



reciprocal presentation manuscript (now MS Bodley 22, dating from 1636), and poems again by Zouche and Stone. MS Rawl. poet. 34, Restoration miscellany, contains the only recorded copy a poem on the recasting of the New College bells, as well as an inscription taken from the Cloisters, the verses on Paulet and her needle, and elegies on a Winchester Fellow and on a New College scholar.<sup>4</sup> Other Oxford students, of course, wrote poems about New College matters too: a slightly later example is a Queen's College effort, probably written by Robert Southwell, a later President of the Royal Society, on the New College choirboy who fell out of a mulberry tree and brained himself. This was in<sup>5</sup> 1655.

Of miscellanies constructed by New College students for their own entertainment, the most representative manuscript is probably Bodleian MS Rawl. poet. 206, a Caroline collection compiled by an unknown college member. Its New College identity is proclaimed by its opening page, a hand-painted image of the college arms, encircled by a floral motif. The manuscript is not all poetry, for there are medical receipts and other miscellaneous included too, quite a common phenomenon in such manuscripts, and an indication that such collections were still personal belongings. There are poems in this collection from all sorts of (mainly) Oxford sources, for instance several by Edward Lapworth, the physician and poet of Exeter College, including his interesting poem on 'Chess Play'. New College poems include 'On Mr Rives, and Mr Griffiths recovery both Fellowes of New Coll' (pp. 47-8): the former swallowed a bone; the latter had to have one reset by a joiner. Such collections will obviously contain many overlaps, and poems occurring in both Malone 21 and Rawl. poet. 206 include

taken from MS Rawl. poet. 206, pp. 59-61. I have preserved the original spelling and punctuation, bar a very few silent emendations.

On my Lute-stringes. Catt bitten

Are thes the Stringes that Poets faine  
Have cleerd' th'Ayre, and calm'd the Mayne  
Charmd' Wolves, and from the Mountaines crests  
Made Forrests dance with all their Beasts?  
Could thes neglected shreds, wee see,  
Inspire a lute of Ivory  
And bid it speak? oh think then whatt  
Hath bine committed by the Catt  
That in the silence of this night  
Hath Knawne these Knots & mard them quite  
Springe such Reliques as may bee  
For Fretts, not for my Lute, but mee,  
    Puss I will curse thee, maist thou dwell  
With some dry Hermite in a Cell  
Where Ratt nere peepte' where mouse nere fedd  
And flyes goe supperless to Bedd  
Or with some close-parde Brother, where  
Thou'st fast each Sabboth in the yeare  
Or els (prophane) bee hangde on Munday  
For butcheringe a Mouse on Sunday  
Or maist thou tumble from some Tower  
And miss to light vpon all fower.  
Takinge a fall that may vntie  
Eight of nine lives, and let them flye  
Or may the Mid-night Embers sindge  
Thy dainty Coate, or Jane beeswindge  
Thy hide, when she shall take thee biting  
Her Cheese-Clouts or her house be-----  
    What? was ther nere a Ratt? nor Mouse?  
No Buttrey open, nought in th'house  
But harmeless Lute-stringes could suffice  
Thy Paunch, and draw thy glaringe Eyes?  
    Did not thy consciouse Stomacke finde  
Nature profande? That Kind with Kinde  
Should staunch his hunger? think on that  
Thou Caniball and Cyclop-Catt.  
For know thou wretch that every stringe  
Is a Catts-gutt which Art doth spinn  
Into a thred, And now suppose  
Dunstaalald suffice 4.1( .)-(? )L.4( s)iteras6D .Cu

Or I to plauge thee for thy Sinn  
Should draw a Circle and beeginn  
To Coniure (for I am looke toote'  
An Oxford Scholler, and can doe't)  
Then with three setts of mopps, and mowes

