



# EDWARD DE VERE NEWSLETTER NO. 41

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## Did Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, write the verses for Lady Derby's entertainment? [Part 1 of 4]

In 1836, John Payne Collier drew attention to a manuscript at Bridgewater House comprising fourteen stanzas of rhymed verse. As the verses are not widely available, Collier's transcription is given below:

### I. La: Derby

As this ys endelesse, endelesse be your ioye;  
Valew the wish and not the wishers toye,  
And for one blessinge past god sende youe seven,  
And in the ende the endelesse ioyes of heaven.  
Till then let this be all your crosse,  
To have discomfort or your losse.

### II. La: Huntingdon

Alas, your fortune shoulde be better;  
Still must your servant be your detter:  
Since nothing equalls your desert,  
Accept your servants faythfull hart.

### III. La: Hunsdon

O, be not proude, though wyse and faire:  
Beautie's but earth, wytt ys but ayre.  
As youe ar virtuous be not cruell,  
Accept good will more then a Jewell.

### IV. La: Berckly

Wyttie, prettie, vertuouous and faire,  
Compounded all of fyer and ayre,

Sweete, measure not my thoughts and mee  
By goulden fruict from fruitcles tree.

### V. La: Stanhope

O Philomela, fayre and wise,  
What meanes your friend to tiranize,  
And make youe still complaine of wronge?  
Henceforth his praise shalbe your songe,  
Which none (but youe) can singe so well,  
When none his trewe Love shall excell.

### VI. La: Coumpton

What may be saide of youre and yours?  
You are his ioye, yours he procures.  
He doth your virtues much adore,  
Youe reverence his as much, or more.  
Drawe where youe list, for in this tree  
Your fortune cannot bettered bee.

### VII. La: Fielding

Fye! Let it never make youe sadd,  
Whether your chaunce bee good or badd.  
Yf your Love give but halff his heart,  
The devill take the other part.

### VIII. Mis Gresley

The fruict that is to earlie gotten,  
In the eatinge may prove rotten.  
If your Loves hart doe prove untrue,  
The falt ys theirs that chose for youe.

### IX. Mis Packington

In Love assuredlie ys hee

That sendes this poore pale hart to thee:  
As ere youe hope to bee regarded,  
Praie that his faythe may be rewarded.

**X. Mis K. Fischer**

Whoe sayth thou art not faire and wise,  
This paper tells him that he lyes:  
The worst thing that I knowe by thee  
Ys, that (I feare) thou loust not mee.

**XI. Mis Saychouerell**

Although this hart fallse coulored bee,  
Sweet fayre one, thinke not soe of mee;  
For hee that this poore token sendes  
Was ever trewe to all his freindes.

**XII. Mis M. Ficher**

Good Lord, howe curteous I am growne  
To give so many harts awaye;  
But since that I have lost myne owne,  
Yf I had twentie none shoulde staye.

**XIII. Mis Clavers**

All evill Fortune hast thou myst.  
Great is the virtue of the Amatist:  
Yf (Amat iste) thou mayst saie,  
Then blest ys such a weddinge daie.

**XIV. Mis Egerton**

What lucke had youe to stay so longe.  
Fortune (not I) hath donne youe wronge;  
The harts are gone without recall:  
Would I had power to please youe all!