

## R5 See what a love there is betweene

*Notes.* This poem, like the following one (“A health to my Lady Duchess”) has an anachronistic air: more in accord with Restoration libels, which would focus insistently on sexual scandal and rumour. In contrast to libels of the 1620s, which constitute the core of the present edition, there is little overt political content to these poems. Nonetheless, given that Charles had effectively politicized sexual morality, constructing an ideal image of the family around his own family, one might well argue that the project of turning this mythology against him inevitably carries a political charge. While the poems focus heavily on the household of Queen Henrietta Maria, the scope of each is also broader than this. It is possible that the poem’s title, “The progresse” alludes to an actual royal progress taken by the King and his court, such as that to East Anglia in 1634.

### “The progresse”

See what a love there is betweene  
The K: & his endeared Queene,  
And all their subjects love, & care,  
Is fixed on this royall paire.

But did their Majesties select  
Deserving persons to affect  
Like to themselves, & not love all  
The Court would soon bee very small.

With my Lord Duke<sup>1</sup> I must begin,  
Cause I thinke hees free from sin  
Of Lovers: yet hees not so stupid  
But hee may bee a friend to Cupid.

Heres no Signoras<sup>2</sup> thats the reason:  
To speake of Grandies pettie treason:  
Hee had a fall, alas ’twas pittie  
I wish’t had rather been the Citie.<sup>3</sup>

5

10

15

My Lord Marquesse<sup>4</sup> with his good face,  
Is come now to fill up a place,  
Why hees wellcome: thers a good Table  
Belongs to the Master of the stable.<sup>5</sup>

20

Lord Chamberlaine<sup>6</sup> has chang'd his mind  
And in the Country was very kind,  
Admitting chambermayds to his table,  
But keeping Ladies from the fable.<sup>7</sup>

Blame not his choice for hee learnd that  
By his own Ladies<sup>8</sup> loveing her cat  
Tis fit, mee thinkee that hee at the least  
As well as shee should love his beast.

25

My lord of Dorset<sup>9</sup> has the renown  
For mistresses in Court & Town,  
Hee loves for beauty or for wit,  
Cause hee'l bee sure the mark to hit.

30

But Dorset thou gin'st to decline<sup>10</sup>  
Every one must have a time,  
Leave off poore man, thy date is past  
And pleasures will give ore at last.

35

My Lord Carliles<sup>11</sup> voluminous boord  
And dishes in folio do affoord<sup>12</sup>  
Great entertainment to his friends  
Whom virtue, or his wife<sup>13</sup> commends.

40

But shee poore Lady must bee fed  
With decimo sexto in his bed,<sup>14</sup>  
And takes no pleasure to read int

Because it is too small a print.

My Lord of Holland<sup>15</sup> bears the bell,<sup>16</sup> 45  
In Cupids wars hee doth excell;  
His Lady<sup>17</sup> answeares not his gillitie<sup>18</sup>  
Though hee exceeds all for Civilitie.

As for my Lord it belongs to him  
To see whos Ladies hee can win, 50  
And of pleasure to take his fill  
Hee has been good, I hope he will bee still.

Newport<sup>19</sup> is pidling<sup>20</sup> now, & then,  
In company hees like other men.  
Whats that to have a wench like the rest 55  
Hee'le play his part as well as the best.

What ment you Mr Piercy<sup>21</sup> by that  
To throw away Don Lewis<sup>22</sup> hat?  
What was the cause of all those jarrs  
Who should fight best in venus warrs. 60

Percy loves all but Lo dan Luce<sup>23</sup>  
Courts one alone, but wert his use  
When he change sutes to change love too  
Hee would have mistresses enough.

Lusty Lo: Goring<sup>24</sup> cannot bee mist 65  
For then should some want to be kist  
Hees a smart lade, & in his bricket<sup>25</sup>  
Some thing he has that often prickes.

Judge him not by his lookes so old<sup>26</sup>  
Hees like a leeke as I am told 70

Hees head is gray, his blade is greene  
And hees as active as at 18

Craven comes not to boast of bloud  
Whats ere defective his purse makes good,<sup>27</sup>  
Who would not then his mistres be  
That is more Franck<sup>28</sup> then two, or three.

75

But some say he does this to spare  
For wives more costly then mistrisses are,  
Besides if one please not his minde  
Hee finds another thats more kind

80

Gandison<sup>29</sup> too did there resort,  
But yet his Mistres was not at Court,  
Peace foole he must have more then one  
Purging his reines keepes from the stone.<sup>30</sup>

Porter<sup>31</sup> did waite it was his turne  
Meane time with jealousy he did burne,  
Leave off this humour of Spanish blood  
Tis thy wives vertue must make her good.<sup>32</sup>

85

Gentle men waiters<sup>33</sup> take your dish  
And better then either flesh or fish  
Dyet in common does not please  
As a dainty private bit at ease.

90

The querries<sup>34</sup> they ar still astride  
Better then others they can ride  
And Colte, Horse, or Mare can back  
Ladies may use them if they lack.

95

The Pensioners<sup>35</sup> have weapons too

Defend faire Ladies & pleasures doe  
Theyr lusty men both stout & tall  
Able at one game to beate all. 100

You ar well met good Doctor lister<sup>36</sup>  
Often y have given a great lady a glister<sup>37</sup>  
Your Pipe<sup>38</sup> was good, shee could not refuse  
But all thinges ar the worse for use.

Next him follows Monsieur Plancy<sup>39</sup> 105  
Who often times makes much of Rancy,<sup>40</sup>  
Contemne him not his drugs ar good  
His cordiall will breed good blood.

Oberlt<sup>41</sup> you need not to complaine  
You can let blood in the right veine 110  
Take heede your Lancet<sup>42</sup> be kept cleane  
Least you do hurt you know what I meane.

My La: Dutchesse<sup>43</sup> is still the same  
And is a friend to venus game  
Her choice betrayes who best doth like her 115  
For by his haire he is a striker<sup>44</sup>

Why Madam are you so profuse  
Of your love to my Lo: don Luce<sup>45</sup>  
Or make him leave his sullen humour  
Or leave him quite to cease the rumour. 120

My Lady Marquis<sup>46</sup> stayd behinde,  
In her husbands absence<sup>47</sup> she is kinde  
Use your time Madam to be no foole  
Advise: the Courts a very good schoole

Honestys worse then making faces 125  
And is one of the greatest disgraces  
That haps to a Lady faire and younge  
She may be otherwise, hold thy tongue.

Denby shee is praysd by many<sup>48</sup>  
And holds her head as high as any, 130  
Tis thought shees vertuous thats no matter  
Ile not her more then others flatter.

She has a mayd knows all her mind  
Whom she hates, and to whom shees kind  
This mayd now chang'd to Mistris Easter 135  
Without whose healp she cannot vest her.<sup>49</sup>

Madam cryes preecher<sup>50</sup> hast away  
I know that Church doth for mee stay  
The Proverbs true though very odd  
Neerer the Church farther from God. 140

My exc'lent revrent Lord Cary  
Keeper o'th gloves to good Queene Mary<sup>51</sup>  
Town & Country shee followes the Court  
Though never finds but little sport.

My Lady Kellegrew<sup>52</sup> holds one well 145  
For red and white shee doth excell  
If she be courted now takes in snuffe  
For shee hath very good season'd stufte.

Crofts tale<sup>53</sup> is easily told  
For shee hath servants young & old, 150  
Some ar to gray some ar to green

The last is still in most esteeme.

Seymer<sup>54</sup> they say did love too much  
And did the given saddle grutch<sup>55</sup>  
'Twas her own fault, had she been wise  
Both saddle & horse had been her prize.

155

Poor Mrs Arden<sup>56</sup> was not wise  
To prick young Cupid in his thighs  
I feare the boy in vengance had her,  
Venus know where, but thats no matter.

160

Howard dared not a servant owne  
Her love shee keepes from being known  
Although shee thinks the world too blind  
Yet allways Cat wil after kind.<sup>57</sup>

Hanmer<sup>58</sup> you ought for to retire  
And not come to blow Cupids fire  
Your tradings better as tis sayd  
Then when at Court you were a mayd.

165

Her husbands<sup>59</sup> glad poore man of ease  
Entreats her to take whom she please  
'Tis sayd he has hornes<sup>60</sup> but thats a gull  
Hees the Court Calfe<sup>61</sup> & not the Bull.

170

The Mother of the mayds<sup>62</sup> allmost forgot:  
Why? Shees obscure, I know her not  
Shee came to Court cause shee was poore  
Yet got her liveing easily before.

175

Madam Nurse<sup>63</sup> sits at home & thinks  
While her sonne<sup>64</sup> goes abroad & drinks

Be merry Madam & safely laugh  
For the still sow eates up all the draffe 180

Your daughters they ar proud as the Devill  
Of all others thats the worst evill  
It is their folly cause they advance  
For all their witts were lost in Fraunce.<sup>65</sup>

Caito<sup>66</sup> comes in play with the rest, 185  
And may prove as good as the best;  
Keepe close for the honour of thy Nation  
Lest wee call loosenes the French fashion.

Madam Vamtlet<sup>67</sup> I pittie her case  
Her daughters faire to supply her place 190  
She ginns betimes no hurt in that  
No danger is in lying flat.

The Gard he stamps, & stares, & sweares  
But dares not touch a mayd fors eares  
Because the Lords ar thereof<sup>68</sup> found 195  
And leaves them allwayes very unsound.

The Chambermayd to cover her dock<sup>69</sup>  
Wears of her La: things eene to the smock  
The Lo: haven tane it up before  
Knoweth the way to do it once more. 200

Our paper shall not know the Name  
Of Priest or Bishop to proclaime  
What ere gainst others wee attempt  
Those sanctifyed persons ar exempt.

May thousand plagues both old & new 205



More then damnation ever knew  
Fall heavy on him that denyes  
Honour to Church & Monarchies.

**Source.** Folger MS V.b.110, pp. 88-90

**Other known sources.** Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37, fol. 264r

R5

- <sup>1</sup> *my Lord Duke*: James Stuart, Duke of Lennox.
- <sup>2</sup> *Heres no Signoras*: possible allusion to Stuart's connection with Spain. In 1632, on a visit to the continent, he was made a grandee of Spain of the first class.
- <sup>3</sup> *To speake of Grandies...Citie*: these lines are obscure. A variant of the final line has: "I wish, t'had rather bin in the citty" (Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37).
- <sup>4</sup> *My Lord Marquesse*: James, Marquis of Hamilton.
- <sup>5</sup> *Master of the stable*: Hamilton was made Master of the Horse after the Duke of Buckingham's death in 1628.
- <sup>6</sup> *Lord Chamberlaine*: Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain of the Household.
- <sup>7</sup> *keeping Ladies from the fable*: unclear; possibly "keeping ladies from becoming the subject of gossip", and therefore a comment either on his discretion or his preference for "chambermaids". Herbert had a reputation for sexual immorality.
- <sup>8</sup> *his own Ladies*: Anne Herbert (née Clifford), Countess of Pembroke.
- <sup>9</sup> *My lord of Dorset*: Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset, Lord Chamberlain in Henrietta Maria's household.
- <sup>10</sup> *But Dorset thou gin'st to decline*: Sackville was born in 1591.
- <sup>11</sup> *My Lord Carliles*: either James Hay, 1st Earl of Carlisle (d.1636), or James Hay, 2nd Earl of Carlisle. Since the former was known for his lavish hospitality, he is the more likely candidate, and this would help to date the poem to a time before his death.

- <sup>12</sup> *voluminous boord...affoord*: the analogy here is between the dimension of Hay's hospitality and the size of books. A folio is the biggest, and typically the most expensive, size of book.
- <sup>13</sup> *his wife*: presumably the 1st Earl's second wife, Lucy (née Percy).
- <sup>14</sup> *With decimo sexto in his bed*: the joke depends on a continuation of the analogy with the sizes of books, though here this is turned to bawdy effect. A decimo sexto is the smallest size of book.
- <sup>15</sup> *My Lord of Holland*: Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, High Steward in Henrietta Maria's household.
- <sup>16</sup> *bears the bell*: takes the first place.
- <sup>17</sup> *His Lady*: Isabel Rich (née Cope), Countess of Holland.
- <sup>18</sup> *gillitie*: a variant, "agilitie", is a better reading (Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37).
- <sup>19</sup> *Newport*: Mountjoy Blount, Earl of Newport.
- <sup>20</sup> *pidling*: trifling; petty.
- <sup>21</sup> *Mr Piercy*: a variant, "Percy", is a better reading (Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37); probably Henry Percy, one of the Queen's male favourites, and formerly her Master of Horse.
- <sup>22</sup> *Don Lewis*: a variant, "Don Luce's", is a better reading (Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37); hence Randal MacDonnell, Lord Dunluce.
- <sup>23</sup> *Percy loves all...Luce*: a variant, "Percy loves all; but Lord Don Luce", is a better reading (Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37).
- <sup>24</sup> *Lo: Goring*: George Goring (Earl of Norwich from 1644). Like many of the figures mentioned in the poem, Goring had connections with the Queen, having served first as her Vice-Chamberlain, and subsequently as her Master of the Horse.
- <sup>25</sup> *bricke*s: probably a strained form of "breeches", in an effort to secure a pun with "pricke"s. In fact, the scribe of Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37 tries "breeches", but deletes this word in favour of "bricks".
- <sup>26</sup> *Judge him not...so old*: Goring was born in 1585.
- <sup>27</sup> *Craven comes not...purse makes good*: William Craven, Baron Craven of Hampstead Marshall, Berkshire, was the son of a wealthy merchant. He paid the Crown £7000 for his peerage in 1627.
- <sup>28</sup> *Franck*: liberal, generous. There is also perhaps a pun on a name here (Francis or Frances), though this has now been lost.

- 29 *Gandison*: William Villiers, Viscount Grandison.
- 30 *Purging his reines...stone*: the bawdy joke depends on contemporary medical theory, which stressed the importance of regular flows of matter through the body. Here the expulsion of fluid from the kidneys (“purging his reines”) helps to prevent the development of kidney stones.
- 31 *Porter*: probably Endymion Porter.
- 32 *Leave off...make her good*: probably a reference to Porter’s mistress, a Spanish singer, and possibly also to marital difficulties experienced by him and his wife, Olive, a committed Catholic, c.1634.
- 33 *Gentle men waiters*: gentlemen attached to the court, to wait at the royal table.
- 34 *The querries*: equeries; members of the royal household charged with the care of horses.
- 35 *The Pensioners*: Gentlemen Pensioners, a group of gentlemen who acted as guards or attendants to the King on state occasions.
- 36 *Doctor lister*: Sir Matthew Lister, royal physician.
- 37 *glister*: i.e. clyster; enema, suppository.
- 38 *Pipe*: literally, clyster-pipe, used for administering a clyster; however, the bawdy connotation here is obvious.
- 39 *Monsieur Plancy*: Pierre de la Plancy, son of the French royal midwife Mme. Peronne, and apothecary to Henrietta Maria.
- 40 *Rancy*: possibly a reference to Jacques Rancien, another servant to Henrietta Maria.
- 41 *Oberlt*: “Obert” is a variant (Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37). He is clearly another physician; almost certainly Maurice Aubert, the Queen’s French surgeon.
- 42 *Lancet*: a pointed surgical instrument; here, the word carries obvious bawdy connotations.
- 43 *My La: Dutchesse*: Katherine Villiers (née Manners), Duchess of Buckingham and widow of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
- 44 *Her choice...he is a striker*: allusion to Katherine Villiers’s new husband, the red-headed Randal MacDonnell, Lord Dunluce, who succeeded as Earl of Antrim at the end of 1636, and married the Duchess in the same year. The fact that this poem describes the match (in the following stanza) as a “rumour” helps to date it to a time shortly before the marriage.

- <sup>45</sup> *my Lo: don Luce*: Randal MacDonnell, Lord Dunluce.
- <sup>46</sup> *My Lady Marquis*: Mary Feilding, Marchioness of Hamilton, daughter of the Duke and Countess of Denbigh, and niece of the Duke of Buckingham.
- <sup>47</sup> *her husbands absence*: James, Marquis of Hamilton. The line probably refers to the notoriously protracted delay between the couple's marriage when he was aged fourteen and she seven, and the eventual consummation of the marriage eight years later. Alternatively, it may refer to the Marquis's military expedition in 1631 to aid the Swedish Protestant King Gustavus Adolphus.
- <sup>48</sup> *Denby shee is prayd by many*: Susan Feilding (née Villiers), Countess of Denbigh, Mistress of the Robes for Henrietta Maria.
- <sup>49</sup> *She has a mayd...cannot vest her*: although it has not been possible to trace the particular maid, the poem's point is clear enough. After the maid's marriage (to a Mr. Easter; or "Ester" in a variant (Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37)), the Countess is left unable to dress herself.
- <sup>50</sup> *preecher*: "prithee" is a preferable reading (Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37).
- <sup>51</sup> *Lord Cary...good Queene Mary*: "Lady Cary" is a preferable variant (Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37); Lady Thomasina Carew, the Queen's Keeper of the Sweet Coffers (a role that involved responsibility for gloves).
- <sup>52</sup> *My Lady Kellegrew*: probably Mary Killigrew (née Woodhouse), wife of the courtier Sir Robert Killigrew the Queen's Vice-Chamberlain between 1630 and his death in 1633; possibly Anne Kirke (née Killigrew), daughter of Sir Robert Killigrew, and herself a former Maid of Honour to the Queen, who was still active in the Queen's household after her 1627 marriage (Poynting 167).
- <sup>53</sup> *Crofts tale*: probably a reference to Cicely Crofts, one of the Queen's maids of honour.
- <sup>54</sup> *Seymer*: Dorothy Seymour, one of the Queen's maids of honour.
- <sup>55</sup> *grutch*: grate, gnash; in context, bawdy.
- <sup>56</sup> *Mrs Arden*: possibly Elizabeth Arden, one of Henrietta Maria's maids of honour until her marriage c.1631-32; possibly Elizabeth's sister Goditha, who succeeded Elizabeth as a maid of honour.
- <sup>57</sup> *Howard...after kind*: probably a reference to Elizabeth Howard, one of the Queen's maids of honour; possibly, instead, a reference Katherine (i.e. "Cat") Howard, who secretly married Lord George Stuart, Seigneur d'Aubigny, in May 1638
- <sup>58</sup> *Hanmer*: probably Dorothy Hanmer (née Trevor), a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. She married the

courtier Sir Thomas Hanmer some time in the early 1630s.

<sup>59</sup> *Her husbands*: probably Sir Thomas Hanmer.

<sup>60</sup> *hornes*: i.e. cuckold's horns.

<sup>61</sup> *Calfe*: fool; dolt.

<sup>62</sup> *The Mother of the mayds*: : the duty of the Mother of the Maids was to oversee the behaviour of the maids of honour (Poynting 164). The position was held until 1635 by Ursula Beaumont, widow of the playwright Francis Beaumont. Thereafter it was held briefly by Elizabeth Beaumont (probably a daughter of Francis and Ursula), then by Jane Temple.

<sup>63</sup> *Madam Nurse*: Francoise de Monbodiad, Henrietta Maria's nurse when she was young, who became a permanent fixture in her English household.

<sup>64</sup> *her sonne*: Jean Garnier, son of Francoise de Monbodiad and her husband (also called Jean Garnier); the Queen's Groom of the Privy Chamber by 1632.

<sup>65</sup> *Your daughters...lost in Fraunce*: Francoise de Monbodiad and Jean Garnier had four daughters, three of whom married French courtiers.

<sup>66</sup> *Caito*: or "Catto" (Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37); probably Katherine, one of the daughters of Francoise de Monbodiad and Jean Garnier. She married Thomas Arpe in 1637. or "Catto" (Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37). Untraced; perhaps a nickname.

<sup>67</sup> *Madam Vamtlet*: Madame de Vantelet, a "chamberer" (i.e. one of the married women who attended the Queen in her intimate situation).

<sup>68</sup> *thereof*: "there often" is a preferable reading (Bodleian MS Ashmole 36-37).

<sup>69</sup> *dock*: colloquially, vagina or anus.

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