



A briefe sonet declaring the lamentation of Beckles, a Market Towne in Suffolke which was in the great winde vpon S. Andrewes eve pitifully burned with fire to the value by estimation of twentie thousande pounds. And to the number of fourescore dwelling houses, besides a great number of other houses. 1586. To the tune of Labandalashotte.



Such robbing, such stealing, from more to the lesse,  
Such dishonest dealing, in time of distresse,  
That who so hard hearted, and woyned out of grace:  
But pittie may pierce him to thinke of my case.

But O my good neighbours, that see mine estate,  
Be all one as Christians, not liue in debate,  
With wrapping and trapping, each other in thral,  
With watching, and spying at each others fall,  
With hounding, and hounding, and striving in Lawe,  
Of God nor his Gospell, once standing in awe,  
Lye not in heart-burning, at God neuer wrest,  
To Christ once be turning, not vse him in test,  
Lye louely together and not in discorde,  
Let me be your mirrour, to liue in the Lorde.

**M**ourning good neighbours, that comes to beholde,  
Wee sillee poore Beckles, in cares manyfolde,  
In sorrow all drowned, which floated of late,  
With teares all bedewed, at my wofull state,  
With fire is consumed, most wofull to vewe,  
Whose spoile thy poore people, for euer may rue,  
When thou you haue vew'd my woe decay,  
God pittie haue pierced, your hearts as to may,  
Say thus my good neighbours, that God in his ire:  
For siene hath consumed poore Beckles with fire.

But though God haue pleased, for sinne to plague me,  
Let none thinke there liuing is cause they scape free,  
But let them remember, how Christ once did tell,  
Their sinnes were not greater, on whom the wall fell,  
But least you repent ye, thus much be doth say,  
Be sure and certaine ye also decaye,  
Let none then perswade them so free from all thral,  
But that their ill liuing, deserueth a fall,  
Thus farewell: forget not, my wofull annoye,  
God send you new yeare a noye.

For one onely parish, my selfe I mought vaunt,  
To match with the brauest, for who but will graunt:  
The Sea and the Countrey, me sitting so nye,  
The fresh water Riuer, so sweete running by,  
My meadows and commons, such prospect of health,  
My papers in somer, so garnisht with wealth,  
My Market so serued, with coyne, flesh, and fish,  
And all kinde of victuals, that poore men would wish,  
That who but knewe Beckles, with sighing may saye,  
Whuld God of his mercie, had sparde my decaye.

Finis & D. STERRI

*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cansum.*



But O my destruction, O most dismall day,  
My temple is spoiled, and brought in decay,  
My marketstedd burned, my beautie defaced,  
My wealth overwhelmed, my people displaced,  
My musicke is wayling, my mirth it is none,  
My ioyes are departed, my comfort is gone,  
My people poore creatures, are mourning in woe,  
I still wandring not wotting, which waye for to goe,  
Like lillie poore Troians, whom Sinon betrayde,  
But God of thy mercy, releue them with ayde,

Ech stately Towre with mightie walles vp prope  
Ech lostie Roofe which golden wealth hath raise  
All flickering wealth which sties in firme hope  
All glittering hew so haught and highly praiide  
I see by sodaine ruine of Beckles towne  
Is but a blast if mightie loue doe frowne.

*I rade  
telowe by  
heringhis  
chinner,  
secured  
their ca-  
lamitie.*

O daye most vnluckie, the winde lowde in skie,  
The water harde frozen, the houses so nye,  
To see such a burning, such flaming of fire,  
Such wayling, such crying, through scourge of Gods ire,  
Such running, such working, such taking of payne,  
Such whirling, such haling, such reauing in vaine,

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