

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey

This poem survives in four manuscripts: London, British Library, MS Additional 36529, fol. 53r; London, British Library, MS Additional 28635, fols 26r–27r; Dublin, Trinity College, MS 160 (the Blage Manuscript), fol. 178; Arundel Castle, Arundel Harington MS, fols 50r–51r. It was also printed in Tottel's Miscellany.¹ The first two manuscripts are considered the most reliable witnesses. Additional 36529 is described in the twentieth-century catalogue as 'Poems, by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (d. 1547), Sir Thomas Wyatt (d. 1542), and others, apparently collected by Sir John Harington of Kelston (d. 1612)'.² In paper, composed of 82 folia, the manuscript can be dated to the late sixteenth century. The father of Sir John Harington copied the lyric 'Suche waiwarde wais hath love' into a manuscript owned by George Blage, his fellow courtier at Henry VIII's court (now Dublin, Trinity College, MS 160, also known as the Blage Manuscript). Additional 28635, the transcript of a manuscript belonging to Dr. Harington of Bath, restores two lines (lines 31–32) not appearing in Additional 36259. I have transcribed the versions in the three manuscripts separately.

Additional MS 28635

Suche wayward wayes hath love / that moste parte in discorde
 our wills doth stand whearby our hartes but seldome doth accorde
 disceite is his delight / and to beguyle and mocke
 the symple hartes whiche he doth stryke / with froward dyvers stroke
 and causeth hartes to rage / with goolden burninge darte 5
 and doth alaye with leadden colde / agayne the tothers harte
 hotte gleames of burninge fyre / and easye sparkes of flame

¹ *Songes and sonettes, written by the right honorable Lorde Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey, and other* (London: Richard Tottel, 1557), sig. Aiiiiv.

² *Catalogue of Additions to the Manuscripts in the British Museum in the Years MDCCCC–MDCCCCV* (London: British Museum, 1907), p. 128.

in balaunce of unegall waight / he ponderith by ame.
 ffrom eowye forde wheare I / might wade and passe full well
 he me withdrawes and dothe me dryve / into the dark deepe well 10
 and withholdes where I / am calde and offred place
 and will that still my mortall foe / I do beseche of grace
 and lettes me to pursue / a conquest well neare woonne
 to follow wheare my paynes weare spilt / er that my sute begonne
 lo, by these rules I know / how sone a hart can turne 15
 from warr to peace, from truce to stryf / and so agayne retourne
 I know how to convert / my will in others lust
 of lytle stuffe unto myself / to weive a webb of trust
 and how to hyde my harme with softe dissemblid cheare
 when in my face the paynted thoughtes / wolde outwardlye appeare 20
 I know how that the bloode / forsakes the face for dead
 and how bye shame it staynes agayne / the checkes with flaming redd
 I know under the greene / the Serpent how he lurkes
 the hammer of the restlesse fordge / I know eke how it workes
 I know and can be roate / the tale that I wold tell 25
 but ofte the wordes come forthe awrye / of hym that loveth well
 I know in heat and colde / the lover how he shakes
 in singing how he can complayne / in sleapinge how he wakes
 to languishe without ache / Sicklesse for to consume
 a thowsand thinges for to devyse / resolving all in fume 30
 and thoughe he lyke to see / his ladies face full sore
 suche pleasure as delightes his eye / doth not his health restore
 I know to seke the tracke / of my desyred foe

and feare to fynde that I do seeke / but chieflie this I know
 the lover must transforme / into the thing below'd 35
 and lyve alas (who could belyve / with spyryt from lyf remov'd
 I know in hartie sighes / and laughers of the spleene
 at ones to chaunge my state my will / and eke my coulour cleene
 I know how to discearne / my self withouten helppe
 and how the Lyon chastysed is / by beating of the whelppe 40
 in standing neare the fyre / I know how that I freese
 farr of to bourne, in bothe to waste / and so my self to leese
 I know how love doth rage / uppon a golden mynde
 how small a nett may take and mashe / an hart of gentle kynde
 whiche seldome tasted swete / to seasoned heapes of gall 45
 revyved with a glyntt of grace / olde sorowes to let fall./
 thos hidden trains I know / and secreat snares of love
 how sone a looke may print athought / that never will remove
 that slipper state I know / those sodaine turnes from wealth
 that doubtfull hope that certaine woe / and sure dispaire of health./ 50
 ffinis./

Additional MS 36529

Suche waywarde ~~wales~~^{wais} hath love that moste parte in discorde
 our wille do stand wherby our harte but seldom dooth accorde
 Disceyte is his delight and to begyle and mocke
 The symple herte which he doth stryke with froward dyvers stroke
 he cawseth herte to rage with golden burninge darte 5
 and doth alaye with ledden cold agayne the tothers harte

hot gleames of burning fyre and easye sparke of flame
 in balaunce of unegall weight he pondereth by ame
 ffrom easye fourde where I might wade and passe full well
 he me withdrawes and doth me drive into the dark diep well 10
 and me withholdes where I am cald and offerd place
 and wooll that still my mortall foo I ^{do} beseche of grace
 he lette me to pursue a conquest well nere woon
 to follow where my paynes were spilt or that my sute begune
 lo by these rules I know how sone a hart can turne 15
 from warr to peace from trewce to stryf and so again returne
 I knowe how to convert my will in others lust
 of litle stuff unto my self to weyve a webb of trust
 and how to hide my harme with soft dissembled chere
 when in my face the paynted thoughtes wolde owtwardlye appere. 20
 I knowe how that the blood forsakes the faas for dredd
 and how by shame it staynes agayne the cheke with flaming redd
 I know under the grene the Serpent how he lurcke
 the hamer of the restles forge I know eke how yt worke
 I know and can be soote the tale that I wold tell 25
 but ofte the worde come forth a wrye of hym that loveth well
 I know in heat and cold the lover how he shake
 In singinge how he can complayne, in sleaping how he wake
 to languishe without ache sickles for to consume
 a thousand thinge for to devyse resolving all ~~hys~~ in fume 30
 I know to seke the tracke of my desyred foo
 and feare to fynd that I do seke but chefelye this I know

that lovers must transforme into the thing beloved
 and live alas (who colde beleve) with spryte from lief removed.
 I know in hartye sighes and lawghters of the splene 35
 at ones to chaunge my state my will and eke my color clene
 I know how to disceyve my self withouten helpp
 and how the lyon chastysed is by beating of the whelpp
 In standing nere my fyer I know how that I frese
 ffarr of to burn, in both to wast and so my lief to lese 40
 I know how love doth rage uppon the yeldon mynd
 how small a nett may take and mashe a harte of gentle kynd
 which seldome tasted swete to seasoned heaps of gall
 revyved with a glyns of grace olde sorowes to let fall
 the hidden traynes I know and secret snares of love 45
 how sone a loke may prynt a thought that never will remove
 that slipper state I know those sodayne tournes from welthe
 that doubtfull hope that certayne woo and sure dispaire of helthe.

Blage Manuscript

Suche wayward ways hathe loue that most part in dyscord
 our wylles dothe stand wherby our hartes but seldome dothe acord
 dysceyt ys his delyght and to begyll and mok
 the symple hartes whiche he dothe stryke with frowerd dyuerse st[rok]
 he cawsethe hartes to Rage with golden bournyng dart 5
 and dothe aley with leden cold agayn the others hart
 hot glaymes of burnyng fyer and easy sparkes of flame
 in balance of vnegall wayght he ponderyth by ayme

frome easy ford wher I myght wade and pase full well
 he me withdraws and dothe me dryue in to the dark depe we[ll] 10
 and me with holdes wher I ama cald and offerd place
 and wylethe that styll my mortall fo I do beseche of grace
 he letes me to pusew a conquest well ner woon
 to folow wher my paynes were spylt or that my sewt be gon
 Law by these rewles I know how soon an hart can torn 15
 from warr to pease from trewse to stryfe and so agayn return
 I know how to conuart my wyll in others lust
 of lytle stuf vnto my self to weve a webb of trust
 and how to hyd my harme with softe dyssymyled chere
 whan in my face the paynted thoughtes wold owtwardlye apere 20
 I know how that the blood forsakes the face for dred
 and how by shame yt stayns agayn the chekes with flamyng Red
 I know vnder the grene the sarpent how he lurkes
 the hamar of the Restles forge I know eke how yt wurkes
 I know and can by Rot the tale that I wold tell 25
 but ofte the wordes come forthe awry of hyme that lovethe w[ell]
 I know in hete and cold the lover how he shakes
 In syngyng how he can complayn in slepyng how he wakes
 To languys withowt ache syckles for to consume
 a thosand thynges for to devyse Resolvyng all in fume 30
 and thoghe he lyke to se his ladyes face full sore,
 suche plesuer as delytes his ey dothe his helthe Restore
 I know to seake the trak of my desyred fo
 yet fear to fynd that I do seake but chefly I do know

these lovers must transforme in to the thing beloved 35
 and lyve alas who cold beleve with spryt frome lyf Removed
 I know in harte syghes and laghters of the spleen
 at once to change my stat my wyll and ek my colur clean
 I know how to dysayue my self with owten helpe
 and how the lyon chastned is with beatyng of the whelpe 40
 in standyng nere my fyer I know how that I freese
 far of to burn in bothe to wast and so my self to leese
 I know how loue dothe Rage vpon an yolden mynd
 how small a nett may take and mashe an hart of jentle kynd
 that seldome tasted sweet to seasoned hepes of gall 45
 Revyved with a glynt of grace old sorowes to let fall
 the hyden trains I know and secret snares of loue
 how sone a looke may prynt a thocht that never wyll Remove
 the slyper stat I know and sodayne torns from welthe
 that dowtfull hope that sartayn wo and sure dyspayr of helthe. 50