

EARLY XVIIIth CENTURY MS. POETRY.

188 JAMES I.—A VOLUME OF POEMS OF THE TIME of James I., calf, 8vo, xvii. CENT.

£21

This interesting volume BELONGED TO JAMES I., and has the Royal arms on the sides. Many of the poems are UNPUBLISHED, and those that are printed vary very much from this MS. They consist of ELEGIES, EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, SATIRES, SONGS, SONNETS, etc. It begins with a letter to SIR WALTER RALEIGH, and there are poems addressed to SIR PHIL. SIDNEY, LADY RICH, MRS. BULSTRODE, the COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, the EARL OF PEMBROKE, LADY BEDFORD, etc. At the end of many of the pieces are the initials "J. D.," which probably point to the scribe who collected and wrote the volume. In the reign of Charles I, it belonged to Hen. CHAMPERNOWNE of Dartington, in Devon.

Phillipps MS.

9568

ms. Eng. poet. f. 9

Capt. Harris died on Oct. 29, 1914 and bequeathed this volume to the Bodleian

Phillipps MS.

9568

Received on deposit from Capt. C.S. Harris of 90 Woodstock Road, Oxford June 15, 1915.

F. Madan
Bodleian Librarian

See Ed: of J. Bowne's Poems

Edited by Prof. H.J.C. Grierson

Clarendon Press, 1912.

(referred to passim as "P")

£3/975.

Ms. Eng. poet. f. 9.

Printed notices of this MS. occur in

Summary Catalogue No. 40091

See also

Readers are asked to report additional sources of information to one of the Sub-Librarians.

The Fraud
 Oh do not dye for I shall hate
 all women so when thou art gone
 I shoo I shall not Celebrate
 when I remember thou wast one
 But yet thou canst not dye & know
 to leave thy world behind is death
 but when thou from thy world wouldest goe
 the whole world vapore wth thy breath
 or if when thou the worlds soules quest
 yet stay'st but thy carcasse then
 for fairest women; but thy ghost
 but corrupt ournes the worthyest men
 In wrangling Scholes which search what fire
 shall burne the worte; had none the world
 onto thy knowledge to assure
 that thy hid fraud might be ut
 & yet she cannot waske by thy
 nor long bear thy torturing wrongs
 for more Corrupton world full is
 to fowell such a fouer long
 These burning fits; but I metoore bee
 whole matter in there scene is spent
 Thy beauty & all parte w^{ch} are there
 are an unchangeable firmament
 It was of mine fastning there
 though it cannot present
 for I had rather ownor bee
 of thee any howe then all else dying

Thou sendest mee wth a promise of good for those
 Lines; w^{ch} being either, seems, nor time nor place
 y^e or lame and harsh & have no heat at all
 but wth thy liberall beams on them let fall
 the minble fire w^{ch} on thy Gram doth dwell
 w^{ch} is the fire of Adour or of holl,
 It hath Regret and Comfort like honours eyes
 and lettye hells fire all burnes eternally;
 and those whom in thy fury and indignation
 thy bezie shall scourge; like holl it will burne
 I have w^{ch} on mee but my sinfull w^{ch}
 w^{ch} w^{ch} and told by him, could not chuse
 but spend some gith of hers; I w^{ch} to be
 one of the chaste and misty w^{ch} probably.
 Balthus a w^{ch} no fruit did leave,
 nor thurs, w^{ch} their sweet shyts did m^{ch}ly mean
 and w^{ch} now w^{ch} and mouth embrace had differ
 though they had offe from not like to this
 thy muse; of strange and holy learning
 being amazed begott thy songs of w^{ch}. I say

Sonnet 2

sweetest love I do not yet
 for your m^{ch} of this
 nor in hope the w^{ch} is there
 a full love for me
 But since that I
 must dye at last the best
 to ye my selfe in w^{ch}
 that by faith, death to dye

Yesterday the sunne went hence
 and it is home to day
 her hath no desire we see;
 nor lette so short a way
 Then feare not w^{ch}
 for believe that I shall make
 speedier journey; since I shall
 more wings and spurs then she