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 Wyat (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 waywarde waies 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  
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. Aiiiv.
in balaunce of unegall waignt / 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

and withholdes where I / am calde and offred place

and will that still my mortall foe / I do besche 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 theise rules I know / how sone a hart can turne

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

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

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

and though 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 chieflye this I know
the lover must transforme / into the thing belov’d
and lyve alas (who could belyve / with spyryt from lyf remov’d
I know in hartie sighes / and laughters of the spleene
at ones to chaunge my state my will / and eke my coulour cleene
I know how to discearne / my self withouten helpppe
and how the Lyon chastysed is / by beating of the whelppe
in standing neare the fyre / I know how that I frese
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
revyved with a glyntt of grace / olde sorowes to let fall./
thos hidden trains I know / and secret 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./
ffinis./

Additional MS 36529
Suche waywarde wailes 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
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
and me withholdes where I am cald and offerd place
and wooll that still my mortall foo I do besche 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
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.
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 lureke
the hamer of the restles forge I know eke how yt worke
I know and can be soote the tale that I wold tell
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
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
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
I know how love doth rage uppon the yeldon mynd
how small a nett may take and mashe a harte of gentle kynd
which seldom 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
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 delught 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
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 retorn
I know how to convart 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 without ache syckles for to consume
a thosand thynge 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 deyred fo
yet fear to fynd that I do seake but chefely I do know
these lovers must transforme in to the thing beloved
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
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
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 thoght 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.