

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.⁴ 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 in⁵ 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-strings. 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-strings 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

