

“The Paine of Pleasure”*

Attributed to Anthony Munday



WHEN I sometimes begin to weigh in mind
The wretched state of miserable man,
Methinks (alas) I presently do find
Such sudden harms that happen now and then,
As every way do plainly seem to show
That man doth live within a world of woe.

For first in birth we work our mother's woe.
In infancy we cause our Parents care.
In further years we wander to and fro
From virtue's line and light in sinful snare.
In further years we fall in misery,
And last in age God knoweth how we die.¹

In childish years we first with cries begin,
To shew in age such sorrows as ensue.
In lusty youth, we daily travail in
Such wicked ways as wicked age doth rue.
In such a sort our elder years we spend,
As in our age doth breed our doleful end.

And for the joys that in our life we find,
Which are but few, and yet not free from woe,
What are they all but Feathers in the wind
Which every tempest tosseth to and fro?
Which tempests so are rising every day
As in short space blow all our joys away.

And now such joys as we short time enjoy
From tender years, even² till our dying hour,
Which many ways are mixèd with annoy
So that each sweet doth yield as sharp a sour,
Mark what they be as I do shew them plain,
And you may see each pleasure's fruit is pain.

In infancy what is our chiefest joy?
The Nurse's dug,³ whose milk may mar the Child;
And then delight in many a gaudy toy,

Whose garish hue doth make our wits so wild,
As in such sort doth settle our delight
As doth our wits withdraw from wisdom quite.

Then to be dandled in our mother's lap,
And to be stroked at cock'ring⁴ Father's hand,
When better were by now and then a rap
For to be kept in true obedience' band,
Then to be cocked⁵ of both our Parents so
As that in years it turn unto our woe.

For Mothers mild that think they love the child,
By keeping him from Fathers' cruelty,
In time of years may find themselves beguiled
By letting him have lavish liberty.
For liberty in youth doth run such race
As quite forgets the path of perfect grace.

And then (alas) too late comes, “Had I wist,”
And then they blame the nature of the Child,
Which they might well have bridled as they list,
But wantonness hath made [his]⁶ wits so wild,
As rather runs in vale of vanity
Than seeks the path of perfect piety.

But let me leave to speak of childish years,
And let me write of lusty gallant youth,
Who through the world doth travail with his peers
Such ways in age as moves his mind to ruth,
And in such toys doth set his chief delight
As that in age doth work his utter spite.

Beauty, The first pleasure

For now behold in youth one chiefest joy,
In which too many most delight do find,
Which though well weighed is but indeed a toy,
Yet to delight allures the wisest mind,

* This modern spelling version edited by Sarah Smith: swrs@world.std.com.

Which thing to name is Beauty's heavenly hue,
Which yields delight that thousands daily rue.

For beauty first breeds liking in the mind,
Liking breeds lust, lust lewdness, lewdness what?
Such world of woes as age doth quickly find,
And cries (alas) repentance all too late.

See beauty then, in youth the chiefest joy,
In age is seen to work no small annoy.

Beauty in some doth cause a kind of pride,
And pride must be maintainèd all by cost;
And cost makes youth in age his head to hide
For shame or debt, when all his wealth is lost.

But oh fond youth to joy in Beauty so
As that in age his joy doth breed such woe.

In other some, yet Beauty worketh worse.
It makes access of such as practice ill,
Whose ill access the beautiful may curse,
That unto vice allure their wanton will.

Oh vile delight, where Beauty so is placed,
To make indeed the fairest face disgraced.

In some again it breeds a great delight,
In modest minds, whose hearts are not at rest;
But thousand pangs are daily forced to prove
For loving them whom beauty so hath blest.
For luckless lots so follow lovers' joy,
As many ways doth work them great annoy.

But where the face with beauty is bedecked,
And bears withal a modest countenance,
Whose mind again to virtue hath respect,
And thereby seeks their state for to advance,
There will I say it is no foolish toy,
But thought indeed a rare and heavenly joy.

But to be short, in youth our chief delight,
As first I said, in Beauty's heavenly hue,
As well in youth as age works such despite

As well may make the stoutest heart to rue;
Which now I leave, and to some other toy,
Which yields great woe, but to a little joy.

Riches, The second pleasure

In Riches now, another kind of joy,⁷
In which both youth and age have great delight,
Were it well weighed, and it were but a toy,
Which many ways do breed their great despite,
In getting first with labour, care and pain;
In keeping too, as great unrest again.

In getting first, the brain is busièd
With deep device to cast a plot to gain.
Then arms, hands, legs and feet are occupied
For cankered⁸ coin, their strongest joint to strain.
I do not mean, as some unwisely do
Devise for coin, to strain a neck joint too.

God forbid that, and yet some men do so,
Both stretch and crack, and break their neck joint too.
But wealth so won doth breed no little woe.
God mend their minds that so devise to do.
Better to die a beggar of the twain,
Then by such means to seek or gape for gain.

This is (alas) a wicked way to gain,
Yet not the worst; for some, oh cursèd they,
That seek the mean to have their parents slain,
And Friends and kinsfolks closely make away
To gain their goods; but oh ill gotten gain,
Whose getting breeds the soul eternal pain.

God shield each one from such a beastly thought,
So to devise to purchase worldly prey,
And pardon those that wickedly have wrought
Such dev'lish means to work their souls' decay.
And grant us all so for to seek for wealth
As necks crack not, nor hinder our souls' health.

But leaving these, let's see some other ways
 In making means to hoard up heaps of pence,
 In strange device to spend both nights and days,
 And leave their home and go a great way hence,
 To find such stuff, as to return again,
 Do yield them small amends for all their pain.

Some sail by sea to seek out foreign soil,
 To find out there some gem of [value]⁹ great,
 In seeking which, with tough and tedious toil
 To save themselves, they oft are fain to sweat.
 And ere their Barks be safe arrived on land,
 How oft their lives in thousand dangers stand.

And let their ships be safely set on shore,
 And they do find that which they look for there;
 Yet ere return they live perplexèd sore,
 With troubled mind, now sailing half in fear
 Of foreign foes, of tempests, Rocks, or Sands,
 Or falling into roving Pirates' hands.

And let them be returnèd home with joy,
 And all their goods brought home to their desire,
 Yet see what then doth work their hearts' annoy,
 Oh then they fear each foolish spark of fire
 Might burn their house; and then another grief,
 Each Mouse that peeps might surely be a thief.

Some other now that love to live at home,
 And only seek by sweat of brow to gain,
 With spade and [shovel]¹⁰ about the fields they roam,
 Turmoiling still with labour sore and pain,
 With cark and care to purchase wealth in haste,
 Which God, he knows, but little time will last.

Some seek by play at Tables, Cards, and Dice,
 In secret sort a world of wealth to win.
 But who seek so do prove themselves unwise
 In losing all before their gain begin,
 Whose hope of gain can never breed such joy
 As certain loss doth breed their hearts' annoy.

What should I write of every strange device
 That some men use in seeking worldly pelf?
 The proverb says that no man can be wise
 That is not wise each way to help himself.
 But scripture says the rich to Heaven on high
 Go like a Camel through a Needle's eye.

And let a man grow rich in lusty youth,
 And have for wealth almost the world at will,
 Yet see in age, God wot, too great a ruth,
 It breedeth death full sore against their will.
 How joys he then in being his own friend,
 To bring his life, his chiefest joy, to end?

O fond delight, oh grievous kind of joy,
 Oh cankered coin, the cause of deadly pain,
 Oh madhead¹¹ man to joy in such a toy,
 Oh greedy minds that so do grope for gain,
 Oh wretched wealth, whose joy doth breed such woe,
 Oh God forgive such fools as seek it so.

But let wealth pass, one other joy I find,
 Which many count their great and chiefest joy,
 Which if they would once wisely weigh in mind,
 They soon should see it plainly but a toy,
 Which when, God wot, with great ado they gain,
 Yet being got, it is not free from pain.

Honour, The third pleasure

Which joy to tell by name is Honour high,
 Which noblest minds account the greatest joy,
 Which first obtained by deadly jeopardy,
 They do, God knows, with care enough enjoy.
 Oh man most mad to love so vain a thing,
 As with small joy doth thousand sorrows bring.

Lo, first the care in seeking how to climb,
 With study strange how it doth beat our brain.
 In climbing then our observance of time,
 Then heed to hold, lest we go down again.

The fear to fall, and if we fall, what then
But fear of death, which haps to many men.

Let us 'scape death, yet may we break a bone,
Or lame a limb, or bruise us inwardly,
Or catch a clap may make our hearts to groan
And breed our death, although not presently.

Let us miss these, and have no harm at all,
Yet will it be a grief to take a fall.

And if again they venture for to climb,
Then must they be more wary then before,
For if they chance to fall the second time,
'Tis ten to one but they are bruised sore.
Yet if they live and seek to climb again,
And third time fall, that brings a deadly pain.

Now sundry men devise a sundry mean
To make their way to Honour to attain.
What two will choose, the third misliketh clean
And glory seeks another way to gain.
But he that seeks the best way that he can
Shall find unsought some sorrow now and then.

And now and then such sorrows as indeed,
If every man would wisely weigh in mind,
We soon should see how far they do exceed
The little joys that we by honour find.
Oh mind most vain, to seek so vain a joy,
Which many ways doth work so great annoy.

And now, as men do sundry means devise
To scale the top of Honour's stately throne,
So do their sorrows diverse ways arise,
Which makes their minds to make a sundry moan.
Some sigh and sob in secret sort alone,
To make their grief unto the world unknown.

For lo, some men do seek by force of arms
To gain the honor of a valiant Knight,
Which by ill hap unto their daily harms

Do find a foe to vanquish them in fight.
In seeking then to climb to Honour so,
Or death or maim doth breed their deadly woe.

Some other seek by Riches to attain,
Even in the top of Honour high to sit;
But climbing up, Fates sling them down again,
As men indeed for such a place unfit.
Which if they fall, and riches fall withal,
Weigh then what grief doth fret them at the gall.

Some fondly think by wasting wealth to gain
The honour due to liberality,
Which contrary unto their pinching pain
Get the dispraise of prodigality.
Which when (alas) their wealth is gone and spent,
Oh think how then their follies they lament.

But let these men that seek for honour so,
As first the Knight that seeks by force of arms
T'obtain the same, yet see his after-woe,
In midst of joy, unto his deadly harms:
Another comes that is of greater might,
[To]¹² dispossess him of his honour quite.

Oh then by loss the grief doth far exceed
His little joy in keeping of the same.
Even so the Churl that by his pence indeed
May win awhile the Fort of noble fame,
Yet unawares such fortune may befall
That he may lose both Honour, coin and all.

And then what grief the covetous conceive
By loss of coin, their great and chiefest joy.
A man that hath but one eye may perceive
That nothing more can breed their hearts' annoy.
And though their grief of honour lost be least,
Yet who would part with honour once possessed?

Now they that do by spending free obtain
Of many men perhaps a noble name,

Yet noble minds can find no greater pain
 Than want of wealth for to maintain the same;
 Whose falling so doth work them much despite
 As doth their hearts bereave of all delight.

But who would seek the perfect way to climb
 To Honour's throne, and surely there to sit,
 Must wisely seek with observance of time
 By Virtue's line the ready way to hit.
 For Virtue gains in life a noble name,
 And after death, immortal noble Fame.

Virtue is it that only yieldeth joy,
 A joy besides that ever will endure,
 And such a joy as worketh no annoy,
 But doth indeed a heavenly joy procure.
 Oh joy of joys, by thee God grant us all
 To climb to Heaven and never thence to fall.

But let me leave of Honour now to write,
 And speak my mind of meaner kind of joys,
 Which to some minds do give a great delight,
 Yet wisely weighed, are nothing else but toys,
 And with their joys, which are but small indeed,
 What woes they work, which far their joys exceed.

Love, The fourth pleasure

Of little joys, behold this first for one:
 Some Ladies' love do count a heavenly joy,
 In seeking which, some are so woebegone
 As hearts consume with grief and great annoy.
 And some have been in love so over shoes,
 As lack or loss makes them their lives to lose.

For sundry men by sundry means do seek
 Their Lady's love or liking to procure;
 And what they think, that may their fancies keep,
 That must they do, what pain they so endure.
 What gem so rare may please their mistress' eye,
 Costs lands and life, but Lovers daily buy.

And let wealth waste, then love begins to shrink,
 And when love shrink, then farewell lover's joy.
 Then wretched wights in sorrow so must sink,
 And worthy well to joy in such a toy,
 As so to seek and labour day by day
 To purchase that doth breed their own decay.

See then by love what cost, what care, what woe,
 In getting first and keeping then with pain.
 In getting first, what daily griefs do grow;
 In losing then, what more despite again.
 Oh madhead man, to joy in such a thing
 And with small joy doth thousand sorrows bring.

Horses, Hawks, and Dogs, The fifth pleasure

And so I leave to write of Lovers' joy,
 Which many ways doth work a world of woe;
 And I will now speak of some other joy,
 Which with small joy doth diverse sorrows sow,
 As Horses, Hawks, hounds, birds of diverse sorts,
 Which to some minds do make delightful sports.

As first, behold the stately stamping Steed,
 That snuffs and snorts [and stamps upon the ground],¹³
 I must confess a joyful sight indeed.
 But he that hath the toil and labour found
 In bringing him unto that pass at first
 Will think of joys, the joy in horse the worst.

Now he again that never takes the pain
 To break him so, but have him broke to hand,
 I think indeed hath more joy of the twain,
 In stately sort to see him stamping stand.
 But if he take delight to ride him too,
 Let him take heed what then he seeks to do.

For such a joy may hap to breed such woe,
 By jollity in riding without skill,
 That he by fall may catch so sore a blow

As down on ground may make him lie there still;
Where broken bones, limb lamed, or bruises sore
Will make him joy in prancing horse no more.

And if again he chance to sit him fast,
Whereby he may the more increase his joy,
Yet is he not assured his joy will last,
But it will turn unto his great annoy;
For by ill hap his horse may fall sore sick,
Or halt downright, by shoeing ill, or prick.¹⁴

Perchance again he ride him till he sweat,
And set him up unwalkèd, somewhat hot,
And so do make him catch so sore a heat
As ten to one if shortly he die not.
And if he die, then farewell Master's joy,
And Rider's pains, and farewell foolish toy.

Hawks, the sixth pleasure

So joy in Hawks, good Lord how some delight
To see them kill a bird of meaner strength.
Some mark the pitch¹⁵ in making of their flight.
Some love the Hawk that flieth out at length.
Some most of all the short winged Hawk esteem.
Some long winged Hawks the bravest birds do deem.

Some love to see the Goshawk roughly rush
Thorough¹⁶ the woods, and perch from tree to tree,
And seize upon the Pheasant in the bush,
And sure it is a pretty sport to see.
But in respect of any worthy joy,
God knows it is but even a very toy.

But let it be to some a great delight,
Yet see what toil it daily brings withal:
First, if she take a gadding in her flight,
Then ride and run, and mar Horse, man and all;
And tire themselves to seek a foolish Kite,
Yet lose her too; and then what greater spite?

And let her be the finest Hawk that is,
And never gad, nor have ill qualities,
And what she flies at, seld¹⁷ or never miss,
Yet is she not quite free from jeopardies.
Some foolish thorn may strike a-two her wing,
And flying marred, then farewell foolish thing.

What should I need of other Hawks to write?
As Falcon, Tassel, Lanner, and Lanneret,¹⁸
With little Hawks that Ladies take delight,
Fine Falconer-like, upon their fist to set.
As Sparhawk, Merlin; birds I must confess
For Ladies fit, I can well say no less.

But of all Hawks, these Hawks are yet the worst,
For if they catch a bruise abroad in flight,
Then, tender hearts, straight into tears they burst
For losing of a little peevish Kite.
A goodly thing to give such cause of joy
As being lost, should breed so great annoy.

Now some again it is a sport to see
What moan they make, some first will sighing say:
"It is my luck, what most delighteth me
Comes to some mischief one or other way."
And some will say, "My froward dream tonight
[Portended]¹⁹ me this day some foul despite."

But let me leave of Beasts and birds to write,
And let me now unto some other joys,
Which with delight do breed as great despite,
Which wisely weighed, may well be thought but toys,
As dancing, singing, wrestling, leaping too,
Which who almost but doth delight to do.

Which pleasant sports, ere they be well attained,
Do breed some pain to them that seek the same,
And some of them ere they be throughly²⁰ gained,
Do often strike some limb or other lame.
I will not say, though some have found it so,
Some of their sports do breed their deadly woe.

Music, The sixth pleasure

But let me first of Music speak my mind,
Which with some sport doth yield as great a spite.
The little Boy first by his ears doth find
In plainsong pulls is very small delight.

In prick-song then, a privy pinch or two
Makes him in song have little mind unto.

And weigh the time that wantonly ye spend
First in the Notes, and then again in Cliffs,
How to ascend, and then again descend,
By Larges and Longs, by Breefes and Semibreefes,
Minims, Crochets, Quavers, Sharps, Flats, to feign:²¹
Ut, re, me, fa, sol, la, and back again.

Then when you know your notes and how to sing,
Then instruments of Music must be had;
And then an ear to every sundry string,
Which makes some men (myself have seen) half mad;
For earnest hearkening to the Music's sound
Makes some oft times too far in Music drowned.

And is it not a pretty sport, think you,
That makes one mad ere he attain the same?
I take it so, and this believe me now:
Who seeks himself to Music's art to frame,
And very young is set to Music's school,
In other arts proves commonly a fool.

It is a sport of troth sometime to see
A right Musician in his formal grace.
How he can look as if it were not he,
Especially, when that he is in place
Whereas he thinks himself to be the best
For pride or praise; how he can strain his breast.

But if there come another into place
Better then he, then down his feathers fall.
Then Francis Fiddler, with his formal face,
Shrinketh aside and gets him next the wall.

And for a pound he sings not one Note more
Where comes a better then he was before.

But what? Methinks that some begin to frown
To write so much in Fiddler's foul dispraise.
Why, if there be some such odd fiddling Clown,
As plays at Hertford on the Holidays,
And takes the matter so much in disgrace,
For all his Fiddle, fart in his fool's face.

For such Musicians make some Minions meet
With their sweethearts on some ungracious²² green;
Where after each hath other friendly greet,
Somewhat haps else that may not there be seen,
As bargains made that must be 'greed upon
Behind some bush, when all the crew are gone.

But let me leave off loutish Music now
To write more words, and let me somewhat say
Of Courtly Music, which I say to you
I cannot well reprove in any way,
Although perhaps some wantons thereby find
A time to play the wantons in their kind.

I mean no harm in that I say "in kind,"
For wantonness and wickedness are two.
'Tis not the grace in any, but the mind
That moves a man or good or bad to do.
A merry mind a gentle nature shows
When sullen looks are signs of surly shrows.²³

And yet do some perhaps in dancing deem
That Lovers then have time of great delight.
But if two love one Lady, it must seem
The one's delight, the other's great despite.
And if but one, yet then his present joy
May turn in time unto as great annoy.

For then perhaps he reaps good countenance,
Good words, and more, perhaps with all good will.
Besides, he hath good licence in his dance,

Without suspect, to look and talk his fill
And to receive great favour of his friend,
Which when his Dance is done, are all at end.

And then (alas) consider what despite
He bides to think upon his pleasures past,
And sees again his sweet and whole delight,
With posting speed, to fade away so fast.
No greater grief, I think, can fortune frame
Than win delight, and then to lose the same.

Dancing, The seventh pleasure

And touching now the harms that often hap
To such as seek for to be excellent:
In Dancing catch some time so sore a clap
By froward falls, as makes them to repent
The tumbling tricks, and turning on the toe,
When legs do grow so lame they cannot go.

And some brave youths will labour day and night
Till they have got the Capri and cross point²⁴
But tell me now, how much will they delight
When that they see [their] legs²⁵ crossed out of joint?
Or else perhaps with some untoward fall,
Then break their arm, or sometime neck and all.

Oh then behold in Dancing what delight,
Which breeds the Dancer's oft untimely end.
And for myself, I see such great despite
By dancing grow, as he that were my friend,
Sure I would wish him leave all dancing quite,
Than in such toys to take so great delight.

Besides, sometime in dancing we do see
Quarrels arise, yea, betwixt friend and friend,
Which once begun, God knows but seldom be
Without great hurt brought unto quiet end.
Consider then the great and dire despite
In dancing grows, in midst of most delight.

What should I need of dancing more to write?
First of the pains in learning how to dance,
And then again how great and foul despite
In dancing oft to many men doth chance.
Let this suffice, it is but even a toy,
Whose use may yield a pleasure or annoy.

For lest I should seem to dispraise it quite,
In praise of dancing thus much will I say,
Who knows indeed how for to use it right
May dance full well, I will not say him nay.
For so it is an honest exercise,
And one indeed of Courtly qualities.

But for to set in dancing such delight,
As it should seem to give great cause of joy,
Who deems it so, they are deceived quite,
For God he knows, it is but even a toy,
And such a toy as sure esteemed in kind,
A frantic toy, a man may easily find.

For who would mark sometime the frantic fits,
The frisks and turns, with tricks in sundry sorts,
Would think a dancer quite out of his wits
So to devise to make such skipping sports,
To throw himself about house here and there
As one half mad, who well could rest nowhere.

But to be short, as once I said before,
I say again: Dancing is but a toy,
A skipping sport, which bruiseeth bones so sore,
As yields the mind sometime but little joy;
Yet used aright gives cause of great delight,
But yet [at]²⁶ best it worketh some despite.

But leaving Dancing and to Leaping now,
In which some men do not a little joy.
Would such as leap consider well but how
Their leaping breeds both limbs' and heart's annoy.
Sure they would say, before their legs be burst,
Of all odd sports, yet Leaping is the worst.

Leaping, The eighth pleasure

Some men leap short and fall into a ditch,
 And who leaps so is laughed at for his pain.
 Some men in leap, their legs give such a twitch
 As ten to one if e'er they leap again.
 Some their legs slip and fall upon their back
 And think what pain if once the chin-bone crack.

Some when they slip they fall upon their arm,
 And some upon their head, and that's the worst;
 And who falls so may hap to have such harm
 That he may well think leaping sport accursed.
 And he that leaps most lightly of them all
 Shall have great hap and if he miss a fall.

And he that takes in pleasure such delight
 As seeks thereby the prick and praise to gain,
 Let him have skill, and be he ne'er so light,
 In leaping yet he straineth every vein,
 Of which, if once he chance to strain too far,
 He may thereby his leaping wholly mar.

Now some again will stumble at a straw
 And lightly think to leap over a block;
 But who leaps so will prove himself a Daw,
 And on his shins perhaps receive a knock.
 But now such leaps are meant another way,
 And therefore now no more of Leaps, I say;

Save only this, that I would wish each one
 For to delight, and use his leaping so,
 As that he venture not to break a bone
 Nor unawares do work himself such woe
 As that he find it not to his despite:
 Rather a pain than any sweet delight.

Wrestling, The ninth pleasure

And as of leaping, so of wrestling too,
 Which with the rest may well be thought a toy.

Yet some do so delight in kind to do,
 As that they take in wrestling such a joy,
 As for to give their foe a cleanly fall,
 They venture will both limb and life and all.

And some in wrestling wrest a leg a two,
 And some an arm, some back-bone now and then;
 And some to break a Wrestler's neck will do
 In wrestling oft the best or worst he can.
 And is it not a pretty kind of sport,
 That breeds delight in such despiteful sort?

What should I need of wrestling more to write?
 Who loves the sport, much good do them withal.
 For I myself would rather stand upright
 Than put my life in venture for a fall.
 And he who sets therein his greatest joy,
 In time shall find it but a foolish toy.

Climbing, The tenth pleasure

And as of Leaping, so some men again
 In climbing too do take a great delight,
 Which halfway up come tumbling down again,
 I will not say how much to their despite.
 For commonly, who falleth from aloft,
 It is most like he falls not very soft.

The country Clown delights to climb a tree,
 And he that climbs the straightest tree of all,
 He is the man, Nan will have none but he.
 But if in climbing Thomas take a fall,
 Then all is marred, and ah, poor silly Tom
 Hath lost his love and must go limping home.

And if he 'scape and get up like a man,
 What is his gain, except a nest of Rooks?
 And for his pains, he getteth of his Nan
 A kindly kiss and two or three sweet looks.
 But Sir, and that may prove in time
 Enough to make him merely²⁷ to climb.

Some lusty Simon on a Sunday too
Will climb a May-pole for his Susan's sake,
And on the top will hang a handkirchoo
For him that dare down thence again to take.
 But if both he and handkircher fall down,
 He likes no more of climbing for a crown.

But leaving louts, some gallant youths delight
In ships by ropes the gallant top to climb,
Who if they hap to miss their climbing right,
They kill a Mariner at the first time.
 And get they up, what is it but a toy?
 A practise meet but for a desperate boy.

And he again that best of all can 'scape,
And climbs top-gallant, May-pole, or a tree,
Yet for his life he climbs not like an Ape,
And let him climb, he climbs alone for me.
 And for my life, when he hath climbed his best,
 He thinks himself on ground yet most at rest.

Now some again ungracious grafts sometime,
Both willingly,²⁸ and yet against their will
Do seek the means three trees at once to climb,
But who climbs so may think his climbing ill.
 For by a ladder up they go in haste,
 And by a rope they tumble down as fast.

And tell me now, weigh climbing well in mind,
And I believe that you will justly say,
So little is the good that one shall find,
And dangers such in climbing any way,
 That he that climbs the cunningest of all
 Is many ways yet subject to a fall.

Call but to mind how Phaeton²⁹ sometime
With willful climbing fell from lofty sky
And brake his neck; how Icarus would climb
With Dedalus, but soaring too too high,
 To father's grief, God wot, as low he fell;
 With other mo, that were too long to tell.

Let this suffice: I think it not unmeet
For shipmen's boys, top-gallant for to climb,
And for such clowns as think Rook's flesh is sweet
To climb by leisure such odd trees sometime.
 But this I say, to gain a Kaiser's cope,
 Climb not three trees, to fall down by a rope.

Besides, I warn each one that hath no skill,
To climb no higher then feet may touch the ground.
Let him climb up, and climb, and climb his fill,
For though he fall, it breeds no deadly wound.
 Besides, I wish no man to climbing trust,
 Nor yet to climb more than of force he must.

For if the clown that climbeth up a tree
A bough do break and he let slip his hold,
With heave and ho then tumbling down comes he,
And God he knows his pennyworth is cold.
 For all the Rooks' nests all the town can climb
 Makes not amends for his hurt that one time.

Even so in ship, the boy that seeks to climb
By cords and lines, if either rope do slip,
Or hand or foot, as many do sometime,
Then down amain he falls into the ship
 Or in the Sea, where hundred then to one
 He never 'scapes; there's one young Sea-man gone.

Yet do I not forbid to climb at all,
For some must climb, and those I well allow;
But yet I wish the best to fear a fall
And those that climb at all, to climb—but how?
 When need requires, and then so carefully,
 As that they come not down too hastily.

For some must climb, as in assault sometime
Some men of force must seek to scale a fort.
Then happy he that cunningly can climb
By ropes or ladders, or by any sort
 That is, and he of glory gains the crown,
 That's soonest up, and latest thrown down.

So then I say, of climbing thus I end,
 Who climbeth best finds climbing but a toy.
 And I would warn each one I count my friend
 For to conceive in climbing little joy.
 Lest that he find in climbing his delight
 By break-neck falls to breed his deadly spite.

And as of climbing, so in Fencing now,
 Arts much alike, wherein too many joy,
 Which foolish joy doth breed I say to you,
 To thousands of your deadly hearts' annoy.
 As in my mind, a most accursed sort
 To breed delight in such despiteful sport.

Fencing, The eleventh pleasure

Now sir, this joy in Art of great Defence,
 Which of Offence may rather well be named,
 Is not obtained without some great expense,
 Nor yet without some limb or other lamed,
 Except by hap you chance to 'scape the worst,
 And yet you part then with your noddle burst.

And let me but demand this question now:
 Will you be pleased with him that brake your pate?
 Or will you not, almost you care not how,
 Seek your revenge, and bear him deadly hate,
 Until you be revengèd in like sort?
 And tell me then, is not this pretty sport?

Perhaps again you have your eye thrust out,
 Or catch a scratch cross overthwart your face,
 Or else be swaddled³⁰ roughly round about,
 Both shoulders, sides, arms, legs, and every place.
 At parting now, Sir, when you feel the smart,
 Will you not think Fencing a joyful Art?

By Fencing grows our terms of the Bravado,
 Our foins and thrusts, the deadly stab, and all
 Which some more finely³¹ call a Stabbado,
 And some a blow a cleanly wipe can call,

And some a rake, that crosseth both the shins.
 Now with such stuff this joyful sport begins:

Lie here, lie there, strike out your blow at length,
 Strike and thrust with him, look to your dagger hand,
 Believe me sir, you bear a gallant strength,
 But choose your ground at vantage where to stand.
 And keep aloof for catching too much harm.
 Beware the button of your Buckler arm;

With other terms that were too long to tell.
 Besides, myself have small skill in that art,
 But this I wot, unto my cost too well,
 A waster's³² end hath made my shoulders smart.
 And when by chance I caught a smoking blow,
 I put it up, or take two or three moe.

And sure I think, who doth indeed delight
 To follow Fencing, as some swashers do,
 Shall be thereby so boldened for to fight
 As willful end in time will bring them to;
 Except that God do give them grace indeed
 To use their art but in defence at need.

And usèd so, it will not do amiss,
 And so I think some skill is requisite.
 But I cannot like very well of this,
 That any man should so therein delight
 As he should set therein so great a joy,
 As many do, unto their great annoy.

What should I need of Fencing more to write?
 Well used I think it is a pretty art.
 But by your leave, who doth therein delight
 Shall buy his pleasure with his body's smart.
 And so I end: use it to save your life,
 But let it not make you to live in strife.

And then in God's name, use it at your will,
 So that you use it to your own defence,
 But if in fight you chance your foe to kill,

His death will sure abide your conscience.³³
Yet for all that, use it but to defend
And learn the art, it will not much offend.

But as I said before, I say again,
Learn it, but love it not in any wise,
Lest little pleasure breed your pain,³⁴
By hurt, by maim, or deadly jeopardies.
And think it but an art of small delight,
Which many ways doth work full great despite.

But leaving now of Fencing more to write,
There is as now another kind of joy
Wherein some men do take so great delight
As that in time it breeds their great annoy.
They toil themselves, and thrift they throw away,
And lame their legs to learn a foolish play.

Tennis, The twelfth pleasure

What sport is it to cut a Ball in kind,
Or strike a Ball into the hazard fine,
Or bandy Balls to fly against the wind,
Or strike a ball low level o'er the line,
Or make a Chase or hazard for a game,
Then with a brickle wall to win the same.³⁵

Oh brave delights, but he that thinks upon
The unknown charge that groweth by the same
Will say, when once his store of coin is gone,
Of all sports Tennis is a costly game.
Which cost considered, soon will drive away
The dear delight that grows by Tennis play.

Yet will I not dispraise the Tennis so
That I would wish no man should use the same,
For by the game no hurt is like to grow,
Except a man do too much use the same.
For I would have it used for exercise,
In some cold mornings, and not otherwise.

For as I said in other things before,
'Tis not the thing, but the delight therein
That makes or mars, delights or grieveth sore.
Then take good heed when first you do begin
To take delight in any kind of thing,
For too much joy doth after sorrow bring.

Then use the Tennis wisely now and then,
To exercise your lustless limbs withal,
And do not think to do more then you can
With labouring and toiling at a ball,
Lest that you think, instead of sweet delight,
With painful toil you buy a dear despite.

And as of Tennis, so again I find
In other sports, as shooting, bowling too,
Wherein too many so much set their mind
As all day long they little else can do.
Would they but weigh the woes whereby they win:
[Then]³⁶ they would leave their fond delight therein.

Shooting, The thirteenth pleasure

What sport it is to see an arrow fly,
A gallant archer cleanly draw his bow,
In shooting off, again how cunningly
He hath his loose in letting of it go;
To nock it sure and draw it to the head,
And then fly out, hold straight, and strike it dead,

With other terms that Archers long have used,
As: blow wind, stoop, ah down the wind a bow.
"Tush," says another, "he may be excused,
Since the last mark, the wind doth greater grow."
At last he claps in the white suddenly,
Then "Oh well shot" the standers-by do cry.

And that one shot is even enough to make
Him sell his coat for store of bow and shafts,
The cost whereof will make his heart to ache

And make him draw but few delightful drafts.
 Therefore, say I, in shooting the delight
 Doth likewise breed with pleasure some despite.

I do not speak particularly³⁷ of all
 The harms that hap unto an archer's purse:
 As bow may break, string crack, and feathers fall,
 With other haps that make them swear and curse;
 As when sometime there rains a sudden shower,
 That bow and shafts may mar all in an hour.

Therefore use shooting as an exercise
 To pass the time, but love it not too much,
 Lest with the sport you find the costly price
 Do make your heart such dear delights to grutch.
 Therefore use it but as a pretty toy
 To pass the day, but count it not a joy.

Bowling, The fourteenth pleasure

And now to Bowls, a pretty kind of sport,
 Wherein so many take so great delight
 That every day such numbers do resort
 To bowling Alleys, that both day and night,
 If light would serve they would not be away,
 But waste their wealth upon that foolish play.

How some delight to see a round Bowl run
 Smoothly away, until he catch a rub:
 Then hold thy bias, if that cast were won,
 The game were up as sure then as a club.
 Then upright Bowls, that need not any bank,
 And for a game, a fine throw in the crank.³⁸

But if they marked their money run away,
 Their coin to cross quite bias³⁹ from their purse,
 'Twould make them leave that costly kind of play,
 And liking take in bowling sport the worse.
 And yet the sport well used will yield delight;
 But love it not, for then it breeds despite.

For joy in games to other kind of joys,
 Wherein some men their chief delight repose,
 Which weighèd well, may well be thought but toys,
 Wherein both cost and labour eke we lose,
 As Fishing, Fowling, and such like delights,
 Which some do love to follow days and nights.

But lo, behold, what great delight we find
 In Fishing first, in diverse sundry sorts,
 With Nets and Angles, Weels, and other kind
 [Of]⁴⁰ pretty gins⁴¹ which yield delightful sports.
 And with the sports, let's see the spite withal
 That oftentimes in Fishing doth befall.

Fishing, The fifteenth pleasure

Some take delight with Angle for to stand
 Near half a day to catch a Pickerel,⁴²
 And standing so with Angle in his hand,
 Perhaps he takes a paltry Shotterel,
 That what a man hath taken with such pain,
 He straight would throw into the brook again.

Some with a worm do angle for an Eel,
 Some for a Carp do angle with a Snail.
 But if the hook do catch within a Weel,⁴³
 Then must of force the fisher's cunning fail,
 For lose the hook and fray thy fish away,
 And stand again without a bite all day.

And is it not a weary kind of sport
 To angle all day for a foolish dish,
 And lose the hook in such despiteful sort,
 And that perhaps or ere you catch a fish?
 Methinks it should be such a foul despite,
 As I should take in angling no delight.

Some for a Trout will angle with a fly.
 Some for a Roach a gentle⁴⁴ make their bait.
 Some make their Flies of colours cunningly,

Of silk and hair, a pretty fine deceit
For foolish fish, and yet 'tis but a toy,
Unworthy far for to be thought a joy.

And yet some men do so herein delight
As in the making of these foolish flies,
They will attend their work both day and night
And in the morning up betimes arise,
And to the brook, and angle there all day,
And yet perhaps come empty hand away.

Then judge what spite the Fisher doth abide
To lose his pains, and yet receive no sport.
If I said naught, yet some that well have tried
The like themselves, and fishèd in like sort,
Will say with me, it is a spiteful toy,
Which with much grief doth yield but little joy.

Some love to fish with trammel, drags, bow nets,
With casting nets, and nets of other sorts,
Wherein some man his pleasure wholly sets,
And greatly cares not for no other sports.
But let him look he do not play the fool,
That with his Net, he fling⁴⁵ into the pool.

And he that dredgeth like a water dog,
And wades to knees to catch a dish of fish,
And in the end doth draw up but a frog,
Is not he well at ease with such a dish?
Who would not be a Fisherman to gain
Such dainty morsels to requite his pain?

Perhaps again with wading well all day
He catch such cold as sickness do ensue,
An Ague then will make him shaking say,
"Too late (alas) my fond delight I rue.
This wading sport doth yield so great annoy
As that I find in Fishing little joy."

Now some again besides their labour lost,
And falling sick with catching cold by wet,

By meshes' break, may hap to be at cost
For Lines and Corks and mending of the Net.
And that day's work, the mending be so dear,
As fishing scarce will pay for in a year.

What should I say of Fishing more than this:
Fishing used well may seem a pretty sport,
But no delight but may be used amiss,
Then take delight in fishing in such sort
As that it prove not too much to your cost,
Nor yet lament your labour too much lost.

For Fishing sport I can not justly blame
If it be used as it ought to be,
But such delight as some have in the same,
I cannot choose but blame whenas I see
Some sick, some drowned, with following the joy
They do conceive in such a foolish toy.

And as of fishing, so again I find
In Fowling to the joy that some conceive,
Would some that Fowl but wisely weigh in mind,
And they should soon their oversights perceive
When they esteem those things delightful joys,
Which as they use, do prove despiteful toys.

Fowling, The sixteenth pleasure

Some men will toil in water, frost and snow,
To set a Limetwig for a foolish Snite,⁴⁶
And glad for cold his fingers' ends to blow,
And so stand plodding all day long till night,
And for wild Fowl even like a peaking mome⁴⁷
To catch a Snipe and bear a tame fool home.

Now some again go stalking with a Gun
To kill a Herne, a [Spoonbill]⁴⁸ or a Crane,
Who plodding so, ere fowling time be done,
Do miss the Fowl, and breed their sudden bane.
As if the piece⁴⁹ should break in cracks or flaws,
Or else recoil, and strike a two his jaws;

Or else the wind may hap to blow the fire
 Upon his face, and mar his visage quite.
 Then tell me now what [man]⁵⁰ would not desire
 To go a Fowling for such sweet delight?

Tush, many more such mischiefs do I know,
 Which Fowlers find, but t'were too long to show.

But lest that some should count me for a fool
 For to dispraise the sport in Fowling quite,
 I say no more but fall not in the pool,
 Catch not a Snipe in setting for a Snite,
 Look to the Piece, keep thy face from the fire,
 And Fowl in God's name to thine own desire.

But love it not too much, but as it is
 Esteem it so: a hard cold sport indeed,
 Which used aright, is pleasant, but amiss
 Yields diverse griefs; therefore no more the need.
 Follow the sport, nor take therein delight--
 Too much I mean--lest it do work thee spite.

And thus I leave to speak more of such sports
 As with delight do breed as great despite;
 And of delights in other sundry sorts
 That daily grow, I mean my mind to write.
 Which weighèd well are all but foolish toys,
 Which with great griefs do yield but little joys.

Studies, The seventeenth pleasure

Some men delight all day to break their brain
 With study strange; as some will spend their time
 In Physic, Law, and some will take great pain
 In Music's art, and some will seek to climb
 The skies by study in Astronomy,
 Some compass countries by Cosmography.

Some men great pains in Necromancy⁵¹ take,
 Some love to study Physiognomy,
 Which studies make both brains and heart to ache,

And maketh many stark mad ere they die.
 Some love to be thought good Palmisters,
 And thousands seek to be Philosophers.

Some love to study most Arithmetic.
 In Logic some do daily beat their brain.
 And some delight as much in Rhetoric,
 And some do joy in histories again.
 But very few do take delight indeed
 To study that whereof they most have need,

By which who loves shall find a heavenly joy,
 A joy besides that never will decay,
 And with the joy yields no jot of annoy,
 But teacheth us to Heaven the ready way,
 Which study is Divinity by name.
 God grant us all to study well the same.

Physic, The eighteenth pleasure

In Physic's art let's see what joy we find:
 We heal the sick by Medicines we make
 By virtues rare of herbs of sundry kind,
 By waters, oils, and how we ought to take
 Each in his kind, how best it may prevail.
 This Physic's art doth shew for our avail.

But if the man that is of greatest skill
 Have not great care in using of this art,
 May minister a medicine to kill,
 Whenas he thinks to ease the sick man's smart.
 And who doth so may think himself accursed
 And Physic count of studies all the worst.

But he that takes such care in each respect,
 And fears the worst, and seeks to do his best,
 Regards the cause, doth not the time neglect,
 But wisely works to breed his patient's rest,
 In Physic's art well hath he taken pain.
 God's favour and good Fame shall be his gain.

But if he so be settled in that art,
And that he count that study for his joy,
How best to seek to ease the body's smart,
And seek no medicine for the soul's annoy,
 When that himself in fine of force must die?
 Oh then where shall his soul for comfort cry?

Let him have spent some time in sacred writ,
And in that study set his chief delight,
And he shall there soon find a medicine fit
To salve and save his soul from peril quite.
 Oh blessèd study, that doth shew relief
 To soul and body in their greatest grief.

In holy writ we learn how to lament
Our sinful life, wherewith we God offend.
There we are taught our sins for to repent
And there we learn how soon we may amend.
 There do we read that God must be the mean
 To cleanse our souls from all offences clean.

There do we find that penitence procures
Pardon of God, with pardon, pity too;
Which pity sends such comfort as soon cures
The greatest hurt that worldly woes can do.
 And there we find God's mercy yields at last
 The joys of Heaven, when worldly woes are past.

If Physic then may yield so great delight
For teaching us to salve the body's smart,
The study then that soul and body quite
Rids of all woe, doth it not pass all art?
 Yes, out of doubt, that yields the only joys,
 To which compared all studies are but toys.

Then study Physic for necessity,
To heal a hurt, or ease the sick man's smart;
But let thy joy be in Divinity,
Which weighèd well excelleth every art.
 For Physic serves but for the body's grief;
 Divinity doth yield the soul's relief.

Law, The nineteenth pleasure

And leaving thus of Physic more to write,
Let's see what joy in study of the Law:
Some men thereby perhaps do take delight
To make wrong right, and right not worth a straw.
 Which yields, God knows, the poor man's great despite,
 To be by wrong bereavèd of his right.

And when perhaps the Lawyer calls to mind
The wrong so wrought, and weighs the poor man's case,
He doth in time within his conscience find
Such great unrest, as resteth in no place.
 And think you then by Law what grievous joy,
 Which breedeth so the secret heart's annoy.

Yet will I not so much dispraise the Law
That I would wish no man to like the same,
For then I might be counted well a Daw.
But this I say, who seeks himself to frame
 To study Law, I wish him first of all
 To study of Divinity to fall.

There first to learn his study how to use
To learn the Law, thereby his own to keep;
And not as some the study do abuse
By shifts in Law in others' rights to creep,
 And so by wrong to purchase worldly wealth,
 As that it prove a hurt to his soul's health.

Then first peruse the sacred Laws of God,
How he doth will that we our Laws should use,
And justly how he scourgeth with his rod
All such as scorn or else his Laws refuse.
 And then to Law to learn to keep thy right
 And help thy friend, let be thy whole delight.

But in respect of holy Laws I say,
Account our studies in the Laws but toys,
When scripture shows the only ready way
For to attain to everlasting joys.

*Let then I say, Divinity be thought
The only joy, to which the best is nought.*

**Astronomy and Physiognomy, The
twentieth pleasure**

*So could I write too of Astronomy,
By which we climb into the lofty sky,
And so again of Physiognomy,
Whereby by face we wonders do descry.
Divinity heaves us above the sky
And doth to us the power of God descry.*

**Cosmography, and Philosophy, The
one and twentieth pleasure**

*Now see the joy got by Cosmography:
We compass countries learnedly by art,
And what delight by fine Philosophy
By reason strange to prove on either part
False judgement true, and further to descry
Secrets in nature by Philosophy.*

*By holy writ the way to Heaven we find,
A country far above the lofty sky.
By sacred Laws we can confute in kind
The unjust cause and prove the contrary.
By Scriptures eke God's nature plain we find:
Just, merciful, and to his servants kind.*

*Now see how far this study doth surpass
All studies else, what so without respect,
Then may he be justly thought an ass,
Which doth this study anything neglect
And counteth not all other studies toys,
Compared to this, which yieldeth heavenly joys.*

Music, The [two and] twentieth pleasure

*In Music now a great delight we find,
And sure it is a pretty kind of art.*

*But oh that we would settle once our mind
To tune our tongues, with sound of humble heart
To sing due laud unto the Lord on high:
Oh that would seem an heavenly harmony.*

*And now the joys got by Arithmetic,
To number much within a little time:
And some do love to roll in Rhetoric,
Some best like prose, and some delight in Rhyme.
And yet all these considered well in mind,
But trifling toys the true Divine doth find.*

Divinity, The twenty-third pleasure

*Divinity doth number out our days,
And shows our life, still fading as a flower;
Bids us beware of wanton wicked ways,
For we are sure to live no certain hour.
Arithmetic doth number worldly toys,
Divinity innumerable joys.*

*Then judge, I pray, which yields the more delight.
Divinity? Then choose it for thy joy.
Study that chief, and labour day and night
By that to learn to shield thee from annoy;
And thou shalt find it salveth every sore
And saves the soul, and what joy can be more?*

*By Rhetoric, now some do take delight,
To paint a fable with a gallant glose;
But no such tale is grateful in God's sight.
Besides, he will each secret shift disclose.
His tale is best before the Lord who says
He doth in heart repent his sinful days.*

*Who doth indeed his sinful life confess,
Who pardon craves, and calls to God for grace,
His tale is heard, him God doth rightly bless,
And eke in Heaven provides for him a place.
God grant us all our prayers so to use
That he may not our penitence refuse.*

Now some again delight in Histories,
To read the Acts of some courageous Knight,
To think upon the gallant victories,
To read again the order of the fight.
And do such stories breed delight indeed?
Then take delight the Scriptures for to read.

There shalt thou find how Christ a battle fought
Against the devil and his cursèd train;
Subdued them all, their force prevailèd nought,
But all were driven into eternal pain.
Blessèd be he that so hath brought in thrall
Him that would else have surely slain us all.

And tell me then, although some valiant Knight
Did conquer Realms, and by his force of arms
Subduèd Princes by his only might
And made them know his force unto their harms,
Yet think of him that by his only might
Did save both thee, and all the world by fight.

Oh valiant act, and worthy to be read,
Who saved our lives, who else had sure been slain;
And further when our bodies here be dead,
Hath saved our souls from everlasting pain.
God grant us all under that Christ to fight,
Who so our souls hath saved by his might.

And of good deeds to read dost thou delight
That worthy are for to be borne in mind?
Then read how Christ unto the blind gave sight,
Healèd the sick in body and in mind,
Did give the lame their limbs, and what else more,
Gave the diseased a salve for every sore.

Where can you read of one so good a man?
Tush, there is none without exception.
Let us delight ourselves there now and then
His great good deeds to read and look upon,
And we shall find thereby such heavenly joys
As we shall count all Stories else but toys.

For if we do to mind his goodness call,
How great a good he hath bestowed on us,
By his dear death and blood to save us all,
Are we not bound to think only Jesus
To be indeed the Author of our joy,
And only he that keeps us from annoy?

Yes, out of doubt, and therefore thus I end,
God grant us all to take him for our joy,
To love our God, which is our only friend,
That saves our souls and bodies from annoy.
And to esteem all worldly things but toys,
And set in Christ our all and only joys.

FINIS.



NOTES

[Ed: For better understanding, some verbs have been silently adjusted for tense, some nouns for number.]

- 1 Four lines are garbled here; the original order:
 "In further years we fall in misery
 From virtue's line, and light in sinful snare.
 In further years, we wander to and fro,
 And last in age, God knoweth how we die."
- 2 Here "even" pronounced "e'en" as we often pronounce *ever* as *e'er*.
- 3 nipple 4 indulgent 5 indulged 6 "the"
- 7 Following stanzas show experiments with rhyming between stanzas as well as within them.
- 8 OED: "Rusted, corroded . . . evil." Cf. *2H4* 4.4.72: "canker'd heaps of strange-achievèd gold."
- 9 "vaur" 10 "sholue"
- 11 OED: first usage: 1600 in Nicholas Breton's *Pasquin's Fools-Cap*; cf. "mad-headed" in *1H4* 2.3.80.
- 12 "And" 13 "and stands upon no ground"
- 14 Farriers' term: a puncture wound in the hoof.
- 15 Hawking terms are discussed in the article.
- 16 through; "thorough" retains the meter
- 17 seldom 18 Missing a beat. 19 "Pretended"
- 20 thoroughly; "thoroughly" retains the meter
- 21 OED: "To sing softly or with the accidentals."
- 22 OED: "unfortunate, unlucky, unfavorable . . . low-mannered . . . countrified, or rude."
- 23 OED: "a wicked, evil-disposed, or malignant man; a mischievous . . . person; a rascal, villain . . ."
- 24 Dancing terms are covered in the article.
- 25 "they" 26 "the"
- 27 A much richer word than now. OED: "beautifully, without help" . . . "altogether, quite, entirely." Here: "Enough, by itself, to make him climb," with perhaps a pun on the other senses of the word. [Ed. suggests "merrily," conforming to both mood and meter.]

- 28 OED: "deliberately, willfully, intentionally." MND 3.2.346: "Still thou mistak'st, Or else commit'st thy knaveries willingly." [Quarto has "wilfully."]
- 29 Pronounce with 3 syllables: *Phay-uh-tun*.
- 30 OED: "To beat soundly." First colloquial usage: c. 1570. Of the numerous terms of Elizabethan fencing in this section, many are new or obscure words.
- 31 precisely, accurately.
- 32 A wooden sword used in fencing practice.
- 33 Pronounce with three syllables: *con-shee-ence*.
- 34 Missing a beat.
- 35 Technical tennis terms. The article discusses "brickle wall."
- 36 "And"
- 37 One too many syllables; as with many proper names, syllables in polysyllabic words may have been dropped or slurred in common speech.
- 38 *Bias*, *rub*, *cast*, *bank* are terms of sixteenth-century bowling. A crank is a gutter. "As sure as a club" is a London proverb.
- 39 "cross quite bias" perhaps a punning reference to how quickly his money "runs" from his purse.
- 40 "Or" 41 traps
- 42 *Pickerele*, *shotterel*, *roach*: names of fishes.
- 43 OED: "a deep place in a river or the sea; a whirlpool or eddy."
- 44 OED: "maggot [or] larva of the flesh-fly or blue-bottle, employed as bait" First cited use: 1578.
- 45 "himself" is understood?
- 46 See the article for the distinction between *snite* and *snipe*.
- 47 A dull blockhead 48 "shooluerd": shovelard, a spoonbill
- 49 gun 50 "he"
- 51 OED: Not only communication with the dead, but wizardry in general.