distill

Through loues alimbeck & with chimick skill

From the mixt masse our Souueraigne balme deriue

Then bring the great Elizar to the hiue.

Now in subtile wreathes I will entwine

My sinnouy legs thighs & a^rmes with thine

Thou like a sea of milke shalt lie displaide,

While I the smooth calme Ocean will inuade

With such a tempest as when Ioue of olde

Fell downe on Danae in a showre of golde

Yet my tall pine shall in thy cyprian strate

Ride safe at anchor & vnlade her fraite.

My rudder with thy bold hand like a tride

And skillfull Pilot thou shalt steere & guide.

My barke into loues channell, where it shall

Daunce as the bounding waues doe rise & fall.

Then Shall thy circling armes embrace & clip

My naked body & thy balmy lippe

Bath mee in iuyce of kisses, whose perfume

Like a religious incense shall consume

And send vp holy vapours to those powers

That bless our Soules, & croune our sportfull howers

That with such Halcyon calmes fixe our soules

In stedfast peace that noe annoy controuls.

There noe rude sound affrights with suddain starts

Nor iealous eares when wee vnrip our hearts.

Suck our discourse in noe obseruing parts

This blush that glaunce traduc'd nor wee betrayd

To riuals by the bribed chambermayds.

Noe wedlo^cke bonde vnwreath'd our twisted loue

Wee seeke now midnight arbour noe darke grooue.

To hide our kisses. There the hated name

Of husband, or of wife, best, chast or shame

Are emptie words, & raine, whose verie sound

Was neuer heard in the Elyzian ground.

all things are lawfull there that may delight

Nature or vnrestrained appetite.

Like & enioy; to will & acte is one

Wee onely sinn when loues rights are not done.

folio 28 verso || folio 29 recto

The Roman Lucrece there heares the diuine

Lectures of loue great Master Aretine

And knowes as well as Lais how to mooue

Her pliante body in the acte of loue.

To quench the burning Rauisher shee hurls

Her limbs into a thousand winding curls

And studies artfull postures such as bee

Caru'd on the barke of euery neighbour tree

By learned hands, that soe adioynd the band

Of those faire plants which as they grow haue paund

Their glowing fires vpon the Graecian Dame

That in her endless webs 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 Gollian Honnor whome the world adores

Should make men athists & not woemen whores.

folio 29 verso || folio 30 recto

The Nightingale. |G|M

My limbs were wearie & my head opprest

with drowsinesse & yet I could not rest

My bed was such noe downe nor feathers can

Make one more soft, though Joue againe turn'd Swan.

No feare=distracted thoughts my slumbers broke

I heard no Scrihoule squeake nor Rauen croke.

Sleepes for theflea your proud insulting Elfe

Had taken truce, & was a sleepe it selfe

But t'was nights nights darling, & that wods cheife iewel

The Nightingale that was soe sweetely cruell.

It woed my eares to rob mine eyes of sleepe

That whilst shee sung of Tereus thay meight weepe.

And yet reioyce the Tyrant did her wronge

Her cause of woe was burden of her song

Which whilst I listned to & striu'd to hear

Twas such I could haue wish't my selfe all eare.

Tis false the Poets faine of Orpheus; hee

Could neither mooue a stone, a beast or tree

To follow him: But wheresoere shee flyes

Shee makes a groues Satyre, & Pharie hyes

Aboute her pearch to daunce their roundelais

For shee sings ditties to them whilst Pan playes.

Yet shee sings better now as if in mee

S'had meant with sleepe to try the mastery.

But whils't shee chaunted thus, the clock for spite

Dayes worser heralde chid away the night.

Thus robd of sleepe mine eyelyds nightly guest

My thought I lay content though not with rest

Vpon the crowne of a hat drunken in

for wante of a cup by. G.M.

Well fare those three that when there was a dearth

Of cups to drinke in yet could find out myrth

And spight of fortune make their want their store,

And nought to drinke in caused drinking more.

No brickle glass wee vs'd nor did wee thinke

T'would helpe taste t'haue windows to our drinke

wee scorn'd base clay which tortur'd on the wheele

Martyrde at last the force of fier doth feele.

Both these are fraile, wee dranke not 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 croune somewhat deprest

And by degrees towards the

That to out lips it might the better stoope

Varied a little the figure of a hoope

folio 30 verso || folio 31 recto

From a iust circle, drawing out an angles

And that wee meight not for our measure wrangle

The butlers selfe ? whose hat it was & band

Fild each his measure with an euen hand.

Thus did wee round it & did neuer shrinke

Tell wee that wanted cups now wanted drinke.

The Will

Before I sigh my last gaspe let mee breath

Great loue some Legacyses, here I bequeath

Mine eyes to Argos, if mine eyes can see

If they bee blind then loue I giue them thee

My tongue to Fame t'Embassadors mine eares

To woemen or the sea my Teares.

Thou loue hast taught me heretofore

By me serue hir, who had twentie more

That I should giue to none but such as had to much before.

My constancie I to the Plannets giue

My truth to them who at the Court doe liue

My Ingenuitie to opennesse.

To Jesuites or Buffones my Pensiuenesse

My silence to anie who abroad haue beene

My monie to a Capuchin

Thour loue Loue 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 goeing of such beauteous state reueale

As when from flourie meades hils shadowes steale

Of with that wirie coronet & shew

The hayrie Diadem which on you doth grow

Now of with those shoes, & then softly tread

In this loues hallowed Temple, this soft bead

In such white robes heauens Angels vse to bee

Receaued by men, Thou Angell bringst with thee

A heauenly Mahomets Paradise & though

All spirits walke in white wee easily know

folio 31 verso || folio 32 recto

By this all Angels from an euill sprite

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

Iohn Donne

Loues dyet

To what a cumbersome vnwildnesse

And burthenouse corpulence I loue had grone

But that I did to make it lesse

And ^keepe it in proportion

Giue it a Dyet made it feede vpon

That which loue worst endures Discretion.

Aboue one sigh a day I allowde him not

Of which my fortunes & my faults had part

And if some time by stealth hee got

A shee sigh from my Mistresse hart

And thought to feast on that I let him see

T'was neither verie sound nor mea^nt for mee

If hee wrought from her a teare I brinde it soe

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 weepe not but sweat

What hee would dictat I write that

But burnt my letter when shee writ to mee

And if that fauour, made him fat

I said if anie title bee

Convei'd by this, ah, what doth it availe

To bee the fourteenth name in an entaile.

This I reclaim bastard loue to fly

And what & when, & where, & how I chuse

Now necligent of sport I ly

And now as other Faulkners vse

I spring a Mistresse, sweare, write, sigh & weepe

And the game kil'd or lost goe talke, or sleepe.

folio 32 verso || folio 33 recto

To his Mistress

Once & but once found in thy companie

All thy supposed scapes are layde to mee

And as a theife at bar is question'd there

By all the men that haue been robd that yeare

Soe am I (by this traiterous meanes surpris'd)

By this Hydropike father Catichis'd.

Though hee were wont to search with glaziers eyes

As though hee came to kill a Cockatrice

Though hee haue sworne that hee would sure returne ^ moue

Thy beautyes beauty, & foode of our loue.

Hope of his goods if I with thee were seene

Yet close & secret as our soules w'haue been

Though thy immortall mother which doth ly

Still buried in her bed yet will not dy

Take this aduantage to sleepe out day light

And watch thy entryes & returns at night.

And when shee takes thy hand & would seeme kind

Doth search what rings what armelets shee can find

And kissing notes the colour of thy face

And fearing least thou art

To try where thou dost long doth name strange meates

And notes thy palenesse, blushings, sighs, & sweats

And politiquely to thee will confesse

The sinns of her owne youth's ranke lustinesse

Yet loue these secrecies did remooue & mooue

Thee, to gull thine owne mother for my loue

Thy Brethren which like Phary sprite

Oft skipt into our chamber those sweete nights

And kiste & dandled on thy fathers knee

Were bribd next day to tell what they did see.

The grimme eight foote high iaubond seruing man

That oft names God in oathes & onely then

He that to bar the first gate doth as wide

As the great Rhodian Colossus stride

Which if in Hell noe other paines there were

Makes mee feare hell because hee must bee there

Though by thy father hee were hir'd for this

Could neuer 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 Iles imprisoned

Where cattle onely & diuers dogs are bred

The precious Vnicorns strange monsters call

So thought hee good strange which had none att all.

I taught my silke their whistlings to 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 inuisiblie

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 lothsome all being taken simplie alone

Shall not loue ill things ioyn'd & hate each one

If you were good your good would soone decay

And you are rare that takes your good away

All my perfumes I giue most willingly

T' embalme thy fathers course, when will hee die.

A iourny of a Gentleman vnto Wales

written at the entreaty of a Lady .

Ladie when last I writ I promis'd then

To run o're Wale s with a relating penn

And, I my iourney from the towne begun

That's fild with Sunday guests cald Islington

Where I with friends was in a house that sould

Good nappie ale & wine winethat 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

T'wixt 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, t'was thus I askt for th' Hop

folio 34 verso || folio 35 recto

His wife comes Sobbing criying 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 thatthe night

Which hastned on tooke mee from that delight

And then went Strait to Mims where I more bold

Ask't for Bels^wagger 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 stayes, tis a sure friend.

And Soe to St^ratford whose too flintie Soile

Yeelds nothing ^ worth my writing toile.

But pardon if a little I transgresse

In Seeking my next Subiect to expresse

folio 35 verso || folio 36 recto

I could not chuse but light at Weeden towne

To see that Hostesse of soe great renowne.

Far fam'd faire Knightly whoe hath Hostesse been

This many yeares, but guiltie of the Sin

That's due to her profession, but I rowe

As 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

folio 36 verso || folio 37 recto

Handle mee, dandle mee I'le not bee Sullen

Take vp my linnen cloathes after my wollen.

While shee denide mee I would faine haue done

But when shee granted faith then I'de haue none.

But went to Whit=church , & if I not err

Nothing's there famous but a Scoolemaster.

Who with oft' lashing & pedantique looks

Frights his amased Scollers to their books

Brother to broad=beard Gill I thinke for hee

Looks full as grim & terrible to mee

As this doth now to these, may Gill & hee

Sterne father=lasher to each other bee.

Now towards famous Chester where bi'th way

Broxon thsteepe hils vrge vs to make a Stay

From whence wee See a valley rich in Store

Of corne & pleasant Medowes cheque'rd o're.

With Such Sweete Smelling flowers as if here

There Goddesse meant in glory to appeare.

Here a pure gliding Streame, there a thick groue

The welcom'st friends to those that burne with loue.

And now I thinke of Loue I will relate

A story to you of the cruell fate

Of two that were Soe Smitten that I feare

If they not marry there will bee fowle ge ere

Your patience (fairest Ladie) & Ile tell

The dismall chaunces that their loues befell.

In London towne where many louers bee

These louers first did first ^ each the other see.

Hee was aprentize of noe small respect

Yet for her loue his trade hee did neclect.

And shee was daughter to an Irishman

Whoe for this louer will doe what shee can

Thinking it best vnto her tender mother

The truth of all their loue for 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 prooue.

And makes them waite, till one from London sent

Comes here their wish't-for passadge to preuent

And being armed with a Constable

That thought himselfe to bee a man-full able

Enters the house & gius to search whils't wee

Knowing their ends denie their company

But I desirous for to free these two

From Mr Constable & Holbbard crue

folio 37 verso || folio 38 recto

But ere that hee could of an 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

Whose well was first fam'd by a Maydens death

And since kept sacred by the Papists breath.

Whoe come each yeare hither to wash their skins

Thinking thereby to wash away their sins.

I though noe Pilgrim did there often swim

Vnder pretence to wash each sinfull limbe

But there's another reason that inuites

Mee to these holy (as they thinke them) rites

The men & woemen doe together laue

Their tender bodies in this Springing waue.

Oh I haue seene Such beauties naked heer,

Would make those Saints in humane shapes t'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 iudgement well

For here come some are onely fitt for Hell.

folio 38 verso || folio 39 recto

Soe vgly & deformed that they seeme

Witches, already being but fifteene

These are true remedies for loue, & vexe

My soule soe much that I halfe hate the Sexe

But then one thought of you soe good soe rare

Makes mee to loue your Sex or foule or faire

When on these higher mountaine tops I trace

And see the countries vnderneath this place

I wish you heer that th'vnder world meight see

Your beautie far 'boue there deformitie.

Were you but here wee then should find noe night

Being enlightned with soe pure a light.

Wee then should thinke the Moone had gone astray

And you were come heer to Supply her way

But yet more bright more constant far then shee

That vnto vs appeares Soe variously.

And yet I wish you absent for I feare

Your presence an Idolatrie would reare

Youle say these lines are compliments I know

And faith I care not for I meant them Soe

Poets may write what ever they desier

And if you lik't not cast it in the fier.

ER

To a Gentleman who had

gotten the running of the

reines.

Robin

When at the Globe wee last did dine

Vnkind thou bard'st thy thirstie Soule her wine

In thee two Deuills stroue thy whooring Sinn

Refus'd to let thy drinking Deuell in.

Thou knowest mee well & wilt expect that I

Against the pot take part with Lecherie;

True; for a common drunkard I doe Sett

Twelue Score beehind a loathsome Sodomet

Yet am testy growne for thy mishap

Neither to Bawd nor whoore I'le Stirr my cap

Not that mi'nt phleame & zeale breeds such a Qualme

As voided forth plaine Robert Wisdomes psalme

But for thy sake as fits a constant friend

I'le raile against the Queanes world without end

Then sursum Corda: tell truth honnest Muse

Play the wise constable a bribe refuse

When strong Potatoes & rich wines are flowne

Throughout the marrow & the soule is growne

folio 39 verso || folio 40 recto

Rid of her duller reason each all are bent

To giue th' annuly Venus Spirit vent

Then like knights errants each to his Lady flies

Who captive in Some obscure corner lyes

Where when you are like blest Æneas come

Into the entrance of this blest Elizium

You fare much like the Cripples at the Poole

Where hee who first can enter in doth foole

{ His lazie fellowes while th' encluded crue

{ Sweare & catch cold & learne a dainty cue

{ In spleene to burne & lead their liues anew

Now hee that from the rest doth win the gole

To Madam Baw'd hee payes his vsuall Tole

Then may-be comes a wench whose breath doth smell

Like a dead Rats that twixt the wainscote fell

This mounts his angry foote two cubits high

Leueld against the Bawd 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 llord

But marke her well you'le See Shee better paints

Then ould deuotion did the Chauncell Saints

Fall but a Kissing & you'le find ere long

Though shee bee Silent yet shee hath a toungue

Then great Priapus Sends his cunning Eand

As his especiall to Search out the land

Whose false report doth often Soe beewitch

His Maister that hee trailes him to the ditch

Like a knaue=guide who in the darke doth crie

Here hoe alls cleere when hee i'th durt doth lie

Thus once embog'd when res to rem is brought

Make your owne play or by my troth t'is nought

For shee soe little minds the game shee beares

As shee may crack a nut or say her prayers

Last when the ventrous part hath Sprung a leake

Tis like a Venson pastie that doth breake

by th' ouer heated oven; when from the Pie

The liquor flowes till it grow hot & drie

Now woe & Well a day you Muses nine

Put, on your sable weeds & helpe to whine

Heers a distemper heer the fier flies

Through out the bones with such Solemnities

Of Aches, Tumors, Snuflings, as would fright

Soules to the other world in Such a plight

folio 40 verso || folio 41 recto

As Dogs are Scar'd from houses where ye Boyes

Tie to there vailes a rattle or such toyes

This furious foe doth some soe much appall

As they for safetie flie to th' Hospitall

O others with Bisket like beleaguerd men

Susteine in compasse of a priuate Denn

A meager hunger which oftimes doth last

As longe as did renowned Moises fast

Doth not this mooue thee, sure thou wouldst not ^ turne

Hadst thou seene Sodom & Gomorrah burne

Doe, then, goe on, & let thy thin pox giue

Example to the bad world how to liue

Or grant thee pox proofe 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 arriued through many a cruell fray

If all this mooue thee not, yet let there bee

For my sake one from thy wild fier free

Oh let not Frank that honnest friend of mine

Whome fate hath kept from Bridwell descipline

At last for all her old past frailties cry

Feeling worse Smart by thy hot company

Preithee let honnest Henry find a Bit

Of merry vice by thee not tainted yet

But oh scorne halfe crowne houses they will shake

Thee soluble while thy wrong taile doth take

The Parlor for an house of office tie

First let thy girdle and thy hatband flie

folio 41 verso || folio 42 recto

Thy sword and belt to, though twere to bee fear'd

Thoud'st looke much like a groome 1 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 coppy 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

folio 42 verso || folio 43 recto

So though all other hearts refine

to your pure worth yet you haue mine

Onely because you are her wine.

T. C.

To his Mrs

Religion bids mee pause or else I'de pay

Deuotions vnto that glasse euery 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 quuier full of darts.

I viewd those lips which Nature crow'nd with blisse

Happiest of all when they each other kisse.

Each part I saw with Such perfection fraught

With Natures best of Skill & Wisedome wrought

As wanton Poets in their flowing witt

Could neuer fancy out a beauty yet

Equall to yours; but he that glasse bee throwen

Into some place that neuer shall bee knowen

For if once more you looke in't you must proue

Narcissus like with your fayre selfe in loue

And then more cruell will make you bee

My foe by being Riuall vnto mee

To his Mrs

Drinke to mee Caelia with thine eye

And I'le pledge thee with mine

Leaue but a kisse with in the cup

And I'le expect noe wine

The thirst that from the soule proceeds

Doth aske a drinke diuine

But meight I of Ioues Nectar sup

I would change it for thine

I sent to thee a rosy wreath

Not so to honour thee

As being well assured there

It would not withered bee

And you thereon did onely breath

And sent it back to mee

Since when it liues, & smels I sweare

Not of it selfe but thee.

B I.

folio 43 verso || folio 44 recto

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 peece whose feature glances smiles

Within his working braine hee first compiles

Then drawes in art: so I with earnest view

Of her coelestiall forme the Image drew

In at my eager eyes then with loues dart

Engrau'd it in deepe notes vpon my heart

Her haire not like those Saundy locks of 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 knowen

Iwant Plutos gloomy sill & Cupids throne

Hence did in iust dimensions rise & fall

A comely nose which seemd a curious wall

Twixt those faire cheeks in whom whyle Beauty 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

folio 44 verso || folio 45 recto

Next rose a pretty chin a neck of Snow

Like Ioues when hee tu'rnd Swan did Leda noe

In that sweete breast like Phoenix Cupid burnd

Fir'd by her eyes a fresher God hee tur'nd

Heere the Hesperidies their gardin plac't

Where two soft little hils the valley gra'ct

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 arriued was

At Ioyes Elizium, in whose groues doe Sport

Millions of Cupids whose lesse noble sort

Banisht from thence, to other Beautyes fly

And are conceiud the glory of an eye.

Then did my ventrous fancy strait inuade

The hidden pleasures of that secret Shade

Where Amber Springs with liuing Nectar flowe

To feast 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 feete

Whose smooth close=knit proportions iust did meet

Like Alablaster pillers made vs beare

An altar which to loue the Graces neare

Whyle yet I gaz'd a winged Cupid brings

A lute whereto his gentle bow lent Strings

Which wal'd it'h Iuory of her gracefull arme

Did (by soft fingers toucht) rude discord Charme

Whyle shee a low sigh breath'd & that beecame

A Heauenly voice which theis high notes did frame

Vp Vp thou God of Loue.

Whose piercing steele,

Wrapt in strange formes great Ioue

Doth often feele,

Wound thine accursed foe

That Goddesse blind,

Whose wheele linkt Ropes doth throw

Till they vntwinde.

Rest Rest thou poore restlesse soule

In soft repose

But when by greifs controule

Thine eyes vnclose

Thy rocklike constancie

(Whyle fates doe frowne

Tyme and despaire must try

Then ioy shall crowne.

folio 45 verso || folio 46 recto

Neuer such ayres diuine Amphion sent

To make Deucaleons Stony race relent.

The pictur'd Arrace felt its people Striue

Which their fixt limmes made by their straines aliue

The sight I this! take not what youd you destroy

A Sencelesse Soule but crowne my hopes with ioy

Stay (Shee replide) and know wee Soules more pure

Crowne none but constant hopes which long endure

Then Shee retir'd; but my awakened feares

Sayl'd after blowne with Sighs on Streames of teares

And sought t'embrace, when my presuming arme

Mist the aeriall frame and in a charme

Caught empty Scorne; like fond Ixions hope

Who courting Iuno with a clowde did cope.

Thinke how widdow'd Turtle wayles her mate

Snatch't from her loued side by cruell fate

Or how despairing Orpheus did complaine

Loosing his deer Euridice againe

Such ruthfull moanes I through the guilty night

Send forth on Cupids wings to reach her flight

Dull Greifs to flow, Vp nimble soule. Pursue

Dismisse thy clogging earth! And life adue

H B

Oh that I were all soule that I meight prooue

for you as fit a loue

As you are for an Angell, for I vowe

None but pure spirits are fit loues for you

You're all aetheriall, there in you noe drosse

Nor any partes that grosse

Your coursest halfe is like a curious lawne

Ore vestall reliques for a couering drawne

Your other part, part of the purest fire

that ere heauens did inspire

Makes euery thought that is refin'd by it

A quintessence of goodnesse and of witt.

Thus haue your raptures reacht to that degree

in loues Philosophy

That you can figure to your selfe a fier

Voyd of all heat, a loue without desier

Nor in diuinity doe you goe lesse

you thanke and you professe

That soules may haue a plenitude of ioy

Although ther bodyes neuer meite t'inioy

But I must needs confesse I doe not find

the motions of my mind

Soe purified as yett but at the best

My body claimes in them some interest

I hold that perfect ioy makes all our parts

As ioyfull as our harts

folio 46 verso || folio 47 recto

Our sences tell vs if wee please not them

Our loue is but a dotage or a dreame

How shall wee then agree, you may decend

But will not to my end

I faine would tune my fancy to your key

But cannot reach to that abstracted way

Ther rests but this, that whilst wee soiourne heer

Our bodyes may drawe neer

And when their wills noe more they can extend

Then let our soules begin where they did end

O' I Could Loue if I Could fynd

a Mrs Pleasinge to my Mynd

whom Neyther gould nor 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 Blushinge nor too Bould

Not Chyldish fond nor yett too BCould

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 shee Smyles or she Lookes on mee

whoe Calls to Bedd with Meltinge Eys

whoe Sweet & fresh as Morn doth Ryes

if such an one I Chaunce to fynd

I haue a Mrs to my Mynd. finis

folio 47 verso || folio 48 recto

Since Euerie man I Come amonge

Sings prayses of His Choys

I'l write my Loue a Prettie songe

shee'l fitt it for a voys

As for desent and Birth in Hir

yow see Before yow seeke

the Howse of york & Lancaster

vnited in Hir Cheeke

I gaue Hir Homely Countrie glous

shee tooke them as they were Ment

for 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

folio 48 verso || folio 49 recto

March on March on my merry merry Maides,

To Venus warrs

yow neede not feare your pates g

yow shall receaue noe wounds noe scarrs,

yow may Come Naked to the fight

yow neede noe othre vaile but night

only yow must not must not see

the blushes of your Ennemy

The 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 streingth, and then, and then, and then,

weele to those pleasant pleasant warrs againe

Finis

Nemo Parson of S.t Gyles

alias Gilliflower: Author

folio 49 verso || folio 50 recto

folio 50 verso || folio 51 recto

A dialogue betweene Sir Henry Wotton

and Mr Donne

If her disdaine Least change in you can move

you doe not love,

ffor when the hope gives fuell to the fire,

you sell desire,

Love is not Love. but given free,

And so is mine, so should yours bee,

Her heart that melts to hearo of others moane,

to mine is stone,

Her eyes that weepe a strangers eyes to see,

ioy to wounde mee:

yet I so well affect each part,

As caus'd by them) I love my Smart,

Say her disdaynings Iustly 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 disdaine

kils that againe

As watter causeth fire to fret and fume,

till all consume

who can of love more gift make,

then to love selfe for loves Sake.

I'll neuer dig in Quarry of an hart

to have no part,

No rest in fiery eyes. which always are

Canicular

who this way would a louer proue

may shew his pacience not his loue.

folio 51 verso || folio 52 recto

A frowne may be sometimes for physicke goode

but not for food

And for that raging humour there is shure

A gentle Cure.

why barre you loue of priuat end

which neuer should to publique tend

ELEGIES XIIII.

His parting from her

Since she must goe, and I must mourne, come night

Enuiron me with darknesse, whilst I write:

Shadow that hell vnto me which alone

I am to suffer when my soule is gone

Haue we for this kept gaurds, like spie o'r Spie?

had correspondence whilst the foe stood by,

Stolne (more to sweeten them:) our manie blisses

of meetinges, conference, imbracmentes kisses

Shadow'd with negligence our most respectes

Varied our language through all dialects

Of beckes. winkes, lookes, and often vnder broards

Spoake dialogues with our feet farre from words

haue wee prov'd all the secrets of our Art,

yea thy pale inwards, and thy panting Hart?

And after all this passed purgatory

must sad divorce make vs the vulger Story

ffortune, do thy worst, my friend haue armes

Though not against thy Strokes, ageinst the harmes

Bend vs, in sunder thou canst not diuide

Our bodies so but that our soules are ty'd

And we can loue by letters still, and gifts,

and thoughts & dreames; loue neuer wanteth shifts

I will not looke vpon the quickning Sunne

but Straight her bewtie to my selfe sense shall runne

The ayre shall not her soft the fire more pure

Watters suggest her cleare, and the earth shure

Time shall not louse her passages, The Springe

how freash our loue was in the begininge

The Summer, how it ripened, in the yeare;

and 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 thiserfore all in this I loue soe true

as I will neuer looke for lesse in you,

The Comparison

As the sweet sweat of Roses in a still

as that which from chaf'd muskats pores doth trill

As the Almightie 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

folio 52 verso || folio 53 recto

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 prety sett apart;

Vncourted Honor; a well seasond heart;

Not Strife; a Robe unspotted unstaynd, a Minde upright;

An humble Knowledge; Mercy mixt with might.

Wife Innocence; a thriveing fflock; To all,

An open Right hand, and a liberall Hall;

Nighte rapt with Heav'n, and sequesterd from Care; }

A wife not courtly pranckt, but debonaire; }

Sleepe, that mistrusts how swift the howers are; }

Heau'n be their wish; with worldly State content;

Let them affect, not feare a Parliament.

folio 53 verso || folio 54 recto

Aske not to know this woman She is worse

then all ingredientes made into one curse

and those on mankinde power out Should bee

thinke but the worst of all her Sex tis Shee

I could forgiue her if She were a Whoore

falce periured if she were no more

but She is Such a one as may yet forestall

the diuell and be the damning of us all.

folio 54 verso || folio 55 recto

To Pot Befe

Take the Leane part of a Buttock

of Befe & cut it into

To Bake a Rump of 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 loafe

browne loafe will be Baked

To make a french dish with veall

Thake a fillit of veale & cut of peces hafe

an inch thick through the veale then withtheback

baackside of a chopeing knif beat the veale

on one side till it be ridy to fall to peces then

take earbes that you like & & iues of each a good

quantey shred uery small then take grose

folio 55 verso || folio 56 recto

Peper & salt as much as you think will

season it mingele it withthe hearbs &

rub the meate all ouer then put it in to a

Large dish weel butred & powre on the

top of it a good qanteitie of claret

wine & a littell pece of good butter

then put it in to your ouen to bake about

an houer then take two yolkes of

Eggs & beate them with hafe a spounfull

of wine vinger or Iuice of Lemon & then

Power it into the Liquor to the meat

& then set it 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 pbutter peces of good

butter to coufer it put in either

some white wine or water Iust

before you put it in to the ouen one the top

of the meate before you laye the

butter one lay one the harde Egges

choped very smale when the Pie is

backed then open the lide & put in the

Iuce of a lemon or slice d which you

please you may put the harde Egges

in either before tis baked or after

but you must mingell it weel with

the meate when ever you put it in

To make a capon Pie

Make very good crust & when you

made the Pie season the capon or

hen with a littell peppr & salt & spic

then put it in to the Pie & laye one it

butter en'ouf to coufer it then put the

lide one & set it in the ouen till it

be weel baked whilest the Pie is

bakeing take the yolkes six

hard egges or more as you Ple

folio 56 verso || folio 57 recto

is in bigness & pare a lemon or too &

slice & mince them mingele it with the

Eggs when the Pie is baked open it &

take out the capon & break it up & tak

take a littell of the winges mince it

put the Leamon & hard Eggs let not

to muck batter remaine in the Pie

put a littell of it in to a dish with

a littell claret wine & the Iuice

of too le or 3 lemons oranges & a

littell shuger if you please haue

uery littell butter in the Pie

besides the gravey of the capon &

put in carkes side bones leggs &

winges of the capon againe then lay

the hard eggs upon it then power

the claret upone all this you must

doe it as fast as you can least the

Pie be cold

To make Pasty Crust

Take a pottle of fine flower by

...then take a spoonefull or too

fine shuger beaten & a littell

... & mingell withthe flower

then take halfe a pound of good buter

& rup it into the flower untill thare

be none to be seene then take too pound

of good beefe suet cut into peces

& boyle it in water a good while &

when it tis cold shred it small then

beate it upon a deser with a rouleing

pin the suet must be thus prepared

before you ngoe about to make your

crust then put this suet to the flower

& five eggs but tuowo2 of the whites

& so work it with a litle cold

water into a litle past then spread

a broad with a rouleing Pin your

past after you have wrought it &

turned it one the other side &

beat it a good while before you

make your Pastie

To season venson for a Pastie

Take out all the bones parboyle

it uery litell & turn the fat side downe

upon a bord then take the pill of 2

le lemons & cut them in narow peces

as long as your finguer & thurst

folio 57 verso || folio 58 recto

them in to every hole of the veneson

then take 2 ounces of peper beate

it smale & twice as much salt

then squise the Iuice of the 2 lemons

in to the peper & salt & when the

lemon pell hath binne lain in the

venson 3 houers take it out &

stufe in the places of it the

peper & salt & strow some of

boath sides let it lie soe

till morning then put it in to

past with good batter to coufer

it

To make shred Pyes

slice beefe very thine so

lay it all night to dry in a

cloath then shred it but not uery

small the suet as much then put

boath togeather & shred them uery

smale shred dates & put in &

resons of the sone & couraces &

a littell ginger & sprg mint beaten

& Roose water & salt

To Bake venson in fine

curst

Take a peck of fine flower &

hafe a pound of good shuger & a littill

salt then take 3 pound of beefe suet

& 3 pound of godod butter the suet

must be finely shred then to the

better hafe of the butter & suet &

work in to the flower co cold & tenn

Eggg eggs but the whites but of hafe

then take the some creame & as much

water & wet the past up cold with it

& & when it is wet withthe liquor

then withthe other parte of the

butter & suet put to it work it

uery weel to geather beate it with

a roleing pin the more you beate

it the better role otut the

Pastie thick & put in the

venson unparboiled the better then

season it with peper & salt & claret

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 howers

folio 58 verso || folio 59 recto

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 & whilest it tis hot

sprinkell upon it wine vinger &

peper & salt & role out a peice

of past round & lay the slices upon

it then have prepared some oiyons

redeily boyled tender & beaten

to a pap withthe back of a spoon

& put it one the mutton & some

peces of good butter under the

meate & upon it & lay a pece

of past round rould round like

the other upon it: you must put

in some waterthe 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 muton

To make a Pie of Lambe

Take a pece of veale & minc it

smale with some beefe suet & some

marow & hearbs as you like & peper

& salt & spice & were vinger then take

some of y this meate an egg a beaten

make it in to littell bales then lay

the rest of the meat at the bottom of

the Pie then take some lambe being

planched & the sweete breads of the

lamb & the stones & yolkes of

harde Egges whole or in halves &

the halfe of the minced meate &

some peices of marow & dates &

artechoke botomes boyled tender

pine appels curneles skerits or

parsnipes boyled tender mingle

in all these thinges or some of

them which you like & lay them in the

Pie with a blade of r two to mace

& some good Butter then make a lare with 3 or

4 sponfulls of white wine or veriuice

& a littell butter & the yolk of an

Egge beaten with a littell amber

folio 59 verso || folio 60 recto

& shuger & set it one the fier tell it

boile then put in the Iuice of a lemon &

when it is baked put in the Seir &

shake it & sarue it up

To make a steak Pye

Take a good neck of mutton or lamb

cut in steakes & breake the bones

season it with a littell peper & salt

then take a pece of leane mutton

shred it very smale with some befe

suet & marow & earbes as you like

choped smale some grated bread 3

yolkes of egges 2 or 3 spoonfulls of

creame one spoonfull of shuger & as

much 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 morter 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 Egges shred

with what earbes you like mingell all

these weel to geather & make it up

in to Round bales & when the cofin

is redy put in chikens or Pigons 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 barberies or grapes

put butter one the top so Lided

up & Bake it thus you may doe

larkes

folio 60 verso || folio 61 recto

To make a Pye of neates or sheepes

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 uery hot

then open the Pye & put it in

To make a Lumber Pye

Take hafe a pound of veale par

boyled & shred uery smale then take

a pound of beefe sueit shred smalle

& peney Loufe grated 6 Egges with

the whites season the meate with

Cynamon mace & nutmeg & cloves

beaten smale to geather take a large

handfull of spinnage & what earbes elce

you like & cut them very smalls & put

it to the meat take a quarter of a pint of

vergiuce & put it to the rest & hafe a

pound of good corrance & hafe a pound of

shuger work all these to geather weel

with your hannds then fill the Pye & put in

with it the marow of 2 bones rolded in yolks

of Eggs trust if harde into the Pye lay

one the top 2 ounces of letuce sucketts

& upon that a pound of good butter Lid it up

& as much candid citron as much orange

& a much ein errinago & upon that a pound of

sweet frech butter Lid it up & bake it

when you tis Baked put in a caudele of sack

verigus rose water batter & shuger stir it

one the fier tell it boyle then put it into

the middle of the Pye

folio 61 verso || folio 62 recto

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 withthe tongues shoped

uery smal & a pound of corrance one

nutmeg with cloves & mace & cynnomon

& afew sliced dates & some apeles.

cut smale & a littell sack & some minced

orrange pill cadndied soe much suger

as you think fit so fill the coffins &

bake them if you make of the humbles

of venson add more sueit to it

To make an an Egge Pye

take tenn pipens pare them & crose them

them & slice them boile i5 Egges uery har

harde put them in to cold water to

make them pele the beter shred hafe

a pound of beefe sueit & hafe a a

pound reasons stoned 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

till the be tender then pick the hard

kernells out of the tongues & pill

them cut them in thin slices about an

inch square season scrape the ballatts

cleane then cut them like the tongues

season them with suger cynoment &

white wine as will coufer them200

let it ly 9 houers then put them in to the

coffins to geather withthe wine & a

of marow or good buter & a fue dates

& reasons stoned & hard egges so

bake it

folio 62 verso || folio 63 recto

To make a Pie of sheeps feet

Take the sheeps feet wash them &

boile them tender then pele them & put

them in to cold water then take them out

& slit them in tow & cut them acroase

or as you would have them for the pye

then season them with salt & peper &

what spice you like & earbis: cut

smal & an onyon so put it all into

the pye with butter one the top

of it thendlid it up & put some

water in to it iust as you put it

in the oven let it bake an houer

& a hafe & when tis baked a

caudell of yolkes of egges &

verges & gravey & heat it hot

& then put it in to the pye

To make an artichoake Pye

Take a pound & 6 ounces of articho

ake/ botomes & the meate that is

craped from the leaues one pound

& buter as much as yu want

it a littell peper & salt & spice

mingell all to geather so put it in

to the pye with a caudell made with

6 yolkes of egges 6 spounfulls of

creame & a littell sack & some suger

you may put dates in if you please

& marow so cloase it up & bake it

To make a Pye of 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 uery smal

folio 63 verso || folio 64 recto

to geather then take what earbes

you like & cut smal & put to the meat

with peper & salt & what spice you

like & suger a littell if you like

it & corrance put in the Iuce of

a Lemon or some vinger the yolkes

of 6 Egges so work all these

to geather uery weel that is may

cut ferme & so put it in to the

Pye & when it tis baked afore you

didd it up put som buter one

the tope of the Pye & a litell

water Iust as you put it in the

oven it will be baked in an houer

& a hafe quarter when it comes

out of the ouen put in a littell

veries & suger if you like it

best you may put in to the pye

a handfull or 2 of corrance

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 dlided it up afore it gos in to

the oven put in some water let it

Bake an houer & a hafe when you

take it out cut up the lid & powre

all the fat away & put in a leare of

grauine o butter beaten thik a

litell vinger & slices of lemon &

shake all these togeather so put

one the lid you may put in either

pickled mushroms or oysters

pickled or raw

folio 64 verso || folio 65 recto

to make a sauory veale Pye

Take veale & cut uery thin & beate

it uery much then take some time &

& parsley & sage & a noyion all shred

smale & peper & salt & some spice

& role up all this on the saruall

peces of the neate with some befe

sueit or butter or the fat of the

ueale if you have enouf of it then

laye it in to the pye with some

slices of lemon & the marow of 2

bones & hard egges cut small layed

one the top of the pye with some

buter & afore you put it in theoue

oven put in either white wine

or some water & when tis baked

you may if you pleas make a

caudell for it & put in to it

of white wine & the yolkes of

egges & a littell grauiey & an

choufey or 2

to make a Pig Pye

take the Pigg that is fat & sprinkelle it

with whit wine vinger then beate spice

& season it & peper & salt then lay the

Pigg in to the Pye with baye leaves &

smome time & sage & a noyion & hard

egges cut small you may cut the Pigg in

to peces as you think fit lay one the

top of the Pye some good butter &

Iust before it goes in the oven put in

some water afore it tis quite baked

take it out & put in a bout hafe a

pint of white wine made hot so set 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

folio 65 verso || folio 66 recto

then lay it in the pye with hard

Egges cut smal then lay one the

top of the meat in the pye some

good butter & afore it goes into to the

oven put in some water & gravey

if you have aney.

To make a fine battalia Pye

take 4 or 5 very good fat Pigons:

& 3 or 4 good Pallats of an oxe or

a cowes boiled coks combes boiled

tender & 3 or 4 botomes of artichoa-

-kes/ boiled tender a pint of good

oysters & the marow of 2 or 3

bones of beefe season all these

with peper & salt & spice & then

put it in to the Pye & one the

tope lay one hafe a pound of

good buter so died it y up & 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 mincedt Pye

take a good neates tongue & parboile

it you then pille it cleane then cut of all the

hard parts & to a pound & a hafe of

tongue put as much good beefe suiet

& a pound a hafe of pipens cut

very smal as the meate & a pound &

a hafe of corrance suger hafe a

pound a quarter of an ounce of

mace & so of nutmeg. & cloues

folio 66 verso || folio 67 recto

& a littell ginger & peper & salt

& so mingell all to tgeather 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

sise & the will be baked in an

houer you may make minct pyes

of veale or lamb or befe or

udder of tripes or rabiets o

capon when tis rosted & cold

To make a Beefe Pye

take a butock befe o fat & leane

togeather cut it in peces the bignes

of you r finguer but longer season

it with peper & salt & spice &

earbes you like then lay it in a

dish for too houers thatthe seaseni

-ng may se soake in then lay it

in the pye which must thick course

crust & lay buter one the top of the

meate so Lided up & bake it in an

oven made as hot as for browne bread

set in the pye at noone & let it

stand all night in tell next morning

then draw it & coufer it cloase with

a wolen cloath to keepe warme

while you heate the oven againe

but it must not be so hot as before

then set in the pye againe & at noone

draw it then cut up the lid & put in

the Iuice of 2 lemons or some

veriuies & shred some lemon pill

smal & stir it in the pye it may

be eaten with spoones

To make an oyster Pye

Parboile the oysters 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 nion

folio 67 verso || folio 68 recto

a noian cut smal & some lemon

pill & a fue of the oysters cut smal

& a litell salt & a 2 spoonfulls of

grated white bread & 2 of white

wine mingele all these to geather

uery weel & role in bales & so

lay them in the pye withthe oysters

& hard Egges cut smale layed one

the top & buter so Lid it up &

when it tis baked cut it up & put

in some veriuics & some buter

& gravey heated to geather

To make a Carpe Pye

Take carpes seale them & take

oat all the great bones then beate

them in a stone morter with some

of the bloud but put i not is so

much as to make it to soft then

larde it withthe bellie of an Eele

& season it with peper & salt so

lay it in the pye to bake if tis

to be eaten cold

to make a Lamprey Pye

first string the Lampreyes wash them

not then season with peper & salt & &

spice vinger & let it run from them

then season them with all sorts of

spice put in to the in dside of them

& cloase them to geather with a peces

of good buter all so then lay them in your

Pye or pot & put in a great onyon

in the midell then lay some buter one

the top of the Lampreyes & then lid

it up but make an open tunell on

the lid & when it tis baked put in

some clarat wine & a litell vinger

& some grayuey & the yolkys of an

Egge or 2 heat all this togeather

& put in to the Pye

folio 68 verso || folio 69 recto

To make a shripmp Pye

take the shrimps & boile themthen

pick them & boile them againe being

first cleane-washed in warme

water then put them in a pipkin with

cleale water & a good quantitey

of marrow & a litell white wine

& a litell salt & peper & spice

pbeate smal then make the coffins

of good past & drye them a littell in

the oven before you put in the shrimps

then fill them & k bake them& when yu

may if you please put in som

buter melted in them when the

come out of the oven

To make a Rapbiet Pye

take the Rabiets & parboile them & when

the are cold cut all the meate from

the bones in smal long peces then season

it with peper & salt & the spice you

like lay a quarter of a pound of

buter in the botom of the Pye

then put the meat in with harde Egges

cut smale & pickely coucombers &

aney other pickled thinges with a

litell Lemon pill cut smal then lay

the meate in & put a quarter of a pound

of good buter one y it & so Lid it up & when

it goes in the oven power in some water

& or grauey if you haue it

To fry a brest of Lamb

take a brest of Lamb & parboile a litel

then take out out all the long bones if

you pleas then cut it the long way & then

cut a twise the crose way so that you

may make six peces of it then take

the yolkes of six egges & beate them

& put in some spice & peper & salt &

parseley & time cut smale then dipe the

peces of lamb in to it that it may be

all coufred with it shred an some

lemono pill & put in then lay one brest oneof

the tope of the Pye frye it in good

buter & for sauce to it 4 or 5 spoone

fulls o whit wine or verges & Iuce

folio 69 verso || folio 70 recto

of Lemon or 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

bparboile 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 sace of

buter with wine or vinger

To fry chikens

flea the chikens whilest the are hot

& put them in to water for a littell

time while then put them int to a frying

pan with water & a litel salt &

peper & some spice & som parsley

& when the begine to be tender put in

bsix 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

doe not gut themthen fry them ouer a quick

fier with good butter be carefull that you

doe 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 quarters

& lay them for 2 howers in as much white

wine as will coufer them wa a onyon

& earkbes you like then put & the liquer into

a frying pan stue them to geather in it then

take sweet breads & lambs stons if you

can have them & fry them by them seluels

being first parboiled if you pease

folio 70 verso || folio 71 recto

then take them out & put the wine that

the 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 &

msome 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 thaty an oy 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 stuew

sofely tel you think it enoufe & put

to it a good pece of buter & a noyon

& an anchouis & shak it weel & then

put it yin your dish 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

thick then put it in your dish

folio 71 verso || folio 72 recto

To stuew a Calues Head

take a good Head & cleaue it a

parte & take out the braines then

lay it in cold water for an houer or

to thenparbe parboile it & skewe it

cleare then take it up & cut it in

small peses & the toung that take

a quart of the water twas boiled

in & the gravey that run from it

when you cut it season the meate

with peper & salt & spick & earbes

as you like & a noyon so stwe all

this togeather & when it is all

most done enofe put in hafe a

pint of white wine with some

capers & an achouise or 2 & som

gravey beate wet 4 or 5 yolkes

of egges put in Iust to thiken

the sace fry thethe braines with

yolke of egges browne to lay one

the tope when tis in the dish & foor

bales to put in shred a pound of

veale & a pound of befe sueit

seeason it with peper & salt

& spice & what shreed earbes you

like & 3 or 4 yolks of Egges beaten

& so put in to the minced meat & work

it with your hand togeather & then role it

into litell bales som long & some round

hard egges chopepded uery smale &

mixd withthe bales & roled with itt

is good in the when tis all most stwed

then put in bove a quarter of a

pound of good buter for sipeits

tost good white bread & lay in

the dish & you may fry some in

buter when yu have put it in

the dish then slice a lemon thine &

lay one it stwe a litlel lemon

pille withthe meate sweet

fry sweet breads of veale diped in

cut thin & diped in yolks of eggs

& lay one the top with some of the

braines d fryed & clarcy diped in

egges & & fyed

folio 72 verso || folio 73 recto

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 thenput coufer it close &

let it stwe for 2 houers then

put in som peper & salt &

& spice & thethe 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 broath enouf for to coufer

To stewe 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 searuall places & put in to

euery hole some spice & the earbes

you like shred smal & rolded in

buter so put a pite in to euer

place & put in to the pot or dish

then bake it in & power ouer it

a pint of clarit wine & a quart

of good broath & a litel vinger

spread over the befe the yolkes

of 3 or 4 egges beaten so put it

in to ya hot oven twel need

to stand in above 2 houers &

when tis baked put tosted

bread in with it in the dish that

you sarue it in you may put in

som oynion when tis steweing

folio 73 verso || folio 74 recto

To stew a shoulder of muton

take it & parboile it a littell

& with a litel salt you cut it

into thine slices & put it in a

stew pan & put to it the

gravey that came from it & more

if you have it & above a pint

of onions boiled very tender

& mashed very smale put some

peper & salt & a spic to it &

some good broath so much

as you think will be enouf

to stew it in so when tis

enouf power it in the dish

with & put tosted bread in

the botom

To stew a cowes udd

To stew a cowes udder

take a young fat udder & bolie it

then cut it in to smale peces &

put it in to a stew pan with some

good broath & peper & salt & a

noion & what earbes you like cut

smale & some spic so let it stew

til you find it very tender then

you dish it up & put tosted

bb bread in with it

To drese a gose

take a good goose that is a litell

powddred & cut it into 4 quarters

after it tis parboiled a litell

then put it in to a strew pan

with as much good broath as you

think will stew it & some peper

& salt & a littell garlick &

som onions & time & parsely

folio 74 verso || folio 75 recto

so let all tstew toggeather

tel you think tis enouf & then

serve it up with tostes of

white bread

To stew befe steakes

take a pece of good fat young

befe & is interlarded with fat &

cut it in to prety thin slices & lay

them in a dish but yu must beate

them with a roleing pin & hack them

withthe back of an kinfe to make

them tender then season them with peper

& salt what earbes you like cut

smale so dtew them with some

good broath if you have it it

not with asome gravey & water

kepe it coufred all the while

tis doeing & when tis all enouf

put in a littell veriuse or vinger

so put it in the dish with sotstes

of white bread

To boile sheepes 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

liquer withthem 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 osysters & 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

folio 75 verso || folio 76 recto

broile as it did so cut of a

gaine te you have cut the meate

all most of the bone which must

be broiled againe to lay one the

stewed meat to which you must

put some oionys boiled tender

& broak smale & some oyster

flowred & diped in beaten

yokes of egges & fried brown

& layed one the top of the meat

in the dish & bone a fore you

put it in the dish put in a

litel white wine & shake it

weel to geater you may put in

some shred earbes in the stewe-

=ing put tosted white bread in

the dish with it

To Boile a Capon

tak french barley & boile it in

2 or 3 waters tel it tis white

& uery tender then fill the bellis e

of the capon withthe 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 hpound 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

folio 76 verso || folio 77 recto

To Rost a Leg of Muton with a Puding

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 uery smal then take a pint of

vs oysters & tstew them with thare

one water & a litell fare water

doe them but a litell & cut hafe

of them prety 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

chouiey & 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 cof

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

folio 77 verso || folio 78 recto

To m Hash & rost a shoulder of veal

cut of the two flapes of the shoulder

then cut it acroset the shoulder & bast

it then take the 2 flaps & put them in a

stew pan with some water when

it boiles skime it & then put in some

peper & salt & spice & earbes & an

onion so let it stew while the veal

is rosted enouf so laye put it in

a dish put the stewed meat to

it with some pickled coucombers

sliced & some lemon or orenge

& oysters & some gravey & some

white wine mheate withthe

stewed mete f you mut st put

in a pece of buter & the rosted

veale must be cut all in to

litell peces & the sace powred

one it with tostest of whit

bread in the potom of the dish

To boile a lambes Head & portnance

take the Head & wash it cleane but doe

not cut it a parte then parboile it but

a littell withthe portnance then cut

it in to thin slices & proile it

pepering it & salting it & when tis

enouf that thake the Head & cut it

open & take the braines & buter

them & put them in the dish y withthe

broiled meate lay the Head one

the top make the sace with some

grave & buter & an ionion & a

litell wthie wine or vinger

socth Collops

cut a leg of veale crose the

graine in pret sthine peces &

beate them weel withthe back of an

knife & fry them a littell in buter

to make them a litell browne

folio 78 verso || folio 79 recto

Then have redy the sueet for

them when you think them frid enouf

which mus be made with some

grayuey & some whit wine & the

yolkes of 4 egges beaten &

an achovey & an oinion & some

peper & salt & a littell nutmeg

set over the fier tel it tis

thick then ylay theq collps 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 weel all ouer earbes & harde

egges cut uery smal & befe suiet

swet & peper & salt & spice

& then boile wthhen tis enouf

put if the are to be had some

colleflowers boild tender

a artechockes botomes botiled

tender & for sace some graye &

some buter & capers & an nion &

a littell vinger doe not boile the

muton to much & when you put it in

the dish lay the colliflowers & the

potom of the artickoakes about it

& then power one the sace

To rost a shoulder of muton in blood

shred hafe a pound of beefe swet smal

& a hadndfull 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 bauter

folio 79 verso || folio 80 recto

& for sace take hafe a pint of

white wine & some caper & graue

& some sampere shred & a litel

anchouies heat all this to

geather put in the dish withthe

muton doe not take of the kell

To stwe Pigons

first stufe the Pigons the bellies &

the cropese with forst meat then

set them withthe nekes downrdes

into a skillet of water & a pece

of buter & bales bales of forsed

meate & a bundell of earbes that

you like & some peper & salt &

spice so let them stew tell yu

think the are enouf put in hafe

a pint of white wine the yolke of

4 egges & a litell anchouies to

make the sace thick stett it

ouer the fier & when

when you thake up the pigons stire

this in to the broath the were stewed

in & put the pigons in the dish & power

the sace ove them & with tosted bread

in the botom of the dish

To make forest meate

take the flesh of a leg of veale

& to euery pound of that put 2 pound

of good befe suiet cut them small togeathe

& beate it weel in a morter thenseaso

seasin it to you r tast with peper &

salt & spice & ... earbes cut smal

& the yolkes of egges & some whites

some crume of good white bread but

if you keepe it long bput no bredad

in this meat will s last sweet a

fortnight

folio 80 verso || folio 81 recto

To hash rabiets with bakon

fill the belleies of the rabiets

with earbes you like sut smal

& mingled with buter so lay them

to the fier to rost & when the are

all most rosted draw them & cut

them up & cut ysome of the meate

of from the bones in thine peces

& then mingell the meate & thearbes

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 withthe 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 thenthe 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 withwsalt

& 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 oinion & 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

folio 81 verso || folio 82 recto

To Rost a shoulder of muton

take oysters & stew them in a

dish then take some of them & cut

them prety smal & mingell them with

earbes that you like cut smal &

some peper & salt & spice

& hard egges cut smale & grated

weehit bread so weet this with

yolke y of egge & a littell vinger

or whit wine & then sttuf the

muton all over with it & then

rost it not to much when tis

bast it with buter & gravey that

dropes from it & when tis rosted

make the sace withthe 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

muton

To make cabbage Porage

Take a good cabbage & cut it tow &

bparboile it & then cut it uery small

& uct the crag end of an neck of

muton & 3 2 or 3 pound of befe & one

pound of backon .ut cut prety

small so put all to geather & let

it stwe till the meate & cabbage

be d 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 withthe meate & cabbage &

brroath you may put in litell

verges stire it ofen whil it

boiles that it doe not burne to the

pot

folio 82 verso || folio 83 recto

To make Baked greene Pease Porage

take a crag end of an neck of

muton 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 greene pease Porage

take an crag end on neck of

muton & an nuckell of veale &

& some leck neck befe & tstewe

this for 3 houer or more skime

it cleane & then put in a good

quantey of greene 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 thep botom of the dish which you

most make d hot so put in onely the

pigons or hen or duock

To make yallow pease Porage

take some good strong broath of

of fresh meate & put in as maney

good pease as you think make it thik

& boile them till the are tender as

you may mash them throue a caulendor

afore you tak them up put in a pece

of good backin to boile & then put

in some broath into a skilet

& as mane much of the pulp of

folio 83 verso || folio 84 recto

the pease as will make it 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 Iamacke peper & an onion

so let it stew in the skilet all

most an houer withwhat a

bundell of earbes then buter

tosteds of good white bread &

lay them in the botom of the

dish & then put in the borage

a boiled Puding

take a quart of sweet creame & &

put in it 2 or 3 blades of mace &

all moust a nutmeg grated & a litel

synimonet booile it till it smels

of the spice pare the crust 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 creaam

that is boild you may put in a litel

amber grece & mingell all this weel

to geather with a quatrter of a pound

of good buter melted then weet a

a course cloath & ring it hard &

then flower it litely & s spred it

one a dish & then power thebpuding

in to it & so tie it up up close

& put it in to boileing water & let

boile an houer make the sace for

of sack & buter & shuger

folio 84 verso || folio 85 recto

a Baked allmond Puding

Take a pound of allmonds & blanch

them in to water then beate them in a

morter & now & then put in to them a

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

k bake it

To make a sack Puding

take hafe a pint of sweet cream

& 3 egges & the whits beat them weel

& 4 spoonfulls of sa a ck & some

beaten nutmeg & mace & a litel

salt & shuger to you r tast & 2

handfulls of reasons & some grated

whit bread so make it as thick

as bater then take thin cofins

shoch as yo u bake bisket in & buter

them & then put in the bater with a litell

melted buter beaten in it so bake

them prey browne & then turn them out on

in a dish & put sack & melted buter

& shuger to them

To make a quakeing Puding

take a quart of sweet creame & a

a grated nutmeg & some mace & a

litell salt & 3 spoonefulls of fine

flower one spoone full of sack or

rose water & take the yolkes of i2

egges the whites only of 8 of them

& beate them uery weel & mingell them

withthe 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 it

folio 85 verso || folio 86 recto

To make a white Pot

take a quart of sweet creame &

a grated nutmeg & some mace &

ginger & boile in they creame &

power it one a peney lofe cut

uery thine then take 8 egges the

whites of 3 of them & beate them

& stir inthem in to the bread & creame

& shuger to your tast & a litel salt

a 2 hanf dfulls of reason of the sone

then buter a dish & power in the

bater & lay one the top some

marow or good buter so bake it

To make a Pudding of Barley 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 uery tender then tak it &

mingell it with it with as much

sweet creame as will coufer

it so boile it in a skilet with

some nutmeg & mace & after it tis

boiled mingell it withthe barley boile=

ing hot & sweeten it to your stast & then

beate 6 egges the whits but of 3 &

hafe a pound of good befe suiet cut

smal & sume grated bread & a

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

folio 86 verso || folio 87 recto

a hedge hogg Pudding

Take 3 peney loves & grate them

& sift them throue a culdner all

the lumbes of bread you take hafe

a pound of good befe suiet cut

very small & some grated .

nutmegs & a litell salt & 'a quarter

of a pound of shuger mingell this

weel togeather & put in the yolkes

of 7 egges & the whites of 2 of

them you put in a pint of sweet

colde creame or more if you

see it doe not weet it enouf

you tie it up cloase in a cloath

& put it into boileing water

twill be boiled in a litell above

an houer when you dish it up

stick it with blanched a

allmones, cut the long way

you melt buter & beat with

some sack & shuger & power

one it

To make a curd Puding 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 c creame

so tie it up cloase in a cloath &

put it in to boileing water twill

be boiled in an houer when you

dish it up power one melted

buter with sack & shuger

To make Bisket Pudding

warme a quarte of sweet creame

put to it the yolkes of i0 egges

the whites of 2 of them beate them

weel then grate a naple bisket

& a a litell grated bread & shuger

& salt & spice to your tast then put

in some blanche almons beate

smale with a litell rose water

folio 87 verso || folio 88 recto

& 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

cloat tided up lcloase & so put

it in to boileing water twell

be boile in an howeer or a litel

more

To make a quakeing allmone puding

boile a pint of good cream: & i0

egges the whites of 2 of them beate

them weel put them in to the creame b.ut

not to boile & put in hafe a

pound of blancked allmons beate

uery smal & some shuger & spice

& a a litell salt to yor tast & 2 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 houer & a hafe when you dish it

up power one melted buter with

sack shuger & rose water

A quakeing Pudding

boild a quarte of good cream

with a grated nutmeg & some mace

& a fve cloaves & a litel syomonent

when tis boiled stir it that it doe not

creame one the top & when it tis

cold & take the yolkes of teen egges

the whites of 2 of them beat them weel

& put to them 3 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 thenput i tie it up

cloase in a cloath & put it in to

boileing water stiring it it if doe

not stic

folio 88 verso || folio 89 recto

stick to the pot in quart of an houer

then twil be harde an houre will

boile it when you dish it up melt

power one melted buter with

sack & shuger stired in with it

To make a Pudding in a white loafe

take a two peney Loafe & cut

of all the crust from the top

cut it pret thick & & then take

out all the croume & grate it

uery smale ouerwele it smal

& take the yolkes of 3 egges & the

whit of one of them & beat them weel

& put them to the grated bredad

with as much cream as will

make it prey thine & put in

some shuger & salt & spice to

your tast & stir this weel to

geather & put it in to the botom

of the loafe & lay on the

top of the loafe one it to tie it up

in a cloath but not to cloase for

the loafe will swell so put it into

the pot with the befe when the pot

boils an houer will boile it or a

litle more when you dish it up power

one melted bater with sack & shuger

To make a gridirorn Pudding

take good white bread & cut it in

thine slices & lay it one a grid iron

till it be when tis weel dried then

break it in to 3 pintes of cream

so let it stand all night in the

morning put it into a skilet but

boile it doe not let it boile &

stir it weel then power it in to a

a pan & let it stan till tis all most

cold then take 6 yegges the whits of 2

of them & a litel fine flower make

it a litel thicker then bater

folio 89 verso || folio 90 recto

& put in a littel salt & 4 spone

fulls of good yest so stir all this

to geather & then coufer it with

a cloath & set it to the fier to

rise for hafe an houer so then put

it in a dish & bake it

To make a Dumpling

Take a quart of fine flower & a

handful of resons of the sone &

as maney coranse & a grated nut=

=meg, & a litel salt & 4 yolkes

of egges & 2 whites of egges

weel beaten & then put them to the

flower & weet it with water so

much as that you may role it an hands

with out puting in a cloath but

doe not make it to harde & make

it holow in the midell & put in a

good pece of buter so cloass it that

it doe not brak in peecs nor rune

out so boile it

to make a Hartichoak Pudding

boile them very tender then take the botomes

& 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

folio 90 verso || folio 91 recto

so bater the dish or pan you bake

it in or you may boile it int a cloath

& for sace power one sack & shuger

& melted buter

a Potatoe Puding

first pare the potatoes then grate

them very smal & put them into a

pan & fill it full of water &

stir the potatoes weel in t 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

togeather & put in sone croance

& resons & shuger & spice & egges

& a litel sack so bute a dish yuu

bake it in

To make a greene Puding

Take a peney Loafe & grate it

uery smal & mingell it with some

sweet cream & egges & shuger &

spice then put in some Iuce of

Spinige to make it uery greene

then put in to spoonfulls of fine

flower & a litel salt so weet a cloath

& tie it up cloase & loase & put it in to

boile when the watter boiles twel

be boiled in an houer

Spinage Toasts

Take a handful of spinage & boile

it uery tender & let the water draine

from it then mince it uery smal then

grate a manchet uery small & put to

it with some curance & gshuger &

spice & 5 egges the whits of 2 of

them & a litell cream to weet

folio 91 verso || folio 92 recto

them enouf fro to make it shine

like toasts so fry them in buter

when the are fried browne put

them in a hot dish & power one them

melted buter with sack or whit

wine & g shuger

To make a chardon Puding

Take a chardon when tis uery

cleane & white & fat & parboile

it when it tis cold minc it uery

smal then put to it som good coranes

& 6 egges & some grated white

bread & shger & spic & some

creame to make it as weet as

a puding so boile it for a bove

an houer when tis boiled power

one it some melted buter

A calues foot Pudding

Take 2 feet & bole them uery

tender & 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 egges &

creame enouf to weet is thine

as for a puding then take a eale of

a brest of veale & power it into it

& then bind it up in that & then put it

in a cloath & tie it cloase & put

it in boileing water twel be

boiled in alitell more then an houer

folio 92 verso || folio 93 recto

a slight kacked Puding

slice in to 3 pints of good milk

2 peney Loves & when it has

soaked 2 houer 7 yolkes of egges

weel beaten & some shuger &

spice to your tast & alitel salt

& some melted buter so put it

in the dish it is butered & kaked

it twel be done in an houer

To make a Dutch dish caled a lister

Take a pound & a fhafe of fine

flower 6 egges whits & all beate

them & 3 spoonefulls o ale yest &

hafe a pound of melted buter

& 6 spoonefulls of nue milk

blood warme & a litel salt so

beate all this to geater for a

quarter of an houer or more

then set it before the fier cloase

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

whits of 3 of them & beate them weel

& hafe a pint of good alle yest & a

some salt & spice & as much fine

folio 93 verso || folio 94 recto

flower as will make it into very

stife past so work it all togeather

uery weel & set it before the fier

to rise while the oven heates

then make it up in a loufe & put a

paper under it & set it in the oven

& when tis throuely baked take

it out & cut of the top & power

in it some melted buter beaten

with sack & shuger & lay the top on

againe

To make butred loufes

take 3 quarts of nue milk & put

in as much runet as will turn it

& when tis com bereak it & whay the

curd cleare from it thenbrak break

the curd uery small with your hands

then put in the yoalke of 8 egges

weel beaten & the whits of

2 of them them

& a hanf dfull of grated bread & a

handfull of fine flower & a litel salt

so mingell at this weel to geather

& work it weel y with your hands then

make it up in to 4 loufes & put them

one butered papers then beate the yolke

of an egge with a litell bere & so

whsh the loafes all over with a

feather then set them in to the hot

ouen & stop them up & the will be

baked in 3 quarters of an houer

baut afore that you make the Loves set

the past before the fier to rise when

the are baked take them & cut of the

topes &with a knife stire in the

crumes & power in melted buter

withm some grated nutmeg & shauger

& rose water or sack & so put

one the topes of the loufes

againe & dish them up stroud with shuger

folio 94 verso || folio 95 recto

an other way of butered Loufes

Take the yolkes of teen egges & the

whites of 3 of them beate them weel

& put to them hafe a pinte of good

alle yest & some spice & a litel

salt & as much fine flower as

as will make it in to stife past &

so worke all this weel to geather

with your hands & then set it before

the fier to rise while the ouen

heated then make it up in to 4

Loufes & put them in a hot ouen

& bake them weel then take them &

open them & power in melted

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 fried curd Puffes

Take the curd of a gallon of nue

milk & whay it cleane let the cuurd

be uery tender & way it throve a sieue

or thin cloath rub it thorwue then

take a handfull of fine flower &

the yolkes of 6 yegges the whites

of 2 of them & a grated nutmegg

& alitell grated bredad & a litel

salt & a litell rosewater or oreng

flower watter so worke all this

weel to geather with your hands but

not to stife so spred it one

trenchers about an ninch theick

the breath of 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

folio 95 verso || folio 96 recto

To make fried Butered Loufes

Take a good spoonefull of good

all yeast & 6 egges & 3 whits &

beate them weel & put to the yest then

take as much fine flower as

will make it into as stife past

as for marchant wen put in

some salt & grated nutmeg so

set them before the fier to rise

while the ouen heates so bake

them weel then take them & cut the

topes of & power in melted

buter with sack & shuger

To make a cabbage Pudding

Take one pound of good befe &

parboile it & when tis cold shrid

it uery smal & 2 pound of befe

suiet & some earbes that you like cut

small & some peper & salt & a grated

peney loufe & 5 harde g egges cut

smalle mingell all this weel

to geather then take g a good

cabbage & cut a hole in the midell

big enoufe for to hold all the

minced meate so put it in & lay the

top of the cabbage that you cut of

one againe them put it in a cloath

& tie it up cloas & boile it a

bove an houer then take it up &

unetie it & let it boile 2 houers

more then dish it up & power melted

buter one it

folio 96 verso || folio 97 recto

To make an orragnge 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 Iuce of the orange

& a quarter of a pound of melted

buter & a litell salt & a litell

orang flower water so mix

all this togeather with shuger

to your tast & bake it in d a dish

puthat is butred & put past round

the brime

To salt neates Tounges

Take them & put them into an Earthen

pan & coufer them all over with Perter

salt & let them ly a week & turn them

& so let them Ly an other week &

then turn them againe so let them Ly

3 3 weeks & the will be selt enouf

so dry them or you may boile them

with out dryeing boile them in

Pump water the same brine will

be as good to salt more 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 withthem

folio 97 verso || folio 98 recto

hafe a pound of good Bakon &

some mint when the pease are

soft then rub them throue a culdener

& then ptut 3 or 4 quartes of the

strong broath to the pulp of the

pease & some grauey doe not

put in to much of the pulp of the

pease for fere of makeing it to

thick at the ferst for twell

groe thicker cut 2 onyons in

halvess & stire in & som sorell

& som hole peper so boile it

sofely for above hafe an houer

then put in 3 pints of nue milk

& let it boile a litell more

& then put in hafe a pound of buter

so let thi s boile a litell then dish

it up & put in french bread

cut thine & tosted & some bals

made with forst meat

To make Graueyie

Tate some Leane befe & cut it

in to thine peces & hack it with

withthe back of an kife then put it

in a stew pan or frying pan with

with a pece of good buter & stew

it or frie it gentely & put in a 2

ladell fulls of good fresh broath

& so let it stwe or frie till you

think all the grauie it out of the

befe put in an onyion cut so keepe

this grauie for your yuse as long

as it twel keepe sweet

folio 98 verso || folio 99 recto

To make Puffe Past

Take a quart of fine flower &

yolkes of 4 egges & the whits

of 2 beat them weel & put in a

litell cold water so weet the

flower & prouf of past then role

it out broad & then lay one peces

of good buter then fold it to

geater & role it out broad

& lay one more buter againe

& so doe 7 times t with this

past you may yuse for what you

like

To make crust for tafeity 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 tartes as thine as

posibil you may a littell shuger

in the past

another way to make Puffe past

Take 3 pints of fine flower & a

litell shuger & the white of an egge &

cold water so make the past & then

role it out broad & lay good buter

all ouer it & strow a uery litell

flower one the buter then dubell up

& so role it out againe & then

buter it so doe till you haue

folio 99 verso || folio 100 recto

put in a pound & a quarter of

buter s this past you may make

what tartes you please with

Past for Minct Pye

Take hafe a Peck of fine

flower & 3 pound of good buter

& one pound of good shuger &

13 egges so workes all this up

in to past indifrent stife

To make fine crust

Take 3 pints of uery fine flower

& hafe a pound of good buter &

6 yolke of egges & one spoone=

full of Roose water mingill 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 egges & 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 Iohn appeles & cut them uery thin

in round slices & lay them in the

past as Like slates one a house

then deuide a pound of good shuger

in to 2 partes & so put it one the

part one the apples with some

orenge pill cut small candied if

you have it so coufer them up &

cloase them weel at the eyes with

folio 100 verso || folio 101 recto

the white of an egge beaten then

with a gageing yorn cut the eyes

& cut them onethe lide with a

kinfe so set them quickely in the

ouen doe not bake them to much

if the ouen be hot you need not

put up the Lid when the are en

enouf the shuger will boile in

them

Apell Pastiey to friy

Take good appels & pare them

& slice them round uery prety thine

then boile them gentely in sour p

surup for fere the break then

whe the are pret dender drayne

the appeles from the surup & lay

them in the pasties which most be

3 Inches long ng & an inch thick

so strow one the applles some

good shuger & orange pills cut small

so cloase them up & fry them browne one

boath sides in a great deale of buter

when the are fryed scrape one shuger

& squise one som Iuce of orange

To make Taffity tartes of Aprecokes

or Pipons

Take a pound of good buter & a

pound of fine flower & the yolkes of

2 3 egges so rub this togeather

uery weel with your hands then weet

it with as much cold watter as will

make it in to past but not very

stife then role it into square

sheets alltmost as thin as brown

paper then dubell one side ouer the

other & flower a sheet of whit

paper all onuer & lay 2 of the

sheets of past one it then open

folio 101 verso || folio 102 recto

them one at a time themn take

aprecockes or pipens & pare them

slice them uery thin then & as broad

as you can & Lay them betwene the

to sheets of paste about 2 or 3

lares thick the breath of one

hafe of the passt so lay the fru.

in all but leave so much roome

as thatthe 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 withthe 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

folio 102 verso || folio 103 recto

all most baked take it out

of the oven & Ice it all over the

lid with a thick Ice then put it

in the oven againe till tis

baked enoufe if the frute be

gosbebreyes then boile them in

surup a litell fbefore you put

them in the pan if other frute

then betwene the lares of it

lay some good shuger & pound

& a quarter will amake a great

tart to Ice it & all

To make an appell tarte with cream

In the somer take coudlings & in the

winter good appelles Iohn apples

or Paremaines & pipens pare them

& cut them in quarters & cut out the

core then lay them one by an other

as cloase as you can in to a raised

tarte made with good past

then put one a good deale of white

shuger one the apples & so dLid it up

& bake it til tis enouf then take

hafe a pint of sweet creame some

nutmeg & make the creame boile & thicken

it with yolkes of egges & sweeten it

then take outthe tart out of the

ouen & pcut up the lid & power in the

cream which must have in it some

orange flower water or sroose water

so sit the tart in the oven againe

a litter while to harden & then take it

out this way you may make goodbreys

tart but the must be boath cold

when you sarve them to the tabell

folio 103 verso || folio 104 recto

To make cheese cakes

tak 8 quarts of nue milk &

put runet in it enoue for to

make it come to a tender curd

the milk must be no hoter then

frome the cowe & when tis come then

breake it & take the whay from it

then withthe back of a spoone squese

it all the curd throue a course haire siue

then put to the curd the yolkes of

i2 egges the whits of 2 of them &

a pound of good buter melted & a

grated nutmeg & 3 quarters of a

pound of whit shuger & a pound of good

corance & hafe a pound of allmons

beat blanched & beaten uery fine

mingell all this weel to geater

& work the buter in to the curd

with your hands & put in some

orange flower water so put it in to

the past & pine paper round if you doe

not bake them in chees cake patey pans

so put them in to the 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 thatthe

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 spoonefaulls of

thick sweet cream & some nutmeg

folio 104 verso || folio 105 recto

a pece of good buter melted & cold

againe about a spoonefull & some

corance ploumpled & cold & hafe

a pound of white shuger mingell all

this weel togeather & then put it in

to good past pin paper about the

cheese cakes if you doe not make

them in cheese cake patey panes

so bake them & when the are baked

scrape shuger one them

To make a coller of Befe

Take good young fat befe the flank of

it Lay in as much poump water as

will coufer it & put to it 2 handfulls

of bay salt & 2 of spanish salt a

will make a strong brine put in some

salt peter so let the befe ly in it 3

days turneing it euery day then take it

out & dry it in a course cloath then

strow one it sage & parsey & time &

2 oinyons all cut very smale with some

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

folio 105 verso || folio 106 recto

take of frome the inside of the

befe to make it moist so bake

this with browne bread & tie of

the top of the pot w browne

paper or browne cured cust

put one so when tis baked &

cold you must take it out & keepe

to keepe it make nue brine

To Drie neates Tounges

take 3 or 4 good large tounges

salt them with bay salt & salt

Peter one pount so mingell it

togeater & let the tounges

ly in a fortnight in hot weather

& lese in cold & turne them euery

day so then take them out hange

them to smoake but not to hot

& when the are smoked enouf

keepe them in a drie place

To Buter a Lobster

Breake the sheles & take out all the

meate & cut it in prey big peces

then put it in a stew pan or dish then

put to it some white wine & a

pece of good buter & some salt &

a litell peper & grated nutmeg & a

litel anchovie so let all this

stew togeater til you think tis

enouf then dish it up one tosted

whit bread layed in the dish

To Rost a lobster

then is Iust pege take it a live & wash

it yuery cleane & stop the holes

as you doe when you boile themthen

tie them fast to the spit the insides

to geather & bast them with water

all the while the rost when the are

folio 106 verso || folio 107 recto

reoseted enouf the will look ue

uerey read then haue redy some

stewed oysters cut in peces

& put to them some melted

buter ywiththet stewed water

of the oysters & a litel an

choive & a litell white wine

so beate all this weel to

geather withthe inside of

the bodies of the bobster &

so brak the shells of the

other part & lay the meate

hole in the dish withthe sace

To Broile whitings

Take whiteings & coufer them

with salt fore day then hang them

up one day by the heads & then

Broile them & when you tourn

them take of the skines & bast them

ywith buter & a litell peper & broil

them til you see the are enouf & then

put them in a dish with melted

buter

To make meate Iellie

Take a great kauckle of veale & 4

calues feet wash them & the veale very

cleane & lay the veale & feet in water

to soake for 2 dayes but change

the water twis a day & before you

boile it cut the bone of the veale

Long way & take out all the marow

Iust befour you boile the feet soke

ythem in warme water & the veale

that all the bloud be cleare out then

put it in a pot with 9 quarts of

spring water & one of white

wine & as ye to

folio 107 verso || folio 108 recto

fast as the scuum rieses take

it of put in a vey litel salt

so let it boile & when thatthe water

is wasted trye if twel Iellie &

if it dos then take it & straine

it throue a dubell strainer then

in to a cleane earthern pan &

so let it stand till nex day then

take of all the top cleane with

an knife to euery quart of

Iellie put hafe a pound of

good white shuger & some mace

& a nutmeg sliced & some cynimon

& a litell ginger if you plsease

so set it one a cleare fier

& put in to it the whites of 2

egges beaten til the froath

so let the Iellie boile gentely

& put in the Iuce of 2 lemons

&

& some orange flower water doe

the more you stire it the Leese cleare

it twel be so stir lit but litell &

when you find it uery cleare then take

it & straine it throue a gelliye

bagg before the fier that it may run

the beter so when tis cold enouf

to put in to glases put it in with

some of the pill of lemon cut uery

thine & in 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

uery greene

folio 108 verso || folio 109 recto

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 thenhang 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

folio 109 verso || folio 110 recto

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

to bake not to browne

folio 110 verso || folio 111 recto

Mrs Masters Receipt

to pott Beefe

Take the fleshy end of the Buttock rand, & take

off all the fatt and skinn, and lay it in water for the

Space of 12 hours, then drain it from the water

again, and take as much Salt as you think will

Season the same, and half as much peper as Salt, &

mingle them together, and mingle them together, and

Rub the beef all over withthe same, and Let it lye about

36: houres turning the same 3 times a day: Then put

it in an earthen pott and Cover it with the fatt and

and Skinn which you took off, and cover it over with

past also, and Bake it with Houshold Bread, and beat

it well in a Morter whilest it is hott. you must put

no Liquor in your pott: But you may Skimm the fatt

from the Gravy and mingle with the meat as you pound

it: and put in a little piece of Butter: and also

if you find it not Seasoned enough you may putt

in more as you pound it.

folio 111 verso || folio 112 recto

my Lady ashouer s Resaite to

msate a west falia Ham of a

Legg of Pork or other Hames

Take quarter of a pound of salt

Peter & the quantety of a wall=

=nut of Peter salt a pint of

ordnarey salt mix all these

uery weel to geather with a

pound of uery course shuger

tate a Large Legg of Porke cut

Ham fashon cut the skin about the

knuckle Loose & cram in as much of the

seasening as you can get in Rube it in uery

weel allo 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

folio 112 verso || folio 113 recto

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 wi th Peter salt & Bay salt

Let them Lye in that Brine ten dayes

then boile them in Pump water tell

they be t prety 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

folio 113 verso || folio 114 recto

& coufer them weel with Butter

wn 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 yup 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 auppon 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 y with a litell

of the Lickeuer being a cold

takene out to be cold & so put

in againe & made thick over the

fier & put in about hafe a

pound of good Butter & slices of

tosted whit bread Layed one

the potom of the dish then put

them in to & warme the dish a

fore you put it in

folio 114 verso || folio 115 recto

Mrs Eatetons way to Pickell

Walnuts

Put the wallnuts into an great

Earthen Pot & power boyleing

water withsat boiled in it one

them & put a trencher one them to

keepe them under the water which

must 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 tput them in

to a culondear to let all the

water run from them & then

put in an earthen pot wallnutes

folio 115 verso || folio 116 recto

Leaves & a fue bay leaues & beaten

peper & Iamake peper & some cloues

& some nutmeges all beat togeather

& so put a lare of wallnut & a lare

of yleave & spick & 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 cloase

up with strong ldubell paper

tied cone the pot about a week

after look one them to see if the

win vinger coufers them if not

put in more & let themtstand

a month afore you yuse mthem

folio 116 verso || folio 117 recto

To make mead

To .12. gallons of water take .8. Quarts of

Honey put your honey in your kittle with

the water with 18 whites of new Laid Eggs with

shell well beaten stir them in the Honey

and water and Let it stand on the fire till

it is well melted then hang it over fire

and stir it no more till it Boyles then scum

it it and put in an ounce an halfe of

Corriander seeds, Race Ginger, Cloves, mace,

nutmegs, of Each about a Quarter of an ounce

let it Boyle an hour sett a Gallon of water

by to BPut in whilst it boyles that you may

have your full Quantity at last which you

may know by a notch in a stick before

you hang it over the fire have Rind's of

three Lemonds tied strong on a thread and

hand them in the vessell pouer your Liquour

boyling hot on it let it be Cold before you

work it then work it up with about a

Quarter of a Pint of Good Ale just as

you would Bear.

folio 117 verso || folio 118 recto

folio 118 verso || folio 119 recto

folio 126 verso || folio 127 recto

folio 139 verso || folio 140 recto

folio 144 verso || folio 145 recto

folio 159 verso || folio 160 recto

folio 161 verso || folio 162 recto

folio 182 verso || folio 183 recto

folio 183 verso || Part II folio 73 verso

back outside coverï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½

back inside cover || endleaf 1 recto

A booke of verses

collected by mee

RDungaruan

endleaf 1 verso || endleaf 2 recto

endleaf 2 verso || folio 1 recto

m

R m

Verses made vpon the death of the

Ducke of Buckingham

Sooner Soner 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

folio 1 verso || folio 2 recto

The great example of mortalitie:

And when our after times Shall want a name

To Startle greatnesse here is Buckingame ,

Fallen like a Meteor and tis hard to Say

Whether yt was that went the Stranger way

Thou; or the hand that Slew thee thy Estate

Was high and he was resolute aboue that

But Since I am of non ingag'd to thee

Death and that liberty Shall make me free

Thy misse I know not yiff thou had'st a fault

My Charitye shall haue it in thy vault

Their for thine owne accounting tis vntrdue

To Speake ill of the dead though it bee true.

And this euen those that enuy thee confesse

Thou hadst a flowing mind a Noblenesse.

A fortune, Friends and Such proportion

As cals for sorrow thus to bee vndone

Yet should I speake the vulgar, I should bost

Thy bouls Assasonate, and wish allmost

He were noe Christian that I vpp meight Stand

To prayse th'Intent of his misguided hand

And Sure when all the Patriots in their Shade

Shall ranke, and their full musters there bee made

Hee shall set next to Brutus and receiue

Such Bayes as the ' Heathenish Ignorance can giue

But then the Christian checking this Shall Say

Though he did good he did ytt the wrong way

And oft those fall into the worse of ill

That act the peoples wish without their will.

Epitaphes. On Niobe turn'd to Stone

This Pile thou seest built out of flesh not Stone

Containes no shroude within nor mouldring Bone,

This Bloodlesse Trunk is destitute of Tombe

Which may the Soules fled Mansion enwombe

This Seeming Sepulcher (to tell the troth)

Is neither Tombe nor Body and yet both.

folio 2 verso || folio 3 recto

On a Mayd

Beneath this Stone (which thou must loue,)

More beauty lyes then liues aboue.

Ere 'foure yeares old shee hence did part

When death in enuy of Cupids dart

First struck her by Fames truest tongue

The childish God was tould as younge

Shee was as hee is fain'd, and faire

That both together Seene, and paire

Of Twins might Seeme, at which hee cryes,

Till then hee neuer mist his eyes.

Yet if hee had them twere in vaine,

For hee would weepe them out againe.

Thy teares if thou but 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 Pembrocke

Vnderneath this Sable Herse

Lyes the Subiect of all verse.

Sidneye s Sister Pembrock s Mother,

Death e're thou hast kil'd an other,

Faire and learn'd and good as Shee

Time will throw a Dart at thee.

Marble Piles let no man raise

To hir Name, for after dayes

Some good Lady kind as Shee

Reading this, like Niobe

Will turne marble and become,

Both her mourner and her Tombe.

folio 3 verso || folio 4 recto

On A faire child that

dyed Suddenly

As carefull Nurses in their beds doe lay,

Their Babes that would to long the wantons play.

So to preuent my youthes approaching times,

Nature my Nurse layde mee to bed betimes.

On the death of a child

a yeare ould.

How can Heauens Voyage long or hard appeare,

This feeble Infant went it in a yeare.

Yet Reader let not Strenght Secure delay,

For many dye before the'are on their way.

Here Contemplation to the iourney fit,

This blest one was her whole life goeing it.

On Prince Henry .

Within this marble casket lyes

A matchlesse Iewel of rich prize

Which Nature in the Worlds disdaine

But shewed and then put vp againe.

On Richard Earle of Dorset

Let no profane ignoble foote tread neere

This hallowed peece of Earth; Dorset lyes here

A Small Sad relique of a noble Spirit,

Free as the Aire and ample as his Merit.

Whose least perfection was large, and great,

Enough to make a common man compleat.

A Soule refin'd and cull'd from many men,

That reconcil'd the Sword vnto the pen,

Vsing both well. No proud forgetting Lord,

But mindfull of meane Names and of his word.

One that did loue for honnor not for ends,

And had the noblest way of making friends.

By louing first. One that did know the Court,

Yet better vnderstood it by report,

Then practize. For he nothing tooke from thence,

But the Kings fauour for his recompence.

One for Religion or his Countryes good,

folio 4 verso || folio 5 recto

That valude not his Fortune nor his Blood,

One rich in faire opinion high in praise,

And full of all wee could haue wish't but Dayes.

Hee that is warn'd of this and Shall forbeare

To rent a Sigh for, him, or sh edd a teare.

May hee loue long and scorn'd vnpittyed 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 iudgement sitts

And sayes our Sinnes are stronger then our wits.. s.

On Prince Henry

Reader wonder think it none

Though I speake and am a stone,

Here is shrin'd celestiall dust.

And I keepe it but in trust.

If I should my treasure tell.

Wonder then you meight as well

How these stones could chuse but breake.

If they had not learn'd to speake.

Hence away and ask not mee,

Whose these sacred ashes bee.

Purposely it is conceal'd

For if that should bee reueal'd

All that read would by and by

Melt themselues to teares and dy

folio 5 verso || folio 6 recto

On the death of Prince Henry

by Dr Iunon

Nature waxing old began

This to desire

Once to make vp such a man

Men meight admire

And soe with to to fine a thread

Shee rues it Since

In eighteene yeares Shee perfected

A peerelesse Prince.

But death the moth of natures art

This danger spied

This sight reuiued each mans hart

And no man died

And loe in time amends to make

And helpe this error

Remorselesse death vntimely brake

This loueoly mirror.

But death beware a surfeict for ti's said

There's no man cares to live now Henry's

(dead)

On the death of Prince Henry

Keepe station Nature, and rest Heauen sure

On thy Supporters shoulders: leat past cure

Thou dash't in ruine, fall by a greifes weight,

Will make thy Bases shrink and lay thy height,

Low as the Canter. Hear and see it read,

Through the astonish't world. Henry is dead.

It is enough. who seekes to aggrauate

One strayne beyond this, prooue more sharpe his fate

Then sad our doome. The World dares not Suruiue,

To pararell this woes Superlatiue.

O Killing Rhetorick of Death. Two words,

Breath stronger terrours then Plague, Fire, or Swords.

Ere conquer'd This were Epitaph and Verse

Worthy to bee præfixt on. Natures Hearse,

Or Earthes sad dissoloution, whose fall

Will bee lesse grieuous though more generall.

For all the woe space ere 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.

folio 6 verso || folio 7 recto

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

Knowne vnto thee then shed a teare.

Or if thy selfe possesse a Gemme,

As deare to thee as shee to them

Though a stranger in this place

Bewaile in theirs thy owne sad ease

For thou perhaps at thy returne

Mayst find thy darling in an Vrne.

On Sir Walter Rawleigh

I will not weepe for t'were as great a sin

To shedd a teare for thee as to haue beene

An Actor in thy Death. Thy life and age

was but a various scene on Fortunes stage.

Which whom though tuggs't and stone'st e'un out of breath

In thy long toile: Ne're master'd till thy death.

And then despite of traynes and cruell witt

Thou did'st at once subdue malice and it.

I dare not then soe blast thy memory,

As say I doe lament or pitty thee.

Were I to choose a subiect 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

folio 7 verso || folio 8 recto

Yet gaue brighter foile made thy ag'd fame

Appeare more white and faire, then foule their shame

And did promote an Execution

Which (but for them) Nature and Age has done.

Such worthlesse things as these were onely borne,

To liue on pittyes almes. To meane for scorne

Thou didst 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 euen soe; and Time with Death conspir'd

To make his End as was his life admir'd.

The Commons were not somon'd now I see,

Merely to make lawes, but to mourne for thee

Nor lesse then all the Bishops could suffice,

To waite vpon so great a sacrifice.

The Court the Altar was, the Wayters Peers,

The Mirrhe and Frankincense Great Caesar s teares

A brauer 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

Betwixt this day and that by Fate bee slaine,

For whom the Curtaine may bee drawne againe

folio 8 verso || folio 9 recto

If your precedency in death doe barr,

A fourth place in your sacred Sepuchre

Vnder this carued Marble of thine owne

Sleepe braue Tragædian Shakespeare sleepe alone

Thy vnmolested peace vnshared caue

Possesse as Lord not Tenaunt of thy graue.

That vnto others, or vs it may bee,

Honour hereafter to bee laid by thee.

On the death of Mr Rice

Manciple.

Who can doubt Rice to which eternall place

Thy soule is fled that did but know thy face.

Whose body was soe light it meight haue gone.

To heauen without a resurrection

Indeede thou wert all type thy lines we're signes,

Thy Arteries but Mathematicke lines

As if 2 soules had made the compound good

Which both should liue by faith & none by blour.

R.C.

On Ben. Stone .

Here worthy of a better chest,

A pretious Stone inclos'd doth rest.

Whom Nature had so rarely wrought,

That Art did him admire. and thought

From his Examples rules to take,

How shee by it the like meight make.

Pallas her selfe did wish to weare

Still such a Iewell at her eare.

But sicknesse did it from her wring,

And plac't in Libitinaes ring.

Who changing Natures work anew,

Deaths fearefull Image on it drew.

Pitty that paynes had not been sau'd,

To good this Stone to bee ingrau'd.

Aliter.

Ierusalem s curse shall neuer light on mee

For here a stone vpon a stone shall bee.

Aliter

Loe heere I lye stretch't out both hands and feete,

My bed my graue, my shirt my winding sheete -

No need to carue a tombestone out for mee,

A tombestone I vnto my selfe will bee.

folio 9 verso || folio 10 recto

On a Virgins Tombe

Stay doe not passe, here fixx your eyes,

Vpon a Virgins Obsequies.

Pay tribute from a troubled heart,

Tis but a teare before you part.

And what are teares? they are but streames

Of Sorrow, which like fearefull dreames

Disturbe your senses, yet I craue,

No other sacrifice to haue.

But if you passe and let fall none,

Y'are harder then this marble stone.

Your Loue is colder and your eyes

Lesse senselesse of my miseries.

On a child

Nature in this smale volume was about,

To perfect what in woemen was left out.

But fearing least a peece soe well begun

Meight want preseruatiues when shee had done

Ere shee could finish what shee vndertooke

Threwe dust vpon it, and shut vp the booke.

Barkly es Epitaph

Hee that's imprison'd in this narrow roome,

Were't not for custome needs nor verse nor Tombe.

Nor from these can their memory bee lent,

To him who must bee his Tombes monument.

And by the vertue of his lasting name,

Must make his Tombe liue long, not it his fame.

For when his gaudy monument is gone,

Children of the vnborne world shall spy the stone

That couers him; and to their fellowes cry

Tis here iust here about Barkley doth ly.

Let them whose feyned Titles fortyfy

Their, Tombes, whose sickly vertue feares to dy.

And let their Tombes bely them; call them blest

And charitable Marble faine the rest.

Hee needs not when his Lifes true Story's done,

The lying postscript of a periurd stone.

Then spare his Tombe; that's needelesse and vnsafe,

Whose vertue must outliue his Epitaph.

folio 10 verso || folio 11 recto

On Mrs Drug

Stay passenger and for her sake

Who while shee liu'd had power to make

All eyes that on her cast their light

To fixe with wonder and delight

Deyne that these liues one sigh may borrow

Breath'd from thy heart with gen'rous sorrow.

To see in this sad Tombe now dwelling,

The fayrest Drury late excelling.

In virtue beauty and all grace,

That Heau'n in earthly mould can place,

And that which may your greife encrease,

Is that shee did a maide decease.

And all that wee in her admir'd,

With her is perisht and expir'd.

Matchlesse shee liu'd vnmatch't shee dyde,

Drurye s sole heire, and Suffolk es Pride

To Mr Felton .

Inioy thy bondage make thy prison knowe,

Thou hast a liberty thou canst not owe

To these base punishments kept intire, sence

Nothing but guilt shackles the conscience.

I dare not tempt thy valiant blood to whaye

In seeling it with 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

folio 11 verso || folio 12 recto

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 beefore was straitned thanke thy doome

To shew her vertue shee hath larger roome.

Yet sure if euery artery were broake

Thou shouldst find strenght for such another 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 him wrong.

Tis past all mortals power: then much more thine,

To tell his vertue dwells within this shrine,

Yet if illi'trate persons pass this way,

And ask what Iewel gloryfyes this clay.

Then tell his name, no more: that shall suffice,

To draw downe floods of teares, from druest eyes.

Say Dorset s ashes this Tombe hath in keeping

Then lead them forth, for theyl grow blind with weeping.

Vpon one drowned in the snow

Within a Fleece of silent waters drown'd

Before my death was knowne a graue I found.

That which exi'ld my Life from her sweete home

For greife, straight snoze it selfe into a Tombe.

One Element my angry fate thought meete

To bee my Death, Graue, Tombe and winding sheete,

Phœbus himselfe my Epitaph had writ

But blou tting many ere he thought one fitt.

Hee wrote vntill my Graue and Tombe were gone

And twas an Epitaph that I had none.

For euery one that passed by that way,

Without a Sculpture 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 vnder foote by vice which hee abhord

It wounded mee the landlord of all times

Should let long liues & leases to their crimes

But to his sauing honours doth afforde

Scarce soe much Sun as to the Prophets Gourde

Yet since swift flights of enuy haue best ends

Like breath of Angels which a blessing sends

and vanisheth withall while fowler deeds

Expect a tedious haruest of badde seeds

folio 13 verso || folio 14 recto

I blame not fame & nature if they gaue

Where they could ad noe more their their last a graue

And iustlie doe thy greeued friends 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 superstitions.

Their hired Epitaph & periu'rd stone

Which oft belyes the Soule when shee is gone

But darst commit thy body as it lyes

To toungues of liuing men, & vnborne eyes.

What profits thee a sheete of Lead what good

If on thy Course a Marble Quarrie stood.

Let those that feare their rising purchase vaults

And send their statues to excuse their faults.

As if like birds that peck at paynted grapes

Their Iudge knew not their persons from their shapes

Whilst thou assured from thy easie dust

Shalt spring at first they would not yet they must.

Nor neede the Chauncellor boast whose Pyramis

Aboue the Host & Alter raised is.

For though thy body fill a viler roome

Thou shalt not change deeds with his for his tombe

Mr Dr Corbet s Elegy on

Sir Thomas Ouerburie.

Had'st thou like other knights & Sirs of worth,

Sickned & dyed, being stretcht out & layde forth

After thy funerall sermon, taken earth

And left noe deede to prayse thee but thy birth

Then Ouerburie by a passe of theirs

Thou meighte haue tyded hence in two howers teares..

Then had wee worne thy sprig of memorie

Noe longer then thy friends did rosemarie

Or then the dole was eating for thy sake

And thou hadst sunke in thine owne wine & cake

But since it was soe ordered & thought fit

By them who knew thy truth & fear'd thy witt

Thou should'st bee 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

folio 14 verso || folio 15 recto

Enough of time & meight it please the law

Enough of bloude, for naming bloud I saw

Hee that writes more of thee must write of more

Which I affect not, but refer men ore

To Tiburne , by whose art they may desine

What life of man is worth by rvalueing thine.

To his matchlesse neuer to bee

forgotten friend.

Accept thou Shrine of my dead Saint

In steed of Dirges this complaint

And for sweete flowers to crowne thy Hearse

Receiue a strew of weeping verse

From thy greiu'd freind; whom thou meighst see

Quite melted into teares for thee

Deare losse since thy vntimely fate

My taske hath been to meditate

On Thee, on thee, Thou art the booke

The librarie whereon I looke

Though 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 scarse had seene soe many yeares

As day tels howers) By thy cleere Sun

My loue & fortune first did run

But thou wilt neuer more appeare

Folded within my Hemispheare

Since both thy light & motion

Like a fled Starre is fal'n & gon

And twi'xt mee & my Soules deare wish

An earth now interposed is.

Which such a strange Eclipse doth make

As n'ere was seene in Allmanake

I could allowe thee for a time

To darken mee & my sad clime

Were it moneth, a yeare or Ten

I could thy exile liue till then

And all that space my mirth adiourne

So thou wouldst promise to returne

folio 15 verso || folio 16 recto

And putting off thy 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 rvaile

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

folio 16 verso || folio 17 recto

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

Beefore mee, whose more yeares might craue

A iust precedence in the graue.

But harke! my pulse like a soft Drumme

Beates my approach; tels thee I come:

And slow how e're my marches bee

I shall at last sit downe by thee.

The thought of this bids mee goe on

And waite my dissolution

With hope and comfort. Deare (forgiue

The crime) I am content to liue

Diuided, with but halfe a heart

Till wee shall meete and neuer part.

HK

Vpon the death of Beaumont

Beaumont lies here: and where now shall wee haue

A muse like his, to sigh vpon his graue

Ah none to weepe this with a worthy teare

But hee that cannot. Beaumont that lies heer.

Who now shall pay thy tombe with such a verse

As thou that Ladyes didst, faire Rutland s herse.

A monument that will then lasting bee

When all her marble is more dust then shee

in thee all's lost, a sudden dearth & want

Hath seas'd on witt, Good Epitaphs are scant

Wee dare not write thy Elegy whilst each feare

Hee ne're shall match that 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 vaine

In such a peece to dash it strait againe

Why should shee take such workes beyond her skill

Which when shee cannot persist shee must kill

folio 17 verso || folio 18 recto

Alas what is't to temper slime & myre

Then nature's purzzestlld 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 obsecenyty?

And those soe vnaffectedly exprest

But all in a pure flowing language drest

And all soe borne within thy selfe thine owne

Soe new, soe fresh, soe nothing had vpon

I greiue not now that old Meanders raine

Is rui'nd to suruiue in thee againe

Such in his time was hee, of the same peece

The smoth, euen, naturall witt, & loue of Greece

Whose few sententious fragments shew more worth

Then all the Poets Athens e're brought forth.

And I am sorry wee haue lost those howers

On them, whose quicknesse comes far short of ours

And dwelt not more on Thee, whose euery page

May bee a pattern to their scene & stage

I will not yield thy worke soe meane a prayse

More pure, more chast more saynted then are playes

Nor with that dull supinesse to bee read

To passe a fyre or laugh an hower in bed,

How doe the muses suffer euery where

Taken in such mouthes, censurd in such cares,

That twixt a whist, a line or two rehearse

And with their rheume together spawle a verse

This all a Poems leasure; after play

Drinke, or Tobocco it may helpe the day

Whilst euen their very Idlenesse they thinke

Is lost in these, that loose their time in drinke

folio 18 verso || folio 19 recto

Pittie their dullnesse; wee that better know

Will a more serious hower on thee bestow

Why should not Beaumont in the morning please

As well as Plautus , Aristophanes .

Who if my pen may as my thoughts bee free

Were scurrill witts & Buffones both to thee

Yet these our learned of seuerest brow

Will dayne to looke on, & to note them to.

That defye our owne, 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 iust extant in the play

Yet these are wits because they're old & now

Being Greeke & Latine they are learned to.

But these their owne time were content t'allow

A thriftie fame, and thine is lowest now.

But thou shalt liue & when thy name is growne

Sixe ages old or shalt bee better knowne

When th'art of with 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

Vnseemely holes in her soft soft skin to weare

But if you must (as what worme can abstaine

Tast of her tender body yet refraine

With your disorder'd eatings to deface her

And feed your selues soe as you most may grace her

First through her eare tips see you worke a paire

Of holes which as the moist inclosed aire

Turnes into water may the cold drops take

And in her eares a paire of iewels make

That done vpon her bosome make your feast

Where on a crosse carue Iesus on her breast

Haue you not yet enough of that white skin

The touch of which in times past might haue ben binne

Enough t'haue ransom'd many a thousand soule

Captiu'd to loue. then hence your bodies rowle

A little higher, where I wold you haue

This Epitaph vpon her forehead graue

Liuing shee was young faire & full of witt

Dead all her faults are in hir forehead writt

As vnthrifts mourne in strawe for their pawned beds

As woemen weepe for their lost mayden heads

When both are with out hope of remedy

Such an vntimely greife haue I for thee

folio 19 verso || folio 20 recto

On the Sacrament

He was the word that spake it

he tooke the bread and brake it

And what that word did make it

I doe beleeue and take it

folio 20 verso || folio 21 recto

S

To make Goosbury Wine

Gather your Goosburys when they be

throw ripe & very dry then beate them

in a cleane wooden bowle with a

wooden beater as you doe use to beate

Apples for Sider, then Let them lye

all night in a cleane earthen pott or

Tubb covered, the next mourning straine

them throw a haire strainer in a

press as you doe Sider, then put it in

cleane earthen potts or a cleane

Runlett that hath one end out, cover

it and let it stand and it will worke

it sealfe cleane, casting up a great

thick skin like a Curd take that

off cleane and put in as hard sugar

unbaten as will make it of a good

sweetness and bottle it. it will be

ready to drink quickly and not

folio 21 verso || folio 22 recto

keep long it will drink much like

Rennish wine.

If you see it need you may let it runn

throw a haire Raigne after the skin

is taken off or through a gotten Gelly

bagg, A Raigne I think it best and

I beleive it is best to Straine them

out the same day for I think lying

all night with the skins makes it

sharper, but this is as I made it

when my Daughter liked it so well

and I am trying Currents this way

and boyle it a little with the sugar.

To make Goosbury Wine.

Take a Gallon of Goosburys, pick of

the topps and sta^lkes score them a

cross the toppes put to them one

Gallon of spring water one pound of

sugar let them stand close stopped in

an earthen pott 24 houres, then straine

them throw a Cotten strainer and

put to the Liquour one pound of

sugar, and so bottle it up; the Goos=

=burys must be full ripe./

To make Goosbury Wine boyled

Take 3 pound of picked Goosburys

full ripe, a pound of sugar, a quart of

water: bruise the Goosburys well and

mingle altogather the and straine

it throw a Canvas bagg give it but

2 or 3 walmes at most and so put

it up in a vessell close stopped and

folio 22 verso || folio 23 recto

in 10 or 12 days bottle doe not tie

down your corkes: for it may flie &

breake your bottles: if you boyle it

too much it will Ielly and never be

cleane For Raw Goosbury Wine Iuice

the same quantitie as before. But

bottle it not in a monthes time.?

To Make English Wine.

Gather your Grapes when they be

throw ripe very drie pick all the

rotten ones from the bunches, then

put them into a cleane Tubb and

mash them all to pieces upon the

stalkes with a wooden beater ^ 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

Iuce out into a cleane Tubb that hath

a spikett at the bottome so let them

stand covered till there rise a scum

on the topp like Est, then draw it

into a barrell, it will work in the

barrell a day or two before it must

be stopped up, put a litle sugar in

=to the barrell to keep the spirits &

so draw it out a mounth or two

after when it is fine an cleare &

bottle it.

To Make Metheglin

Take ten Gallons of Water and and

folio 23 verso || folio 24 recto

boyle it halfe an howre and when it

is could put it seaven quarts of honey

and break in the water with such a

thing as you breake beate bisket with

but thrice as big with a long handle

that it may always touch the bottom

for the honey will lie there till it be

melted and so long it must be beat

this proportion will make it bare

up an egge so as only the Crowne is

seen, if it be good if not you must

in more till it will do so then put

a handfull of rosemary and sweet

marjorum and a little sweetbrier,

one ounce of ginger and an ounce

of mace and nutmegs sliced and

scraped and so let it boyle halfe

an houre takeing off the scum as

it riseth, but as little of the Rosmary

and ginger as you can and so let it

stand till the next mourning, then

take the whites of egges shells and

all, and beate them with a litle

water, & put them in the drink when

it is cold, and then set it on the fire

and let it boyle as long as any scum

will rise and skim it all the while

very cleane then straine it into

pans to stand and coole and the

next mourning take of the cleare

of it and turne it into a Barrell

with a pint of yest, beaten with

the white of an egge, and a litle

wheate flower and when it hath

folio 24 verso || folio 25 recto

stoppe it close and let it stand a

mounth then draw it into pottles &

keep it in sand or in a cellar a 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 tenn Gallons

you must put in halfe a bushell

folio 25 verso || folio 26 recto

of flowers and when you bottle it

you must put a lump of fine sugar

into every bottle and tye down the

Corkes./

To make Marigold Wine./

Take 8 Gallons of spring water put

ti it 18 pound of white sugar, boyle

the sugar and water neare halfe an

houre, takeing off the scum as it

riseth then take halfe a bushell of

flowers pickt and a litle brused, then

take off your liquor & poure it hott

upon the flowers and let it stand

till tis cold then straine the liquor

from the flowers and spread sum

good thick Ale balme upon both

sides a large tost of household bread

(being baked hard) while 'tis hot,

and so put it into your liquor &

poure it hot upon the flowers &

let it stand till tis cold cover it

when it has worked two days or less

take out the toast and tunn it into

a vessell fitt for it and stope it close

and in three weekes bottle it put

=ing into every bottle a lump of

Sugar./

To make 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

folio 26 verso || folio 27 recto

out and put a pound and halfe

more sugar to every Gallon let it

stand an houer or too to setle so

botle it up to your use.

To make Rasbury wine from the

Earle of Warwick.

Take to a hogshead of white wine four

=score pound of ripe rasberys and put

them in at the bunghole and let

them lye three days then stir it

very well with a long stick that will

reach to the bottome of the hogshead

and at three weekes end this will

be fit to be drunke.

\*Bushels:

To make Mum from the Lady Tyrrell

In one hogshead, 13, strike of Malt;

let it stand on 3 hours; and put in

6 pound of hopps, boyle the wort 2

hours; when it is turned up make a

litle bag, and put into it 2 hanfulls

of wheate, and a few Cloves, sow it

up and put it in the hogshead, and

stope it close./

To make Cowslip Wine

To 3 Gallons of water take 6 pound

of the best pounded sugar boyle them

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

folio 27 verso || folio 28 recto

of Cowslips infuse them in the liqu

=or leting them work 3 days cover

=ing them with a cloath in an earthen

pot straigne it and put it into a clean

caske stoped close so let it stand 3

weekes then botle it and tye the

corkes well and set it in saund and

let it stand 6 weekes before it is dran k

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 litle rosmary according

to the quantitie you make and boyle

it a quarter of an houre; scuming it

folio 28 verso || folio 29 recto

very well you must put into it a litle

ginger, as much as you think will give

it a taste of it, and let it have a walm

after it. Then take it and put it into

a wooden vessell, that is very well 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 litle good light barme that which

you make in the winter you must

let it stand 3 days and 3 nights

cover'd up before you bottle it. Two

nights will serve in the summer.

then bottle it up, but besure you scum

of the barme cleare before you bottle it.

Let your vessell you intend to put your

meath too colle in stand with scalding

water; whilest you boyle your Meath.

Four spoonfulls of good new Ale barme

will serve for 5 quarts of honey.

To make Elderberry Wine/

Take twenty pound of maligole raisings,

rub them clean, & shread them very

small, boyle 5 gallons of water an

hour then poure it hot upon them

and let it stand ten days stirring

it now and then, pass it through

a haire seeve, and put 6 pints of

Elderberys Iuice drawin in 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

folio 29 verso || folio 30 recto

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 Iuce.

Sir George Hastings Balsome

1 Take a pint and halfe of the best

sallet Oyle, and put a quarter of a

pound of yellow waxe being cut small

into it then take a handfull of bays

a handfull of time & a handfull of

Rosemary a handfull of Balme and

cut them all small with your knife

and put them to the oyle & wax in

the pipkin and let them all boyle

togather the wax being first melted

in the Oyle let all these herbes boyle

halfe a quarter of an houre after

the wax is melted.

2 Then take Storex liquida two ounces,

and wash it in 3 waters of plaintaine,

then take halfe a pound of venice Tur

=pentine and wash it in red rose wa^ter

then put your Turpentine to the Storex

=liquida and beate them both togather

with a litle plantaine & red rose water

then put else likewise into the pipkin

to the rest, with a quarter of a pint

of plaintaine and red rose water mixte

togather, 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

Saunders in fine powder stirring it

well togather and straine it in a

faire basson or anything else will

hold it, and when it is cold put in

your knife to the bottome, and power

folio 30 verso || folio 31 recto

out the water that remaineth. Set it

on the fire again and when it is melted

put your quarter of an ounce of Sanguis

Draconis and halfe an ounce of mamma

being both in fine powder put it into

the pipkin, leting it boyle a quarter

of an houre continualy stirring of

it, beate your Sanguis Draconis first

in powder then put into that powder

your mamma, and it will make it

beate the easier then take it from

the fire and straine it twice before

it grow colde through a thick strai

=ner. Then put that is strained a

=gaine into the pipkin and set it

on the fire and put in the fower

ounces of the Oyle of Ipericon and

the five drams of right balsome, &

stir it continually that it may

mingle well togather till it be almost

cold then power it out into pots for your use/

To make sack mead

To euery 3 quarts of water take one quort

of honey to 10 gallons of Liquor put in 30 ounces

of hops boiling them an hour in the Liquor &

when it is cold, fit for yesting clear it of into

a uessell which will contain it to work in then

put on your Liquor Six pennyworth of as good

yest as you can get it must be wrought

dilegintly 10 or 12 daies as you 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 twelue moenth in the cask then you

may bottle it

To make goosebery Vineger

To euery gallon of watter put six, pound

of ripe goosberys well brused power your watter

boyling hot upon them in a runlet let it stand

to ferment in a hot place well couered untill

the berries rise to the top then draw the Liquor

forth into a nother uesill & to euery gallon

put half a pound of powder sugar then Tun itt

into the rundlet a gain, let it work whilst it will

then close the uessill after six months you

may use it

folio 31 verso || folio 32 recto

To pickle Large Cucumbers

Take large cucumbers when they are ripe

before they turn yellow slice them as thick

as thick as half a crown lay one frowering

upon another & strow salt betwixt euery

flowering & when they haue stood to drain

put the Liquor from them boyl a pickel of

good uineger with mase pepper, & spice if you

please, when tis cold put them in & keep them

for use when they mother put fresh pickle to

them if you please you may slice an onion or

2 a among them

Lemm Sillibub

Take A pinte of Cream halfe A pinte of

renish wine a 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 uesill, when it hath stood 6 weeks you may

bottle it cooking it well it will keep a yere

or more, if you would drink it sooner half the

quantty of sugar, will sarve f..m before you

put the wine into the barrell light a grate

quantity 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 quortor of a pint of sack or

less if it can be mixed well so strain it & giue

as much at a time as you can but all in one day

this quantity you may giue a child of half a

year ould it is good for man woman or child

folio 32 verso || folio 33 recto

A Larger quantity as you think fitt it will

giue ease in half an hour

The Lady Smith s Receipt to make

meathe

take Ten pounds of Honey & nine

gallons of water keepe out one gallon

of water to mix with the Honey Let the

8 gallons gage it before it boile thengage it & Let it boile

downe to the notch & scum it uery weel

The Lady Smith s Recipt to make

meade

Take 10 pounds of Honey to 9 gallons of

water keepe out on gallon of water to mix with

the honey set on the 8 gallons in your boiler then

gage it & let it boile hafe an hower then put

in the rest & let it boile downe to the notch

& scoum it very cleane then put in the whiths

of 5 or 6 g egges weel beaten & stire it

about one the fier & then take it of & scoum

of uery cleane one the fier & then take

it of set it of coole & when it tis cold

put it in to a tub & put to it as much good

alle yest as you think will make it work

tis best put in to a Rundeal & put in it

a fue cloaues & mace & ginger & the rines

of 3 lemons

folio 33 verso || folio 34 recto

To make Black cherey wine

Take 5 galonons of spring water

& & 20 pound of good malago resons

& cut them not uery smale brub

inthem 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 stireing

it Twise a day & coufer the tub

with a cloath then take 15 pound

of good Black cheey chrieys &

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 thentake straine it

throue a course haire siue &

after that thrue a thine caniues

Bagg to make it as cleare as you

folio 34 verso || folio 35 recto

you must not squese it to

hard that it may not make it

thick when ys is done then tun

it up in the vesell which must

be quit full & set in a seller

& & t stop the vesell with

browne paper 3 or 4 times

dubell to 4 days & then

stop it up close with clay &

so let it stand for a month &

then drawe it of in to a lese

vesell that it may be full & so

Let it stand for a month

or 6 weekes before t you

bottell it & then you do put

in to euery botell a Littell

whit shuger this wine well

keep ya yeare

folio 35 verso || folio 36 recto

folio 36 verso || folio 37 recto

folio 37 verso || folio 38 recto

folio 38 verso || folio 39 recto

folio 39 verso || folio 40 recto

To make a Plum cake with citron

take a pound of uery fine flower &

set it before the fier & drie it uery

weel & when tis cold put in to it 2

pound & a f hafe of good buter & hafe a

pound of lofe shuger foley ley beaten &

& a quarter of an ounce of mace &

& 2 nutmegs & as much 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

egges the whits of 6 of them with a

quarter of a pound of beaten loafe

shuger beat them hafe an houer &

t straine to the egges a litel more

then a wine pint of thick alle yest

& 2 spoonefulls of rose water & a

pint of sack mingell all this weel

togeather geather & mak the flower & corans

in a hie ridge so power the eggs & yest one

side & a quarte of cl ream one the other

side blood warme so mingell all togeater

till it be weel mixed then coufer it with

a flowerd cloat that is warmed & set it before

the fier til it rise very light then power

it in to the hoop that is butred & clape it

downe a litel with you r hand to make it

smove you r hand must be either butred

or flowered so put it in to a quick

ouen but have a care it doe not burne

in an houer & a hafe twel be baked

for to candie it beate the whites of 2

nue layed egges to the froath then have

ready one pound of fine loufe shuger

finely sarced so beate it withthe

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

folio 40 verso || folio 41 recto

To make a Plum cake

Take 5 pound of very fine flower &

drie it before the fier & when tis

dried put in a quarter of a pound of

good white shuger & 2 nutmeges &

some mace & cloves & cynimont of

of all the spice aboue an ounce &

a litel salt so mingell all this weel

togeather with 6 pound of good

corance weel washed & rubed &

picked so make all this into a

hie ridge in the pan or couer

you make it in then power in one on

side a 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 thenbpower in the egges

& yest one on side & the creame blood

marm& warme one the other side of

the ridge so then mingell rownd all one

way till tis very weel mixed then coufer

it in warme with a cloath that is warmed

& flowered & so set it before the fier

to rise for hafe an houer while the

ouen heates then power it in to the

hoop that is butred & sent it in to a

quick oven but doe not let it scrorch

twill be baked in 3 quarters of an hour

houer when tis in the hoop cut it in

this maner & then with your hand

flouered claped it smoue but not to

harde downe you may see it if you please

folio 41 verso || folio 42 recto

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 dgrated & some mace &

cloues beaten so mingell all this to

geater then put in as much very fine

dried flower as will make it in to a

very Limber past so make them in to litel

cakes asn inch thick & as round as

you can & lay them one butred paper &

bin batred paper about 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 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

folio 42 verso || folio 43 recto

comfitts & 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 & aone

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 & strow some

shuger of them & then bake them in a quick

oven

the Lady Deuenshire s Plum cakes

Take a pound of fine flower & drie it

& a pound of loufe shuger finely

beaten & a pound of nue buter & s a

beaten nutmeg & some cloves & mace &

a litel salt rube the flower & shuger

& spice to geather & then put in a pound

of good cornce made very cleane

thenmhave redy beaten 15 14 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

folio 43 verso || folio 44 recto

set them in to a quick ouen but not

to burn them you must wet them ouer

with a feather with fine gshuger

when the are weetd strew fine

shuger ove them pret thick before

the are put in to the ouen

To make fine Bisket

take a pound of very fine flower

& drie it very drie & leaten u.

uery fine then beate a pound of

& a quarter of fine shuger uery

fine & searced & then take the

youlkes i2 egges the whites of 6

of them & beate them with 5 spone

full of orange flower water

or sack then mingell the egges

withthe flower & shuger & beate

them weel in a uery cleane morter

& when you have beate it a prety

while you put in

a race of cginger cleane scraped &

finely beaten you must not let it stand

with out beateing for the space of 3

hours then strew in to it one ounce

of good carraway seeds & stir them weel

in then have your tin Plates redy butred

& put in euery one of them as much

of the past as will a litel more then

couer the botomes so set them presentely

in to the ouen which must not be very

hot so let them bake but not to brown

another Bisket

take a pound of fine flower & drie

it & a pound of lofe shuger finely

beaten & searced then mingell them

weel togeather then take 12 egges the

whites o of 4 or 5 of them & beate them

weel & then mingell them togeather with

a spoone & beate them an houer in a

pan or bason with a great spoone

then have redy butred tin Plates

to put in the bisket stufe a littell

folio 44 verso || folio 45 recto

more then will coufer the botomes

or so much as yo u think will make

the Biskets thicke enouf so scrape

shuger one them & set them in to the oven

which must not be but litell heated

so bake them as browne as yo u like

To make almond Bisket

tak a pound of very fine flower

& drie it shuger & beate it uery

smalle then beate 8 egges for an

houer & when yo u have beate them so

Long then mingell them with 4 ounces

of a almonds & r blanched & finel

beaten with orange flouer water

then so beate them an other houer

then put in i0 ounces of uery fine

flower dried & cold againe so

mingell it all weel togeather then

have you r tin Plates redy butred

& put in 2 spoonefulls of bater

in to u eury blate then have redy

some fine shuger & fine flower in

a tifnie & strew one them so sent them

presentely in to the ouen which must be

as hot as for manchet but let theoue

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

folio 45 verso || folio 46 recto

then take hafe a pound of fine Loufe

shuger beaten uery fine & searced

& put the biger hafe to the allmonds &

a litel amper greec if you like it

then beate it in to a Past & role it

in to Lenthes withthe rest of the

shuger & make them in to knotes

& then lay them one shets of paper

& shuger sifeted one it so put

them in to a sstove to drie & when

the are drie then take the whites of

or 3 egges & beate them in a bason

till the be uery white then put to them

as much dubled refined shuger

finel beaten & searced as will

make the whites very thick have

a pound will doe then with a pen

kinfe lay it one one the sides of the

Iumballs to coufer it then set them

in to the stove againe till tis drie

then coufer the other side so set

in to the stove & when the

are dried enouf keepe them in

so hot as the do not melt

To make another almond Iumball

take one pound & a hafe of fine Loufe

shuger flower & a pound of Loufe shuger

booth dried & beaten very fine & searced

ythen take thethe youlke of 6 egges the

whites of 3 of them & 6 spoonefulls of

sweet cream & 4 spoonefulls of

orange flower water & the bignes of

an egg of nue buter then mingell all

this togeater in to a stife past

you must work a bove a quarter of an

houer then break it a broad then put in

a fue coriander seed & a few carra=

=way seeds then role it in to litell

roles & make them in to what forme

you like then lay them one Pie Plates

butered thine over & prick them 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

folio 46 verso || folio 47 recto

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 themthen 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 withthe

egges of the almonds upwards

as round as you can then strowe

shuger one them & bake them but littell

not browe at tall

To make shrewsburie cakes

Take a pound of good shuger & some

mace & cloves & mutmegs in all

hafe an ounce beat all this very

fine then take 2 pound & a haufe

of good nue buter & 5 egges beate

them weel & mintell them withe the

shuger & spice & buter & then

put in one gallon of fine

flower weel dried so work all

this weel to geater with your hands

as you doe for past then make it up

in round balls weighing 3 ounces

apece so then pateing them oat with

your hands in to thin cakes &

lay them one butred papers &

bake them prety browne

folio 47 verso || folio 48 recto

folio 48 verso || folio 49 recto

To make Browne f wafers

take hafe a pound of Loufe shuger

beate it & sifeted & one pound of

fine flower & a pint of sweet cream

& alittle nue milk & a nutmeg &

some cloves & mace beaten fine &

a litell salt so mingell all this weell

togeather stireing it all one way then

when your Iorn is hot make it uery

cleane & rub it with bater & so put

one a litell of the bater as much as

you think will make a wafer so bake

that & then put one more

To make Eringo cakes

take 3 egges beate them uery well &

in the beateing put to them as much

grated whit bread as will make

them thick then put to them 3 or 4 egges

more & beate them uery weel withthe

other then take a quart of swe

sweet cream - & 2 ounces of

candied Eringos roots cut uery

small & beaten then take a quarter of a

pound of nue buter & put in to the cream

withthe Eringos & set it one the fier & let

it boile up but you must stire it while

tis one the fier & when it has boiled take

it of & stire in the Egges & set it one a

gaine to make it thick then take it of

& put in some corance & shuger & some

nutmeg & cloaue & maek then put it in to

fine thine past & raise it kile litel

tartes & so a put them one butred paper

or flowerd & so bake them

To make yallow Lemon cream

take 4 Lemons & pare themas uery thine . &

cut them pareing very small in to an earthen

poaranger or silver one then squese the

Iuce to them & let them steepe 3 or 4

houers or if it be all night the Iuce

will look the yallower then take the

whites of 7 egges the yolkes of 2

of them beate them very weel & put to them

some thing more then 7 pints of spring

water & a quarter of a pint of

folio 49 verso || folio 50 recto

of orange flower water then traine

out the Lemon Iuce & put to it then

take a pound of 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 Egges

then put all the water & Iuec to it &

one the fier til it be as thick as

creame then take it of keepe it

stireing til it be cold ypu must

power it out of the vesell yf tis

set over the fier in snow cream

looke prety round the brimes of

the dish yu put it in

another way to make Lemon cream

set a quart of thick sweet cream

on the fire a quick cleare fier then

put in the rine of a Lemon cut thine

& prety & when the creame has

boiled a litell then take it & put it

in to a pan of nue milk & let it

stand 12 houer in a cole place

then skime it in to a silvr or earthen

dish & betwene the lares as you put in the

dish lay some suger betwene & put in a

Litell orange flower water

To make Lemon Buter

boile a quart of thick sweet cream

& take 3 egges whites & all beate them

weel & put them in to the creame & let

it boile againe then squese in the Iuce

of a Lemon & put in some of the riney

cut very thin when tis turned to a

curd then take it & hang it up in a cloath

that all the whay may rune from it then

boile the curd up with cream & then

sweeten it as you like

To make orange cream

take the Iuce of 6 oranges & make

it scaldeing hot but doe not let it

boile for it will make it biter then

take the youlks of 3 egges & beate them

well & & as much shuger as will make

it sweet. so mingell them togeather

folio 50 verso || folio 51 recto

then let it hstand onr one the fier

till it this thick keepeing it

stireeng all the while for fere it

should curdell then scum it & put it

in to your glases

To make Buttered oranges

take 12 egges the whites of 6 of

them & beate them uery weel & put

to themthe Iuce of 6 good oranges

& as much suger as will make

it prety sweet straine the Iuce

throue a peec of musline & then

beate it withe the egges & suger

then set it one a chafein dish of

cleare coles & keepe it stireing

then put in a pece of nue buter

& let it be one the fier but not

boile til you see it tis thick then

take it of & power it in to

a silveer or earthen dish &

stire it til it tis cold you

may put in a litel orange flower

water

To make Goosberiey 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

spoone you must squese throue the

sive if you doe not think the cream

will make it thick enouf put in the

the yolkes or 2 or 3 egges

To make a cream to eat with frech cheese

tak scaled or rosted apples & scrape

of the pulp from the cores then spred them

thine one the botom of the dish you mean

to eat out of then put one the fresh

cheese one it & one the sides of the

dish as fer as you will have the cream

shall reach then tilhaue redy

folio 51 verso || folio 52 recto

boiled sweet thick creame it must

boile as fast as is poibell with some

maec or nutmeg in it if so let it

boile apase till yit tis prety thick &

bubeles up & froathes then with a

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 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 withthe creame to make it

thick. & then take it of the fier &

. sweeten it & power it in a dish &

stire it while tis all most cold

To Make a cold syllabub

take some white wine & bere &

sweeten it in the pot you sarue it in

then take some cream & boile it & put

in some shuger then stir it til it tis

as cold as milk from the cow then

power it in to the pot holdeing it

uery hie & powereing it uery slow

then knock the pot & let it stand

a day or a niugh before you eate it

folio 52 verso || folio 53 recto

To make a syllabub

take a quart of sweet cream

& sweeten it in the pot then weane

to eate it out of set it one the

grownd that take a pint of Rhenish

wine & put some suger in it &

Let one stand and one sstoole &

power in the wine in to the pot as

hie as the can doe not power it in

apase for fere of speleing it

so let it stand 2 houer before you

eate it

another syllabub

take a pint of white wine & a

litell orange flower water & a

quarter of a pound of louffe suger

the Iuce of 2 lemons Let this

stand mingled a quarter of an hour

houer or more then put it in to

a broad milk pan & put to

it a quart of thick sweet cream

then with a stife Birchen Rod

beate it very much & as the curd rises

put it in to the syllabub 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

folio 53 verso || folio 54 recto

be thick & take it of the fier & stir

power it out of the skilet keep it

stiring till it but 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 grated nutmeg set this on

in a deepe dish one a chafeing dish of

coales stireing it all all the while it

heates which it must doe till tis as

thick as a cadell then have redy a quart

of sweet cream boiled & all most

cold & power it in to the sack holdeing

the cream hie up when you power it in

& as you power it in one must stire

it round so you take it of the fier

& cufer it cloase with with a hot

puter dish for a quarter of an houer

folio 54 verso || folio 55 recto

folio 55 verso || folio 56 recto

folio 56 verso || folio 57 recto

folio 57 verso || folio 58 recto

To clarifie Suger

take the whites of 2 eggs & all

most hafe a pint of spring water

beate the whites of egges & water

till it froth then put to it a pound of

suger that you will refine & stire it

well togeather til the suger be all

melted then set it one the fier &

stir it & when it rises drop in

a spoonefull more of water so doe

3 or 4 times as it rises til the

scaum be prety toase then power it

thoure a thine weet cloath & so

yuse the syrrup

folio 58 verso || folio 59 recto

To Prasve oranges

take the deepest culeard & the

thickest rine oranges you can get &

chip of the very out sides as thine

a posibel then put them into spring

water & let them ly in to dayes

& 2 nights changeing the water

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 searvall waters but the

water that you chane them in to must

be boileing hot elce twell make

the oranges harde yo u must boile them

so long as they are very tender

& the bitternes out vf themthen

take them & lay them betwene

2 hot linen cloathes for to

take out the water out of themthen

take them & cut a litel rownd hole in

the orange big enouf for to take out

all the seedes ofe that end as the stake

growes then take thire weight in

dubled refined suger but you must

keepe the oranges coufred cloase after

you have weighd them & picked out all

the spoots to ever pound of suger put

a quart of spring water & so boile it

till tis a cleare syrrup then set it by

till tis all most cold & then put in the

oranges which you must have every

orange tied in a tifney & the round

pece you then cut out put one againe

so let them boile in the syrrup a while &

then set them by til the next day & thenheat

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

Ieley in all most cold put it one

the oranges

folio 59 verso || folio 60 recto

To make Ieley 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 Iuce of a Lemon or

the Iuce of 2 oranges put it in

when tis of the fier then have

redy in your glases either orange

piles boiled tender & cut in narow

long slices or Lemon pilles

the bitrness being boiled out & so

put some of them into the glases & then

put in the ieley which must be stired

till it be cold or the pilles will settel

to the botom) this way you may make

Ieley of Lemons onely boileing

Lemon pill amongest the applles &

puting a quantiety of Iuce of Lemon

& Leave out the Iuce of the orange

& the pille of it) & this way you

may Lemon cleare cakes

only boile a pound & a halfe of suger

to every pint of the Iuce of the

pipens to a high candie & mingell

that & the Iuce of Lemon when tis

of the fier so stire it togeather

& then put it in to your glases & then

put it in to a stove U turn them

out as you doe other cleare

cakes

folio 60 verso || folio 61 recto

To Preserve oranges

take of the fairest & deepest

colared & coarest grained orange

you can get & pare of Iust the out

rine as thine a ever you can pare

it then lay them in spring water one

night then cut them in halves & ring

out all the Iuce then boile them till

they be tender & the biternes is out

changeing the water which must be

boileing hot that you change them into

then take them out of the water &

lay them betwene linen cloase to

drie out all the water take out

non more of the meat then youm

must needes then weigh them & to evry

pound of oarnge put 3 pound &

a quarter of good suger & to every

pound of suger a wine pint of

water you put in the oranges

& let them boile gently & when they are

all most boiled enoufe put in the

Iuce that you squesed out of the oranges

straineing it throue a tifney so

let them boile a quarter of an houer or

more then take them of the fier & put

them in to silver or white earthen

bason & let them stand all night & the

next morneing take them out cleane

from the syrrup & boile the syrrup up

thick one a quick fier till it be

boiled to a good high coulear & when

it is all most cold put it one the

top of the oranges in to the pots or

glases that you keepe them in

To Presarve oranges Hole

take the deepest & thick rined oranges

& pare them as thick as posibell then

put them in to spring water for

3 dayes puting them in to fresh

water every day then boile them

in searuall waters till they are

folio 61 verso || folio 62 recto

tender & the bitternes out of them

the water that you change them in to must

be boileing hot when they are boiled

put them in to a pan of cold spring

water & let them ly in it all night

the next day take them & drie them

in a cloath & then put them into

the pan that you boile them in & put

to them as much clarified suger

as will move then center them & so

let them boile sofely turneing them

often then when you think they have

boiled long enoufe take them &

put them in a white earthen

bason & let them stand till the

next day & then boile them againe

till you see them Look cleare & are

very tender then take them cleare

from the syrrup & then put a quarte

of the water which has ben boiled

with pipins & so make it

Ieley & then straine it & put it to

the syrrup & put in a pound

more of suger & so boile it & when

tis a thick Ieley put it to your oranges

one the tope when the 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.

folio 62 verso || folio 63 recto

& the strenth of the pipenes out of them

then straine the water from them &

then put in hafe the suger into it

the first day then take the oranges

or Lemons & cut a litel round hole

in the top & with a squer pick out

all the seedes then put the top you

cut ofe on againe but afore you

cut them put them into an earthen

pot with hot water & when

you have picked out all the seeds

fill up the hole of the Lemons or

oranges with suger & stop them cloase

then tie them up in each orange in

tifney or the Lemons you put them

in to the syrrup & let them boile

very softely for all most 2 houres

& then & the next day boile them

againe & put in hafe the suger that

is left let them boile softely a

bout hafe an houer & take them &

set them by til next day then

boile them againe & put in all the

rest of the suger afore you boile them

& when you have boiled them about

halfe an houer take them of the fier &

take out the oranges or Lemons cleane

from the jeley & put them in to your pots

or glases & when the syrrup is cold

put it one them so keepe them in store

To make orange cakes & chipes

take 12 oranges & scrape them a litel then

pare them not to thine then boile them

tender then take a pound of good Loafe

suger & wet it with spring water & then

put all the pilles in to it & boile it

a good while then take out all most a

third parte of them & mince them very

small & set them by & let the other

boile keeping them stired till you

see the suger candey about the

sides of the skilet then take out

the pilles & lay them one glases to

folio 63 verso || folio 64 recto

to drie in a stoue but in the somer

in the sone these are the chipes &

for the cakes take the pulp & the

Iuce of 3 of those oranges &

mash them small & take out all

the seeds & wring in the Iuce of

hafe a Lemon then take a pound of

Loafe suger & ye remainer or

a quarter more & weet it with

spring water & boile it to a

candie height then take of the

fire & put in the Iuce & pulp &

the minced pill & stire them weel

togeather 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

peeces of glases if they be drie

enouf

To Make orange Cakes

take 12 fare large oranges & pare

them very thine & cut them in haleves

& wring out all the Iuce in to awhite

earthen porenger or boson then with a

knife cut out all the meate out of

them & lay the pelle fin spring water

for 2 houres then boile them tender in

seavrall waters & put in 12 faire

pipens & boile them till they be all

most tender then take them out & pare them

& cut them cleare from the core into

white earthed bason & when the

orange is boiled very tender take

them out & drie them in a cloath then

weigh the oranges & pipens togeather

& put them in a large puter dish & set

them on a chafeing dish of codles to &

with a spoone stire them continually

till they begine to drie abut befre

(before that you put them in to drie

folio 64 verso || folio 65 recto

you mus beat the orange & pipenes

togeather in a cleane morter & to

euery pound of them you must put a

pound & a halfe of suger finely

beaten & Iust weeted with water

& have it redy boiled to 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 earthen

plates so set them in a stoue to

drie & in 2 or 3 dayes turne them

so doe till they be drie enouf

To make orange marmalad

take the deepest culard & farest

orangest & pare them as thine as

euer you can then cut them in halues

& wring out all the Iuce which must

be strained in to a glase & kept

then cut out all the meate cleane

out of the oranges & rub the outsides

with salt & then wash them cleane then lay

them in soake in spring water for 2

dayes changeing the water twise a day

that take them & tie them lose up in a cloa

cloath & boile them in 3 seavrall

waters which must bee boeleing hot

before you cleave them in to it so boile

them till they be very tender then take

them out & lay them betwene coures

cloathes to drie & then cut out all the

black spots & take out all the strings

from the inside then take on quarter

of the orange & beate it to past in a

morter & cut the rest of the orange

into peceses some big & some litel

then take the pulp or Iohn appulls or

pipens wash it with spoone as

til it tis very s..rne & no Lumpes

cu it then take the weight of the

cut & beaten orange in suger take

a litell more thenthe weight & boile

folio 65 verso || folio 66 recto

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

weel prety thick & then put in the Iuce

of the orange that was squesed out &

some Iuce of Lemons warme the

Iuce before you put it in & then,

stire it weel togeather & when

tis boiley so thick as it twel cut

take it of the fier & let it

coole awhile & then put it into

glases

To make orange Bisket

cut so many oranges as you

will in halves take out all the

Iuce & 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

folio 66 verso || folio 67 recto

To Make Lemon Past

take Lemons & pare them thine & then

lay them in spring water for 2 dayes

shifeing the water 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 & squese out all the

Iuce & seeds & tak out the pulp

& when they are boiled then weight

them & then beate them small in a

morter when they are dried in a

cloath euery & beaten small you put to them

as much pulp of pipens boiled

till they are very tender they must b

be pared aquartered & cut from

the cores the pipens must be as nuch

as the weight of the Lemons then take

the weight in Loafe suger as much

as boath the Lemons & pipens

weet the suger with water a litell

& boile it & skime it till it be cleare

then put in the Lemon & pipenes & boile it

till it be reasnoabell thick then &

iust before that you take it of the

fier put in the Iuce that you 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

folio 67 verso || folio 68 recto

of the gum weel beaten & the like

quantiey 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 Iuce & keepe that by it self

& cut out all themeate in

side then lay laythe halves in

water for a day then boile them

tender in 3 searuell waters

the water that you change them in

to must be boileing hot

... when they are boiled tender then

lay them betwene a cloath to drie

& then weight them but you must not

cut out aney of the white of the in

sides of the orange but onely take

out all the seedes & the stringes a

fore that you lay them in water put

put the weight of the oraneg

suger to that of the orange & more

beeines of the Iuce then cut the

orange in to littell very small &

put it in to the suger when it tis

boiled all most to suger againe

withthe Iuce then set it over the

fier againe till all the suger be

melted but be sure doe not Lett

it boile then take it of & put it

in to glases & set them in a stoue

they mus be cleare cake glases

so when they are a litell drie

turn them out & keepe them in a stoue

folio 68 verso || folio 69 recto

To Presarve Cytrons

cut the cytrons in great quarters

& pare them very cleane them boile them

in 2 seavrall waters till the be

tender & when you shift them in to the

second water keepe them cloase

coufred in the first till the second

be boilling hot then put them in & boile

them very fast till the be very tender

then put them in to betwene linen

cloase to drie them weel & pick out all

the stringes out 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

yallow pille &then pare of all the

whit & mince that.ar. & 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 thenput them wash them

in fresh water & then boille them in 3

seavrall waters till they be tender

but the waters you change them into

must be boileing hot then take them

lay them betwene a lcloath till they be

drie then weight them & put haufe thire

weight in good Loafe suger & to

every pound of suger put a pint

folio 69 verso || folio 70 recto

of water & boile it to a surrup &

skime it clean & then put in the

cytrons & let them stand a month

in the surup & boile the surup once

every day & power it one the

cytrons suy & then boile up the

cytorns 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 themthenput boile them

till ye be a litell tender but not

broak attal & whilest ye are doeing

you must boile up the surup & to every

pound of suger you must but a pint of

water so boile it & skime it then

pare the quinces & put them in as fast

as you can in the presarveing Pan

which must stand one a chafeing

dish of cleare charkcoles so let

them boile as fast as posibell that

the surup may boile all over them

folio 70 verso || folio 71 recto

& all wayes keepe them stireing &

lade the surup one them & with a sharp

cleane squiet prick the quinces in

holes thatthe 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 thatthe

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 Iuce into a preseræving

Pan then parboile the best

To make orang Bisket

Take 6 of best sivell oranges

you can get & boile them 3 seavuall

waters till the be very tender then cut them

In halves when you have dryed them

wel yn a cloath & then with knife srape

out all the meate & the seeds then waie

them & put the dubell waight to them

of dubell refined shuger so then

beat it verey fine togeather In a

morter till tis small then spred it one

glase & sit it In the sone or in an

folio 71 verso || folio 72 recto

folio 72 verso || folio 73 recto

oven before you lay it one the glases

strow five shuer thatthe Bisket may

not stik & when the are dry you may

cut them yn what shapes you please

To make orange or Lemon

Brandy

Take a quart of good Brandy

& take the Rinyes of 6 good

sivell oranges pared uery

thine Brandy & put them

into the Brandy in an

Earthen Iug coufred with

3 dubell whit papers &

tided cloase downe & let

them steepe 24 howers then

take the Pelles out of the

Barndy Boyle them In a

quart of saving water till

the water tastes of the orange

then take out all the peeles &

then put in all most a pound

of Dubell refine suger &

Boyl it a lettell while &

& scime it clane & then when

it tis colde power it into

the Brandy if you see it not

cleare straine it throue

a cleane thick flanell & so

Bottell it up & stop it

cloase

folio 73 verso || Part I folio 183 verso

spine

head

fore-edge

tail