This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google books

https://books.google.com

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA LIBRARY
X000099749

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

D

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Frontispiece Vol. 3. Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sc.

Digitized by Google

THE WORKS OF Mr. *Edmund Spenser*.

VOLUME the FIFTH.

LONDON;

inted for JACOB TONSON at *Shakespear's* Head, over against *Catherine-street* in the *Strand*. M.DCC.XV.

Digitized by Google

PR
2350
I715
184585
v. 5

Digitized by Google

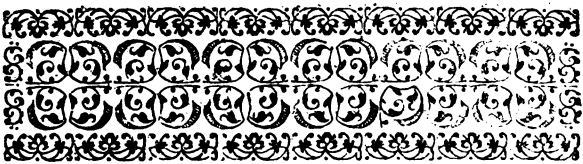
PROSOPOPOIA:

OR,

Mother *Hubberd*'s Tale.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

The LADY

Compton and *Mountegle.*

OST fair and vertuous Lady, having often ſought Opportunity by ſome good Means to make known to your Ladyſhip the humble Affection and faithful Duty which I have always profeſſed, and am bound to bear to that Houſe from whence ye ſpring; I have at length found Occaſion to remember the ſame, by making a ſimple Preſent to you of theſe my idle Labours: which having long ſithens compoſed in the raw Conceit of my Youth, I lately, amongſt

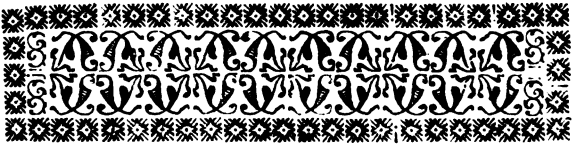
Digitized by Google

other Papers, lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the ſame, moved to ſet them forth. Simple is the Device, and the Compoſition mean, yet carrieth ſome Delight; even the rather, becauſe of the Simplicity and Meanneſs thus perſonated. The ſame, I beſeech your Ladyſhip take in good part, as a Pledge of that Profeſſion which I have made to you; and keep with you, until with ſome other more worthy Labour, I do redeem it out of your Hands, and diſcharge my utmoſt Duty. Till then, wiſhing your Ladyſhip all Increaſe of Honour and Happineſs, I humbly take leave;

Your Ladyſhip's ever humbly,

Ed. Spenſer.

Digitized by Google



PROSOPOPOIA:

OR,

Mother *Hubberd*'s Tale.

IT was the Month in which the righteous Maid,
That for Disdain of sinful Worlds Upbraid,
Fled back to Heaven, whence she was first conceived,
Into her silver Bower, the Sun received;
And the hot *Syrian* Dog on him awaiting,
After the chafed Lion's cruel baiting,
Corrupted had th'Air with his noisom Breath,
And pour'd on th' Earth Plague, Pestilence, and Death.
Emongst the rest, a wicked Malady
Reign'd emongst Men, that many did to die,
Depriv'd of Sense and ordinary Reason;
That it to Leeches seemed strange and geason.
My Fortune was, 'mongst many others moe,
To be partaker of their common Woe;
And my weak Body, set on fire with Grief,
Was robb'd of Rest and natural Relief.
In this ill Plight, there came to visit me
Some Friends, who sorry my sad Case to see,

Digitized by Google

Began to comfort me in chearful wise,
And means of gladsom Solace to devise.
But seeing kindly Sleep refuse to do
His Office, and my feeble Eyes forgo,
They sought my troubled Sense how to deceave
With Talk, that might unquiet Fancies reave;
And sitting all on Seats about me round,
With pleasant Tales (fit for that idle Stound)
They cast in course to waste the weary Hours:
Some told of Ladies and their Paramours;
Some of brave Knights and their renowned Squires;
Some of the *Fairies* and their strange Attires;
And some of Giants, hard to be believed;
That the Delight thereof me much relieved.
Amongst the rest, a good old Woman was,
Hight Mother *Hubberd*, who did far surpass
The rest in honest Mirth, that seem'd her well:
She when her turn was come her Tale to tell,
Told of a strange Adventure, that betided
Betwixt the Fox and th' Ape by him misguided;
The which for that my Sense it greatly pleased,
All were my Spirit heavy and diseased,
I'le write in Terms, as she the same did say,
So well as I her words remember may.
No Muse's Aid me needs here-to to call;
Base is the Style, and Matter mean withal.

Whylom (said she) before the World was civil,
The Fox and th' Ape disliking of their evil
And hard Estate, determined to seek
Their Fortunes far abroad, lyeke with his lyeke:
For both were crafty and unhappy witted;
Two Fellows might no where be better fitted.

The Fox, that first this Cause of Grief did find,
'Gan first thus plain his Case with words unkind.
Neighbour Ape, and my Gossip eke beside
(Both two sure Bands in Friendship to be ty'd)
To whom may I more trustely complain
The evil Plight that doth me sore constrain,
And hope thereof to find due Remedy?
Hear then my Pain and inward Agony.

Thus

Thus many Years I now have ſpent and worn,
In mean regard and baſeſt Fortune's Scorn,
Doing my Country Service as I might,
No leſs, I dare ſay, than the proudeſt Wight;
And ſtill I hoped to be up advanced
For my good Parts, but ſtill it hath miſchanced.
Now therefore that no lenger hope I ſee,
But froward Fortune ſtill to follow me,
And Loſels lifted high, where I did look,
I mean to turn the next Leaf of the Book:
Yet ere that any way I do betake,
I mean my Goſſip privy firſt to make.
Ah! my dear Goſſip (anſwer'd then the Ape)
Deeply do your ſad Words my Wits awhape,
Both for becauſe your Grief doth great appear,
And eke becauſe my ſelf am touched near:
For I likewiſe have waſted much good time,
Still waiting to Preferment up to clime,
Whilſt others always have before me ſtept,
And from my Beard the Fat away have ſwept;
That now unto Deſpair I 'gin to grow,
And mean for better Wind about to throw.
Therefore to me, my truſty Friend, aread
Thy Counſel: Two is better than one Head.
Certes (ſaid he) I mean me to diſguize
In ſome ſtrange Habit, after uncouth wize,
Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,
Or like a Gipſen, or a Juggeler,
And ſo to wander to the Worldes end,
To ſeek my Fortune, where I may it mend:
For worſe than that I have, I cannot meet.
Wide is the World I wote, and every Street
Is full of Fortunes and Adventures ſtraunge,
Continually ſubject unto chaunge.
Say, my fair Brother now, if this Device
Do like you, or may you to like entice.
Surely (ſaid th' Ape) it likes me wondrous well;
And would ye not poor Fellowſhip expell,
My ſelf would offer you t' accompany
In this Adventure's chanceful Jeopardy.

Digitized by Google

For to wex old at home in Idleneſs
Is diſadventrous, and quite fortuneleſs:
Abroad where change is, good may gotten be.
The Fox was glad, and quickly did agree:
So both reſolv'd the Morrow next enſuing,
So ſoon as Day appear'd to Peoples viewing,
On their intended Journey to proceed;
And over Night, what-ſo thereto did need,
Each did prepare in readineſs to be.
The Morrow next, ſo ſoon as one might ſee
Light out of Heaven's Windows forth to look,
Both their Habiliments unto them took,
And put themſelves (a God's Name) on their way:
When-as the Ape beginning well to wey
This hard Adventure, thus began t' adviſe.
Now read, Sir *Reynold*, as ye be right wiſe,
What Courſe ye ween is beſt for us to take,
That for our ſelves we may a Living make.
Whether ſhall we profeſs ſome Trade or Skill?
Or ſhall we vary our Device at will,
Even as new Occaſion appears?
Or ſhall we tie our ſelves for certain Years
To any Service, or to any Place?
For it behoves, ere that into the Race
We enter, to reſolve firſt hereupon.
Now ſurely Brother (ſaid the Fox anon)
Ye have this Matter motioned in ſeaſon:
For every thing that is begun with Reaſon
Will come by ready means unto his End;
But things miſcounſelled muſt needs miſwend.
Thus therefore I adviſe upon the caſe,
That not to any certain Trade or Place,
Nor any Man we ſhould our ſelves apply;
For, why ſhould he that is at liberty
Make himſelf bond? Sith then we are Free-born,
Let us all ſervile baſe Subjection ſcorn;
And as we be Sons of the World ſo wide,
Let us our Fathers Heritage divide,
And challenge to our ſelves our Portions dew
Of all the Patrimony, which a few

Now

Digitized by Google

Now hold in Hugger-mugger in their Hand,
And all the reſt do rob of Good and Land.
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be Brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this Partition,
Ne was it ſo by Inſtitution
Ordained firſt, ne by the Law of Nature,
But that ſhe gave like Bleſſing to each Creature,
As well of worldly Livelode as of Life,
That there might be no Difference nor Strife,
Nor ought call'd mine or thine: thrice happy then
Was the Condition of mortal Men.
That was the golden Age of *Saturn* old,
But this might better be the World of Gold;
For, without Gold, now nothing will be got:
Therefore (if pleaſe you) this ſhall be our Plot:
We will not be of any Occupation;
Let ſuch vile Vaſſals born to baſe Vocation
Drudge in the World, and for their living droyle,
Which have no Wit to live withouten Toyle.
But we will walk about the World at pleaſure
Like two Free-Men, and make our Eaſe our Treaſure.
Free-Men ſome Beggers call; but they be free,
And they which call them ſo more Beggers be:
For they do ſwink and ſweat to feed the other,
Who live like Lords of that which they do gather,
And yet do never thank them for the ſame,
But as their Due by Nature do it claime.
Such will we faſhion both our ſelves to be,
Lords of the World, and ſo will wander free
Where-ſo us liſteth, uncontroll'd of any:
Hard is our Hap, if we (emongſt ſo many)
Light not on ſome that may our State amend;
Sildom but ſome Good cometh ere the end.
Well ſeem'd the Ape to like this Ordinaunce:
Yet well conſidering of the Circumſtaunce,
As pauſing in great doubt a while he ſtaid,
And afterward with grave Advizement ſaid;
I cannot, my lief Brother, like but well
The Purpoſe of the Complot which ye tell:

Digitized by Google

For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
Of each Degree) that Beggars Life is best;
And they that think themselves the best of all,
Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
But this I wote withal, that we shall ronne
Into great Daunger, like to be undonne:
Wildly to wander thus in the World's Eye,
Withouten Pasport or good Warrantye;
For fear lest we like Rogues should be reputed,
And for Ear-marked Beasts abroad be bruted:
Therefore I read, that we our Counsels call,
How to prevent this Mischief ere it fall,
And how we may with most security,
Beg amongst those that Beggers do defy.
Right well, dear Gossip, ye advised have,
(Said then the Fox) but I this doubt will save:
For ere we farther pass, I will devise
A Pasport for us both in fittest wise,
And by the Names of Soldiers us protect;
That now is thought a civil begging Sect.
Be you the Souldier, for you likest are
For manly Semblance, and small Skill in War:
I will but wait on you, and as occasion
Falls out, my self fit for the same will fashion.
The Pasport ended, both they forward went,
The Ape clad Souldier-like, fit for th' intent,
In a blue Jacket with a Cross of red,
And many Slits, as if that he had shed
Much Blood through many Wounds therein received,
Which had the use of his right Arm bereaved;
Upon his Head an old *Scotch* Cap he wore,
With a plume Feather all to pieces tore:
His Breeches were made after the new Cut,
Al Portugese, loose like an empty Gut;
And his Hose broken high above the Heeling,
And his Shooes beaten out with traveling.
But neither Sword nor Dagger he did bear,
Seems that no Foe's Revengement he did fear;
In stead of them a handsom Bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one far in Eld.

Shame

Digitized by Google

Shame light on him, that through so false Illusion,
Doth turn the Name of Souldiers to Abusion;
And that, which is the noblest Mysterie,
Brings to Reproach and common Infamie.
Long they thus travelled, yet never met
Adventure which might them a working set;
Yet many ways they sought, and many try'd;
Yet for their purposes none fit espy'd.
At last, they chaunc'd to meet upon the way
A simple Husband-man in Garments gray;
Yet though his Vesture were but mean and base,
A good Yeoman he was of honest place,
And more for Thrift did care than for gay Clothing:
Gay without good, is good Hearts greatest loathing.
The Fox him spying, bad the Ape him dight
To play his part, for loe he was in sight,
That (if he err'd not) should them entertain,
And yield them timely profit for their pain.
Eftsoons the Ape himself 'gan to uprear,
And on his Shoulders high his Bat to bear,
As if good service he were fit to do;
But little thrift for him he did it to:
And stoutly forward he his steps did strain,
That like a handsom Swain it him became.
When-as they nigh approached, that good Man
Seeing them wander loosely, first began
T' enquire of Custom, what and whence they were?
To whom the Ape, I am a Souldiere,
That late in War have spent my dearest Blood,
And in long Service lost both Limbs and Good,
And now constrain'd that Trade to over-give,
I driven am to seek some means to live:
Which might it you in pity please t'afford,
I would be ready both in Deed and Word,
To do you faithful Service all my Days.
This yron World (that same he weeping says)
Brings down the stoutest Hearts to lowest State:
For Misery doth bravest Minds abate,
And make them seek for that they wont to scorn,
Of Fortune and of Hope at once forlorn.

The

The honeſt Man that heard him thus complain,
Was griev'd, as he had felt part of his pain;
And, well diſpos'd him ſome Relief to ſhow,
Askt if in Husbandry he ought did know,
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to ſow,
To hedg, to ditch, to threſh, to thatch, to mow;
Or to what Labour elſe he was prepar'd?
For Husband's Life is labourous and hard.

When-as the Ape him heard ſo much to talk
Of Labour, that did from his liking balk,
He would have ſlipt the Coller handſomly,
And to him ſaid; Good Sir, full glad am I
To take what pains may any living Wight:
But my late maimed Limbs lack wonted Might
To do their kindly Services, as needeth:
Scarce this right Hand the Mouth with Diet feedeth,
So that it may no painſul Work endure,
Ne to ſtrong Labour can it ſelf enure.
But if that any other place you have,
Which asks ſmall Pains, but Thriftineſs to ſave,
Or Care to over-look, or Thruſt to gather,
Ye may me truſt as your own ghoſtly Father.

With that, the Husband-man 'gan him avize,
That it for him was fitteſt Exerciſe
Cattle to keep, or Grounds to over-ſee;
And asked him if he could willing be
To keep his Sheep, or to attend his Swine,
Or watch his Mares, or take his charge of Kine?

Gladly (ſaid he) whatever ſuch like Pain
Ye put on me, I will the ſame ſuſtain:
But gladlieſt I of your fleecy Sheep
(Might it you pleaſe) would take on me to keep.
For ere that unto Arms I me betook,
Unto my Father's Sheep I us'd to look,
That yet the Skill thereof I have not loſt:
There-to right well this Curdog by my coſt,
(Meaning the Fox) will ſerve, my Sheep to gather,
And drive to follow after their Belwether.

The Husband-man was meanly well content,
Tryal to make of his Endeavourment,

Digitized by Google

And home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his Flock, with liberty full-large,
Giving account of the Annual Increase
Both of their Lambs, and of their woolly Fleece.
Thus is this Ape become a Shepherd Swain,
And the false Fox his Dog, (God give them pain)
For, ere the Year have half his Course out-run,
And do return from whence he first begun,
They shall him make an ill account of Thrift.
Now, when-as Time flying with Winges swift,
Expired had the term, that these two Javels
Should render up a reckning of their Travels
Unto their Master, which it of them sought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought;
Ne wist what answer unto him to frame,
Ne how to scape great Punishment, or Shame,
For their false Treason and vile Thievery.
For, not a Lamb of all their Flocks Supply
Had they to shew; but ever as they bred,
They slew them, and upon their Fleshes fed:
For that disguised Dog lov'd Blood to spill,
And drew the wicked Shepherd to his Will.
So twixt them both they not a Lamkin left,
And when Lambs fail'd, the old Sheeps Lives they reft;
That how t'acquit themselves unto their Lord,
They were in doubt, and flatly set abord.
The Fox then counsel'd th' Ape, for to require
Respite till Morrow, t' answer his Desire:
For time's delay new Hope of Help still breeds.
The good Man granted, doubting nought their Deeds,
And bade, next Day that all should ready be.
But they more subtil meaning had than he:
For the next Morrow's Meed they closely ment,
For fear of Afterclaps for to prevent.
And that same Evening, when all shrouded were
In careless Sleep, they without Care or Fear,
Cruelly fell upon their Flock in Fold,
And of them slew at pleasure what they wold:
Of which, when as they feasted had their fill,
For a full Complement of all their Ill,

They

Digitized by Google

They ſtole away, and took their haſty flight,
Carry'd in Clouds of all-concealing Night.
So was the Husband-man left to his Loſs,
And they unto their Fortune's change to toſs.
After which ſort they wandered long while,
Abuſing many through their cloaked Guile;
That at the laſt they 'gan to be deſcry'd
Of every one, and all their Sleights eſpy'd.
So as their Begging now them failed quite;
For none would give, but all Men would them wite:
Yet would they take no Pains to get their Living,
But ſeek ſome other way to gain by giving:
Much like to Begging, but much better named;
For many beg, which are thereof aſhamed.
And now the Fox had gotten him a Gown,
And th' Ape a Caſſock ſide-long hanging down;
For they their Occupation meant to change,
And now in other ſtate abroad to range:
For, ſince their Souldier's Paſs no better ſped,
They forg'd another, as for Clerks Book-red.
Who paſſing forth, as their Adventures fell,
Through many haps, which needs not here to tell;
At length chanc'd with a formal Prieſt to meet,
Whom they in civil Manner firſt did greet,
And after askt an Alms for God's dear Love.
The Man ſtraight-way his Choler up did move,
And with reproachful Terms 'gan them revile,
For following that Trade ſo baſe and vile;
And askt what Licence, or what Paſs they had?
Ah (ſaid the Ape, as ſighing wondrous ſad)
It's an hard caſe, when Men of good deſerving
Muſt either driven be perforce to ſterving,
Or asked for their Paſs by every Squib,
That liſt at will them to revile or ſnib:
And yet (God wote) ſmall odds I often ſee
'Twixt them that ask, and them that asked be.
Nath'leſs, becauſe you ſhall not us miſdeem,
But that we are as honeſt as we ſeem,
Ye ſhall our Paſport at your pleaſure ſee,
And then ye will (I hope) well moved be.

Which

Digitized by Google

Which when the Priest beheld, he view'd it nere,
As if therein some Text he studying were;
But little else (God wote) could thereof skill:
For, read he could not Evidence, nor Will,
Ne tell a written Word, ne write a Letter,
Ne make one Tittle worse, ne make one better:
Of such deep Learning little had he need,
Ne yet of *Latin*, ne of *Greek*, that breed
Doubts mongst Divines, and difference of Texts,
From whence arise diversity of Sects,
And hateful Heresies of God abhor'd:
But this good Sir did follow the plain Word,
Ne medled with their Controversies vain,
All his care was, his Service well to sain,
And to read Homelies on Holy-days,
When that was done, he might attend his Plays;
An easy Life, and fit high God to please.
He, having over-lookt their Pass at ease,
'Gan at the length them to rebuke again,
That no good trade of Life did entertain,
But lost their time in wandring loose abroad;
Seeing the World, in which they bootless boad,
Had ways enow for all therein to live;
Such Grace did God unto his Creatures give.
Said then the Fox; Who hath the World not tride,
From the right way full eath may wander wide:
We are but Novices new come abroad,
We have not yet the tract of any troad,
Nor on us taken any state of Life,
But ready are of any to make prief.
Therefore, might please you, which the World have proved,
Us to advise, which forth but lately moved,
Of some good Course, that we might undertake:
Ye shall for ever us your Bondmen make.
The Priest 'gan wex half proud to be so praid,
And thereby willing to afford them aid;
It seems (said he) right well that ye be Clerks,
Both by your witty Words, and by your Werks.
Is not that Name enough to make a Living
To him that hath a whit of Nature's giving?

How

Digitized by Google

How many honeſt Men ſee ye ariſe
Daily thereby, and grow to goodly Prize?
To Deans, to Archdeacons, to Commiſſaries,
To Lords, to Principals, to Prebendaries;
All jolly Prelates, worthy Rule to bear,
Who ever them envie: yet Spite bites near.
Why ſhould you doubt then, but that ye likewiſe
Might unto ſome of thoſe in time ariſe?
In the mean time to live in good Eſtate,
Loving that love, and hating thoſe that hate;
Being ſome honeſt Curate, or ſome Vicar,
Content with little in Condition ſicker.
Ah! but (ſaid th' Ape) the Charge is wondrous great,
To feed Mens Souls, and hath an heavy Threat.
To feed Mens Souls (quoth he) is not in Man;
For, they muſt feed themſelves, do what we can,
We are but charg'd to lay the Meat before:
Eat they that liſt, we need to do no more.
But God it is that feeds them with his Grace,
The Bread of Life pour'd down from heavenly Place,
Therefore ſaid he that with the budding Rod
Did rule the Jews, *All ſhall be taught of God.*
That ſame hath Jeſus Chriſt now to him raught,
By whom the Flock is rightly fed and taught:
He is the Shepherd, and the Prieſt is he;
We but his Shepherd Swains ordain'd to be.
Therefore here-with do not your ſelf diſmay;
Ne is the pains ſo great, but bear ye may;
For not ſo great as it was wont of yore,
It's now adays, ne half ſo ſtraight and ſore.
They whylom uſed duly every day
Their Service and their holy Things to ſay,
At Morn and Even, beſides their Anthems ſweet,
Their peny Maſſes, and their Complynes meet,
Their Dirges, their Trentals, and their Shrifts,
Their Memories, their Singings, and their Gifts.
Now all theſe needleſs Works are laid away;
Now once a Week upon the Sabbath-day,
It is enough to do our ſmall Devotion,
And then to follow any merry Motion.

Ne

Digitized by Google

Ne are we tyed to faſt, but when we liſt,
Ne to wear Garments baſe of wollen Twiſt,
But with the fineſt Silks us to aray,
That before God we may appear more gay,
Reſembling *Aaron*'s Glory in his place:
For far unfit it is, that Perſons baſe
Should with vile Clothes approach God's Majeſtie,
Whom no Uncleanneſs may approachen nie:
Or that all Men which any Maſter ſerve,
Good Garments for their Service ſhould deſerve;
But he that ſerves the Lord of Hoaſts moſt high,
And that in higheſt Place, t' approach him nigh,
And all the Peoples Prayers to preſent
Before his Throne, as on Ambaſſage ſent
Both to and fro, ſhould not deſerve to wear
A Garment better than of Wool or Hair.
Beſide, we may have lying by our ſides
Our lovely Laſſes, or bright ſhining Brides:
We be not tyde to wilful Chaſtity,
But have the Goſpel of free Liberty.
By that he ended had his ghoſtly Sermon,
The Fox was well enduc'd to be a Parſon;
And of the Prieſt eftſoons 'gan to enquire,
How to a Benefice he might aſpire.
Marry there (ſaid the Prieſt) is Art indeed;
Much good deep Learning one thereout may reed:
For, that the Ground-work is, and End of all,
How to obtain a Beneficial.
Firſt therefore, when ye have in handſom wiſe
Your ſelves attired, as you can deviſe,
Then to ſome Noble Man your ſelf apply,
Or other Great One in the Worldes Eye,
That hath a zealous Diſpoſition
To God, and ſo to his Religion:
There muſt thou faſhion eke a godly Zeale,
Such as no Carpers may contrayr reveale:
For, each thing fained ought more wary be,
There thou muſt walk in ſober Gravitie,
And ſeem as Saint-like as Saint *Radegund*;
Faſt much, pray oft, look lowly on the ground,

And

Digitized by Google

And unto every one do Curteſie meek.
Theſe Looks (nought ſaying) do a Benefice ſeek,
And be thou ſure one not to lack ere long.
But if thee liſt unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped Prey,
Then muſt thou thee diſpoſe another way:
For there thou needs muſt learn to laugh, to lye,
To face, to forge, to ſcoff, to company,
To crouch, to pleaſe, to be a Beetle-ſtock
Of thy great Maſter's Will, to ſcorn, to mock:
So maiſt thou chance mock out a Benefice,
Unleſs thou canſt one conjure by Device,
Or caſt a Figure for a Biſhoprick:
And if one could, it were but a School-trick.
Theſe be the ways by which without reward
Livings in Courts be gotten, though full hard.
For nothing there is done without a Fee:
The Courtier needs muſt recompenced be
With a Benevolence, or have in gage
The *Primitias* of your Parſonage:
Scarce can a Biſhoprick forpaſs them by,
But that it muſt be gelt in privity.
Do not thou therefore ſeek a Living there,
But of more private Perſons ſeek elſewhere,
Whereas thou mayſt compound a better peny,
Ne let thy Learning queſtion'd be of any.
For ſome good Gentleman that hath the right
Unto his Church for to preſent a Wight,
Will cope with thee in reaſonable wiſe;
That if the Living yearly do ariſe
To forty Pound, that then his youngeſt Son
Shall twenty have, and twenty thou haſt won:
Thou haſt it won, for it is of frank Gift,
And he will care for all the reſt to ſhift;
Both, that the Biſhop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maiſt maintained be.
This is the way for one that is unlearn'd
Living to get, and not to be diſcern'd.
But they that are great Clerks, have nearer ways,
For Learning-ſake to Living them to raiſe:

Yet

Digitized by Google

Yet many eke of them (God wote) are driven;
T' accept a Benefice in pieces riven.
How sayst thou (Friend) have I not well discourst
Upon this Common-place (though plain, not wourst)?
Better a short Tale, than a bad long Shriving,
Needs any more to learn to get a Living?
  Now sure and by my Hallidom (quoth he)
Ye a great Master are in your degree:
Great Thanks I yield you for your Discipline,
And do no doubt but duly to incline
My Wits thereto, as ye shall shortly hear.
The Priest him wish'd good speed, and well to fare:
So parted they, as either's way them led.
But th' Ape and Fox e'er long so well them sped,
Through the Priest's wholesom Counsel lately taught,
And through their own fair handling wisely wrought,
That they a Benefice 'twixt them obtained;
And crafty *Reynold* was a Priest ordained;
And th' Ape his Parish-Clark procur'd to be:
Then made they Revel-rout, and goodly Glee.
But e'er long time had passed, they so ill
Did order their Affairs, that th' Evil-will
Of all their Parish'ners they had constrain'd;
Who to the Ordinary of them complain'd,
How foully they their Offices abus'd,
And them of Crimes and Heresies accus'd;
That Pursivants he often for them sent:
But they neglecting his Commandement,
So long persisted obstinate and bold,
Till at the length he published to hold
A Visitation, and them cited thether:
Then was high time their Wits about to gether;
What did they then, but made a Composition
With their next neighbour Priest for light Condition;
To whom their Living they resigned quight
For a few Pence, and ran away by night.
So passing through the Country in disguize,
They fled far off, where none might them surprize,
And after that long strayed here and there,
Through every Field and Forest far and near;

Yet

Digitized by Google

Yet never found occasion for their tourn,
But almost sterv'd, did much lament and mourn.
At last, they chanc'd to meet upon the way
The Mule, all deck'd in goodly rich Array,
With Bells and Bosses, that full loudly rung,
And costly Trappings, that to ground down hung.
Lowly they him saluted in meek wise,
But he through Pride and Fatness 'gan despise
Their Meanness; scarce vouchsaf'd them to requite.
Whereat the Fox, deep groaning in his Sprite,
Said, Ah! Sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
That I see you so goodly and so gay
In your Attires, and eke your silken Hyde
Fill'd with round Flesh, that every Bone doth hide.
Seems that in fruitful Pastures ye do live,
Or Fortune doth you secret Favour give.
Foolish Fox (said the Mule) thy wretched Need
Praiseth the thing that doth thy Sorrow breed:
For well I ween, thou canst not but envy
My Wealth, compar'd to thine own Misery,
That art so lean and meagre waxen late,
That scarce thy Legs uphold thy feeble Gate.
Ay me (said then the Fox) whom evil Hap
Unworthy in such Wretchedness doth wrap,
And makes the Scorn of other Beasts to be:
But read (fair Sir, of Grace) from whence come ye?
Or what of Tydings you abroad do hear?
News may perhaps some Good unweeting bear.
From Royal Court I lately came (said he)
Where all the Bravery that Eye may see,
And all the Happiness that Heart desire,
Is to be found; he nothing can admire,
That hath not seen that Heaven's Pourtracture:
But Tydings there is none, I you assure,
Save that which common is, and known to all,
That Courtiers, as the Tide, do rise and fall.
But tell us (said the Ape) we do you pray,
Who now in Court doth bear the greatest Sway:
That if such Fortune do to us befall,
We may seek Favour of the best of all.

Marry

Marry (ſaid he) the higheſt now in Grace,
Be the wild Beaſts, that ſwifteſt are in Chace;
For in their ſpeedy Courſe and nimble Flight
The Lion now doth take the moſt Delight;
But chiefly joys on foot them to behold,
Enchaſte with Chain and Circulet of Gold:
So wild a Beaſt, ſo tame ytaught to be,
And buxom to his Bands is Joy to ſee.
So well his golden Circlet him beſeemeth:
But his late Chain his Liege unmeet eſteemeth;
For ſo brave Beaſts he loveth beſt to ſee
In the wild Foreſt raunging freſh and free.
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,
In caſe thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
To ſome of theſe thou muſt thy ſelf apply:
Elſe, as a Thiſtle-down in th' Air doth fly,
So vainly ſhalt thou to and fro be toſt,
And loſe thy Labour and thy fruitleſs Coſt.
And yet full few that follow them I ſee,
For Vertue's bare Regard advaunced be,
But either for ſome gainful Benefit,
Or that they may for their own Turns be fit.
Nathleſs, perhaps, ye things may handle ſo,
That ye may better thrive than thouſands moe.
But (ſaid the Ape) how ſhall we firſt come in,
That after we may Favour ſeek to win?
How elſe (ſaid he) but with a good bold Face,
And with big Words, and with a ſtately Pace,
That Men may think of you in general,
That to be in you, which is not at all:
For not by that which is, the World now deemeth
(As it was wont) but by that ſame that ſeemeth.
Ne do I doubt, but that ye well can faſhion
Your ſelves thereto, according to Occaſion:
So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye be;
So proudly neighing, from them parted he.
Then 'gan this crafty Couple to devize,
How for the Court themſelves they might aguize;
For thither they themſelves meant to addreſs,
In hope to find there happier Succeſs:

So

So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
Himself had cloathed like a Gentleman,
And the sly Fox, as like to be his Groome,
That to the Court in speedy sort they come.
Where the fond Ape himself uprearing high
Upon his Tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
As if he were some great *Magnifico*,
And boldly doth amongst the boldest go.
And his Man *Reynold*, with fine Counterfesaunce,
Supports his Credit and his Countenaunce.
Then 'gan the Courtiers gaze on every side,
And stare on him, with big Looks basen wide,
Wondring what mister Wight he was, and whence:
For he was clad in strange Accoustrements,
Fashion'd with queint Devises, never seen
In Court before; yet there all Fashions been:
Yet he them in Newfanglenes did pass.
But his Behaviour altogether was
Alla Turchesca, much the more admir'd,
And his Looks loftie, as if he aspir'd
To Dignity, and 'sdeign'd the low Degree;
That all which did such Strangenes in him see,
By secret means 'gan of his State enquire,
And privily his Servant thereto hire:
Who, throughly arm'd against such Coverture,
Reported unto all, that he was sure
A noble Gentleman of high Regard,
Which through the World had with long Travel far'd,
And seen the Manners of all Beasts on ground,
Now here arriv'd, to see if like he found.
Thus did the Ape at first him Credit gain,
Which afterwards he wisely did maintain
With gallant Show, and daily more augment
Through his fine Feats and courtly Complement;
For he could play, and dance, and vaute, and spring;
And all that else pertains to Revelling,
Only through kindly Aptnes of his Joints.
Besides, he could do many other Points,
The which in Court him served to good stead:
For he 'mongst Ladies could their Fortunes read

Out

Digitized by Google

Out of their Hands, and merry Leasings tell,
And juggle finely, that became him well:
But he so light was at Leger-demain,
That what he touch'd came not to light again;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly look,
And tell them, that they greatly him mistook.
So would he scoff them out with Mockery,
For he therein had great Felicity;
And with sharp Quips joy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:
So whilst that other like vain Wits he pleased,
And made to laugh, his Heart was greatly eased.
But the right gentle Mind would bite his Lip,
To hear the Javel so good Men to nip:
For though the Vulgar yield an open Ear,
And common Courtiers love to gybe and flear
At every thing which they hear spoken ill,
And the best Speeches with Ill-meaning spill;
Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous Thought
Regard of Honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath such base Condition, to backbite
Any's good Name for Envy or Despite:
He stands on Terms of honourable Mind,
Ne will be carried with the common Wind
Of Court's inconstant Mutability,
Ne after every tatling Fable fly;
But hears, and sees the Follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himself the best:
He will not creep, nor crouch with fained Face,
But walks upright with comely stedfast Pace,
And unto all doth yield due Courtesie;
But not with kissed Hand below the Knee,
As that same apish Crue is wont to do:
For he disdains himself t' embase there-to.
He hates foul Leasings, and vile Flattery,
Two filthy Blots in noble Gentery;
And loathful Idleness he doth detest,
The Canker-worm of every gentle Breast:
The which to banish with fair Exercise
Of Knightly Feats, he daily doth devise:

Now

Digitized by Google

Now menaging the Mouths of ſtubborn Steeds,
Now practiſing the Proof of warlike Deeds;
Now his bright Arms aſſaying, now his Spear,
Now the nigh-aimed Ring away to bear;
At other times he caſts to ſue the Chace
Of ſwift wild Beaſts, or run on foot a Race,
T' enlarge his Breath (large Breath in Arms moſt needful)
Or elſe by wreſtling to wex ſtrong and heedful;
Or his ſtiff Arms to ſtretch with Eughen Bow,
And manly Legs, ſtill paſſing to and fro,
Without a gowned Beaſt him faſt beſide;
A vain Enſample of the *Perſian* Pride,
Who after he had won th' *Aſſyrian* Foe,
Did ever after ſcorn on foot to go.
Thus when this courtly Gentleman with Toil
Himſelf hath wearied, he doth recoil
Unto his Reſt, and there with ſweet Delight
Of Muſick's Skill revives his toiled Spright;
Or elſe with Loves, and Ladies gentle Sports,
The Joy of Youth, himſelf he recomforts:
Or laſtly, when the Body liſt to pauſe,
His Mind unto the Muſes he withdraws;
Sweet Lady Muſes, Ladies of Delight,
Delights of Life, and Ornaments of Light,
With whom he cloſe confers with wiſe Diſcourſe,
Of Nature's Works, of Heaven's continual Courſe,
Of foreign Lands, of People different,
Of Kingdoms Change, of divers Government,
Of dreadful Battails, of renowned Knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious Sprights
To like Deſire and Praiſe of noble Fame,
The only Up-ſhot whereto he doth aim:
For all his Mind on Honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his Purpoſes,
And in his Prince's Service ſpends his Days,
Not ſo much for to gain, or for to raiſe
Himſelf to high degree; as for his Grace,
And in his Liking to win worthy Place,
Through due Deſerts, and comely Carriage,
In whatſo pleaſe employ his Perſonage,

That

Digitized by Google

That may be matter meet to gain him Praise;
For he is fit to use in all Assays,
Whether for Arms and warlike Amenance,
Or else for wise and civil Governance.
For he is practiz'd well in Policy,
And thereto doth his courting most apply:
To learn the Enterdeale of Princes strange,
To mark th' Intent of Counsels, and the Change
Of States, and eke of private Men some-while,
Supplanted by fine Falshood and fair Guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the Storehouse of his powerful Wit,
Which through wise Speeches, and grave Conference
He daily ekes, and brings to Excellence.
Such is the rightful Courtier in his kind;
But unto such the Ape lent not his Mind;
Such were for him no fit Companions,
Such would discry his leud Conditions:
But the young lusty Gallants he did chose
To follow, meet to whom he might disclose
His witless Pleasance, and ill-pleasing Vein.
A thousand ways he them could entertain,
With all the thriftless Games that may be found,
With Mumming and with Masking all around,
With Dice, with Cards, with Balliards far unfit,
With Shuttlecocks, misseeming manly Wit,
With Courtizans and costly Riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his Share did rize:
Ne them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorn
A Pandar's Coat (so basely was he born;)
There-to he could fine loving Verses frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah! for shame,
Let not sweet Poets Praise, whose only pride
Is Vertue to advance, and Vice deride,
Be with the work of Losels Wit defamed,
Ne let such Verses Poetry be named:
Yet he the Name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A Servant to the vile Affection
Of such, as he depended most upon,

Digitized by Google

And with the ſugry Sweet thereof allure
Chaſte Ladies Ears to Fantaſies impure:
To ſuch Delights the noble Wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vain Humours fed
With fruitleſs Follies, and unſound Delights.
But if perhaps into their noble Sprights
Deſire of Honour, or brave thought of Arms
Did ever creep, then with his wicked Charms
And ſtrong Conceits he would it drive away,
Ne ſuffer it to houſe there half a day.
And when-ſo Love of Letters did inſpire
Their gentle Wits, and kindle wiſe Deſire,
That chiefly doth each noble Mind adorn,
Then he would ſcoff at Learning, and eke ſcorn
The Sectaries thereof, as People baſe,
And ſimple Men, which never came in place
Of World's Affairs, but in dark Corners mew'd,
Mutter'd of Matters, as their Books them ſhew'd,
Ne other Knowledge ever did attain,
But with their Gowns their Gravity maintain.
From them he would his impudent lewd Speach
Againſt God's holy Miniſters oft reach,
And mock Divines and their Profeſſion:
What elſe then did he by Progreſſion,
But mock high God himſelf, whom they profeſs?
But what car'd he for God or Godlineſs?
All his Care was himſelf how to advance,
And to uphold his courtly Countenance
By all the cunning Means he could deviſe;
Were it by honeſt ways, or otherwiſe,
He made ſmall choice: yet ſure his Honeſty
Got him ſmall Gains, but ſhameleſs Flattery,
And filthy Brocage, and unſeemly Shifts,
And Borrow baſe, and ſome good Ladies Gifts:
But the beſt Help, which chiefly him ſuſtain'd,
Was his Man *Reynold*'s Purchaſe which he gain'd.
For he was ſchool'd by kind in all the Skill
Of cloſe Conveyance, and each Practice ill
Of Cooſinage and cleanly Knavery,
Which oft maintain'd his Maſter's Bravery.

Beſides,

Digitized by Google

Besides, he us'd another slippery Sleight,
In taking on himself in common sight
False Personages, fit for every sted,
With which he thousands cleanly coosined:
Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceave;
With whom his Credit he did often leave
In gage, for his gay Master's hopeless Det:
Now like a Lawyer, when he Land would let;
Or sell Fee-simples in his Master's Name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the same:
Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
Both Wares and Money, by exchange to win:
Then would he seem a Farmer, that would sell
Bargains of Woods, which he did lately fell,
Or Corn, or Cattle, or such other Ware,
There-by to coosin Men not well aware;
Of all the which there came a secret Fee
To th' Ape, that he his Countenance might be.
Besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
Poor Suters, that in Court did haunt some while
For he would learn their Business secretly,
And then inform his Master hastily,
That he by means might cast them to prevent,
And beg the Sute the which the other ment.
Or otherwise, false *Reynold* would abuse
The simple Suter, and wish him to chuse
His Master, being one of great regard
In Court, to compass any Sute not hard,
In case his pains were recompenc'd with reason:
So would he work the silly Man by Treason
To buy his Master's frivolous Good-will,
That had not power to do him good or ill.
So pitiful a thing is Suters State!
Most miserable Man, whom wicked Fate
Hath brought to Court, to sue for had-ywist,
That few have found, and many one hath mist;
Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What Hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To lose good Days that might be better spent,
To waste long Nights in pensive Discontent.

Digitized by Google

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on Hope, to pine with Fear and Sorrow;
To have thy Prince's Grace, yet want her Peers;
To have thy Asking, yet wait many Years;
To fret thy Soul with Crosses and with Cares;
To eat thy Heart through comfortless Despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Unhappy Wight, born to disastrous End,
That doth his Life in so long Tendance spend.
Who-ever leaves sweet home, where mean Estate
In safe Assurance, without Strife or Hate,
Finds all things needful for Contentment meek;
And will to Court, for Shadows vain to seek,
Or hope to gain, himself a daw will try:
That Curse God send unto my mine Enemy.
For none but such as this bold Ape unblest,
Can ever thrive in that unlucky Quest;
Or such as hath a *Reynold* to his Man,
That by his Shifts his Master furnish can.
But yet this Fox could not so closely hide
His crafty Feats, but that they were descride
At length, by such as sate in Justice Seat,
Who for the same him foully did entreat;
And having worthily him punished,
Out of the Court for ever banished.
And now the Ape wanting his Huckster-man,
That wont provide his Necessaries, 'gan
To grow into great lack, ne could up-hold
His Countenance in those his Garments old;
Ne new ones could he easily provide,
Though all Men him uncased 'gan deride,
Like as a Puppit placed in a Play,
Whose part once past, all Men bid take away:
So that he driven was to great Distress,
And shortly brought to hopeless Wretchedness.
Then closely as he might, he cast to leave
The Court, not asking any Pass or Leave;
But ran away in his rent Rags by Night,
Ne ever staid in place, ne spake to Wight,

Till

Till that the Fox his Copesmate he had found,
To whom complaining his unhappy Stound,
At last again with him in travel join'd,
And with him far'd some better Chance to find.
So in the World long time they wandered,
And mickle Want and Hardness suffered;
That them repented much so foolishly
To come so far to seek for Misery,
And leave the Sweetness of contented home,
Though eating Hips, and drinking watry Fome.
Thus as they them complained to and fro,
Whil'st through the Forrest rechless they did go,
Lo where they spide, how in a gloomy Glade,
The Lion sleeping lay in secret Shade,
His Crown and Scepter lying him beside,
And having doft for Heat his dreadful Hide:
Which when they saw, the Ape was sore afraid,
And would have fled with Terror all disinaid.
But him the Fox with hardy words did stay,
And bad him put all Cowardize away;
For now was time (if ever they would hope)
To aim their Counsels to the fairest scope,
And them for ever highly to advaunce,
In case the Good which their own happy Chaunce
Them freely offred, they would wisely take.
Scarce could the Ape yet speak, so did he quake;
Yet as he could, he askt how Good might grow,
Where nought but Dread and Death do seem in show.
Now (said he) whiles the Lion sleepeth sound,
May we his Crown and Mace take from the ground,
And eke his Skin, the Terror of the Wood,
Where-with we may our selves (if we think good)
Make Kings of Beasts, and Lords of Forrests all,
Subject unto that Power imperial.
Ah! but (said th' Ape) who is so bold a Wretch,
That dare his hardy hand to those out-stretch,
When as he knows his Meed, if he be spide,
To be a thousand Deaths, and Shame beside?
Fond Ape (said then the Fox) into whose Brest
Never crept Thought of Honour nor brave Gest,

Digitized by Google

Who will not venture Life a King to be,
And rather rule and raign in ſoveraign See,
Than dwell in Duſt inglorious and baſe,
Where none ſhall name the number of his place?
One joyous Hour in bliſsful Happineſs,
I chuſe before a Life of Wretchedneſs.
Be therefore councelled herein by me,
And ſhake off this vile-hearted Cowardree.
If he awake, yet is not Death the next,
For we may colour it with ſome pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuſe the Crime:
Elſe we may fly; thou to a Tree mayſt clime,
And I creep under ground; both from his reach:
Therefore be rul'd to do as I do teach.

The Ape, that earſt did nought but chill and quake,
Now 'gan ſome Courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that Enterpriſe,
Tickled with Glory and raſh Covetiſe;
But firſt 'gan queſtion, whether ſhould aſſay
Thoſe royal Ornaments to ſteal away.

Marry that ſhall your ſelf (quoth he thereto)
For ye be fine and nimble it to do;
Of all the Beaſts which in the Forreſts be,
Is not a fitter for his turn than ye:
Therefore, mine own dear Brother, take good hart,
And ever think a Kingdom is your part.

Loth was the Ape (though praiſed) to adventure,
Yet faintly 'gan into his work to enter,
Afraid of every Leaf that ſtirr'd him by,
And every Stick that underneath did lie;
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noiſe, and ſtill his ear he lent
To every Sound that under Heaven blew;
Now went, now ſtept, now crept, now backward drew,
That it good ſport had been him to have ey'd:
Yet at the laſt (ſo well he him apply'd)
Through his fine Handling, and his cleanly Play,
He all thoſe royal Signs had ſtoln away,
And with the Fox's help them borne aſide,
Into a ſecret corner uneſpide;

Whither

Digitized by Google

Whither whenas they came, they fell at words,
Whether of them ſhould be the Lord of Lords:
For th' Ape was ſtrifeful, and ambicious,
And the Fox guileful, and moſt covetous;
That neither pleaſed was, to have the Rein
Twixt them divided into even twain,
But either (algates) would be Lords alone:
For Love and Lordſhip bide no paragone.
I am moſt worthy (ſaid the Ape) ſith I
For it did put my Life in jeopardy;
There-to I am in Perſon and in Stature
Moſt like a Man, the Lord of every Creature:
So that it ſeemeth I was made to raign,
And born to be a kingly Soveraign.
Nay (ſaid the Fox) Sir Ape, you are aſtray:
For tho to ſteal the Diadem away
Were the work of your nimble hand, yet I
Did firſt deviſe the Plot by Policy;
So that it wholly ſpringeth from my Wit:
For which alſo I claim my ſelf more fit
Than you, to rule: for Government of State
Will without Wiſdom ſoon be ruinate.
And where ye claim your ſelf for outward Shape
Moſt like a Man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chief parts, that is, in Wit and Spirit;
But I therein moſt like to him do merit,
For my ſly Wyles and ſubtil Craftineſs,
The Title of the Kingdom to poſſeſs.
Nath'leſs (my Brother) ſince we paſſed are
Unto this point, we will appeaſe our Jar,
And I with Reaſon meet will reſt content,
That ye ſhall have both Crown and Government,
Upon condition that ye ruled be
In all Affairs, and councelled by me;
And that ye let none other ever draw
Your mind from me, but keep this as a Law:
And hereupon an Oath unto me plight.
The Ape was glad to end the Strife ſo light,
And there-to ſwore: for who would not oft ſwear,
And oft unſwear, a Diadem to bear?

Digitized by Google

Then freely up those royal Spoils he took,
Yet at the Lion's Skin he inly quook;
But it dissembled, and upon his Head
The Crown, and on his Back the Skin he did,
And the false Fox he helped to array.
Then when he was all dight, he took his way
Into the Forrest, that he might be seen
Of the wild Beasts in his new Glory sheen.
There the two first, whom he encountred, were
The Sheep and th' Ass, who striken both with fear
At sight of him, 'gan fast away to fly;
But unto them the Fox aloud did cry,
And in the King's Name bade them both to stay,
Upon the pain that thereof follow may.
Hardly nath'less were they restrained so,
Till that the Fox forth toward them did go,
And there dissuaded them from needless fear,
For that the King did favour to them bear;
And therefore dreadless bade them come to Court:
For no wild Beasts should do them any torte
There or abroad, ne would his Majesty
Use them but well, with gracious Clemency,
As whom he knew to him both fast and true;
So he persuaded them with Homage due
Themselves to humble to the Ape prostrate,
Who gently to them Bowing in his Gate,
Received them with chearful entertain.
Thence, forth proceeding with his Princely Train,
He shortly met the Tyger and the Boar,
Which with the simple Camel raged sore
In bitter words, seeking to take occasion,
Upon his fleshy Corps to make Invasion:
But soon as they this Mock-King did espy,
Their troublous Strife they stinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the Lion was.
He then to prove whether his Power would pass
As currant, sent the Fox to them straightway,
Commanding them their Cause of Strife bewray;
And if that wrong on either side there were,
That he should warn the Wronger to appear

The

Digitized by Google

The morrow next at Court, it to defend;
In the mean time upon the King t'attend.
The subtile Fox so well his Message said,
That the proud Beasts him readily obey'd:
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomach wox,
Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Fox;
That King indeed himself he shortly thought,
And all the Beasts him feared as they ought:
And followed unto his Palace hie,
Where taking Congee, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadful awe,
Full of the feared sight which late they saw.
The Ape thus seized of the Regal Throne,
Eftsoons, by Councel of the Fox alone,
'Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
That so his Rule might longer have endurance.
First, to his Gate he pointed a strong Guard,
That none might enter but with issue hard:
Then for the Safegard of his Personage,
He did appoint a warlike Equippage
Of forrain Beasts, not in the Forrest bred,
But part by Land, and part by Water fed:
For Tyranny is with strange Aid supported.
Then unto him all monstrous Beasts resorted
Bred of two kinds, as Griffons, Minotaures,
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures:
With those himself he strengthned mightily,
That fear he need no Force of Enemy.
Then 'gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Fox did guide his graceless Skill;
And all wild Beasts made Vassals of his Pleasures,
And with their Spoils enlarg'd his private Treasures.
No Care of Justice, nor no Rule of Reason,
No Temperance, nor no Regard of Season,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his Mind;
But Cruelty, the sign of currish kind,
And 'sdainful Pride, and wilful Arrogaunce;
Such follows those whom Fortune doth advaunce.
But the false Fox most kindly plaid his part;
For, whatsoever Mother Wit, or Art

Digitized by Google

Could work, he put in proof: no Practice sly,
No Counterpoint of cunning Policy,
No Reach, no Breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the same did to his purpose wring.
Nought suffred he the Ape to give or graunt,
But through his hand alone must pass the Fiaunt.
All Offices, all Leases by him lept,
And of them all what-so he lik'd, he kept.
Justice he sold, Injustice for to buy,
And for to purchace for his Progeny.
Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was;
But so he got it, little did he pass.
He fed his Cubs with Fat of all the Soil,
And with the Sweet of others sweating Toil;
He crammed them with Crums of Benefices,
And fill'd their mouths with Meeds of Malefices;
He cloathed them with all Colours save white,
And loaded them with Lordships and with Might,
So much as they were able well to bear,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were;
He chaffred Chairs in which Churchmen were set,
And Breach of Laws to privy Farm did let.
No Statute so established might be,
Nor Ordinance so needful, but that he
Would violate, though not with Violence,
Yet under colour of the Confidence
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
And reckned him the Kingdom's Corner-stone.
And ever when he ought would bring to pass,
His long Experience the Platform was:
And when he ought not pleasing would put by,
The Cloke was Care of Thrift, and Husbandry,
For to encrease the common Treasure's store;
But his own Treasure he encreased more,
And lifted up his lofty Towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour Sky;
The whiles the Prince's Palaces fell fast
To ruin: (for what thing can ever last?)
And whil'st the other Peers for Poverty
Were forc't their ancient Houses to let lie,

And their old Castles to the Ground to fall,
Which their Forefathers, famous over all,
Had founded for the Kingdom's Ornament,
And for their Memories long Moniment.
But he no count made of Nobility,
Nor the wild Beasts whom Arms did glorify,
The Realm's chief Strength and Girlond of the Crown;
All these through fained Crimes he thrust adown,
Or made them dwell in darkness of Disgrace:
For none, but whom he lift, might come in place.
Of Men of Arms he had but small regard,
But kept them low, and streightned very hard.
For Men of Learning little he esteemed;
His Wisdom he above their Learning deemed.
As for the rascal Commons, least he cared;
For not so common was his Bounty shared;
Let God (said he) if please, care for the many,
I for my self must care before else any:
So did he Good to none, to many Ill,
So did he all the Kingdom rob and pill,
Yet none durst speak, nor none durst of him plain;
So great he was in Grace, and rich through Gain.
Ne would he any let to have access
Unto the Prince, but by his own Address:
For all that else did come, were sure to fail;
Yet would he further none but for avail.
For on a time the Sheep, to whom of yore
The Fox had promised of Friendship store,
What time the Ape the Kingdom first did gain,
Came to the Court, her Case there to complain;
How that the Wolf, her mortal Enemy,
Had sithence slain her Lamb most cruelly;
And therefore crav'd to come unto the King,
To let him know the Order of the thing.
Soft, Gooddy Sheep (then said the Fox) not so:
Unto the King so rash ye may not go,
He is with greater matter busied
Than a Lamb, or the Lamb's own Mother's Hed.
Ne certes may I take it well in part,
That ye my Cousin Wolf so foully thwart,

And

And seek with Slander his good Name to blot:
For there was cause, else do it he would not.
Therefore surcease, good Dame, and hence depart:
So went the Sheep away with heavy Heart.
So many moe, so every one was used,
That to give largely to the Box refused.

Now when high *Jove*, in whose almighty Hand
The Care of Kings and Power of Empires stand,
Sitting one Day within his Turret hie,
From whence he views with his black-lidded Eye,
What-so the Heaven in his wide Vault contains,
And all that in the deepest Earth remains,
And troubled Kingdom of wild Beasts beheld,
Whom not their kindly Sovereign did weld,
But an usurping Ape with Guile suborn'd,
Had all subverst; he disdainfully it scorn'd
In his great Heart, and hardly did refrain,
But that with Thunderbolts he had him slain,
And driven down to Hell, his dueft Meed:
But him avising, he that dreadful Deed
Forbore, and rather chose, with scornful Shame,
Him to avenge, and blot his brutish Name
Unto the World, that never after any
Should of his Race be void of Infamy:
And his false Counsellor, the Cause of all,
To damn to Death, or Dole perpetual,
From whence he never should be quit, nor stall'd.
Forth-with he *Mercury* unto him call'd,
And bade him fly with never-resting speed
Unto the Forrest, where wild Beasts do breed;
And there enquiring privily, to learn
What did of late chance to the Lion stearn,
That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought;
And whence were all those Plaints unto him brought
Of Wrongs and Spoils by salvage Beasts committed:
Which done, he bade the Lion be remitted
Into his Seat, and those same Treachours vile
Be punished for their presumptuous Guile.
The Son of *Maia*, soon as he receiv'd
That word, straight with his azure Wings he cleav'd

The

Digitized by Google

The liquid Clouds and lucid Firmament;
Ne ſtaid, till that he came with ſteep Deſcent
Unto the Place, where his Preſcript did ſhow.
There ſtouping like an Arrow from a Bow,
He ſoft arrived on the graſſie Plain,
And fairly paced forth with eaſie Pain,
Till that unto the Palace nigh he came.
Then 'gan he to himſelf new Shape to frame;
And that fair Face, and that Ambroſial Hue,
Which wonts to deck the Gods immortal Crew,
And beautifie the ſhiny Firmament;
He doſt, unfit for that rude Rabblement.
So ſtanding by the Gates in ſtrange Diſguize,
He 'gan enquire of ſome in ſecret wize,
Both of the King and of his Government,
And of the Fox, and his falſe Blandiſhment:
And evermore he heard each one complain
Of foul Abuſes both in Realm and Raign.
Which yet to prove more true, he meant to ſee,
And an Eye-witneſs of each thing to be.
Tho, on his Head his dreadful Hat he dight,
Which maketh him inviſible to ſight,
And mocketh th' Eyes of all the Lookers on;
Making them think it but a Viſion.
Through Power of that, he runs through Enemies Swerds;
Through Power of that, he paſſeth through the Herds
Of ravenous wild Beaſts, and doth beguile
Their greedy Mouths of the expected Spoil;
Through Power of that, his cunning Thieveries
He wonts to work, that none the ſame eſpies;
And through the Power of that, he putteth on
What Shape he liſt in Apparition;
That on his Head he wore; and in his Hand
He took *Caduceus* his ſnaky Wand,
With which the damned Ghoſts he governeth,
And Furies rules, and *Tartare* tempereth.
With that he cauſeth Sleep to ſeize the Eyes,
And Fear the Hearts of all his Enemies;
And when him liſt, an univerſal Night,
Throughout the World he makes on every Wight,

Digitized by Google

As when his Sire with *Alcumena* lay.
Thus dight, into the Court he took his way,
Both through the Gard, which never him descride,
And through the Watchmen, who him never spide:
Thence, forth he past into each secret part,
Whereas he saw (that sorely griev'd his Hart)
Each place abounding with foul Injuries,
And fill'd with Treasure rack'd with Robberies:
Each place defil'd with Blood of guiltless Beasts,
Which had been slain to serve the Ape's Beheasts:
Gluttony, Malice, Pride, and Covetize;
And Lawlesness raigning with Riotize;
Besides the infinite Extortions
Done through the Fox's great Oppressions,
That the Complaints thereof could not be told.
Which when he did with loathful Eyes behold,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And cast to seek the Lion where he may,
That he might work th' Avengement for his Shame,
On those two Caitives which had bred him Blame.
And seeking all the Forest busily,
At last he found, where sleeping he did lie;
The wicked Weed, which there the Fox did lay,
From underneath his Head he took away,
And then him waking, forced up to rise.
The Lion looking up, 'gan him avize,
As one late in a Trance, what had of long
Become of him; for Fantasie is strong.
Arise (said *Mercury*) thou sluggish Beast,
That here liest senseless, like the Corpse deceast,
The whilst thy Kingdom from thy Head is rent,
And thy Throne Royal with Dishonour blent:
Arise, and do thy self redeem from Shame,
And be aveng'd on those that breed thy Blame.
There-at enraged, soon he 'gan up-start,
Grinding his Teeth, and grating his great Hart;
And rouzing up himself, for his rough Hide
He 'gan to reach, but no where it espide.
There-with he 'gan full terribly to roar,
And chaust at that Indignity right sore.

But

Digitized by Google

But when his Crown and Scepter both he wanted,
Lord how he fum'd, and ſwell'd, and rag'd, and panted;
And threatned Death, and thouſand deadly Dolours
To them that had purloin'd his Princely Honours!
With that in haſte, diſrobed as he was,
He towards his own Palace forth did paſs;
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the Forreſt with Aſtoniſhment
Thereof did tremble, and the Beaſts therein
Fled faſt away from that ſo dreadful Din.
At laſt, he came unto his Manſion,
Where all the Gates he found faſt lockt anon,
And many Warders round about them ſtood.
With that he roar'd aloud, as he were wood,
That all the Palace quaked at the Stound,
As if it quite were riven from the Ground,
And all within were dead and heartleſs left;
And th' Ape himſelf, as one whoſe Wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and every Corner ſought,
To hide himſelf from his own feared Thought.
But the falſe Fox, when he the Lion heard,
Fled cloſely forth, ſtraightway of Death afear'd,
And to the Lion came full lowly creeping,
With fained Face, and watry Eyn half weeping,
T' excuſe his former Treaſon and Abuſion,
And turning all unto the Ape's Confuſion:
Nath'leſs, th' Royal Beaſt forbore believing,
But bade him ſtay at eaſe till further prieving.
Then when he ſaw no Entrance to him graunted,
Roaring yet louder that all Hearts it daunted,
Upon thoſe Gates with Force he fiercely flew,
And rending them in pieces, felly ſlew
Thoſe Warders ſtrange, and all that elſe he met.
But th' Ape ſtill flying, he no where might get;
From Room to Room, from Beam to Beam he fled
All breathleſs, and for fear now almoſt ded:
Yet him at laſt the Lion ſpide, and caught,
And forth with Shame unto his Judgment brought.
Then all the Beaſts he caus'd aſſembled be,
To hear their Doom, and ſad Enſample ſee.

The

Digitized by Google

The Fox, first Author of that Treachery,
He did uncase, and then away let fly:
But th' Ape's long Tail (which then he had) he quite
Cut off, and both Ears pared of their height;
Since which, all Apes but half their Ears have left,
And of their Tails are utterly bereft.

So Mother *Hubberd* her Discourse did end:
Which pardon me, if I amiss have pen'd;
For, weak was my Remembrance it to hold,
And bad her Tongue that it so bluntly told.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Vol.:5:p:1209. Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp. 9

Digitized by Google

AMORETTI,

OR

SONNETS.

Digitized by Google

G. W. *Sen.* to the Author.

DARK is the Day, when Phæbus' *Face is ſhrouded,*
And weaker Sights may wander ſoon aſtray;
But when they ſee his glorious Rays unclouded,
With ſteddy Steps they keep the perfect way:
So while this Muſe in foreign Land doth ſtay,
Invention weeps, and Pens are caſt aſide,
The Time, like Night, depriv'd of chearful Day,
And few do write, but (ah!) too ſoon may ſlide.
Then hie thee home, that art our perfect Guide,
And with thy Wit illuſtrate England's *Fame,*
Daunting thereby our Neighbours antient Pride,
That do for Poeſie challenge chiefeſt Name:
So we that live, and Ages that ſucceed,
With great Applauſe thy learned Works ſhall read.

AH! Colin, *whether on the lowly Plain,*
Piping to Shepherds thy ſweet Roundelays;
Or whether ſinging in ſome lofty Vein
Heroick Deeds, of paſt or preſent Days;
Or whether in thy lovely Miſtreſs' Praiſe,
Thou liſt to exerciſe thy learned Quill,
Thy Muſe hath got ſuch Grace and Power to pleaſe,
With rare Invention, beautified by Skill;
As who therein can ever joy their fill!
O therefore let that happy Muſe proceed
To clime the Height of Vertue's ſacred Hill,
Where endleſs Honour ſhall be made thy Meed:
Becauſe no Malice of ſucceeding Days,
Can raſe thoſe Records of thy laſting Praiſe.

G. W. *Jun.*

Digitized by Google

AMORETTI,

OR

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

HAPPY ye Leaves, whenas those lilly Hands,
Which hold my Life in their dead-doing Might,
Shall handle you, and hold in Love's soft Bands,
Like Captives trembling at the Victor's Sight.
And happy Lines, on which with starry Light,
Those lamping Eyes will deign sometimes to look,
And read the Sorrows of my dying Spright,
Written with Tears in Heart's close bleeding Book,
And happy Rimes bath'd in the sacred Brook
Of *Helicon*, whence she derived is,
When ye behold that Angel's blessed Look,
My Soul's long-lacked Food, my Heaven's Bliss.
Leaves, Lines, and Rimes, seek her to please alone;
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

SON-

Digitized by Google

SONNET II.

UNquiet Thought, whom at the first I bred,
Of th' inward Bale of my Love-pined Heart;
And sithence have with Sighs and Sorrows fed,
Till greater than my Womb thou woxen art:
Break forth at length out of the inner Part,
In which thou lurkest like to Vipers Brood,
And seek some Succour both to ease my Smart,
And also to sustain thy self with Food.
But if in Presence of that fairest Proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet;
And with meek Humbless and afflicted Mood,
Pardon for thee, and Grace for me intreat.
Which if she grant, then live, and my Love cherish;
If not, die soon, and I with thee will perish.

SONNET III.

THE sovereign Beauty which I do admire,
Witness the World how worthy to be prais'd;
The Light whereof hath kindled heavenly Fire
In my frail Spirit, by her from Basenes rais'd:
That being now with her huge Brightness daz'd,
Base thing I can no more endure to view;
But looking still on her, I stand amaz'd
At wondrous Sight of so celestial Hue.
So when my Tongue would speak her Praises due,
It stopped is with Thought's Astonishment;
And when my Pen would write her Titles true,
It ravish'd is with Fancy's Wonderment:
Yet in my Heart I then both speak and write
The Wonder that my Wit cannot endite.

SONNET IV.

NEW Year forth looking out of *Janus'* Gate,
Doth seem to promise Hope of new Delight;
And bidding th' old adieu, his passed Date
Bids all old Thoughts to die in dumpish Spright.

And

Digitized by Google

And calling forth out of sad Winter's Night,
  Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerless Bower,
Wills him awake, and soon about him dight
  His wanton Wings and Darts of deadly Power.
For lusty Spring, now in his timely Howre,
  Is ready to come forth, him to receive;
And warns the Earth, with divers-colour'd Flowre
  To deck her self, and her fair Mantle weave.
Then you, fair Flowre, in whom fresh Youth doth reign,
Prepare your self, new Love to entertain.

SONNET V.

RUdely thou wrongest my dear Heart's Desire,
  In finding fault with her too portly Pride:
The thing which I do most in her admire,
  Is of the World unworthy most envide.
For in those lofty Looks is close implide
  Scorn of base things, and 'Sdeign of foul Dishonour;
Threatning rash Eyes which gaze on her so wide,
  That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.
Such Pride is Praise, such Portliness is Honour,
  That Boldness Innocence bears in her Eyes:
And her fair Countenance like a goodly Banner,
  Spreads in defiance of all Enemies.
Was never in this World ought worthy tride,
Without some Spark of such self-pleasing Pride.

SONNET VI.

BE nought dismaid that her unmoved Mind
  Doth still persist in her rebellious Pride:
Such Love not like to Lusts of baser kind,
  The harder won, the firmer will abide.
The dureful Oak, whose Sap is not yet dride,
  Is long e'er it conceive the kindling Fire:
But when it once doth burn, it doth divide
  Great Heat, and makes his Flames to Heaven aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new Desire
  In gentle Breast, that shall endure for ever:
Deep is the Wound, that dints the Parts entire
  With chaste Affects, that nought but Death can sever.

Then

Digitized by Google

Then think not long in taking little pain,
To knit the Knot, that ever ſhall remain.

SONNET VII.

FAIR Eyes, the Mirrour of my mazed Heart,
What wondrous Vertue is contain'd in you,
The which both Life and Death forth from you dart
Into the Object of your mighty View?
For when ye mildly look with lovely Hue,
Then is my Soul with Life and Love inſpir'd:
But when ye lowre, or look on me askew,
Then do I die, as one with Lightning fir'd.
But ſince that Life is more than Death deſir'd,
Look ever lovely, as becomes you beſt;
That your bright Beams of my weak Eyes admir'd,
May kindle living Fire within my Breſt.
Such Life ſhould be the Honour of your Light,
Such Death the ſad Enſample of your Might.

SONNET VIII.

MORE than moſt fair, full of the living Fire,
Kindled above, unto the Maker near:
No Eyes, but Joys, in which all Powers conſpire,
That to the World nought elſe be counted dear.
Thro your bright Beams doth not the blinded Gueſt
Shoot out his Darts to baſe Affection's Wound,
But Angels come to lead frail Minds to reſt
In chaſte Deſires, on heavenly Beauty bound.
You frame my Thoughts, and faſhion me within;
You ſtop my Tongue, and teach my Heart to ſpeak;
You calm the Storm that Paſſion did begin,
Strong thro your Cauſe, but by your Vertue weak.
Dark is the World, where your Light ſhined never;
Well is he born, that may behold you ever.

SONNET IX.

LOng-while I ſought to what I might compare
Thoſe powreful Eyes, which lighten my dark Spright:
Yet find I nought on Earth, to which I dare
Reſemble th' Image of the goodly Light.

No,

Digitized by Google

Not to the Sun; for they do ſhine by Night:
  Nor to the Moon; for they are changed never:
Nor to the Stars; for they have purer Sight:
  Nor to the Fire; for they conſume not ever:
Nor to the Lightning; for they ſtill perſever:
  Nor to the Diamond; for they are more tender:
Nor unto Chryſtal; for nought may them ſever:
  Nor unto Glaſs; ſuch Baſeneſs mought offend her.
Then to the Maker ſelf they likeſt be,
Whoſe Light doth lighten all that here we ſee.

SONNET X.

UNrighteous Lord of Love! what Law is this,
  That me thou makeſt thus tormented be?
The whiles ſhe lordeth in licentious Bliſs
  Of her Free-will, ſcorning both thee and me.
See how the Tyranneſs doth joy to ſee
  The huge Maſſacres which her Eyes do make;
And humbled Hearts brings captive unto thee,
  That thou of them mayſt mighty Vengeance take.
But her proud Heart do thou a little ſhake;
  And that high Look, with which ſhe doth control
All this World's Pride, bow to a baſer Make,
  And all her Faults in thy black Book enrol:
That I may laugh at her in equal ſort,
As ſhe doth laugh at me, and makes my Pain her Sport.

SONNET XI.

DAILY when I do ſeek and ſue for Peace,
  And Hoſtages do offer for my Truth;
She, cruel Warriour, doth her ſelf addreſs
  To Battel, and the weary War renew'th.
Ne will be mov'd with Reaſon or with Ruth,
  To grant ſmall Reſpit to my reſtleſs Toil:
But greedily her fell Intent purſu'th,
  Of my poor Life to make unpitied Spoil.
Yet my poor Life, all Sorrows to aſſoil,
  I would her yield, her Wrath to pacifie:
But then ſhe ſeeks with Torment and Turmoil,
  To force me live, and will not let me die.

Digitized by Google

All Pain hath end, and every War hath Peace;
But mine, no Price nor Prayer may surcease.

SONNET XII.

ONE day I sought with her heart-thrilling Eyes
To make a Truce, and Terms to entertain:
All fearless then of so false Enemies,
Which sought me to entrap in Treason's Train.
So, as I then disarmed did remain,
A wicked Ambush, which lay hidden long
In the close Covert of her guileful Eyen,
Thence breaking forth, did thick about me throng.
Too feeble I t' abide the Brunt so strong,
Was forc'd to yield my self into their hands;
Who me captiving straight with rigorous Wrong,
Have ever since kept me in cruel Bands.
So, Lady, now to you I do complain
Against your Eyes, that Justice I may gain.

SONNET XIII.

IN that proud Port, which her so goodly graceth,
Whiles her fair Face she rears up to the Sky,
And to the Ground her Eye-lids low embraceth,
Most goodly Temperature ye may descry,
Mild Humbless, mixt with aweful Majesty.
For, looking on the Earth, whence she was born,
Her Mind remembreth her Mortality,
What-so is fairest, shall to Earth return.
But that some lofty Countenance seems to scorn
Base thing, and think how she to Heaven may clime;
Treading down Earth as loathsome and forlorn,
That hinders heavenly Thoughts with drossy Slime:
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to look on me,
Such Lowliness shall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

RETurn again my Forces late dismaid,
Unto the Siege by you abandon'd quite:
Great Shame it is to leave, like one afraid,
So fair a Piece, for one Repulse so light.

'Gainst

'Gainst such strong Castles needeth greater Might
Than those small Forces ye were wont belay;
Such haughty Minds enur'd to hardy Fight,
Disdain to yield unto the first Assay.
Bring therefore all the Forces that ye may,
And lay incessant Battry to her Heart,
Plaints, Prayers, Vows, Ruth, Sorrow, and Dismay,
Those Engins can the proudest Love convert:
And if those fail, fall down and die before her;
So dying, live, and living do adore her.

SONNET XV.

YE tradeful Merchants, that with weary Toil
Do seek most precious things to make your Gain:
And both the *India's* of their Treasure spoil,
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
For lo! my Love doth in her self contain
All this World's Riches that may far be found;
If Saphyrs, lo! her Eyes be Saphyrs plain;
If Rubies, lo! her Lips be Rubies sound:
If Pearls, her Teeth be Pearls, both pure and round
If Ivory, her Forehead Ivory ween;
If Gold, her Locks are finest Gold on ground;
If Silver, her fair Hands are Silver sheen:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her Mind adorn'd with Vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

ONE day as I unwarily did gaze
On those fair Eyes, my Love's immortal Light;
The whiles my stonish'd Heart stood in Amaze,
Through sweet Illusion of her Look's Delight;
I mote perceive how in her glancing Sight,
Legions of Loves with little Wings did fly,
Darting their deadly Arrows fiery bright,
At every rash Beholder passing by.
One of those Archers closely I did spy,
Aiming his Arrow at my very Heart:
When suddenly with Twinkle of her Eye,
The Damsel broke his misintended Dart.

Digitized by Google

Had she not so done, sure I had been slain;
Yet as it was, I hardly scap'd with Pain.

SONNET XVII.

THE glorious Pourtract of that Angel's Face,
Made to amaze weak Mens confused Skill,
And this World's worthless Glory to embrace,
What Pen, what Pensil can express her fill?
For though he Colours could devise at will,
And eke his learned Hand at pleasure guide,
Lest trembling, it his Workmanship should spill,
Yet many wondrous things there are beside.
The sweet Eye-glances, that like Arrows glide,
The charming Smiles, that rob Sense from the Heart;
The lovely Pleasance, and the lofty Pride,
Cannot expressed be by any Art.
A greater Craftsman's Hand thereto doth need,
That can express the Life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

THE rolling Wheel, that runneth often round,
The hardest Steel in Tract of Time doth tear;
And drizling Drops that often do redound,
The firmest Flint doth in Continuance wear:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping Tear,
And long Intreaty, soften her hard Heart;
That she will once vouchsafe my Plaint to hear,
Or look with Pity on my painful Smart.
But when I plead, she bids me play my part;
And when I weep, she says, Tears are but Water;
And when I sigh, she says, I know the Art;
And when I wail, she turns her self to Laughter.
So do I weep and wail, and plead in vain,
Whiles she as Steel and Flint doth still remain.

SONNET XIX.

THE merry Cuckow, Messenger of Spring,
His Trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded,
That warns all Lovers wait upon their King,
Who now is coming forth with Girland crowned.

With

Digitized by Google

With Noiſe whereof the Quire of Birds reſounded
Their Anthems ſweet, devized of Love's Praiſe;
That all the Woods their Ecchoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their Lays.
But 'mongſt them all, which did Love's Honour raiſe,
No word was heard of her that moſt it ought;
But ſhe his Precept proudly diſobeys,
And doth his idle Meſſage ſet at nought.
Therefore, O Love! unleſs ſhe turn to thee
E'er Cuckow end, let her a Rebel be.

SONNET XX.

IN vain I ſeek and ſue to her for Grace,
And do mine humble Heart before her pour;
The whiles her Foot ſhe in my Neck doth place,
And tread my Life down in the lowly Flour.
And yet the Lion, that is Lord of Power,
And reigneth over every Beaſt in Field,
In his moſt Pride diſdeigneth to devour
The ſilly Lamb that to his Might doth yield.
But ſhe, more cruel and more ſalvage wild
Than either Lion, or the Lioneſs,
Shames not to be with guiltleſs Blood defil'd,
But taketh Glory in her Cruelneſs.
Fairer than Faireſt, let none ever ſay,
That ye were blooded in a yielded Prey.

SONNET XXI.

WAS it the Work of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred ſo the Features of her Face,
That Pride and Meekneſs, mixt by equal part,
Do both appear t' adorn her Beauty's Grace?
For with mild Pleaſance, which doth Pride diſplace,
She to her Love doth Lookers Eyes allure;
And with ſtern Count'nance back again doth chace
Their looſer Looks that ſtir up Luſts impure:
With ſuch ſtrange Trains her Eyes ſhe doth inure,
That with one Look ſhe doth my Life diſmay,
And with another doth it ſtraight recure;
Her Smile me draws, her Frown me drives away.

Digitized by Google

Thus doth ſhe train and teach me with her Looks,
Such Art of Eyes I never read in Books.

SONNET XXII.

THIS holy Seaſon, fit to faſt and pray,
Men to Devotion ought to be inclin'd:
Therefore, I likewiſe on ſo holy Day,
For my ſweet Saint ſome Service fit will find.
Her Temple fair is built within my Mind,
In which her glorious Image placed is,
On which my Thoughts do day and night attend,
Like ſacred Prieſts that never think amiſs:
There I to her, as th' Author of my Bliſs,
Will build an Altar to appeaſe her Ire,
And on the ſame my Heart will ſacrifice,
Burning in Flames of pure and chaſte Deſire;
The which vouchſafe, O Goddeſs! to accept,
Amongſt thy deareſt Relicks to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

P*Enelope*, for her *Ulyſſes'* ſake,
Deviz'd a Web her Woers to deceive;
In which the Work, that ſhe all day did make,
The ſame at night ſhe did again unreave:
Such ſubtil Craft my Damſel doth conceive,
Th' importunate Sute of my Deſire to ſhun;
For all that I in many days do weave,
In one ſhort Hour I find by her undun.
So when I think to end that I begun,
I muſt begin and never bring to end;
Forth with one Look, ſhe ſpills that long I ſpun,
And with one word my whole Year's Work doth rend.
Such Labour like the Spider's Web I find,
Whoſe fruitleſs Work is broken with leaſt Wind.

SONNET XXIV.

WHEN I behold that Beauty's Wonderment,
And rare Perfection of each goodly Part,
Of Nature's Skill the only Complement,
I honour and admire the Maker's Art.

But

Digitized by Google

But when I feel the bitter baleful Smart,
Which her fair Eyes unwares do work in me,
That Death out of their ſhiny Beams do dart,
I think that I a new *Pandora* ſee;
Whom all the Gods in Counſel did agree,
Into this ſinful World from Heaven to ſend,
That ſhe to wicked Men a Scourge ſhould be,
For all their Faults with which they did offend.
But ſince ye are my Scourge, I will intreat,
That for my Faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

HOW long ſhall this like-dying Life endure,
And know no end of its own Miſery?
But waſte and wear away in Terms unſure,
'Twixt Fear and Hope depending doubtfully.
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
And ſhew the laſt Enſample of your Pride,
Than to torment me thus with Cruelty,
To prove your Pow'r, which I too well have tride.
But yet if in your harden'd Breaſt ye hide
A cloſe Intent at laſt to ſhew me Grace:
Then all the Woes and Wrecks which I abide,
As Means of Bliſs I gladly will embrace;
And wiſh that more and greater they might be,
That greater Meed at laſt may turn to me.

SONNET XXVI.

SWeet is the Roſe, but grows upon a Brere;
Sweet is the Juniper, but ſharp his Bough;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the Firbloom, but his Branches rough;
Sweet is the Cypreſs, but his Rind is tough;
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his Pill;
Sweet is the Broom-flowre, but yet ſour enough;
And ſweet is Moly, but his Root is ill.
So every Sweet with Sour is tempred ſtill,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For eaſy things, that may be got at will,
Moſt ſorts of Men do ſet but little ſtore.

Digitized by Google

Why then ſhould I account of little pain,
That endleſs Pleaſure ſhall unto me gain?

SONNET XXVII.

FAIR Proud, now tell me, why ſhould Fair be proud,
Sith all World's Glory is but Droſs unclean?
And in the ſhade of Death it ſelf ſhould ſhroud,
How-ever now thereof ye little ween.
That goodly Idol now ſo gay beſeen,
Shall doff her Fleſhes borrow'd fair Attire;
And be forgot as it had never been,
That many now much worſhip and admire.
Ne any then ſhall after it inquire,
Ne any mention ſhall thereof remain,
But what this Verſe, that never ſhall expire,
Shall to you purchaſe with her thankleſs Pain.
Fair, be no longer proud of that ſhall periſh,
But that which ſhall you make Immortal, cheriſh.

SONNET XXVIII.

THE Laurel Leaf, which you this day do wear,
Gives me great Hope of your relenting Mind;
For ſince it is the Badge which I do bear,
Ye bearing it, do ſeem to me inclin'd:
The power thereof, which oft in me I find,
Let it likewiſe your gentle Breaſt inſpire
With ſweet Infuſion, and put you in mind
Of that proud Maid, whom now thoſe Leaves attire.
Proud *Daphne*, ſcorning *Phœbus*' lovely Fire,
On the *Theſſalian* Shore from him did flie;
For which the Gods, in their revengeful Ire,
Did her transform into a Laurel-Tree.
Then fly no more, fair Love, from *Phœbus*' chace,
But in your Breaſt his Leaf and Love embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEE how the ſtubborn Damſel doth deprave
My ſimple meaning with diſdainful ſcorn;
And by the Bay which I unto her gave,
Accounts my ſelf her Captive quite forlorn.

The

Digitized by Google

The Bay, quoth she, is of the Victor born,
Yielded them by the Vanquisht as their Meeds;
And they therewith do Poets Heads adorn,
To sing the Glory of their famous Deeds.
But sith she will the Conquest challenge needs,
Let her accept me as her faithful Thrall,
That her great Triumph, which my Skill exceeds,
I may in trump of Fame blaze over all.
Then would I deck her Head with glorious Bays,
And fill the World with her victorious Praise.

SONNET XXX.

MY Love is like to Ice, and I to Fire;
How comes it then that this her Cold so great
Is not dissolv'd through my so hot Desire,
But harder grows the more I her intreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding Heat
Is not delaid by her Heart-frozen Cold;
But that I burn much more in boiling Sweat,
And feel my Flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That Fire which all things melts, should harden Ice;
And Ice which is congeal'd with sensless Cold,
Should kindle Fire by wonderful device?
Such is the Power of Love in gentle Mind,
That it can alter all the Course of Kind.

SONNET XXXI.

AH, why hath Nature to so hard a Heart
Given so goodly Gifts of Beauty's Grace?
Whose Pride depraves each other better part,
And all those precious Ornaments deface.
Sith to all other Beasts of bloody Race,
A dreadful Countenance she given hath;
That with their Terrour all the rest may chace,
And warn to shun the danger of their Wrath.
But my Proud one doth work the greater Scath,
Through sweet Allurement of her lovely Hue;
That she the better may in bloody Bath
Of such poor Thrall, her cruel Hands embrew.

Digitized by Google

Why then ſhould I account of little pain,
That endleſs Pleaſure ſhall unto me gain?

SONNET XXVII.

FAIR Proud, now tell me, why ſhould Fair be proud,
Sith all World's Glory is but Droſs unclean?
And in the ſhade of Death it ſelf ſhould ſhroud,
How-ever now thereof ye little ween.
That goodly Idol now ſo gay beſeen,
Shall doff her Fleſhes borrow'd fair Attire;
And be forgot as it had never been,
That many now much worſhip and admire.
Ne any then ſhall after it inquire,
Ne any mention ſhall thereof remain,
But what this Verſe, that never ſhall expire,
Shall to you purchaſe with her thankleſs Pain.
Fair, be no longer proud of that ſhall periſh,
But that which ſhall you make Immortal, cheriſh.

SONNET XXVIII.

THE Laurel Leaf, which you this day do wear,
Gives me great Hope of your relenting Mind;
For ſince it is the Badge which I do bear,
Ye bearing it, do ſeem to me inclin'd:
The power thereof, which oft in me I find,
Let it likewiſe your gentle Breaſt inſpire
With ſweet Infuſion, and put you in mind
Of that proud Maid, whom now thoſe Leaves attire.
Proud *Daphne*, ſcorning *Phœbus*' lovely Fire,
On the *Theſſalian* Shore from him did flie;
For which the Gods, in their revengeful Ire,
Did her transform into a Laurel-Tree.
Then fly no more, fair Love, from *Phœbus*' chace,
But in your Breaſt his Leaf and Love embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEE how the ſtubborn Damſel doth deprave
My ſimple meaning with diſdainful ſcorn;
And by the Bay which I unto her gave,
Accounts my ſelf her Captive quite forlorn.

The

Digitized by Google

The Bay, quoth she, is of the Victor born,
Yielded them by the Vanquisht as their Meeds;
And they therewith do Poets Heads adorn,
To sing the Glory of their famous Deeds.
But sith she will the Conquest challenge needs,
Let her accept me as her faithful Thrall,
That her great Triumph, which my Skill exceeds,
I may in trump of Fame blaze over all.
Then would I deck her Head with glorious Bays,
And fill the World with her victorious Praise.

SONNET XXX.

My Love is like to Ice, and I to Fire;
How comes it then that this her Cold so great
Is not dissolv'd through my so hot Desire,
But harder grows the more I her intreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding Heat
Is not delaid by her Heart-frozen Cold;
But that I burn much more in boiling Sweat,
And feel my Flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That Fire which all things melts, should harden Ice;
And Ice which is congeal'd with senseless Cold,
Should kindle Fire by wonderful device?
Such is the Power of Love in gentle Mind,
That it can alter all the Course of Kind.

SONNET XXXI.

Ah, why hath Nature to so hard a Heart
Given so goodly Gifts of Beauty's Grace?
Whose Pride depraves each other better part,
And all those precious Ornaments deface.
Sith to all other Beasts of bloody Race,
A dreadful Countenance she given hath;
That with their Terrour all the rest may chace,
And warn to shun the danger of their Wrath.
But my Proud one doth work the greater Scath,
Through sweet Allurement of her lovely Hue;
That she the better may in bloody Bath
Of such poor Thrall, her cruel Hands embrew.

Digitized by Google

But did ſhe know how ill theſe two accord,
Such Cruelty ſhe would have ſoon abhor'd.

SONNET XXXII.

THE painful Smith, with force of fervent Heat,
The hardeſt Iron ſoon doth mollifie,
That with his heavy Sledge he can it beat,
And faſhion to what he it liſt apply.
Yet cannot all theſe Flames in which I fry,
Her Heart more hard than Iron ſoft awhit;
Ne all the Plaints and Prayers with which I
Do beat on th'Anvile of her ſtubborn Wit:
But ſtill the more ſhe fervent ſees my Fit,
The more ſhe friezeth in her wilful Pride;
And harder grows the harder ſhe is ſmit,
With all the Plaints which to her be applide,
What then remains but I to Aſhes burn,
And ſhe to Stones at length all frozen turn?

SONNET XXXIII.

GREAT wrong I do, I can it not deny,
To that moſt ſacred Empreſs my dear Dread,
Nor finiſhing her Queen of *Faery*,
That mote enlarge her living Praiſes dead:
But *Lodwick*, this of Grace to me aread;
Do ye not think th' accompliſhment of it,
Sufficient work for one Man's ſimple Head,
All were it as the reſt, but rudely writ?
How then ſhould I without another Wit,
Think ever to endure ſo tedious Toil?
Sith that this one is toſt with troublous fit
Of a proud Love, that doth my Spirit ſpoil.
Ceaſe then, till ſhe vouchſafe to grant me Reſt,
Or lend you me another living Breaſt.

SONNET XXXIV.

LIKE as a Ship, that through the Ocean wide,
By Conduct of ſome Star doth make her way,
When as a Storm hath dim'd her truſty Guide,
Out of her Courſe doth wander far aſtray;

So

So I, whose Star, that wont with her bright Ray
Me to direct, with Clouds is over-cast,
Do wander now in Darkness and Dismay,
Through hidden Perils round about me plac'd;
Yet hope I will, that when this Storm is past,
My *Helice*, the Loadstar of my Life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last
With lovely Light, to clear my cloudy Grief.
Till then I wander, careful, comfortless,
In secret Sorrow, and sad Pensiveness.

SONNET XXXV.

MY hungry Eyes through greedy Covetise,
Still to behold the Object of their Pain,
With no Contentment can themselves suffice;
But having, pine; and having not, complain.
For lacking it, they cannot Life sustain,
And having it, they gaze on it the more;
In their Amazement like *Narcissus* vain,
Whose Eyes him starv'd: so plenty makes me poor.
Yet are mine Eyes so filled with the store
Of that fair Sight, that nothing else they brook,
But loath the things which they did like before,
And can no more endure on them to look.
All this World's Glory seemeth vain to me,
And all their Shows but Shadows, saving she.

SONNET XXXVI.

TELL me, when shall these weary Woes have end,
Or shall their ruthless Torment never cease?
But all my days in pining Languor spend,
Without Hope of asswagement or release.
Is there no means for me to purchase Peace,
Or make agreement with her thrilling Eyes?
But that their Cruelty doth still increase,
And daily more augment my Miseries.
But when ye have shew'd all Extremities,
Then think how little Glory ye have gain'd,
By slaying him, whose Life though ye despise,
Mote have your Life in honour long maintain'd.

Digitized by Google

But by his Death, which ſome perhaps will mone,
Ye ſhall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

WHAT Guile is this, that thoſe her golden Treſſes
She doth attire under a Net of Gold;
And with ſly Skill ſo cunningly them dreſſes,
That which is Gold or Hair, may ſcarce be told?
Is it that Men's frail Eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden Snare;
And being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker Hearts, which are not well aware?
Take heed therefore, mine Eyes, how ye do ſtare
Henceforth too raſhly on that guileful Net,
In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her Bands ye by no means ſhall get:
Fondneſs it were for any, being free,
To covet Fetters, though they golden be.

SONNET XXXVIII.

A *Rion*, when through Tempeſt's cruel Wrack
He forth was thrown into the greedy Seas;
Through the ſweet Muſick which his Harp did make,
Allur'd a Dolphin him from Death to eaſe.
But my rude Muſick, which was wont to pleaſe
Some dainty Ears, cannot with any Skill
The dreadful Tempeſt of her Wrath appeaſe,
Nor move the Dolphin from her ſtubborn Will:
But in her Pride ſhe doth perſevere ſtill,
All careleſs how my Life for her decays;
Yet with one Word ſhe can it ſave or ſpill:
To ſpill were pity, but to ſave were praiſe.
Chuſe rather to be prais'd for doing Good,
Than to be blam'd for ſpilling guiltleſs Blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

SWEET Smile, the Daughter of the Queen of Love,
Expreſſing all thy Mother's powerful Art,
With which ſhe wonts to temper angry *Jove*,
When all the Gods he threats with thundring Dart:

Sweet

Digitized by Google

Sweet is thy Vertue, as thy self sweet art;
For when on me thou shinedst late in sadness,
A melting Pleasance ran through every part,
And me revived with heart-robbing Gladness.
Whilst rapt with Joy resembling heavenly Madness,
My Soul was ravisht quite as in a Trance:
And feeling thence no more her Sorrow's sadness,
Fed on the Fulness of that chearful Glance.
More sweet than Nectar or Ambrosial Meat,
Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET XL.

MARK when she smiles with amiable Chear,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it:
When on each Eye-lid sweetly do appear
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Likest it seemeth, in my simple Wit,
Unto the fair Sunshine in Summers-day;
That when a dreadful Storm away is flit,
Through the broad World doth spread his goodly Ray:
At sight whereof, each Bird that sits on Spray,
And every Beast that to his Den was fled,
Come forth afresh out of their late Dismay,
And to the Light lift up their drooping Head.
So my Storm-beaten Heart likewise is chear'd.
With that Sun-shine, when cloudy Looks are clear'd.

SONNET XLI.

IS it her Nature, or is it her Will,
To be so cruel to an humbled Foe?
If Nature, then she may it mend with Skill;
If Will, then she at Will may Will forgoe.
But if her Nature and her Will be so,
That she will plague the Man that loves her most,
And take delight t'encrease a Wretch's Woe;
Then all her Nature's goodly Gifts are lost:
And that same glorious Beauty's idle Boast,
Is but a Bait such Wretches to beguile,
As being long in her Love's Tempest tost,
She means at last to make her piteous Spoil.

Digitized by Google

O faireſt Fair, let never it be nam'd,
That ſo fair Beauty was ſo foully ſham'd!

SONNET XLII.

THE Love which me ſo cruelly tormenteth,
So pleaſing is in my extreameſt Pain,
That all the more my Sorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and do embrace my Bane.
Ne do I wiſh (for wiſhing were but vain)
To be acquit fro my continual Smart;
But joy, her Thrall for ever to remain,
And yield for Pledge my poor captived Heart:
The which that it from her may never ſtart,
Let her, if pleaſe her, bind with Adamant Chain;
And from all wandring Loves which mote pervart,
In ſafe Aſſurance ſtrongly it reſtrain.
Only let her abſtain from Cruelty,
And do me not before my time to die.

SONNET XLIII.

SHALL I then ſilent be, or ſhall I ſpeak?
And if I ſpeak, her Wrath renew I ſhall:
And if I ſilent be, my Heart will break,
Or choaked be with overflowing Gall.
What Tyranny is this, my Heart to thrall,
And eke my Tongue with proud reſtraint to tie;
That neither I may ſpeak nor think at all,
But like a ſtupid Stock in ſilence die?
Yet I my Heart with ſilence ſecretly
Will teach to ſpeak, and my juſt Cauſe to plead;
And eke mine Eyes with meek Humility,
Love-learned Letters to her Eyes to read:
Which her deep Wit, that true Heart's Thought can ſpell,
Will ſoon conceive, and learn to conſtrue well.

SONNET XLIV.

WHEN thoſe renowned noble Peers of *Greece*,
Through ſtubborn Pride among themſelves did jar,
Forgetful of the famous golden Fleece,
Then *Orpheus* with his Harp their Striſe did bar.

Digitized by Google

But this continual, cruel, civil War,
The which my ſelf againſt my ſelf do make,
Whilſt my weak Powers of Paſſions warreid are,
No Skill can ſtint, nor Reaſon can aſlake.
But when in hand my tuneleſs Harp I take,
Then do I more augment my Foes deſpight;
And Grief renew, and Paſſions do awake
To Battail, freſh againſt my ſelf to fight.
'Mongſt whom the more I ſeek to ſettle Peace,
The more I find their Malice to increace.

SONNET XLV.

LEAVE, Lady, in your Glaſs of Cryſtal clean
Your goodly ſelf for evermore to view:
And in my ſelf, my inward ſelf I mean,
Moſt lively like behold your Semblant true.
Within my Heart, though hardly it can ſhew
Thing ſo Divine to view of earthly Eye;
The fair Idea of your celeſtial Hue,
And every part remains immortally:
And were it not that through your Cruelty,
With Sorrow dimmed, and deform'd it were,
The goodly Image of your Viſnomy,
Clearer than Cryſtal would therein appear.
But if your ſelf in me ye plain will ſee,
Remove the Cauſe by which your fair Beams darkned be.

SONNET XLVI.

WHEN my abodes prefixed time is ſpent,
My cruel Fair ſtraight bids me wend away:
But then from Heaven moſt hideous Storms are ſent,
As willing me againſt her Will to ſtay.
Whom then ſhall I, or Heaven or her obey?
The Heavens know beſt what is the beſt for me:
But as ſhe will, whoſe Will my Life doth ſway,
My lower Heaven, ſo it perforce muſt be.
But ye high Heavens, that all this Sorrow ſee,
Sith all your Tempeſts cannot hold me back,
Aſſwage your Storms, or elſe both you and ſhe
Will both together me too ſorely wrack.

Enough

Digitized by Google

Enough it is for one Man to ſuſtain
The Storms, which ſhe alone on me doth rain.

SONNET XLVII.

TRUST not the Treaſon of thoſe ſmiling Looks,
Until ye have their guileful Trains well tride;
For they are like but unto golden Hooks,
That from the fooliſh Fiſh their Baits do hide:
So ſhe with flattering Smiles weak Hearts doth guide
Unto her Love, and tempt to their decay;
Whom being caught, ſhe kills with cruel Pride,
And feeds at pleaſure on the wretched Prey:
Yet even whilſt her bloody Hands them ſlay,
Her Eyes look lovely, and upon them ſmile;
That they take pleaſure in their cruel Play,
And dying, do themſelves of Pain beguile.
O mighty Charm which makes Men love their Bane,
And think they die with Pleaſure, live with Pain!

SONNET XLVIII.

INnocent Paper, whom too cruel Hand
Did make the matter to avenge her Ire;
And ere ſhe could thy cauſe well underſtand,
Did ſacrifice unto the greedy Fire:
Well worthy thou to have found better Hire,
Than ſo bad End, for Hereticks ordain'd;
Yet Hereſie nor Treaſon didſt conſpire,
But plead thy Maſter's Cauſe, unjuſtly pain'd.
Whom ſhe, all careleſs of his Grief, conſtrain'd
To utter forth the Anguiſh of his Heart;
And would not hear, when he to her complain'd
The piteous Paſſion of his dying Smart.
Yet live for ever, though againſt her Will,
And ſpeak her good, though ſhe requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

FAIR Cruel, why are ye ſo fierce and cruel?
Is it becauſe your Eyes have power to kill?
Then know that Mercy is the Mighty's Jewel,
And greater Glory think to ſave, than ſpill.

But

But if it be your Pleasure and proud Will,
To shew the power of your imperious Eyes;
Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your Force against your Enemies.
Let them feel th' utmost of your Cruelties,
And kill with Looks, as Cockatrices do:
But him that at your Footstool humbled lies,
With merciful regard, give mercy to.
Such Mercy shall you make admir'd to be;
So shall you live, by giving Life to me.

SONNET L.

LONG languishing in double Malady,
Of my Heart's Wound, and of my Body's Grief,
There came to me a Leach, that would apply
Fit Med'cines for my Body's best Relief.
Vain Man, quoth I, that hast but little Prief
In deep discovery of the Mind's Disease;
Is not the Heart of all the Body chief?
And rules the Members as it self doth please?
Then with some Cordials seek for to appease
The inward Languour of my wounded Heart,
And then my Body shall have shortly ease:
But such sweet Cordials pass Physicians Art.
Then my Life's Leach, do you your Skill reveal,
And with one Salve, both Heart and Body heal.

SONNET LI.

DO I not see the fairest Images,
Of hardest Marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many Ages,
Ne let their famous Moniments to fade?
Why then do I, untrain'd in Lover's trade,
Her Hardness blame, which I should more commend?
Sith never ought was excellent assaid,
Which was not hard t'atchive and bring to end;
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend,
Mote soften it and to his Will allure:
So do I hope her stubborn Heart to bend,
And that it then more stedfast will endure.

Only

Digitized by Google

Only my pains will be the more to get her,
But having her, my Joy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

SO oft as homeward I from her depart,
I go like one that having loſt the Field,
Is Priſoner led away with heavy Heart,
Diſpoil'd of warlike Arms and knowen Shield.
So do I now my ſelf a Priſoner yield,
To Sorrow and to ſolitary Pain:
From preſence of my dearest Dear exil'd,
Long-while alone in Languour to remain.
Then let no Thought of Joy, or Pleaſure vain,
Dare to approach, that may my Solace breed:
But ſuddain Dumps, and drery ſad Diſdain
Of all World's Gladneſs more my Torment feed.
So I her Abſence will my Penance make,
That of her Preſence I my Meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

THE Panther knowing that his ſpotted Hide
Doth pleaſe all Beaſts, but that his Looks them fray;
Within a Buſh his dreadful Head doth hide,
To let them gaze, whilſt he on them may prey.
Right ſo my cruel Fair with me doth play;
For with the goodly Semblance of her Hue,
She doth allure me to mine own Decay,
And then no Mercy will unto me ſhew.
Great ſhame it is, thing ſo Divine in view,
Made for to be the World's moſt Ornament,
To make the Bait her Gazers to embrew;
Good ſhames to be to Ill an Inſtrument:
But Mercy doth with Beauty beſt agree,
As in their Maker ye them beſt may ſee.

SONNET LIV.

OF this World's Theater in which we ſtay,
My Love, like the Spectator, idle ſits,
Beholding me that all the Pageants play,
Diſguiſing diverſly my troubled Wits.

Some-

Digitized by Google

Sometimes I joy, when glad occasion fits,
And mask in Mirth like to a Comedy:
Soon after, when my Joy to Sorrow flits,
I wail, and make my Woes a Tragedy.
Yet she beholding me with constant Eye,
Delights not in my Mirth, nor rues my Smart;
But when I laugh, she mocks; and when I cry,
She laughs, and hardens evermore her Heart.
What then can move her? if nor Mirth nor Mone,
She is no Woman, but a senseless Stone.

SONNET LV.

SO oft as I her Beauty do behold,
And there-with do her Cruelty compare,
I marvail of what substance was the Mould,
The which her made attonce so cruel Fair.
Not Earth; for her high Thoughts more Heav'nly are:
Not Water; for her Love doth burn like Fire;
Not Air; for she is not so light or rare:
Not Fire; for she doth freeze with faint Desire!
Then needs another Element inquire
Whereof she mote be made; that is, the Sky.
For, to the Heaven her haughty Looks aspire:
And eke her Love is pure immortal hy.
Then sith to Heaven ye likened are the best,
Be like in Mercy as in all the rest.

SONNET LVI.

FAIR ye be sure, but cruel and unkind,
As is a Tyger, that with greediness
Hunts after Blood, when he by chance doth find
A feeble Beast, doth felly him oppress.
Fair be ye sure, but proud and pitiless,
As is a Storm, that all things doth prostrate;
Finding a Tree alone all comfortless,
Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
Fair be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
As is a Rock amidst the raging Floods;
'Gainst which, a Ship, of Succour desolate,
Doth suffer Wreck both of her self and Goods.

That

Digitized by Google

That Ship, that Tree, and that same Beast am I,
Whom ye do wreck, do ruin, and destroy.

SONNET LVII.

SWEET Warriour, when shall I have Peace with you?
High time it is this War now ended were;
Which I no longer can endure to sue,
Ne your incessant Battry more to bear.
So weak my Powers, so sore my Wounds appear,
That Wonder is how I should live a Jot,
Seeing my Heart through-launced every where
With thousand Arrows, which your Eyes have shot:
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
But Glory think to make these cruel Stoures.
Ye cruel one, what Glory can be got,
In slaying him that would live gladly yours?
Make Peace therefore, and grant me timely Grace,
That all my Wounds will heal in little space.

SONNET LVIII.

To her that is most assured to her self.

WEAK is th' Assurance that weak Flesh reposeth
In her own Powre, and scorneth others Aid;
That soonest falls, when as she most supposeth
Her self assur'd, and is of nought affraid.
All Flesh is frail, and all her Strength unstaid,
Like a vain Bubble blowen up with Air:
Devouring Time and changeful Chance have prey'd
Her glorious Pride, that none may it repair.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fair,
But faileth, trusting on his own Assurance;
And he that standeth on the highest Stair
Falls lowest: for on Earth nought hath endurance.
Why then do ye, proud Fair, misdeem so farr,
That to your self ye most assured are?

SONNET LIX.

THRICE happy she, that is so well assur'd
Unto her self, and settled so in Heart;
That neither will for better be allur'd,
Ne fears to worse with any Chance to start:

But

But like a ſteddy Ship, doth ſtrongly part
The raging Waves, and keeps her Courſe aright;
Ne ought for Tempeſt doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fairer Weather's falſe Delight.
Such Self-aſſurance need not fear the Spight
Of grudging Foes, ne Favour ſeek of Friends:
But in the ſtay of her own ſtedfaſt Might,
Neither to one her ſelf nor other bends.
Moſt happy ſhe that moſt aſſur'd doth reſt,
But he moſt happy who ſuch one loves beſt.

SONNET LX.

THEY that in Courſe of heavenly Spheares are skill'd,
To every Planet point his ſundry Year;
In which her Circle's Voyage is fulfill'd,
As *Mars* in threeſcore Years doth run his Sphear.
So ſince the winged God his Planet clear
Began in me to move, one Year is ſpent;
The which doth longer unto me appear,
Than all thoſe forty which my Life out-went.
Then by that count, which Lovers Books invent,
The Sphear of *Cupid* forty Years contains;
Which I have waſted in long Languiſhment,
That ſeem'd the longer for my greater Pains.
But let my Love's fair Planet ſhort her Ways
This Year enſuing, or elſe ſhort my Days.

SONNET LXI.

THE glorious Image of the Maker's Beauty,
My ſoveraign Saint, the Idol of my Thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the Bounds of Duty,
T' accuſe of Pride, or raſhly blame for ought.
For, being as ſhe is, divinely wrought,
And of the Brood of Angels heav'nly born;
And with the Crew of bleſſed Saints upbrought,
Each of which did her with her Gifts adorn:
The Bud of Joy, the Bloſſom of the Morn,
The Beam of Light, whom mortal Eyes admire:
What reaſon is it then but ſhe ſhould ſcorn
Baſe things, that to her Love too bold aſpire?

Such

Such heav'nly Forms ought rather worshipt be,
Than dare be lov'd by Men of mean Degree.

SONNET LXII.

THE weary Year his Race now having run,
The new begins his compast Course anew:
With shew of Morning mild he hath begun,
Betokening Peace and Plenty to ensew.
So let us, which this change of Weather view,
Change eke our Minds, and former Lives amend
The old Year's Sins forepast let us eschew,
And fly the Faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the New-Year's Joy forth freshly send,
Into the glooming World his gladsom Ray;
And all these Storms which now his Beauty blend,
Shall turn to Calms, and timely clear away.
So likewise, Love, chear you your heavy Spright,
And change old Year's Annoy, to new Delight.

SONNET LXIII.

AFTER long Storms and Tempests sad Assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of Death and dangerous Dismay,
With which my silly Bark was tossed sore;
I do at length descry the happy Shore,
In which I hope e're long for to arrive:
Fair Soil it seems from far, and fraught with Store
Of all that dear and dainty is alive.
Most happy he, that can at last atchive
The joyous Safety of so sweet a Rest;
Whose least Delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all Pains which him oppreſt.
All Pains are nothing in respect of this,
All Sorrows short that gain eternal Bliss.

SONNET LXIV.

COMING to kiss her Lips (such Grace I found)
Me seem'd I smelt a Garden of sweet Flowres,
That dainty Odours from them threw around,
For Damzels fit to deck their Lover's Bowres.

Her

Digitized by Google

Her Lips did ſmell like unto Gilliflowers,
Her ruddy Cheeks like unto Roſes red;
Her ſnowy Brows like budded Bellamoures;
Her lovely Eyes, like Pinks but newly ſpred;
Her goodly Boſom, like a Strawberry Bed;
Her Neck, like to a Bunch of Cullambines;
Her Breſt like Lillies, ere their Leaves be ſhed;
Her Nipples like young bloſſom'd Jeſſemines:
Such fragrant Flowres do give moſt odorous Smell,
But her ſweet Odour did them all excel.

SONNET LXV.

THE Doubt which ye miſdeem, fair Love, is vain,
That fondly fear to loſe your Liberty;
When loſing one, two Liberties ye gain,
And make him bound, that Bondage earſt did fly.
Sweet be the Bands, the which true Love doth tye,
Without Conſtraint, or dread of any Ill:
The gentle Bird feels no Captivity
Within her Cage, but ſings, and feeds her fill.
There Pride dare not approach, nor Diſcord ſpill
The League 'twixt them, that loyal Love hath bound;
But ſimple Truth and mutual Good-will,
Seeks with ſweet Peace to ſalve each other's Wound:
There Faith doth fearleſs dwell in braſen Towre,
And ſpotleſs Pleaſure builds her ſacred Bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

TO all thoſe happy Bleſſings which ye have,
With plenteous Hand by Heaven upon you thrown,
This one Diſparagement they to you gave,
That ye your Love lent to ſo mean a one.
Ye whoſe high Words ſurpaſſing Paragon,
Could not on Earth have found one fit for Mate,
Ne but in Heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye ſtoop unto ſo lowly State?
But ye thereby much greater Glory gate,
Than had ye ſorted with a Prince's Peer:
For, now your Light doth more it ſelf dilate,
And in my Darkneſs, greater doth appear.

Yet

Digitized by Google

Yet ſince your Light hath once enlumin'd me
With my Reflex, yours ſhall encreaſed be.

SONNET LXVII.

LIKE as a Huntſman after weary Chace,
Seeing the Game from him eſcape away,
Sits down to reſt him in ſome ſhady Place,
With panting Hounds beguiled of their Prey:
So after long Purſute and vain Aſſay,
When I all weary had the Chace forſook,
The gentle Deer return'd the ſelf-ſame way,
Thinking to quench her Thirſt at the next Brook:
There ſhe beholding me with milder Look,
Sought not to fly, but fearleſs ſtill did bide;
Till I in Hand her yet half trembling took,
And with her own Good-will, her firmly tide.
Strange thing me ſeem'd to ſee a Beaſt ſo wild,
So goodly wone, with her own Will beguil'd.

SONNET LXVIII.

MOST glorious Lord of Life, that on this Day
Didſt make thy Triumph over Death and Sin;
And having harrow'd Hell, didſt bring away
Captivity thence Captive, us to win:
This joyous Day, dear Lord, with Joy begin,
And grant that we for whom thou diddeſt dy,
Being with thy dear Blood clean waſh'd from Sin,
May live for ever in Felicity;
And that thy Love we weighing worthily,
May likewiſe love thee for the ſame again:
And for thy ſake, that all-like dear didſt buy,
With Love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought,
Love is the Leſſon which the Lord us taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THE famous Warriours of the antique World
Us'd Trophees to erect in ſtately wiſe,
In which they would the Records have enroll'd,
Of their great Deeds and valorous Empriſe.

What

What Trophee then shall I most fit devise,
In which I may record the Memory
Of my Love's Conquest, peerless Beauty's Prise,
Adorn'd with Honour, Love, and Chastity?
Even this Verse, vow'd to Eternity,
Shall be thereof immortal Moniment;
And tells her Praise to all Posterity,
That may admire such World's rare Wonderment:
The happy Purchase of my glorious Spoil,
Gotten at last with Labour and long Toil.

SONNET LXX.

FRESH Spring, the Herald of Love's mighty King,
In whose Coat-armour richly are displaid
All sorts of Flowres the which on Earth do spring,
In goodly Colours gloriously array'd:
Go to my Love, where she is careless laid,
Yet in her Winter's Bowre not well awake;
Tell her the joyous Time will not be staid,
Unless she do him by the Fore-lock take.
Bid her therefore her self soon ready make
To wait on Love amongst his lovely Crew;
Where every one that misseth then her Make,
Shall be by him amearst with Penance dew.
Make haste therefore, sweet Love, whilst it is prime,
For none can call again the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I Joy to see how in your drawen work,
Your self unto the Bee ye do compare;
And me unto the Spider, that doth lurk
In close await, to catch her unaware:
Right so your self were caught in cunning Snare
Of a dear Foe, and thralled to his Love;
In whose straight Bands ye now captived are
So firmly, that ye never may remove.
But as your Work is woven all about,
With Woodbind Flowers and fragrant Eglantine;
So sweet your Prison you in time shall prove,
With many dear Delights bedecked fine.

And

Digitized by Google

And all thenceforth eternal Peace shall see,
Between the Spider and the gentle Bee.

SONNET LXXII.

OFT when my Spirit doth spred her bolder Wings,
In mind to mount up to the purest Sky,
It down is weigh'd with Thought of earthly things,
And clogg'd with Burden of Mortality;
Where, when that soveraign Beauty it doth spy,
Resembling Heaven's Glory in her Light;
Drawn with sweet Pleasure's Bait, it back doth fly,
And unto Heavens forgets her former Flight.
There my frail Fancy fed with full Delight,
Doth bathe in Bliss, and mantleth most at ease;
Ne thinks of other Heaven, but how it might
Her Heart's Desire with most Contentment please.
Heart need not wish none other Happiness,
But here on Earth to have such Heaven's Bliss.

SONNET LXXIII.

BEING my self captived here in Care,
My Heart, whom none with servile Bands can tye,
But the fair Tresses of your golden Hair,
Breaking his Prison, forth to you doth fly:
Like as a Bird, that in one's Hand doth spy
Desired Food, to it doth make his flight;
Even so my Heart, that wont on your fair Eye
To feed his fill, flies back unto your sight.
Do you him take, and in your Bosom bright
Gently engage, that he may be your Thrall:
Perhaps he there may learn, with rare Delight,
To sing your Name and Praises over all.
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your Bosom to have lent.

SONNET LXXIV.

MOST happy Letters fram'd by skilful Trade,
With which that happy Name was first design'd,
The which three times thrice happy hath me made,
With Gifts of Body, Fortune, and of Mind.

The

Digitized by Google

The first, my Being to me gave by kind,
From Mother's Womb deriv'd by due Descent;
The second is my soveraign Queen most kind,
That Honour and large Riches to me lent;
The third, my Love, my Life's last Ornament,
By whom my Spirit out of Dust was rais'd;
To speak her Praise and Glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be prais'd.
Ye three *Elizabeths* for ever live,
That three such Graces did unto me give.

SONNET LXXV.

ONE day I wrote her Name upon the Strand,
But came the Waves and washed it away:
Again, I wrote it with a second Hand,
But came the Tide, and made my Pains his Prey.
Vain Man, said she, that dost in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize;
For I my self shall like to this decay,
And eke my Name be wiped out likewise.
Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise
To die in Dust, but you shall live by Fame;
My Verse your Vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the Heavens write your glorious Name.
Where, whenas Death shall all the World subdew,
Our Love shall live, and later Life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

FAIR Bosom fraught with Vertue's richest Treasure,
The Nest of Love, the Lodging of Delight,
The Bowre of Bliss, the Paradise of Pleasure,
The sacred Harbour of that heavenly Spright;
How was I ravish'd with your lovely Sight,
And my frail Thoughts too rashly led astray?
Whiles diving deep through amorous Insight,
On the sweet Spoil of Beauty they did prey.
And 'twixt her Paps, like early Fruit in *May*,
Whose Harvest seem'd to hasten now apace,
They loosely did their wanton Wings display,
And there to rest themselves did boldly place.

Digitized by Google

Sweet Thoughts, I envy your so happy Rest,
Which oft I wish'd, yet never was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII.

WAS it a Dream, or did I see it plain?
A goodly Table of pure Ivory
All spred with Juncats, fit to entertain
The greatest Prince with pompous Royalty:
'Mongst which, there in a silver Dish did lie
Two golden Apples of unvalu'd Price;
Far passing those which *Hercules* came by,
Or those which *Atalanta* did entice;
Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinful Vice,
That many sought, yet none could ever taste,
Sweet Fruit of Pleasure, brought from Paradise
By Love himself, and in his Garden plac'd.
Her Brest that Table was so richly spred,
My thoughts the Guests, which could thereon have fed.

SONNET LXXVIII.

LAcking my Love, I go from Place to Place,
Like a young Fawn, that late hath lost the Hind;
And seek each where, where last I saw her Face,
Whose Image yet I carry fresh in Mind.
I seek the Fields with her late Footing sign'd,
I seek her Bowre with her late Presence deck't;
Yet nor in Field nor Bowre I can her find,
Yet Field and Bowre are full of her Aspect:
But when mine Eyes I thereunto direct,
They idly back return to me again;
And when I hope to see their true Object,
I find my self but fed with Fancies vain.
Cease then, mine Eyes, to seek her self to see,
And let my Thoughts behold her self in me.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEN call you Fair, and you do credit it,
For that your self ye daily such do see;
But the true Fair, that is, the gentle Wit,
And vertuous Mind, is much more prais'd of me:

For

Digitized by Google

For all the rest, how ever Fair it be,
Shall turn to naught and lose that glorious Hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail Corruption, that doth Flesh ensew:
That is true Beauty; that doth argue you
To be Divine, and born of heavenly Seed;
Deriv'd from that fair Spirit, from whom all true
And perfect Beauty did at first proceed:
He only Fair, and what he Fair hath made;
All other Fair, like Flowres, untimely fade.

SONNET LXXX.

AFTER so long a Race as I have run
Through *Fairy-Land*, which those six Books compile,
Give leave to rest me, being half foredun,
And gather to my self new Breath awhile.
Then, as a Steed refreshed after Toil,
Out of my Prison I will break anew,
And stoutly will that second Work assoil,
With strong Endeavour and Attention due.
Till then give leave to me, in pleasant Mew
To sport my Muse, and sing my Love's sweet Praise;
The Contemplation of whose heavenly Hue,
My Spirit to an higher pitch will raise.
But let her Praises yet be low and mean,
Fit for the Hand-maid of the *Fairy Queen*.

SONNET LXXXI.

FAIR is my Love, when her fair golden Hairs,
With the loose Wind ye waving chance to mark:
Fair when the Rose in her red Cheek appears,
Or in her Eyes the Fire of Love doth spark.
Fair when her Brest, like a rich laden Bark
With precious Merchandize, she forth doth lay:
Fair when that Cloud of Pride, which oft doth dark
Her goodly Light, with Smiles she drives away.
But fairest she, when so she doth display
The Gate with Pearls and Rubies richly dight;
Through which her Words so wise do make their way,
To bear the Message of her gentle Spright:

Digitized by Google

The rest be Works of Nature's Wonderment,
But this the Work of Heart's Astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

JOY of my Life, full oft for loving you
I bless my Lot, that was so lucky plac'd:
But then the more your own mishap I rue,
That are so much by so mean Love embas'd.
For had the equal Heavens so much you grac'd
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
Some heavenly Wit, whose Verse could have enchac'd
Your glorious Name in golden Moniment.
But since ye deign'd so goodly to relent
To me your Thrall, in whom is little worth,
That little that I am, shall all be spent
In setting your immortal Praises forth:
Whose lofty Argument up-lifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high Degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

LET not one Spark of filthy lustful Fire
Break out, that may her sacred Peace molest;
Ne one light Glance of sensual Desire
Attempt to work her gentle Mind's Unrest.
But pure Affections bred in spotless Brest,
And modest Thoughts breath'd from well-temper'd Sprights
Go visit her, in her chaste Bowre of Rest,
Accompany'd with Angel-like Delights.
There fill your self with those most joyous Sights,
The which my self could never yet attain;
But speak no word to her of these sad Plights,
Which her too constant Stiffness doth constrain.
Only behold her rare Perfection,
And bless your Fortune's fair Election.

SONNET LXXXIV.

THE World that cannot deem of worldly Things,
When I do praise her, say I do but flatter:
So doth the Cuckow, when the Mavis sings,
Begin his witless Note apace to chatter.

But

Digitized by Google

But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not, envy or admire,
Rather than envy let them wonder at her,
But not to deem of her Desert aspire.
Deep in the Closet of my Parts entire,
Her Worth is written with a golden Quill;
That me with heavenly Fury doth inspire,
And my glad Mouth with her sweet Praises fill.
Which when as Fame in her shrill Trump shall thunder,
Let the World chuse to envy or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXV.

VEnemous Tongue, tipt with vile Adder's Sting,
Of that self kind with which the Furies fell
Their snaky Heads do comb, from which a Spring
Of poisoned Words and spightful Speeches well;
Let all the Plagues and horrid Pains of Hell
Upon thee fall for thine accursed hire;
That with false forged Lyes, which thou didst tell,
In my true Love did stir up Coals of Ire,
The Sparks whereof let kindle thine own Fire,
And catching hold on thine own wicked Head,
Consume thee quite, that didst with Guile conspire
In my sweet Peace such Breaches to have bred.
Shame be thy Meed, and Mischief thy Reward,
Due to thy self, that it for me prepar'd.

SONNET LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the Presence of my Love,
Many long weary days I have out-worn;
And many Nights, that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad Protract from Evening until Morn.
For, when as Day the Heaven doth adorn,
I wish that Night the noyous Day would end:
And whenas Night hath us of Light forlorn,
I wish that Day would shortly re-ascend.
Thus I the time with Expectation spend,
And fain my Grief with Changes to beguile;
That further seems his Term still to extend,
And maketh every Minute seem a Mile.

Digitized by Google

So Sorrow ſtill doth ſeem too long to laſt,
But joyous Hours do fly away too faſt.

SONNET LXXXVII.

SINCE I have lackt the Comfort of that Light,
The which was wont to lead my Thoughts aſtray,
I wander as in Darkneſs of the Night,
Affraid of every Danger's leaſt Diſmay.
Ne ought I ſee, though in the cleareſt Day,
When others gaze upon their Shadows vain;
But th' only Image of that heavenly Ray,
Whereof ſome Glance doth in mine Eye remain.
Of which beholding the Idea plain,
Through Contemplation of my pureſt Part,
With Light thereof I do my ſelf ſuſtain,
And thereon feed my love-affamiſht Heart.
But with ſuch Brightneſs whilſt I fill my Mind,
I ſtarve my Body, and mine Eyes do blind.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

LIKE as the Culver on the bared Bough,
Sits mourning for the Abſence of her Mate;
And in her Songs ſends many a wiſhful Vow,
For his return that ſeems to linger late:
So I alone, now left diſconſolate,
Mourn to my ſelf the Abſence of my Love;
And wandering here and there all deſolate,
Seek with my Plaints to match that mournful Dove.
Ne joy of ought that under Heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me, but her own joyous Sight;
Whoſe ſweet Aſpect both God and Man can move,
In her unſpotted Pleaſance to delight.
Dark is my Day, whiles her fair Light I miſs,
And dead my Life that wants ſuch lively Bliſs.

Digitized by Google

POEMS.

IN Youth, before I wexed old,
The blinded Boy, *Venus'* Baby,
For want of Cunning made me bold,
In bitter Hive to grope for Honey:
But when he ſaw me ſtung and cry,
He took Wing and away did fly.

AS *Diane* hunted on a day,
She chanc'd to come where *Cupid* lay,
His Quiver by his Head:
One of his Shafts ſhe ſtole away,
And one of her's did cloſe convey
Into the other's ſtead:
With that Love wounded my Love's Heart,
But *Diane* Beaſts with *Cupid*'s Dart.

I Saw, in ſecret to my Dame
How little *Cupid* humbly came,
And ſaid to her, All hail my Mother.
But when he ſaw me laugh, for ſhame
His Face with baſhful Blood did flame,
Not knowing *Venus* from the other.
Then, never bluſh, *Cupid*, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this Beauty.

UPON a day, as Love lay ſweetly ſlumbring
All in his Mother's Lap,
A gentle Bee with his loud Trumpet murm'ring,
About him flew by hap.

Digitized by Google

Whereof when he was wakened with the Noiſe,
And ſaw the Beaſt ſo ſmall;
What's this (quoth he) that gives ſo weak a Voice,
That wakens Men withall?
In angry wiſe he flies about,
And threatens all with Courage ſtout,

TO whom his Mother cloſely ſmiling ſaid,
'Twixt earneſt and 'twixt game;
See, thou thy ſelf likewiſe art little made,
If thou regard the ſame:
And yet thou ſuffereſt neither Gods in Sky,
Nor Men in earth to reſt;
But when thou art diſpoſed cruelly,
Their Sleep thou doſt moleſt.
Then either change thy Cruelty,
Or give like leave unto the Fly.

NATH'LESS, the cruel Boy, not ſo content,
Would needs the Fly purſue;
And in his Hand with heedleſs Hardiment,
Him caught for to ſubdue.
But when on it he haſty Hand did lay,
The Bee him ſtung therefore:
Now out alas, he cride! and wele-away!
I wounded am full ſore;
The Fly that I ſo much did ſcorn,
Hath hurt me with his little Horn.

UNTO his Mother ſtraight he weeping came,
And of his Grief complain'd:
Who could not chuſe but laugh at his fond Game,
Though ſad to ſee him pain'd.
Think now (quoth ſhe) my Son, how great the Smart
Of thoſe whom thou dooſt wound;
Full many thou haſt pricked to the Heart,
That Pity never found:
Therefore henceforth ſome Pity take,
When thou doſt Spoil of Lovers make.

SHE

Digitized by Google

SHE took him ſtraight full piteouſly lamenting,
And wrapt him in her Smock;
She wrapt him ſoftly, all the while repenting,
That he the Fly did mock.
She dreſt his Wound, and it embalmed well
With Salve of ſoveraign Might;
And then ſhe bath'd him in a dainty Well,
The Well of dear Delight.
Who would not oft be ſtung as this,
To be ſo bath'd in *Venus'* Bliſs?

THE wanton Boy was ſhortly well recur'd
Of that his Malady:
But he, ſoon after, freſh again enur'd
His former Cruelty.
And ſince that time he wounded hath my ſelf
With his ſharp Dart of Love:
And now forgets the cruel careleſs Elf
His Mother's Heaſt to prove.
So now I languiſh, till he pleaſe
My pining Anguiſh to appeaſe.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PROTHALAMION;

OR A

Spouſal Verſe,

In Honour of

The double Marriage of the two Honourable and Vertuous Ladies, the Lady *Elizabeth*, and the Lady *Catherine Somerſet*; Daughters to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Worceſter*: and eſpouſed to the two worthy Gentlemen, *Henry Gilford*, and *William Peter*, Eſquires.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Vol. 5. p. 1253 Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

Digitized by Google

PROTHALAMION.

CALM was the Day, and through the trembling Air
Sweet-breathing *Zephyrus* did ſoftly play
A gentle Spirit, that lightly did allay
Hot *Titan*'s Beams, which then did gliſter fair:
When I, whom ſullen Care,
Through diſcontent of my long fruitleſs ſtay
In Princes Courts, and Expectations vain
Of idle Hopes, which ſtill do fly away,
Like empty Shadows, did afflict my Brain,
Walk'd forth to eaſe my pain
Along the Shoar of ſilver ſtreaming *Thames*,
Whoſe ruſhy Bank, the which his River hems,
Was painted all with variable Flowers,
And all the Meads adorn'd with dainty Gems,
Fit to deck Maidens Bowres,
And crown their Paramours,
Againſt the Bridal-day, which is not long:
Sweet *Thames* run ſoftly, till I end my Song.

There

Digitized by Google

THERE in a Meadow by the River's side,
A flock of Nymphs I chanced to espy,
All lovely Daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish Locks all loose untide,
As each had been a Bride;
And each one had a little wicker Basket,
Made of fine Twigs, entrailed curiously,
In which they gather'd Flowers to fill their Flasket:
And with fine Fingers, cropt full feateously
The tender Stalks on hie.
Of every sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gather'd some; the Violet pallid blue,
The little Dazie, that at Evening closes,
The Virgin Lillie, and the Primrose true,
With store of vermeil Roses,
To deck their Bridegroom's Posies,
Against the Bridal-day, which was not long:
Sweet *Thames* run softly, till I end my Song.

WITH that, I saw two Swans of goodly Hue
Come softly swimming down along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see:
The Snow which does the top of *Pindus* strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor *Jove* himself when he a Swan would be,
For love of *Leda*, whiter did appear:
For *Leda* was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle Stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foul to them, and bad his Billows spare
To wet their silken Feathers, lest they might
Soyl their fair Plumes, with Water not so fair,
And mar their Beauties bright,
That shone as Heaven's Light,
Against their Bridal-day, which was not long:
Sweet *Thames* run softly, till I end my Song.

EFT-

Digitized by Google

EFTSOONS the Nymphs, which now had Flowers their (fill,
Ran all in haste, to see that silver Brood,
As they came floting on the crystal Flood.
Whom when they saw, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring Eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fair,
Of Fowls so lovely, that they sure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that same Pair
Which through the Sky draw *Venus'* silver Teem:
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly Seed,
But rather Angels, or of Angels breed:
Yet were they bred, of *Summers-heat*, they say,
In sweetest Season, when each Flower and Weed
The Earth did fresh array;
So fresh they seem'd as Day,
Even as their Bridal-day, which was not long:
Sweet *Thames* run softly, till I end my Song.

THEN forth they all out of their Baskets drew
Great store of Flowers, the Honour of the Field,
That to the Sense did fragrant Odours yield;
All which, upon those goodly Birds they threw,
And all the Waves did strew,
That like old *Peneus'* Waters they did seem,
When down along by pleasant *Tempe's* Shore
Scatter'd with Flowers, through *Thessaly* they streem,
That they appear, through Lillies plentious store,
Like a Bride's Chamber-flore.
Two of those Nymphs, mean-while, two Garlands bound,
Of freshest Flowers, which in that Mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim Array,
Their snowy Foreheads therewithal they crown'd,
Whilst one did sing this Lay,
Prepar'd against that Day,
Against that Bridal-day, which was not long:
Sweet *Thames* run softly, till I end my Song.

YE

Digitized by Google

YE gentle Birds, the World's fair Ornament,
And Heaven's Glory, whom this happy Hour
Doth lead unto your Lovers blisful Bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle Hearts Content
Of your Love's Complement:
And let fair *Venus*, that is Queen of Love,
With her Heart-quelling Son upon you smile;
Whose Smile they say, hath Vertue to remove
All Love's Dislike, and Friendship's faulty Guile
For ever to assoil.
Let endless Peace your stedfast Hearts accord,
And blessed Plenty wait upon your Bord;
And let your Bed with Pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitful Issue may to you afford,
Which may your Foes confound,
And make your Joys redound
Upon your Bridal-day, which is not long:
Sweet *Thames* run softly, till I end my Song.

SO ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her Undersong,
Which said, their Bridal-day should not be long.
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour Ground,
Their Accents did resound.
So forth those joyous Birds did pass along,
Adown the Lee, that to them murmur'd low,
As he would speak, but that he lackt a Tong,
Yet did by Signs his glad Affection show,
Making his Stream run slow.
And all the Fowl which in his Flood did dwell,
'Gan flock about these twain, that did excell
The rest so far, as *Cynthia* doth shend
The lesser Stars. So they enranged well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best Service lend,
Against their Wedding-day, which was not long:
Sweet *Thames* run softly, till I end my Song.

AT

Digitized by Google

AT length, they all to merry *London* came,
To merry *London*, my most kindly Nurse,
That to me gave this Life's first native Sourse:
Though from another place I take my Name,
An House of antient Fame.
There when they came, whereas those bricky Towres,
The which on *Thames'* brode aged Back do ride,
Where now the studious Lawyers have their Bowers,
There whylom wont the Templer Knights to bide,
Till they decay'd through pride:
Next whereunto there stands a stately Place,
Where oft I gained Gifts and goodly Grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless Case:
But ah! here fits not well
Old Woes, but Joys to tell
Against the Bridal-day, which is not long:
Sweet *Thames* run softly, till I end my Song.

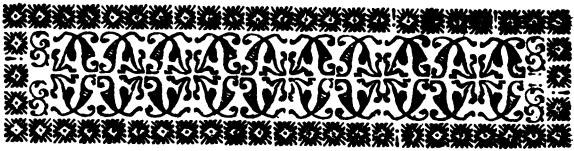
YET therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
Great *England*'s Glory, and the World's wide Wonder,
Whose dreadful Name, late through all *Spain* did thunder,
And *Hercules'* two Pillars standing near,
Did make to quake and fear:
Fair Branch of Honour, Flower of Chevalry,
That fillest *England* with thy Triumph's Fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble Victory,
And endless Happiness of thine own Name
That promiseth the same:
That through thy Prowess and victorious Arms,
Thy Countrey may be freed from foreign Harms;
And great *Elisa*'s glorious Name may ring
Through all the World, fill'd with thy wide Alarms,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To Ages following,
Upon the Bridal-day, which is not long:
Sweet *Thames* run softly, till I end my Song.

From

Digitized by Google

FROM those high Towers, this noble Lord issuing,
Like radiant *Hesper*, when his golden Hair
In th' Ocean Billows he hath bathed fair,
Descended to the Rivers open viewing,
With a great Train ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to be seen
Two gentle Knights of lovely Face and Feature,
Beseeming well the Bowre of any Queen,
With Gifts of Wit, and Ornaments of Nature,
Fit for so goodly Stature:
That like the Twins of *Jove* they seem'd in sight,
Which deck the Bauldrick of the Heavens bright.
They two forth passing to the Rivers-side,
Receiv'd those two fair Brides, their Love's delight,
Which at th' appointed Tide,
Each one did make his Bride,
Against their Bridal-day, which is not long:
Sweet *Thames* run softly, till I end my Song.

Digitized by Google



EPITHALAMION.

E learned Sisters, which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful Rimes,
That ev'n the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their Names sung in your simple Layes,
But joyed in their Praise;
And when ye list your own Mishap to mourn,
Which Death, or Love, or Fortune's Wreck did raise,
Your String could soon to sadder Tenour turn,
And teach the Woods and Waters to lament
Your doleful Dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowful Complaints aside,
And having all your Heads with Girlands crown'd,
Help me mine own Love's Praises to resound,
Ne let the same of any be envide.
So *Orpheus* did for his own Bride:
So I unto my self alone will sing;
The Woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho ring.

EARLY

Digitized by Google

EARLY before the World's Light-giving Lamp
His golden Beam upon the Hills doth ſpred,
Having diſperſt the Night's unchearful Damp;
Do ye awake, and with freſh Luſtihed,
Go to the Bowre of my beloved Love,
My trueſt Turtle-Dove,
Bid her awake; for *Hymen* is awake,
And long ſince ready forth his Mask to move,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a Flake,
And many a Batchelor to wait on him,
In their freſh Garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and ſoon her dight,
For loe the wiſhed Day is come at laſt,
That ſhall for all the Pains and Sorrows paſt,
Pay to her Uſury of long Delight:
And whilſt ſhe doth her dight,
Do ye to her of Joy and Solace ſing,
That all the Woods may anſwer, and your Eccho ring.

BRING with you all the Nymphs that you can hear,
Both of the Rivers and the Foreſts green:
And of the Sea that neighbours to her near,
All with gay Girlands goodly well beſeen.
And let them alſo with them bring in hand
Another gay Girland,
For my fair Love, of Lillies and of Roſes,
Bound true-love wiſe, with a blue ſilk Riband.
And let them make great Store of bridal Poſes,
And let them eke bring ſtore of other Flowers
To deck the bridal Bowers.
And let the Ground whereas her Foot ſhall tread,
For fear the Stones her tender Foot ſhould wrong,
Be ſtrew'd with fragrant Flowers all along,
And diapred like the diſcoloured Mead.
Which done, do at her Chamber-door await,
For ſhe will waken ſtrait,
The whiles do ye this Song unto her ſing;
The Woods ſhall to you anſwer, and your Eccho ring.

YE

Digitized by Google

YE Nymphs of *Mulla*, which with careful Heed
The silver scaly Trouts do tend full well,
And greedy Pikes which use therein to feed,
(Those Trouts and Pikes all others do excel)
And ye likewise which keep the rushie Lake,
Where none do Fishes take,
Bind up the Locks the which hang scattred light;
And in his Waters which your Mirror make,
Behold your Faces as the Crystal bright;
That when you come whereas my Love doth lie,
No Blemish she may spie.
And eke ye lightfoot Maids which keep the Door,
That on the hoary Mountain use to towre,
And the wild Wolves which seek them to devour,
Which your steel Darts do chace from coming near,
Be also present here,
To help to deck her, and to help to sing;
That all the Woods may answer, and your Eccho ring.

WAKE now my Love, awake; for it is time,
The rosie Morn long since left *Tithon*'s Bed,
All ready to her silver Coach to clime,
And *Phœbus* 'gins to shew his glorious Head.
Hark how the chearful Birds do chaunt their Layes,
And carrol of Love's Praise.
The merry Lark her Mattins sings aloft,
The Thrush replies, the Mavis descant plays,
The Ouzel shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this Day's Merriment.
Ah! my dear Love, why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous Make,
And hearken to the Birds love-learned Song,
The dewie Leaves among?
For they of Joy and Pleasance to you sing,
That all the Woods them answer, and their Eccho ring.

MY

Digitized by Google

MY Love is now awake out of her Dreams,
And her fair Eyes, like Stars that dimmed were
With darksome Cloud, now shew their goodly Beams,
More bright than *Hesperus* his Head doth rere.
Come now, ye Damsels, Daughters of Delight,
  Help quickly her to dight:
But first come ye fair Houres, which were begot,
In *Jove*'s sweet Paradise, of Day and Night;
Which do the Seasons of the Year allot,
And all that ever in this World is fair,
  Do make and still repair.
And ye three Handmaids of the *Cyprian* Queen,
The which do still adorn her Beauty's Pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest Bride;
And as ye her array, still throw between
  Some Graces to be seen:
And as ye use to *Venus*, to her sing,
The whiles the Woods shall answer, and your Eccho ring.

NOW is my Love all ready forth to come,
Let all the Virgins therefore well await;
And ye fresh Boys that tend upon her Groom,
Prepare your selves, for he is coming strait.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
  Fit for so joyful Day:
The joyfulst Day that ever Sun did see.
Fair Sun, shew forth thy favourable Ray,
And let thy life-ful Heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sun-shiny Face,
  Her Beauty to disgrace.
O fairest *Phœbus*, Father of the Muse,
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that more thy Mind delight,
Do not thy Servant's simple Boon refuse,
But let this Day, let this one Day be mine,
  Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soveraign Praises loud will sing,
That all the Woods shall answer, and their Eccho ring.

HARK

Digitized by Google

HARK how the Minſtrils 'gin to ſhrill aloud
Their merry Muſick that reſounds from far,
The Pipe, the Taber, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten Breach or Jar.
But moſt of all, the Damzels do delite,
When they their Timbrels ſmite,
And thereunto do daunce and carrol ſweet,
That all the Senſes they do raviſh quite;
The whiles the Boys run up and down the Street,
Crying aloud with ſtrong confuſed Noiſe,
As if it were one Voice;
Hymen, Io *Hymen*, *Hymen* they do ſhout,
That even to the Heavens their ſhouting ſhrill
Doth reach, and all the Firmament doth fill;
To which the People ſtanding all about,
As in approvance do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her Laud,
And evermore they *Hymen*, *Hymen* ſing,
That all the Woods them anſwer, and their Eccho ring.

LOE where ſhe comes along with portly Pace,
Like *Phœbe*, from her Chamber of the Eaſt,
Ariſing forth to run her mighty Race,
Clad all in white, that ſeems a Virgin beſt.
So well it her beſeems, that ye would ween
Some Angel ſhe had been:
Her long looſe yellow Locks like golden Wire,
Sprinkled with Pearl, and perling Flowres atween,
Do like a golden Mantle her attire:
And being crowned with a Girland green,
Seem like ſome maiden Queen.
Her modeſt Eyes abaſhed to behold
So many Gazers, as on her do ſtare,
Upon the lowly Ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her Countenance too bold,
But bluſh to hear her Praiſes ſung ſo loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathleſs do ye ſtill loud her Praiſes ſing,
That all the Woods may anſwer, and your Eccho ring.

TELL

Digitized by Google

TELL me ye Merchants Daughters, did ye ſee
So fair a Creature in your Town before?
So ſweet, ſo lovely, and ſo mild as ſhe,
Adorn'd with Beauty's Grace and Vertue's Store:
Her goodly Eyes like Saphires ſhining bright,
  Her Forehead Ivory white,
Her Cheeks like Apples which the Sun hath rudded,
Her Lips like Cherries charming Men to bite,
Her Breſt like to a Bowl of Cream uncrudded,
  Her Paps like Lillies budded,
Her ſnowy Neck like to a marble Towre,
And all her Body like a Palace fair,
Aſcending up with many a ſtately Stair,
To Honour's Seat, and Chaſtity's ſweet Bowre.
Why ſtand ye ſtill, ye Virgins in amaze,
  Upon her ſo to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former Lay to ſing,
To which the Woods did anſwer, and your Eccho ring?

BUT if ye ſaw that which no Eyes can ſee,
The inward Beauty of her lively Spright,
Garniſh'd with heavenly Gifts of high Degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that ſight,
And ſtand aſtoniſh'd like to thoſe which red
  Meduſa's mazeful Head.
There dwells ſweet Love and conſtant Chaſtity,
Unſpotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modeſty;
There Vertue reigns as Queen in Royal Throne,
  And giveth Laws alone,
The which the baſe Affections do obey,
And yield their Services unto her will;
Ne Thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her Mind to ill.
Had ye once ſeen theſe her celeſtial Treaſures,
  And unrevealed Pleaſures,
Then would ye wonder, and her Praiſes ſing,
That all the Woods ſhould anſwer, and your Eccho ring.

Digitized by Google

OPEN the Temple-Gates unto my Love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the Posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the Pillors deck with Girlands trim,
For to receive this Saint with Honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling Steps and humble Reverence
She cometh in, before th' Almighty's view:
Of her, ye Virgins, learn Obedience.
Whenso ye come into those holy Places,
To humble your proud Faces;
Bring her up to th' High Altar, that she may
The sacred Ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless Matrimony make:
And let the roaring Organs loudly play
The Praises of the Lord in lively Notes;
The whiles with hollow Throats
The Choristers the joyous Anthem sing,
That all the Woods may answer, and their Eccho ring.

BEHOLD, whiles she before the Altar stands,
Hearing the holy Priest that to her speaks,
And blesses her with his two happy Hands,
How the red Roses flush up in her Cheeks,
And the pure Snow, with goodly vermil Stain,
Like Crimsin dy'd in Grain:
That even the Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altar do remain,
Forget their Service and about her fly;
Oft peeping in her Face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad Eyes still fastned on the Ground,
Are governed with goodly Modesty,
That suffers not one Look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little Thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The Pledge of all our Band?
Sing ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the Woods may answer, and your Eccho ring.

Digitized by Google

NOW all is done; bring home the Bride again,
Bring home the Triumph of our Victory,
Bring home with you the Glory of her Gain,
With Joyance bring her and with Jollity.
Never had Man more joyful Day than this,
Whom Heaven would heap with Bliss.
Make Feast therefore now all this live-long Day,
This Day for ever to me holy is;
Pour out the Wine without Restraint or Stay,
Pour not by Cups, but by the Belly-full,
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the Posts and Walls with Wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withal.
Crown ye God *Bacchus* with a Coronal,
And *Hymen* also crown with Wreaths of Vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can do it best:
The whiles the Maidens do their Carol sing,
To which the Woods shall answer, and their Eccho ring.

RING ye the Bells, ye young Men of the Town,
And leave your wonted Labours for this Day:
This Day is holy; do you write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This Day the Sun is in his chiefest Height,
With *Barnaby* the bright;
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his Heat and Light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chuse the longest Day in all the Year,
And shortest Night, when longest fitter were;
Yet never Day so long, but late would pass.
Ring ye the Bells, to make it wear away,
And Bonefires make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing;
That all the Woods may answer, and your Eccho ring.

AH!

Digitized by Google

AH! when will this long weary Day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my Love?
How slowly do the Hours their Numbers spend?
How slowly doth sad *Time* his Feathers move?
Haste thee, O fairest Planet, to thy Home,
Within the Western Foame;
Thy tyred Steeds long since have need of Rest.
Long tho it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright Evening-Star, with golden Crest,
Appear out of the East.
Fair Child of Beauty, glorious Lamp of Love,
That all the Host of Heaven in Ranks dooſt lead,
And guideſt Lovers through the Night's sad Dread;
How chearfully thou lookeſt from above,
And seem'ſt to laugh atween thy twinkling Light,
As joying in the Sight
Of these glad many, which for Joy do sing,
That all the Woods them answer, and their Eccho ring.

NOW ceaſe, ye Damſels, your Delights forepaſt,
Enough it is that all the Day was yours:
Now Day is done, and Night is nighing faſt,
Now bring the Bride into the bridale Bowres;
Now Night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her Bed her lay;
Lay her in Lillies and in Violets,
And silken Curtains over her display,
And odour'd Sheets, and Arras Coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair Love does lie,
In proud Humility;
Like unto *Maia*, whenas *Jove* her took
In *Tempe*, lying on the flowrie Graſs,
'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the *Acidalian* Brook.
Now it is Night, ye Damſels may be gone,
And leave my Love alone,
And leave likewise your former Lay to sing:
The Woods no more shall answer, nor your Eccho ring.

Digitized by Google

NOW welcome Night, thou Night so long expected,
That long Day's Labour doth at last defray,
And all my Cares, which cruel Love collected,
Hast summ'd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad Wing over my Love and me,
That no Man may us see;
And in thy sable Mantle us enwrap,
From Fear of Peril, and foul Horror free.
Let no false Treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any drad Disquiet once annoy
The Safety of our Joy:
But let the Night be calm and quietsome,
Without tempestuous Storms, or sad Affray;
Like as when *Jove* with fair *Alcmena* lay,
When he begot the great *Tirynthian* Groom;
Or like as when he with thy self did lie,
And begot Majesty.
And let the Maids and young Men cease to sing:
Ne let the Woods them answer, nor their Eccho ring.

LET no lamenting Cries, nor doleful Tears,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
Ne let false Whispers, breeding hidden Fears,
Break gentle Sleep with misconceived Doubt.
Let no deluding Dreams, nor dreadful Sights,
Make sudden sad Affrights;
Ne let House-Fires, nor Lightnings, helpless Harms,
Ne let the Ponk, nor other evil Sprights,
Ne let mischievous Witches with their Charms,
Ne let Hob-goblins, Names whose Sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not;
Let not the Skriech-Owl, nor the Stork be heard,
Nor the Night-Raven that still deadly yells,
Nor damned Ghosts, call'd up with mighty Spells,
Nor griesly Vultures make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant Quire of Frogs still croking
Make us to wish their choking.
Let none of these their drery Accents sing,
Ne let the Woods them answer, nor their Eccho ring.

BUT

Digitized by Google

BUT let ſtill Silence true Night-Watches keep,
That ſacred Peace may in Aſſurance reign,
And timely Sleep, when it is time to ſleep,
May pour his Limbs forth on your pleaſant Plain;
The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
  Like divers-fethered Doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your Bed;
And in the ſecret Dark, that none reproves,
Their pretty Stealths ſhall work, and Snares ſhall ſpread,
To filch away ſweet Snatches of Delight,
  Conceal'd through covert Night.
Ye Sons of *Venus*, play your Sports at will;
For greedy Pleaſure, careleſs of your Toyes,
Thinks more upon her Paradiſe of Joyes,
Than what ye do, all be it Good or Ill.
All Night therefore attend your merry Play,
  For it will ſoon be Day:
Now none doth hinder you, that ſay or ſing,
Ne will the Woods now anſwer, nor your Eccho ring.

WHO is the ſame, which at my Window peeps?
Or whoſe is that fair Face which ſhines ſo bright?
Is it not *Cynthia*, ſhe that never ſleeps,
But walks about high Heaven all the Night?
O! faireſt Goddeſs, do thou not envy
  My Love with me to ſpy:
For thou likewiſe didſt love, though now unthought,
And for a Fleece of Wool, which privily,
The *Latmian* Shepherd once unto thee brought,
  His Pleaſures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favourable now;
And ſith of Womens Labours thou haſt Charge,
And Generation goodly dooſt enlarge,
Encline thy Will t' effect our wiſhful Vow,
And the chaſte Womb inform with timely Seed,
  That may our Comfort breed:
Till which we ceaſe our hopeful Hap to ſing,
Ne let the Woods us anſwer, nor our Eccho ring.

Digitized by Google

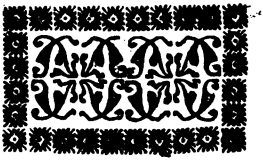
AND thou, great *Juno*, which with aweful Might
The Laws of Wedlock still dooſt patronize,
And the Religion of the Faith firſt plight,
With ſacred Rites haſt taught to ſolemnize;
And eke for Comfort often called art
Of Women in their Smart;
Eternally bind thou this lovely Band,
And all thy Bleſſings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius, in whoſe gentle Hand
The bridale Bowre and genial Bed remain,
Without Blemiſh or Stain,
And the ſweet Pleaſures of their Love's Delight
With ſecret Aid dooſt ſuccour and ſupply,
Till they bring forth the fruitful Progeny,
Send us the timely Fruit of this ſame Night.
And thou, fair *Hebe*, and thou *Hymen* free,
Grant that it ſo may be.
Till which we ceaſe your further Praiſe to ſing,
Ne any Woods ſhall anſwer, nor your Eccho ring.

AND ye high Heavens, the Temple of the Gods,
In which a thouſand Torches, flaming bright,
Do burn, that to us wretched earthly Clods
In dreadful Darkneſs lend deſired Light;
And all ye Powers which in the ſame remain,
More than we Men can feign,
Pour out your Bleſſing on us plenteouſly,
And happy Influence upon us rain,
That we may raiſe a large Poſterity,
Which from the Earth, which they may long poſſeſs,
With laſting Happineſs,
Up to your haughty Palaces may mount,
And for the Guerdon of their glorious Merit,
May heavenly Tabernacles there inherit,
Of bleſſed Saints for to increaſe the Count.
So let us reſt, ſweet Love, in hope of this,
And ceaſe till then our timely Joys to ſing,
The Woods no more us anſwer, nor our Eccho ring.

SONG

Digitized by Google

SONG made in lieu of many Ornaments,
With which my Love ſhould duly have been deckt,
Which cutting off through haſty Accidents,
Ye would not ſtay your due time to expect,
But promis'd both to recompence;
Be unto her a goodly Ornament,
And for ſhort time an endleſs Monument.



Digitized by Google

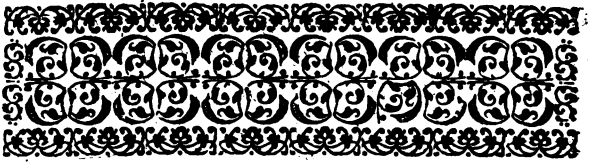
Digitized by Google

FOUR

HYMNS

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



To the Right Honourable and most Vertuous Ladies, the Lady *Margaret*, Countess of *Cumberland*; and the Lady *Mary*, Countess of *Warwick*.

HAVING in the greener Times of my Youth composed these former two Hymns, in the Praise of Love and Beauty; and finding that the same too much pleased those of like Age and Disposition, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of Affection, do rather suck out Poison to their strong Passion, than Honey to their honest Delight: I was moved by the one of you two most Excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But being unable so to do, by reason that many Copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved

Digitized by Google

ved at least to amend, and by way of Retraction to reform them, making (instead of those two Hymns of earthly or natural Love and Beauty) two others, of heavenly and celestial. The which I do dedicate jointly unto you two honourable Sisters, as to the most excellent and rare Ornaments of all true Love and Beauty, both in the one and the other kind: humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the Patronage of them, and to accept this my humble Service, in lieu of the great Graces and honourable Favours which ye daily shew unto me; until such time as I may, by better means, yield you some more notable Testimony of my thankful Mind and dutiful Happiness. And even so I pray for your Happiness.

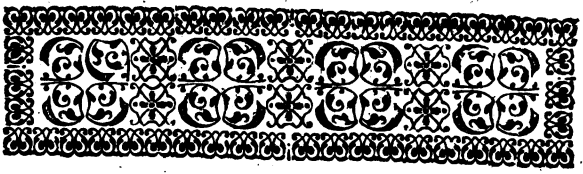
Greenwich, this first of *September* 1596.

Your Honours most bounden ever,

In all humble Service,

EDMUND SPENSER.

Digitized by Google



AN HYMN In Honour of LOVE.

LOVE, that long ſince haſt to thy mighty Powre
Perforce ſubdu'd my poor captived Heart,
And raging now therein with reſtleſs Stowre,
Doſt tyrannize in every weaker Part;
Fain would I ſeek to eaſe my bitter Smart,
By any Service I might do to thee,
Or ought that ~~elſe might~~ to thee pleaſing be.

And now t' aſſuage the Force of this new Flame,
And make thee more propitious in my Need,
I mean to ſing the Praiſes of thy Name,
And thy victorious Conqueſts to areed;
By which thou madeſt many Hearts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wide Wounds embru'd,
And by thy cruel Darts to thee ſubdu'd.

Only

Digitized by Google

Only I fear my Wits enfeebled late,
Thro the sharp Sorrows which thou hast me bred,
Should faint, and Words should fail me to relate
The wondrous Triumphs of thy great God-head.
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to over-spread
Me with the Shadow of thy gentle Wing,
I should enabled be thy Acts to sing.

Come then, O come, thou mighty God of Love,
Out of thy silver Bowres and secret Bliss,
Where thou dost sit in *Venus'* Lap above,
Bathing thy Wings in her Ambrosial Kiss,
That sweeter far than any Nectar is;
Come softly, and my feeble Breast inspire
With gentle Fury, kindled of thy Fire.

And ye, sweet Muses, which have often proved
The piercing Points of his avengeful Darts;
And ye, fair Nymphs, which oftentimes have loved
The cruel Worker of your kindly Smarts,
Prepare your selves, and open wide your Hearts,
For to receive the Triumph of your Glory,
That made you merry oft, when ye were sorry.

And ye, fair Blossoms of Youth's wanton Breed,
Which in the Conquests of your Beauty boast,
Wherewith your Lovers feeble Eyes you feed,
But starve their Hearts, that needeth Nurture most,
Prepare your selves to march amongst his Host,
And all the way this sacred Hymn to sing,
Made in the honour of your Sovereign King.

GREAT God of Might, that reigneth in the Mind,
And all the Body to thy Hest dost frame,
Victor of Gods, Subduer of Mankind,
That dost the Lions and fell Tygers tame,
Making their cruel Rage thy scornful Game,
And in their Roaring taking great Delight;
Who can express the Glory of thy Might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
The wondrous Cradle of thine Infancy?
When thy great Mother *Venus* first thee bare,
Begot of Plenty and of Penury,
Though elder than thine own Nativity:
And yet a Child, renewing still thy Years;
And yet the eldest of the heavenly Peers.

For e'er this World's still moving mighty Mass
Out of great Chaos' ugly Prison crept,
In which his goodly Face long hidden was
From Heaven's View, and in deep Darkness kept;
Love, that had now long time securely slept
In *Venus*' Lap, unarmed then and naked,
Gan rear his Head, by *Clotho* being waked.

And taking to him Wings of his own Heat,
Kindled at first from Heaven's life-giving Fire,
He gan to move out of his idle Seat;
Weakly at first, but after with Desire
Lifted aloft, he 'gan to mount up higher,
And like fresh Eagle, made his hardy Flight
Thro all that great wide Waste, yet wanting Light.

Yet wanting Light to guide his wandring Way,
His own fair Mother, for all Creatures sake,
Did lend him Light from her own goodly Ray:
Then thro the World his way he gan to take,
The World that was not, till he did it make;
Whose sundry Parts he from themselves did sever,
The which before had lyen confused ever.

The Earth, the Air, the Water, and the Fire,
Then 'gan to range themselves in huge Array,
And with contrary Forces to conspire
Each against other, by all means they may,
Threatning their own Confusion and Decay:
Air hated Earth, and Water hated Fire,
Till *Love* relented their rebellious Ire.

Digitized by Google

He then them took, and tempering goodly well
Their contrary Dislikes with loved Means,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keep themselves within their sundry Reigns,
Together link'd with Adamantine Chains;
Yet so, as that in every living Wight
They mix themselves, and shew their kindly Might.

So ever since they firmly have remained,
And duly well observed his Beheast;
Thro which, now all these things that are contained
Within this goodly Cope, both most and least,
Their Being have, and daily are increast,
Thro secret Sparks of his infused Fire,
Which in the barren Cold he doth inspire.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the Likeness of their Kind,
Whilst they seek only, without further Care,
To quench the Flame which they in burning find:
But Man, that breathes a more immortal Mind,
Not for Lust's sake, but for Eternity,
Seeks to enlarge his lasting Progeny.

For having yet in his deducted Spright,
Some Sparks remaining of that heavenly Fire,
He is enlumin'd with that goodly Light,
Unto like goodly Semblant to aspire:
Therefore in Choice of Love, he doth desire
That seems on Earth most heavenly to embrace,
That same is Beauty, born of heavenly Race.

For sure, of all that in this mortal Frame
Contained is, nought more Divine doth seem,
Or that resembleth more th' immortal Flame
Of heavenly Light, than Beauty's glorious Beam.
What wonder then, if with such Rage extreme,
Frail Men, whose Eyes seek heavenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enravish'd be?

Which

Digitized by Google

Which well perceiving, that imperious Boy
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoisoned Darts;
Which glancing thro the Eyes with Count'nance coy,
Rest not, till they have pierc'd the trembling Hearts,
And kindled Flame in all their inner Parts,
  Which sucks the Blood, and drinketh up the Life
  Of careful Wretches with consuming Grief.

Thenceforth they 'plain, and make full piteous Moan,
Unto the Author of their baleful Bane;
The Days they waste, the Nights they grieve and groan,
Their Lives they loath, and Heaven's Light disdain:
No Light but that, whose Lamp doth yet remain
  Fresh burning in the Image of their Eye,
  They 'sdeign to see, and seeing it, still die.

The whilst, thou Tyrant *Love* dost laugh and scoff
At their Complaints, making their Pain thy Play;
Whilst they lie languishing like Thralls forlorn,
The whiles thou dost triumph in their Decay;
And otherwhiles, their Dying to delay,
  Thou dost enmarble the proud Heart of her,
  Whose Love before their Life they do prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me the more!)
To me thy Vassal, whose yet bleeding Heart
With thousand Wounds thou mangled hast so sore,
That whole remains scarce any little Part:
Yet to augment the Anguish of my Smart,
  Thou hast enfrozen her disdainful Breast,
  That no one Drop of Pity there doth rest.

Why then do I this Honour unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious Name,
Sith thou dost shew no Favour unto me,
Ne once move Ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to slake the Rigour of my Flame?
  Certes, small Glory dost thou win hereby,
  To let her live thus free, and me to die.

But

But if thou be indeed, as Men thee call,
The World's great Parent, the most kind Preserver
Of living Wights, the Soveraign Lord of all;
How falls it then, that with thy furious Fervour,
Thou dost afflict as well the Not-deserver,
As him that doth thy lovely Heasts despise,
And on thy Subjects most dost tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy Glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serve,
That ere thou dost them unto Grace restore,
Thou maist well try if thou wilt ever swerve,
And maist them make it better to deserve;
And having got it, may it more esteem:
For things hard gotten, Men more dearly deem.

So hard those heavenly Beauties be assaid,
As things divine; least Passions do impress,
The more of stedfast Minds to be admir'd,
The more they stayed be on Stedfastness:
But baseborn Minds such Lamps regard the less,
Which at first blowing take not hasty fire;
Such Fancies feel no Love, but loose Desire.

For Love is Lord of Truth and Loyalty,
Lifting himself out of the lowly Dust,
On golden Plumes up to the purest Sky,
Above the reach of loathly sinful Lust;
Whose base effect through cowardly distrust
Of his weak Wings, dare not to Heaven flie,
But like a Moldwarp in the Earth doth lie.

His dunghil Thoughts, which do themselves enure
To dirty Dross, no higher dare aspire;
Ne can his feeble earthly Eyes endure
The flaming Light of that celestial Fire,
Which kindleth Love in generous Desire,
And makes him mount above the native Might
Of heavy Earth, up to the Heavens hight.

Such

Such is the Powre of that ſweet Paſſion,
That it all ſordid Baſeneſs doth expel,
And the refined Mind doth newly faſhion
Unto a fairer Form, which now doth dwell
In his high Thought, that would it ſelf excel;
Which he beholding ſtill with conſtant ſight,
Admires the Mirrour of ſo heavenly Light.

Whoſe Image printing in his deepeſt Wit,
He thereon feeds his hungry Fantaſie;
Still full, yet never ſatisfide with it,
Like *Tantale*, that in ſtore doth ſtarved lie,
So doth he pine in moſt Satiety:
For nought may quench his infinite Deſire,
Once kindled through that firſt conceived Fire.

Thereon his Mind affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought, but how it to attain;
His Care, his Joy, his Hope is all on this,
That ſeems in it all Bliſſes to contain,
In ſight whereof, all other Bliſs ſeems vain:
Thrice happy Man, might he the ſame poſſeſs,
He fains himſelf, and doth his Fortune bleſs.

And though he do not win his Wiſh to end,
Yet thus far happy he himſelf doth ween,
That Heavens ſuch happy Grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth ſo heavenly, to have ſeen
His Heart's enſhrined Saint, his Heaven's Queen,
Fairer than faireſt, in his faining Eye,
Whoſe ſole Aſpect he counts Felicity.

Then forth he caſts in his unquiet Thought,
What he may do, her Favour to obtain;
What brave Exploit, what Peril hardly wrought,
What puiſſant Conqueſt, what adventrous Pain
May pleaſe her beſt, and Grace unto him gain:
He dreads no Danger, nor Misfortune fears,
His Faith, his Fortune in his Breaſt he bears.

Thou

Digitized by Google

Thou art his God, thou art his mighty Guide,
Thou being blind, lest him not see his Fears,
But carriest him to that which he hath ey'd, (and Spears;
Through Seas, through Flames, through thousand Swords
Ne ought so strong that may his Force withstand,
With which thou armest his resistless Hand.

Witness *Leander* in the *Euxine* Waves,
And stout *Æneas* in the *Trojan* Fire,
Achilles pressing through the *Phrygian* Glaves,
And *Orpheus*, daring to provoke the Ire
Of damned Fiends, to get his Love retire:
For both through Heaven and Hell thou makest way,
To win them Worship which do thee obay.

And if by all these Perils and these Pains
He may but purchase liking in her eye,
What Heavens of Joy then to himself he feigns?
Eftsoones he wipes quite out of memory
Whatever ill before he did aby:
Had it been Death, yet would he die again,
To live thus happy as her Grace to gain.

Yet when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striveth still
T'approach more near, till in her inmost Brest
He may embosom'd be, and loved best:
And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone;
For Love cannot endure a Paragone.

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled Mind with more than hellish Pain!
And to his feigning Fansie represent
Sights never seen, and thousand Shadows vain,
To break his Sleep, and waste his idle Brain:
Thou that hast never lov'd canst not believe
Least part of th'Evils which poor Lovers grieve.

The

The gnawing Envy, the heart-fretting Fear,
The vain Surmises, the distrustful Shows,
The false Reports that flying Tales do bear,
The Doubts, the Dangers, the Delays, the Woes,
The feigned Friends, the unassured Foes,
With thousands more than any Tongue can tell,
Do make a Lover's Life a Wretch's Hell.

Yet is there one more cursed than they all,
That Canker-Worm, that Monster *Jealousie*,
Which eats the Heart and feeds upon the Gall,
Turning all Love's Delight to Misery,
Through fear of losing his Felicity.
Ah Gods, that ever ye that Monster placed
In gentle Love, that all his Joys defaced!

By these, O *Love*, thou dost thy entrance make
Unto thy Heaven, and dost the more endear
Thy Pleasures unto those which them partake;
As after Storms, when Clouds begin to clear,
The Sun more bright and glorious doth appear:
So thou thy Folk, through pains of Purgatory,
Dost bear unto thy Bliss, and Heaven's Glory.

There thou them placest in a Paradise
Of all Delight and joyous happy Rest,
Where they do feed on Nectar heavenly wise,
With *Hercules* and *Hebe*, and the rest
Of *Venus*' Dearlings, through her Bounty blest;
And lie like Gods in Ivory Beds arayd,
With Rose and Lillies over them displayd.

There, with thy Daughter *Pleasure* they do play
Their hurtless Sports, without Rebuke or Blame,
And in her snowy Bosom boldly lay
Their quiet Heads, devoid of guilty Shame,
After full Joyance of their gentle Game;
Then her they crown their Goddess and their Queen,
And deck with Flowers thy Altars well beseen.

Ah

Digitized by Google

Ay me, dear Lord, that ever I might hope,
For all the Pains and Woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wished scope
Of my Desire; or might my self assure,
That happy Port for ever to recure!
Then would I think these Pains no Pains at all,
And all my Woes to be but Penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortal Praise,
An heavenly Hymn, such as the Angels sing,
And thy triumphant Name then would I raise
'Bove all the Gods, thee only honouring;
My Guide, my God, my Victor, and my King:
Till then, drad Lord, vouchsafe to take of me
This simple Song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

Digitized by Google

AN HYMN In Honour of BEAUTY.

AH! whither, Love, wilt thou now carry me?
What wontless Fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble Breast, too full of thee?
Whilst seeking to allake thy raging Fire,
Thou in me kindlest much more great Desire,
And up aloft above my Strength dost raise,
The wondrous Matter of my Fire to praise.

That as I earst, in praise of thine own Name,
So, now in Honour of thy Mother dear,
An honourable Hymn I eke should frame;
And with the Brightness of her Beauty clear,
The ravisht Hearts of gazeful Men might rear
To admiration of that heavenly Light,
From whence proceeds such Soul-enchanting Might.

Thereto do thou, great Goddess, Queen of *Beauty*,
Mother of Love, and of all World's Delight,
Without whose sovereign Grace and kindly Duty,
Nothing on Earth seems fair to fleshly Sight,
Do thou vouchsafe with thy Love-kindling Light,
T' illuminate my dim and dulled Eyn,
And beautify this sacred Hymn of thine.

Digitized by Google

That both to thee, to whom I mean it most,
And eke to her, whose fair immortal Beam
Hath darted Fire into my feeble Ghost,
That now it wasted is with Woes extream,
It may so please, that she at length will stream
Some Dew of Grace into my wither'd Heart,
After long Sorrow and consuming Smart.

WHAT time this World's great Workmaster did cast
To make all things, such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his Eyes had plac'd
A goodly Pattern, to whose perfect Mould
He fashion'd them as comely as he could;
That now so fair and seemly they appear,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous Pattern wheresoere it be,
Whether in Earth laid up in secret Store,
Or else in Heaven, that no Man may it see
With sinful Eyes, for fear it to deflore,
Is perfect *Beauty*, which all Men adore:
Whose Face and Feature doth so much excel
All mortal Sense, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly Thing partakes
Or more or less, by Influence Divine,
So it more fair accordingly it makes,
And the gross Matter of this earthly Mine
Which closeth it, thereafter doth refine,
Doing away the Dross which dimms the Light
Of that fair Beam, which therein is empight.

For through Infusion of celestial Powre,
The duller Earth it quickneth with Delight,
And life-full Spirits privily doth poure
Through all the Parts, that to the Lookers sight
They seem to please: That is thy sovereign Might,
O *Cyprian* Queen, which flowing from the Beam
Of thy bright Star, thou into them dost stream.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant Grace
To all things fair, that kindleth lively Fire,
Light of thy Lamp, which shining in the Face,
Thence to the Soul darts amorous Desire,
And robs the Hearts of those which it admire;
Therewith thou pointest thy Son's pois'ned Arrow,
That wounds the Life, and wastes the inmost Marrow.

How vainly then do idle Wits invent,
That Beauty is nought else but mixture made
Of Colours fair, and goodly Temp'rament
Of pure Complexions, that shall quickly fade
And pass away, like to a Summer's shade;
Or that it is but comely Composition
Of Parts well measur'd, with meet Disposition?

Hath white and red in it such wondrous Powre,
That it can pierce through th' Eyes unto the Heart,
And therein stir such Rage and restless Stowre,
As nought but Death can stint his dolorous Smart?
Or can Proportion of the outward Part
Move such Affection in the inward Mind,
That it can rob both Sense and Reason blind?

Why do not then the Blossoms of the Field,
Which are arrayd with much more orient Hue,
And to the Sense most dainty Odours yield,
Work like Impression in the Looker's View?
Or why do not fair Pictures like Powre shew,
In which oft-times we Nature see of Art
Excell'd, in perfect limming every part?

But ah! believe me, there is more than so,
That works such Wonders in the Minds of Men.
I that have often prov'd, too well it know;
And whoso list the like Assays to ken,
Shall find my Trial, and confess it then,
That Beauty is not, as fond Men misdeem,
An outward Shew of things, that only seem.

Digitized by Google

For that ſame goodly Hue of white and red,
With which the Cheeks are ſprinkled, ſhall decay;
And thoſe ſweet roſie Leaves ſo fairly ſpred
Upon the Lips, ſhall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted Clay:
That golden Wire, thoſe ſparkling Stars ſo bright,
Shall turn to Duſt, and loſe their goodly Light.

But that fair Lamp, from whoſe celeſtial Ray
That Light proceeds, which kindleth Lovers Fire,
Shall never be extinguiſht nor decay;
But when the vital Spirits do expire,
Unto her native Planet ſhall retire:
For it is heavenly born, and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the pureſt Sky.

For when the Soul, the which derived was,
At firſt, out of that great immortal Spright,
By whom all live to Love, whylom did paſs
Down from the top of pureſt Heaven's hight,
To be embodied here, it then took Light
And lively Spirits from that faireſt Star,
Which lights the World forth from his fiery Car.

Which Powre retaining ſtill or more or leſs,
When ſhe in fleſhly Seed is eſt enraced,
Through every part ſhe doth the ſame impreſs,
According as the Heavens have her graced;
And frames her Houſe, in which ſhe will be placed,
Fit for her ſelf, adorning it with ſpoil
Of th' heavenly Riches, which ſhe robb'd erewhile.

Thereof it comes, that theſe fair Souls, which have
The moſt reſemblance of that heavenly Light,
Frame to themſelves moſt beautiful and brave
Their fleſhly Bowre, moſt fit for their Delight;
And the groſs Matter by a ſovereign Might
Temper ſo trim, that it may well be ſeen
A Palace fit for ſuch a Virgin Queen.

So

Digitized by Google

So every Spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly Light,
So it the fairer Body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With chearful Grace and amiable Sight:
For of the Soul the Body Form doth take;
For Soul is Form, and doth the Body make.

Therefore where-ever that thou dost behold
A comely Corpse, with Beauty fair endewed,
Know this for certain, that the same doth hold
A beauteous Soul, with fair Conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the Seed of Vertue strewed:
For all that fair is, is by Nature good;
That is a sign to know the gentle Blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle Mind
Dwells in deformed Tabernacle dround,
Either by Chance, against the Course of Kind,
Or through Unaptness in the Substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborn Ground,
That will not yield unto her Form's Direction,
But is perform'd with some foul Imperfection.

And oft it falls, (ay me the more to rue!)
That goodly Beauty albe heavenly born,
Is foul abus'd; and that celestial Hue
Which doth the World with her Delight adorn,
Made but the Bait of Sin, and Sinners Scorn;
Whilst every one doth seek and sue to have it,
But every one doth seek but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that fair Beauty's Blame,
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty Shame
May be corrupt, and wrested unto Will.
Natheless, the Soul is fair and beauteous still,
However Fleshes fault it filthy make:
For things immortal no Corruption take.

Digitized by Google

But ye, fair Dames, the World's dear Ornaments,
And lively Images of Heaven's Light,
Let not your Beams with ſuch Diſparagements
Be dimm'd, and your bright Glory darkned quite:
But mindful ſtill of your firſt Country's ſight,
Do ſtill preſerve your firſt informed Grace,
Whoſe Shadow yet ſhines in your beauteous Face.

Loath that foul Blot, that helliſh Firebrand,
Diſloyal Luſt, fair Beauty's fouleſt Blame,
That baſe Affection, which your Ears would bland,
Commend to you by Love's abuſed Name;
But is indeed the Bond-ſlave of Defame,
Which will the Girland of your Glory mar,
And quench the ſight of your bright-ſhining Star.

But gentle *Love*, that Loyal is and True,
Will more illumine your reſplendent Ray,
And add more Brightneſs to your goodly Hue,
From Light of his pure Fire, which by like way
Kindled of yours, your Likeneſs doth diſplay;
Like as two Mirrours by oppos'd Reflection,
Do both expreſs the Face's firſt Impreſſion.

Therefore to make your Beauty more appear,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly Riches, which in you ye bear,
That Men the more admire their Fountain may;
For elſe what booteth that celeſtial Ray,
If it in Darkneſs be enſhrined ever,
That it of loving Eyes be viewed never?

But in your choice of Loves, this well adviſe,
That likeſt to your ſelves ye them ſelect,
The which your Forms firſt Source may ſympathize,
And with like Beauty's parts be inly deckt:
For if you looſely love, without reſpect,
It is not Love, but a diſcordant War,
Whoſe unlike Parts amongſt themſelves do jar.

For

Digitized by Google

For Love is a celeſtial Harmony
Of likely Hearts compos'd of Stars concent,
Which join together in ſweet Sympathy,
To work each other's Joy and true Content,
Which they have harbour'd ſince their firſt deſcent
  Out of their heavenly Bowres, where they did ſee
  And know each other here belov'd to be.

Then wrong it were that any other twain
Should in Love's gentle Band combined be,
But thoſe whom Heaven did at firſt ordain,
And made out of one Mould the more t'agree:
For all that like the Beauty which they ſee,
  Straight do not love; for Love is not ſo light,
  As ſtraight to burn at firſt Beholder's ſight.

But they which love indeed, look otherwiſe,
With pure Regard and ſpotleſs true Intent,
Drawing out of the Object of their Eyes;
A more refined Form, which they preſent
Unto their Mind, void of all Blemiſhment;
  Which it reducing to her firſt Perfection,
  Beholdeth free from Fleſh's frail Infection.

And then conforming it unto the Light,
Which in it ſelf it hath remaining ſtill,
Of that firſt Sun, yet ſparkling in his ſight,
Thereof he faſhions in his higher Skill
An heavenly Beauty to his Fancy's will,
  And it embracing in his Mind entire,
  The Mirrour of his own Thought doth admire.

Which ſeeing now ſo inly fair to be,
As outward it appeareth to the Eye,
And with his Spirit's proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his Fantaſie,
And fully ſetteth his Felicity,
  Counting it fairer than it is indeed,
  And yet indeed her Fairneſs doth exceed.

Digitized by Google

For Lovers Eyes more ſharply ſighted be
Than other Mens, and in dear Love's Delight
See more than any other Eyes can ſee,
Through mutual receipt of Beames bright,
Which carry privy Meſſage to the Spright,
And to their Eyes that inmoſt fair diſplay,
As plain as Light diſcovers dawning Day.

Therein they ſee, through amorous Eye-glaunces,
Armies of Loves ſtill flying to and fro,
Which dart at them their little fiery Launces:
Whom having wounded, back again they go,
Carrying compaſſion to their lovely Foe;
Who ſeeing her fair Eyes ſo ſharp Effect,
Cures all their Sorrows with one ſweet Aſpect.

In which, how many Wonders do they reed
To their Conceit, that others never ſee;
Now of her Smiles, with which their Souls they feed,
Like Gods with Nectar in their Banquets free;
Now of her Looks, which like to Cordials be;
But when her Words embaſſade forth ſhe ſends,
Lord, how ſweet Muſick that unto them lends!

Sometimes upon her Forehead they behold
A thouſand Graces masking in delight,
Sometimes within her Eye-lids they unfold
Ten thouſand ſweet Belgards, which to their ſight
Do ſeem like twinkling Stars in froſty Night:
But on her Lips, like roſie Buds in *May*,
So many Millions of chaſte Pleaſures play.

All thoſe, O *Cytherea*, and thouſands more
Thy Handmaids be, which do on thee attend,
To deck thy Beauty with their Dainties ſtore.
That may it more to mortal Eyes commend,
And make it more admir'd of Foe and Friend;
That in Mens Hearts thou maiſt thy Throne inſtall,
And ſpread thy lovely Kingdom over all.

Then

Digitized by Google

Then *Io Triumph!* O great Beauty's Queen,
Advance the Banner of thy Conquest high,
That all this World, the which thy Vassals been,
May draw to thee, and with due Fealty
Adore the Powre of thy great Majesty;
Singing this Hymn in honour of thy Name,
Compil'd by me, which thy poor Liegeman am.

In lieu whereof, grant, O great Sovereign,
That she whose conquering Beauty doth captive
My trembling Heart in her eternal Chain,
One drop of Grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden Thrall by her may live;
And this same Life, which first from me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it received.

And you, fair *Venus'* Dearling, my dear Dread,
Fresh Flowre of Grace, great Goddess of my Life,
When your fair Eyes these fearful Lines shall read,
Deign to let fall one drop of due Relief,
That may recure my Heart's long pining Grief,
And shew what wondrous powre your Beauty hath,
That can restore a damned Wight from Death.

Digitized by Google

AN HYMN Of Heavenly LOVE.

LOVE, lift me up upon thy golden Wings,
From this base World unto thy Heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things,
Which there thou workest by thy Sovereign Might,
Far above feeble reach of earthly Sight;
That I thereof an heavenly Hymn may sing
Unto the God of Love, high Heaven's King.

Many lewd Layes (ah woe is me the more!)
In praise of that mad Fit, which Fools call Love,
I have in th' Heat of Youth made heretofore
That in light Wits did loose Affection move.
But all those Follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the Tenor of my String,
The heavenly Praises of true Love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vain Desire
To read my Fault, and wondring at my Flame,
To warm your selves at my wide sparkling Fire,
Sith now that Heat is quenched, quench my Blame,
And in her Ashes shrowd my dying Shame:
For who my passed Follies now pursues,
Begins his own, and my old Fault renews.

Before

Digitized by Google

BEfore this World's great Frame, in which all things
Are now contain'd, found any Being-place;
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas Wings
About that mighty Bound, which doth embrace
The rolling Sphere, and parts their Howers by ſpace;
That high Eternal Powre, which now doth move
In all theſe things, mov'd in it ſelf by Love.

It lov'd it ſelf, becauſe it ſelf was fair;
(For fair is lov'd) and of it ſelf begot
Like to it ſelf his eldeſt Son and Heir,
Eternal, pure, and void of ſinful Blot,
The Firſtling of his Joy, in whom no jot
Of Love's diſlike, or Pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equal Honour crown'd.

With him he reign'd, before all Time preſcribed,
In endleſs Glory and immortal Might,
Together with that third from them derived,
Moſt wiſe, moſt holy, moſt almighty Spright,
Whoſe Kingdom's Throne, no Thoughts of earthly Wight
Can comprehend, much leſs my trembling Verſe
With equal Words can hope it to reherſe.

Yet O moſt bleſſed Spirit, pure Lamp of Light,
Eternal Spring of Grace and Wiſdom true,
Vouchſafe to ſhed into my barren Spright,
Some little Drop of thy celeſtial Dew,
That may my Rimes with ſweet Infuſe embrew;
And give me Words equal unto my Thought,
To tell the Marveils by thy Mercy wrought.

Yet being pregnant ſtill with powreſul Grace,
And full of fruitful Love, that loves to get
Things like himſelf, and to enlarge his Race,
His ſecond Brood, though not of Powre ſo great,
Yet full of Beauty, next he did beget
An infinite Increaſe of Angels bright,
All gliſtring glorious in their Maker's Light.

Digitized by Google

To them the Heavens illimitable Height
(Not this round Heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adorn'd with thousand Lamps of burning Light,
And with ten thousand Gemms of shining Gold)
He gave, as their Inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternal Bliss,
And be partakers of those Joys of his.

There they in their trinal Triplicities
About him wait, and on his Will depend,
Either with nimble Wings to cut the Skies,
When he them on his Messages doth send,
Or on his own drad Presence to attend,
Where they behold the Glory of his Light,
And caroll Hymns of Love both Day and Night.

Both Day and Night is unto them all one,
For he his Beams doth unto them extend,
That Darkness there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their Day, ne hath their Bliss an end,
But there their termless Time in pleasure spend,
Ne ever should their Happiness decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But Pride, impatient of long resting Peace,
Did puff them up with greedy bold Ambition,
That they 'gan cast their State how to increase
Above the fortune of their first Condition,
And sit in God's own Seat without Commission:
The brightest Angel, even the Child of Light,
Drew Millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold Assay,
Kindled the Flame of his consuming Ire,
And with his only Breath them blew away
From Heaven's Hight, to which they did aspire,
To deepest Hell, and Lake of damned Fire;
Where they in Darkness and drad Horror dwell,
Hating the happy Light from which they fell.

Digitized by Google

So that next Off-spring of the Maker's Love,
Next to himself in glorious Degree,
Degenering to Hate, fell from above
Through Pride; (for Pride and Love may ill agree)
And now of Sin to all ensample be:
  How then can sinful Flesh it self assure,
  Sith purest Angels fell to be impure?

But that eternal Fount of Love and Grace,
Still flowing forth his Goodness unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and empty place
In his wide Palace, through those Angels Fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
  A new unknowen Colonie therein,
  Whose Root from Earth's base Ground-work should begin.

Therefore of Clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous Skill, and by his Might;
According to an heavenly Pattern wrought,
Which he had fashion'd in his wise Foresight,
He Man did make, and breath'd a living Spright
  Into his Face, most Beautiful and Fair,
  Endew'd with Wisdom, Riches heavenly rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
Himself, as mortal Thing immortal could;
Him to be Lord of every living Wight,
He made by Love out of his own like Mould,
In whom he might his mighty Self behold.
  For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
  That like it self in lovely Shape may be.

But Man, forgetful of his Maker's Grace
No less than Angels, whom he did ensue,
Fell from the Hope of promis'd heavenly Place,
Into the Mouth of Death, to Sinners due,
And all his Off-spring into Thraldom threw:
  Where they for ever should in Bonds remain
  Of never-dead, yet ever-dying Pain.

Till

Digitized by Google

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of meer Love, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like Creature long accurst,
In that deep Horror of despaired Hell;
Him Wretch in Dool would let no longer dwell,
But cast out of that Bondage to redeem,
And pay the Price, all were his Debt extreem.

Out of the Bosom of eternal Bliss,
In which he reigned with his glorious Sire,
He down descended, like a most demiss
And abject Thrall, in Flesh's frail Attire,
That he for him might pay Sin's deadly Hire,
And him restore unto that happy State,
In which he stood before his hapless Fate.

In Flesh at first the Guilt committed was,
Therefore in Flesh it must be satisfide:
Nor Spirit, nor Angel, though they Man surpass,
Could make amends to God for Man's Misguide,
But only Man himself, whose self did slide.
So taking Flesh of sacred Virgin's Womb,
For Man's dear sake he did a Man become.

And that most blessed Body, which was born
Without all Blemish or reproachful Blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torn
Of cruel Hands; who with despightful Shame
Reviling him, that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a Gallow-Tree,
And slew the Just, by most unjust Decree.

O huge and most unspeakable Impression
Of Love's deep Wound, that pierst the piteous Heart
Of that dear Lord with so entire Affection;
And sharply launcing every inner part,
Dolours of Death into his Soul did dart;
Doing him die, that never it deserved,
To free his Foes, that from his Heast had swerved!

What

Digitized by Google

What Heart can feel least Touch of so sore Launch,
Or Thought can think the Depth of so dear Wound?
Whose bleeding Source their Streams yet never staunch,
But still do flow, and freshly still redownd,
To heal the Sores of sinful Souls unsound,
And cleanse the Guilt of that infected Crime,
Which was enrooted in all fleshly Slime.

O blessed Well of Love! O Flowre of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Star! O Lamp of Light!
Most lively Image of thy Father's Face,
Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
Meek Lamb of God before all Worlds behight,
How can we thee requite for all this Good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious Blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this Love,
But Love of us, for Guerdon of thy Pain:
Aye me! what can us less than that behove?
Had he required Life for us again,
Had it been wrong to ask his own with gain?
He gave us Life, he it restored lost;
Then Life were least, that us so little cost.

But he our Life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
Ne ought demands, but that we loving be,
As he himself hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternal Band;
Him first to love, that was so dearly bought,
And next, our Brethren to his Image wrought.

Him first to love, great Right and Reason is,
Who first to us our Life and Being gave;
And after, when we fared had amiss,
Us Wretches from the second Death did save:
And last, the Food of Life, which now we have,
Even he himself in his dear Sacrament,
To feed our hungry Souls unto us lent.

Then

Digitized by Google

Then next, to love our Brethren, that were made
Of that self Mould and that self Maker's Hand,
That we; and to the same again shall fade,
Where they shall have like Heritage of Land;
However here on higher Steps we stand;
Which also were with self-same Price redeemed
That we, however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet sith that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake, and for his sacred Word,
Which in his last Bequest he to us spake;
We should them love, and with their Needs partake;
Knowing, that whatsoe'er to them we give,
We give to him, by whom we all do live.

Such Mercy he by his most holy Reed
Unto us taught, and to approve it true,
Ensampled it by his most righteous Deed,
Shewing us mercy (miserable Crew!)
That we the like should to the Wretches shew,
And love our Brethren: thereby to approve,
How much himself that loved us, we love.

Then rouze thy self, O Earth, out of thy Soil,
In which thou wallow'st like to filthy Swine,
And doost thy Mind in durty Pleasures moyl,
Unmindful of that dearest Lord of thine;
Lift up to him thy heavy-clouded Eyne,
That thou this soveraign Bounty maist behold,
And read through Love his Mercies manifold.

Begin from first, where he encradled was
In simple Cratch, wrapt in a Wad of Hay,
Between the toylsful Oxe and humble Ass;
And in what Rags, and in how base Array,
The Glory of our heavenly Riches lay,
When him the silly Shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest Knee.

From

From thence read on the Story of his Life,
His humble Carriage, his unfaulty Ways,
His cancred Foes, his Fights, his Toyl, his Strife,
His Pains, his Poverty, his sharp Assays,
Through which he past his miserable days;
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malic'd both of great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched Wights
He taken was, betray'd, and false accused;
How with most scornful Taunts, and fell Despights
He was revil'd, disgrac'd, and foul abused,
How scourg'd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how bruised;
And lastly, how 'twixt Robbers crucifide,
With bitter Wound, through Hands, through Feet, and (Side.

Then let thy flinty Heart that feels no pain,
Empierced be with pitiful Remorse,
And let thy Bowels bleed in every Vein
At sight of his most sacred heavenly Corse,
So torn and mangled with malicious Force;
And let thy Soul, whose Sins his Sorrows wrought,
Melt into Tears, and grone in grieved Thought.

With Sense whereof, whilst so thy softned Spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meek Zeal,
Through Meditation of his endless Merit,
Lift up thy Mind to th' Author of thy Weal,
And to his soveraign Mercy do appeal;
Learn him to love, that loved thee so dear,
And in thy Breast his blessed Image bear.

With all thy Heart, with all thy Soul and Mind,
Thou must him love, and his Beheasts embrace:
All other Loves, with which the World doth blind
Weak Fancies, and stir up Affections base,
Thou must renownce, and utterly displace;
And give thy self unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himself for thee.

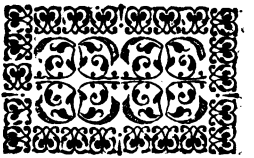
Then

Digitized by Google

Then ſhalt thou feel thy Spirit ſo poſſeſt,
And raviſht with devouring great Deſire
Of his dear ſelf, that ſhall thy feeble Breaſt
Inflame with Love and ſet thee all on fire
With burning Zeal, through every part entire;
That in no earthly thing thou ſhalt delight,
But in his ſweet and amiable Sight.

Thenceforth, all World's Deſire will in thee die,
And all Earth's Glory, on which Men do gaze,
Seem Durt and Droſs in thy pure-ſighted eye;
Compar'd to that celeſtial Beauty's blaze,
Whoſe glorious Beams all fleſhly Senſe doth daze
With admiration of their paſſing Light,
Blinding the Eyes, and lumining the Spright.

Then ſhall thy raviſht Soul inſpired be
With heavenly Thoughts, far above humane Skill;
And thy bright radiant Eyes ſhall plainly ſee
Th' Idee of his pure Glory, preſent ſtill
Before thy Face, that all thy Spirits ſhall fill
With ſweet enragement of celeſtial Love,
Kindled through ſight of thoſe fair things Above.



AN

Digitized by Google

AN

HYMN

Of Heavenly BEAUTY.

RAPT with the Rage of mine own raviſht Thought,
Through Contemplation of thoſe goodly Sights,
And glorious Images in Heaven wrought,
Whoſe wondrous Beauty breathing ſweet Delights,
Do kindle Love in high conceited Sprights:
I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my Wits to fail, and Tongue to fold.

Vouchſafe then, O thou moſt Almighty Spright,
From whom all Gifts of Wit and Knowledg flow,
To ſhed into my Breaſt ſome ſparkling Light
Of thine eternal Truth; that I may ſhow
Some little Beams to mortal Eyes below
Of that immortal Beauty, there with Thee,
Which in my weak diſtraughted Mind I ſee.

That with the Glory of ſo goodly Sight,
The Hearts of Men, which fondly here admire
Fair-ſeeming Shews, and feed on vain Delight,
Tranſported with celeſtial Deſire
Of thoſe fair Forms, may lift themſelves up higher,
And learn to love with zealous humble Duty,
Th' eternal Fountain of that heavenly Beauty.

Begin-

Digitized by Google

Beginning then below, with th' easie View
Of this base World, subject to fleshly Eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order due,
To Contemplation of th' immortal Skye:
Of the soar Faulcon so I learn to flye,
That flags a while her fluttering Wings beneath,
Till she herself for stronger Flight can breathe.

Then look who list, thy gazeful Eyes to feed
With sight of that is fair; look on the Frame
Of this wide Universe, and therein reed
The endless kinds of Creatures, which by name
Thou canst not count, much less their Natures aim:
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable Beauty deckt.

First th' Earth, on Adamantine Pillers founded,
Amid the Sea, engirt with brasen Bands;
Then th' Air still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On every side, with Piles of flaming Brands,
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortal hands;
And last, that mighty shining crystal Wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whereof, it plainly may appear,
That still as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from Earth, so still more clear
And fair it grows, till to his perfect end
Of purest Beauty, it at last ascend:
Ayr more than Water, Fire much more than Ayr,
And Heaven than Fire appears more pure and fair.

Look thou no further, but affix thine Eye
On that bright shiny round still-moving Mass,
The House of blessed Gods, which Men call Skye,
All sow'd with glistring Stars more thick than Grass,
Whereof each other doth in Brightness pass;
But those two most, which ruling Night and Day,
As King and Queen, the Heaven's Empire sway.

And

Digitized by Google

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seen,
That to their Beauty may compared be,
Or can the sight that is most sharp and keen
Endure their Captain's flaming Head to see?
How much less those, much higher in Degree,
And so much fairer, and much more than these,
As these are fairer than the Land and Seas?

For, far above these Heavens which here we see,
Be others, far exceeding these in Light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same be,
But infinite in Largeness and in Height,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotless bright;
That need no Sun t' illuminate their Spheres,
But their own native Light, far passing theirs.

And as these Heavens still by degrees arise,
Until they come to their first Mover's Bound,
That in his mighty Compass doth comprise,
And carry all the rest with him around;
So those likewise do by degrees redound,
And rise more fair, till they at last arrive
To the most fair, whereto they all do strive.

Fair is the Heaven, where happy Souls have place,
In full enjoyment of Felicity,
Whence they do still behold the glorious Face
Of the divine eternal Majesty:
More fair is that, where those *Idees* on hie
Enranged be, which *Plato* so admired,
And pure *Intelligences* from God inspired.

Yet fairer is that Heaven, in which do reign
The sovereign *Powers* and mighty *Potentates*,
Which in their high Protections do contain
All mortal Princes, and imperial States;
And fairer yet, whereas the royal Seats
And heavenly *Dominations* are set,
From whom all earthly Governance is fet.

Yet

Digitized by Google

Yet far more fair be those bright *Cherubims*,
Which all with golden Wings are over-dight,
And those eternal burning *Seraphims*,
Which from their Faces dart out fiery Light;
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On God's own Person, without rest or end.

These thus in fair each other far excelling,
As to the highest they approach more near,
Yet is that highest far beyond all telling,
Fairer than all the rest which there appear,
Though all their Beauties joyn'd together were:
How then can mortal Tongue hope to express
The Image of such endless Perfectness?

Cease then my Tongue, and lend unto my Mind
Leave to bethink how great that Beauty is,
Whose utmost Parts so beautiful I find:
How much more those essential Parts of his,
His Truth, his Love, his Wisdom, and his Bliss,
His Grace, his Doom, his Mercy and his Might,
By which he lends us of himself a sight!

Those unto all he daily doth display,
And shew himself in th' Image of his Grace,
As in a Looking-glass, through which he may
Be seen of all his Creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his Face,
His glorious Face which glistereth else so bright,
That th'Angels selves cannot endure his sight.

But we frail Wights, whose Sight cannot sustain
The Sun-bright Beams, when he on us doth shine,
But that their Points rebutted back again
Are dull'd, how can we see with feeble Eyne
The Glory of that Majesty Divine;
In sight of whom both Sun and Moon are dark,
Compared to his least resplendent Spark?

The

Digitized by Google

The means therefore which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his Works to look,
Which he hath made in Beauty excellent,
And in the ſame, as in a braſen Book,
To read enregiſtred in every nook
His Goodneſs, which his Beauty doth declare:
For all that's good, is beautiful and fair.

Thence gathering Plumes of perfect Speculation,
To imp the Wings of thy high-flying Mind,
Mount up aloft through heavenly Contemplation,
From this dark World, whoſe Damps the Soul do blind;
And like the native Brood of Eagles kind,
On that bright Sun of Glory fix thine Eyes,
Clear'd from groſs Miſts of frail Infirmities.

Humbled with Fear and awful Reverence,
Before the Footſtool of his Majeſty
Throw thy ſelf down with trembling Innocence,
Ne dare look up with corruptible Eye,
On the drad Face of that great *Deity*,
For fear, leſt if he chance to look on thee,
Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his Mercy-Seat,
Cloſe cover'd with the Lamb's Integrity,
From the juſt Wrath of his avengeful Threat,
That ſits upon the righteous Throne on high:
His Throne is built upon Eternity,
More firm and durable than Steel or Braſs,
Or the hard Diamond, which them both doth paſs.

His Scepter is the Rod of Righteouſneſs,
With which he bruſeth all his Foes to duſt,
And the great Dragon ſtrongly doth repreſs,
Under the rigour of his Judgment juſt:
His Seat is Truth, to which the Faithful truſt;
From whence proceed her Beams ſo pure and bright,
That all about him ſheddeth glorious Light.

Light

Digitized by Google

Light far exceeding that bright blazing Spark,
Which darted is from *Titan*'s flaming Head,
That with his Beams enlumineth the dark
And dampish Air, whereby all things are red:
Whose Nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortal Wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest Wisards, which thereon do gaze.

But that immortal Light which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more clear,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortal Actions here,
And even the Thoughts of Men, do plain appear:
For from th' Eternal Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly Vertue, which her Beams do breed.

With the great Glory of that wondrous Light,
His Throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his own Brightness from the sight
Of all that look thereon with Eyes unsound:
And underneath his Feet are to be found
Thunder and Lightning, and tempestuous Fire,
The Instruments of his avenging Ire.

There in his Bosom *Sapience* doth sit,
The sovereign Dearling of the *Deity*,
Clad like a Queen in royal Robes, most fit
For so great Powre and peerless Majesty;
And all with Gems and Jewels gorgeously
Adorn'd, that brighter than the Stars appear,
And make her native Brightness seem more clear.

And on her Head a Crown of purest Gold
Is set, in sign of highest Sovereignty;
And in her Hand a Scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the House of God on high,
And menageth the ever-moving Sky;
And in the same these lower Creatures all,
Subjected to her Powre imperial.

Both

Digitized by Google

Both Heaven and Earth obey unto her Will,
And all the Creatures which they both contain:
For of her Fulness which the World doth fill,
They all partake, and do in State remain,
As their great Maker did at first ordain;
Through observation of her high Beheast,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The Fairness of her Face no Tongue can tell;
For she, the Daughters of all Womens Race
And Angels eke in Beauty doth excell,
Sparkled on her from God's own glorious Face,
And more increast by her own goodly Grace,
That it doth far exceed all humane Thought,
Ne can on Earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictur'd *Venus* with so curious Quill,
That all Posterity admired it,
Have pourtray'd this, for all his maistring Skill;
Ne she her self, had she remained still,
And were as fair as fabling Wits do feign,
Could once come near this Beauty sovereign.

But had those Wits, the Wonders of their Days,
Or that sweet *Teian* Poet, which did spend
His plenteous Vein in setting forth her Praise,
Seen but a glimpse of this, which I pretend;
How wondrously would he her Face commend,
Above that Idole of his faining Thought,
That all the World should with his Rimes be fraught?

How then dare I, the Novice of his Art,
Presume to picture so divine a Wight,
Or hope t' express her least Perfections part,
Whose Beauty fills the Heavens with her Light,
And darks the Earth with shadow of her sight?
Ah gentle Muse, thou art too weak and faint,
The Pourtrait of so heavenly Hue to paint.

Let

Digitized by Google

Let Angels, which her goodly Face behold,
And see at will, her sovereign Praises sing,
And those most sacred Mysteries unfold,
Of that fair Love of mighty Heaven's King;
Enough is me t'admire so heavenly Thing:
And being thus with her huge Love possest,
In th' only Wonder of her self to rest.

But whoso may, thrice happy Man, him hold,
Of all on Earth, whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his own Beloved to behold:
For in the view of her celestial Face,
All Joy, all Bliss, all Happiness have place;
Ne ought on Earth can want unto the Wight,
Who of her self can win the wishful Sight.

For she, out of her secret Treasury,
Plenty of Riches forth on him will pour,
Even heavenly Riches, which there hidden lie
Within the Closet of her chastest Bowre,
Th' eternal Portion of her precious Dowre;
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom she
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely Face to see,
Whereof such wondrous Pleasures they conceive,
And sweet Contentment, that it doth bereave
Their Soul of Sense, through infinite Delight,
And them transport from Flesh into the Spright.

In which they see such admirable Things,
As carries them into an Extasy,
And hear such heavenly Notes, and Carolings
Of God's high Praise, that fills the brasen Sky;
And feel such Joy and Pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly Cares forget,
And only think on that before them set.

Ne

Digitized by Google

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly Sense,
Or idle Thought of earthly things remain;
But all that earst seem'd sweet, seems now offence,
And all that pleased earst, now seems to pain.
Their Joy, their Comfort, their Desire, their Gain,
Is fixed all on that which now they see,
All other Sights but fained Shadows be.

And that fair Lamp, which useth to enflame
The Hearts of Men with self-consuming Fire,
Thenceforth seems foul, and full of sinful Blame;
And all that Pomp to which proud Minds aspire
By Name of Honour, and so much desire,
Seems to them Baseness, and all Riches Dross,
And all Mirth Sadness, and all Lucre Loss.

So full their Eyes are of that glorious Sight,
And Senses fraught with such Satietie,
That in nought else on Earth they can delight,
But in th'aspect of that Felicitie,
Which they have written in their inward Eye;
On which they feed, and in their fast'ned Mind
All happy Joy and full Contentment make.

Ah then my hungry Soul, which long hast fed
On idle Fancies of my foolish Thought,
And with false Beauty's flattering Bait misled,
Hast after vain deceitful Shadows sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought,
But late Repentance through thy Folly's prief;
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy Grief.

And look at last up to that sovereign Light,
From whose pure Beams all perfect Beauty springs,
That kindleth Love in every godly Spright,
Even the Love of God, which Loathing brings
Of this vile World, and these gay-seeming Things;
With whose sweet Pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying Thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

DAPHNAIDA:

AN

ELEGY

Upon the Death of the Noble and Vertuous

Douglas Howard,

Daughter and Heir of *Henry* Lord *Howard*, Viſcount *Byndon*, and Wife of *Arthur Gorges* Eſq;

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

To the Right Honourable, and Vertuous LADY, *HELENA* Marchioness of *Northampton.*

Have the rather presumed humbly to offer unto Your Honour the Dedication of this little Poem; for that the Noble and Vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was, by Match, near allied, and in Affection greatly devoted unto Your Ladyship. The Occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good Fame which I heard of her Deceased, as the particular Good-will which I bear unto her Husband Master Arthur Gorges, *a Lover of Learning and Vertue; whose House, as Your Ladyship by Marriage*

Digitized by Google

hath honoured, so do I find the Name of them by many notable Records, to be of great Antiquity in this Realm; and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable Reputation to the World, and unspotted Loyalty to their Prince and Country: Besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, *as that the Lady* Anne Howard, *eldest Daughter to* John *Duke of* Norfolke, *was Wife to Sir* Edmund, *Mother to Sir* Edward, *and Grand-mother to Sir* William *and Sir* Thomas Gorges *Knights. And therefore I do assure my self that no due Honour done to the* White Lyon, *but will be most grateful to Your Ladyship; whose Husband and Children do so nearly participate with the Blood of that Noble Family. So in all Duty I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good Acceptance thereof, to Your honourable Favour and Protection.*

London this first of
January, 1591.

Your Honour's humbly ever,

Ed. Spenser.

Digitized by Google

DAPHNAIDA:

WHAT-ever Man he be, whose heavy Mind
With grief of mournful great Mishap oppreſt,
Fit matter for his Cares Increaſe would find,
Let read the ruful Plaint herein expreſt,
Of one, I ween, the woful'ſt Man alive;
Even ſad *Alcyon*, whoſe empierced Breſt
Sharp Sorrow did in thouſand pieces rive.

But whoſo elſe in Pleaſure findeth Senſe,
Or in this wretched Life doth take delight,
Let him be baniſh'd far away from hence:
Ne let the ſacred Siſters here be hight,
Though they of Sorrow heavily can ſing;
For even their heavy Song would breed Delight:
But here no Tunes, ſave Sobs and Grones, ſhall ring.

In ſtead of them, and their ſweet Harmony,
Let thoſe three fatal Siſters, whoſe ſad Hands
Do weave the direful Threds of Deſtiny,
And in their Wrath break off the vital Bands,
Approach hereto; and let the dreadful Queen
Of Darkneſs deep come from the *Stygian* Strands,
And griſly Ghoſts to hear this doleful Teen.

Digitized by Google

IN gloomy Evening, when the weary Sun
After his Day's long Labour drew to rest,
And sweaty Steeds now having over-run
The compast Sky, 'gan water in the West;
I walk'd abroad to breathe the freshing Air
In open Fields, whose flow'ring Pride oppreſt
With early Frosts, had lost their Beauty fair.

There came unto my Mind a troublous Thought,
Which daily doth my weaker Wit possess,
Ne lets it rest, until it forth have brought
Her long-born Infant, Fruit of Heaviness,
Which she conceived hath through Meditation
Of this World's Vainness, and Life's Wretchedness,
That yet my Soul it deeply doth empassion.

So as I mused on the Misery
In which Men live, and I of many most,
Most miserable Man; I did espy
Where towards me a sory Wight did cost,
Clad all in black, that Mourning did bewray,
And *Jacob*'s Staff in Hand devoutly croſt,
Like to some Pilgrim, come from far away.

His careless Locks, uncombed and unshorn,
Hung long adown, and Beard all over-grown,
That well he seem'd to be some Wight forlorn;
Down to the Earth his heavy Eyes were thrown,
As loathing Light: and ever as he went,
He sighed oft, and inly deep did grone,
As if his Heart in pieces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his Face I viewed nere,
And by the Semblant of his Countenaunce,
Me seem'd I had his Person seen elsewhere,
Most like *Alcyon* seeming at a glaunce;
Alcyon he, the jolly Shepherd Swain,
That wont full merrily to pipe and daunce,
And fill with Pleasance every Wood and Plain.

Yet

Digitized by Google

Yet half in doubt, because of his Disguise,
I softly said, *Alcyon?* There withall
He look'd aside as in disdainful wise,
Yet stayed not; till I again did call.
Then turning back, he said, with hollow sound,
Who is it that doth name me, woful Thrall,
The wretchedst Man that treads this Day on Ground?

One, whom like Wofulness impressed deep,
Hath made fit Mate thy wretched Case to hear,
And given like cause with thee to wail and weep:
Grief finds some ease by him that like does bear.
Then stay *Alcyon*, gentle Shepherd stay
(Quoth I) till thou have to my trusty Ear
Committed, what thee doth so ill apay.

Cease foolish Man (said he, half wrothfully)
To seek to hear that which cannot be told:
For the huge Anguish, which doth multiply
My dying Pains, no Tongue can well unfold:
Ne do I care that any should bemone
My hard Mishap, or any weep that would,
But seek alone to weep, and die alone.

Then be it so, quoth I, that thou art bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained;
Yet ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cause, which thee thereto constrained:
Lest that the World thee dead, accuse of Guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret Crime thy Blood hast spilt.

Who Life does loath, and longs to be unbound
From the strong Shackles of frail Flesh, quoth he,
Nought cares at all, what they that live on ground
Deem the occasion of his Death to be;
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his Calamity:
For Heart's deep Sorrow hates both Life and Light.

Digitized by Google

Yet ſith ſo much thou ſeem'ſt to rue my Grief,
And car'ſt for one that for himſelf cares nought,
(Sign of thy Love, though nought for my Relief;
For my Relief exceedeth living Thought)
I will to thee this heavy caſe relate.
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For never didſt thou hear more hapleſs Fate.

Whilome I us'd (as thou right well dooſt know)
My little Flock on Weſtern Downs to keep,
Not far from whence *Sabrina's* Stream doth flow,
And flowrie Banks with ſilver Liquor ſteep:
Nought car'd I then for worldly Change or Chaunce;
For all my Joy was on my gentle Sheep,
And to my Pipe to caroll and to daunce.

It there befell, as I the Fields did range
Fearleſs and free, a fair young Lioneſs,
White as the native Roſe before the change,
Which *Venus'* Blood did in her Leaves impreſs,
I ſpyed playing on the graſſie Plain
Her youthful Sports and kindly Wantonneſs,
That did all other Beaſts in Beauty ſtain.

Much was I moved at ſo goodly ſight,
Whoſe like before mine Eye had ſeldom ſeen,
And 'gan to caſt, how I her compaſs might,
And bring to Hand, that yet had never been:
So well I wrought with Mildneſs and with Pain,
That I her caught diſporting on the Green,
And brought away faſt bound with ſilver Chain.

And afterwards I handled her ſo fair,
That though by Kind ſhe ſtout and ſalvage were,
For being born an ancient Lion's Heir,
And of the Race that all wild Beaſts do fear;
Yet I her fram'd, and won ſo to my bent,
That ſhe became ſo meek and mild of chear,
As the leaſt Lamb in all my Flock that went.

For

Digitized by Google

For ſhe in Field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all Day;
And all the Night that I in Watch did ſpend,
If cauſe requir'd, or elſe in Sleep, if nay,
She would all Night by me or watch or ſleep;
And evermore when I did ſleep or play,
She of my Flock would take full wary keep.

Safe then, and ſafeſt were my ſilly Sheep,
Ne fear'd the Wolf, ne fear'd the wildeſt Beaſt;
All were I drown'd in careleſs Quiet deep:
My lovely Lioneſs without Beheaſt
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither moſt nor leaſt
I found miſcarried or in Plain or Wood.

Oft did the Shepherds, which my Hap did hear,
And oft their Laſſes, which my Luck envide,
Daily reſort to me from far and near,
To ſee my Lioneſs, whoſe Praiſes wide
Were ſpred abroad; and when her Worthineſs
Much greater than the rude Report they try'd,
They her did praiſe, and my good Fortune bleſs.

Long thus I joyed in my Happineſs,
And well did hope my Joy would have no end:
But oh! fond Man, that in World's Ficklenes
Repoſedſt Hope, or weenedſt her thy Friend,
That glories moſt in mortal Miſeries,
And daily doth her changeful Counſels bend,
To make new matter fit for Tragedies.

For whilſt I was thus without Dread or Doubt,
A cruel Satyre with his murdrous Dart,
Greedy of Miſchief, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatal Wound of deadly Smart;
And reft from me my ſweet Companion,
And reft from me my Love, my Life, my Heart:
My Lioneſs (ah Woe is me) is gone!

Digitized by Google

Out of the World thus was ſhe reft away,
Out of the World, unworthy ſuch a Spoil,
And borne to Heaven, for Heaven a fitter Prey;
Much fitter than the Lion, which with Toil
Alcides ſlew, and fix'd in Firmament:
Her now I ſeek throughout this earthly Soil,
And ſeeking miſs, and miſſing do lament.

Therewith he 'gan afreſh to wail and weep,
That I for pity of his heavy Plight,
Could not abſtain mine Eyes with Tears to ſteep:
But when I ſaw the Anguiſh of his Spright
Some deal allay'd, I him beſpake again;
Certes *Alcyon*, painful is thy Plight,
That it in me breeds almoſt equal Pain.

Yet doth not my dull Wit well underſtand
That Riddle of thy loved Lioneſs;
For rare it ſeems in Reaſon to be ſcann'd,
That Man, who doth the whole World's Rule poſſeſs,
Should to a Beaſt his noble Heart embaſe,
And be the Vaſſal of his Vaſſaleſs:
Therefore more plain aread this doubtful Caſe.

Then ſighing ſore, *Daphne* thou knew'ſt, quoth he,
She now is dead; ne more endur'd to ſay,
But fell to ground for great Extremity:
That I beholding it, with deep diſmay
Was much appall'd; and lightly him uprearing,
Revoked Life, that would have fled away,
All were my ſelf, through Grief, in deadly drearing.

Then 'gan I him to comfort all my beſt,
And with mild Counſail ſtrove to mitigate
The ſtormy Paſſion of his troubled Breſt;
But he thereby was more empaſſionate:
As ſtubborn Steed, that is with Curb reſtrained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his Gate,
And breaking forth at laſt, thus dearnly plained:

I. WHAT

Digitized by Google

I.

WHAT Man henceforth that breatheth vital Air,
Will honour Heaven, or heavenly Powers adore?
Which ſo unjuſtly do their Judgments ſhare
'Mongſt earthly Wights, as to afflict ſo ſore
The innocent, as thoſe which do tranſgreſs;
And do not ſpare the beſt or faireſt, more
Than worſt or fouleſt, but do both oppreſs.

If this be right, why did they then create
The World ſo Fair, ſith Fairneſs is neglected?
Or why be they themſelves immaculate,
If pureſt things be not by them reſpected?
She fair, ſhe pure, moſt fair, moſt pure ſhe was,
Yet was by them as Thing impure rejected;
Yet ſhe in Pureneſs, Heaven it ſelf did paſs.

In Pureneſs and in all celeſtial Grace,
That Men admire in goodly Womankind,
She did excel, and ſeem'd of Angels Race,
Living on Earth like Angel new divin'd,
Adorn'd with Wiſdom and with Chaſtity,
And all the Dowries of a noble Mind,
Which did her Beauty much more beautify.

No Age hath bred (ſince fair *Aſtrea* left
The ſinful World) more Vertue in a Wight;
And when ſhe parted hence, with her ſhe reft
Great Hope, and robb'd her Race of Bounty quight.
Well may the Shepherd Laſſes now lament,
For double Loſs by her hath on them light;
To loſe both her and Bounty's Ornament.

Ne let *Eliſa*, Royal Shepherdeſs,
The Praiſes of my parted Love envy;
For ſhe hath Praiſes in all plenteouſneſs
Pour'd upon her, like Showers of *Caſtaly*,
By her own Shepherd, *Colin* her own Shepherd,
That her with heavenly Hymns doth deify,
Of ruſtick Muſe, full hardly to be better'd.

She

Digitized by Google

She is the Rose, the Glory of the Day,
And mine the Primrose in the lowly Shade;
Mine, ah! not mine; amiss I mine did say:
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made;
Mine to be his, with him to live for aye.
O that so fair a Flowre so soon should fade,
And through untimely Tempest fall away!

She fell away in her first Age's Spring,
Whilst yet her Leaf was green, and fresh her Rind,
And whilst her Branch fair Blossoms forth did bring,
She fell away against all Course of Kind.
For Age to die is right, but Youth is wrong:
She fell away like Fruit blown down with Wind.
Weep Shepherd, weep, to make my Undersong.

II.

WHAT Heart so stony hard, but that would weep,
And pour forth Fountains of incessant Tears?
What *Timon*, but would let Compassion creep
Into his Breast, and pierce his frozen Ears?
In stead of Tears, whose brackish bitter Well
I wasted have, my Heart-Blood dropping wears,
To think to ground how that fair Blossom fell.

Yet fell she not, as one enforc'd to die,
Ne died with Dread and grudging Discontent,
But as one toil'd with Travel, down doth lie;
So lay she down, as if to sleep she went,
And clos'd her Eyes with careless Quietness;
The whiles soft Death away her Spirit hent,
And Soul assoyl'd from sinful Fleshlinesse.

Yet ere that Life her Lodging did forsake,
She all resolv'd, and ready to remove,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake;
Alcyon, ah! my first and latest Love,
Ah! why does my *Alcyon* weep and mourn,
And grieve my Ghost, that ill mote him behove,
As if to me had chaunst some evil tourn?

I,

Digitized by Google

I, ſith the Meſſenger is come for me,
That ſummons Souls unto the bridale Feaſt
Of his great Lord, muſt needs depart from thee,
And ſtraight obey his ſoveraign Beheaſt:
Why ſhould *Alcyon* then ſo ſore lament,
That I from Miſery ſhould be releaſt,
And freed from wretched long Impriſonment?

Our days are full of Dolour and Diſeaſe,
Our Life afflicted with inceſſant Pain,
That nought on Earth may leſſen or appeaſe.
Why then ſhould I deſire here to remain?
Or why ſhould he that loves me, ſorry be
For my Deliverance, or at all complain
My good to hear, and toward Joys to ſee?

I go, and long deſired have to go,
I go with gladneſs to my wiſhed Reſt,
Whereas no World's ſad Care nor waſting Woe
May come, their happy Quiet to moleſt;
But Saints and Angels in celeſtial Thrones
Eternally him praiſe, that hath them bleſt:
There ſhall I be amongſt thoſe bleſſed ones.

Yet ere I go, a Pledge I leave with thee
Of the late Love, the which betwixt us paſt,
My young *Ambroſia*, in lieu of me
Love her; ſo ſhall our Love for ever laſt:
Thus Dear adieu, whom I expect ere long.
So having ſaid, away ſhe ſoftly paſt:
Weep Shepherd, weep, to make mine Underſong.

III.

SO oft as I record thoſe piercing Words,
Which yet are deep engraven in my Breſt,
And thoſe laſt deadly Accents, which like Swords
Did wound my Heart, and rend my bleeding Cheſt,
With thoſe ſweet ſugred Speeches do compare,
The which my Soul firſt conquer'd and poſſeſt,
The firſt Beginners of my endleſs Care:

And

Digitized by Google

And when those pallid Cheeks and ashie Hue,
In which sad Death his Portraiture had writ;
And when those hollow Eyes and deadly View,
On which the Cloud of ghastly Night did sit,
I match with that sweet Smile and chearful Brow,
Which all the World subdued unto it;
How happy was I then, and wretched now?

How happy was I, when I saw her lead
The Shepherds Daughters dauncing in a Round?
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender Grass, with rosie Garland crown'd?
And when she list advaunce her heavenly Voice,
Both Nymphs and Muses nigh she made astown'd,
And Flocks and Shepherds caused to rejoyce.

But now, ye Shepherd Lasses, who shall lead
Your wandring Troups, or sing your Virelayes?
Or who shall dight your Bowres, sith she is dead
That was the Lady of your Holy-days?
Let now your Bliss be turned into Bale,
And into Plaints convert your joyous Plays,
And with the same fill every Hill and Dale.

Let Bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the Senses to Delight;
Ne ever Shepherd sound his Oaten Quill
Unto the many, that provoke them might
To idle Pleasance: but let Ghastliness
And dreary Horror dim the chearful Light,
To make the Image of true Heaviness.

Let Birds be silent on the naked Spray,
And shady Woods resound with dreadful Yells;
Let streaming Floods their hasty Courses stay,
And parching Drouth dry up the crystal Wells:
Let th' Earth be barren and bring forth no Flowres,
And th' Air be fill'd with noise of doleful Knells,
And wandering Spirits walk untimely Houres.

And

Digitized by Google

And Nature, Nurse of every living thing,
Let rest her self from her long Wearinesſ,
And ceaſe henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous Monſters full of Uglineſs:
For ſhe it is, that hath me done this wrong,
No Nurſe, but Stepdame, cruel, mercileſs:
Weep Shepherd, weep, to make my Underſong.

IV.

MY little Flock, whom earſt I lov'd ſo well,
And wont to feed with fineſt Graſs that grew,
Feed ye henceforth on bitter Aſtrofell,
And ſtinking Smallage, and unſavory Rue:
And when your Maws are with thoſe Weeds corrupted,
Be ye the Prey of Wolves; ne will I rue,
That with your Carkaſſes wild Beaſts be glutted.

Ne worſe to you, my ſilly Sheep, I pray,
Ne ſorer Vengeance wiſh on you to fall
Than to my ſelf, for whoſe confus'd Decay
To careleſs Heavens I do daily call:
But Heavens refuſe to hear a Wretch's Cry,
And cruel Death doth ſcorn to come at call,
Or grant this Boon that moſt deſires to die.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th' unrighteous which alive remain;
But the ungodly ones he doth forſake,
By living long to multiply their Pain:
Elſe ſurely Death ſhould be no Puniſhment,
As the great Judge at firſt did it ordain,
But rather Riddance from long Languiſhment.

Therefore my *Daphne* they have tane away,
For worthy of a better place was ſhe;
But me unworthy willed here to ſtay,
That with her lack I might tormented be.
Sith then they ſo have ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their Decree,
And to her Ghoſt do ſervice day by day.

For

Digitized by Google

For I will walk this wandering Pilgrimage,
Throughout the World from one to other end,
And in Affliction waste my bitter Age.
My Bread shall be the Anguish of my Mind,
My Drink the Tears which from mine Eyes do rain,
My Bed the Ground that hardest I may find:
So will I wilfully increase my Pain.

And she my Love that was, my Saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestial Throne
(In which she joyeth in eternal Bliss)
My bitter Penance, will my case bemone,
And pity me that living thus do die:
For heavenly Spirits have compassion
On mortal Men, and rue their Misery.

So when I have with Sorrow satisfide
Th' importune Fates, which Vengeance on me seek,
And th' Heavens with long Languor pacifide,
She for pure pity of my Sufferance meek,
Will send for me; for which I daily long,
And will till then my painful Penance eke:
Weep Shepherd, weep, to make my Undersong.

V.

HENCEFORTH I hate whatever Nature made,
And in her Workmanship no pleasure find;
For they be all but vain, and quickly fade:
So soon as on them blows the Northern Wind,
They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but Grief of Mind,
And mocking such as think they long will stay.

I hate the Heaven, because it doth with-hold
Me from my Love, and eke my Love from me;
I hate the Earth, because it is the Mould
Of fleshly Slime, and frail Mortality;
I hate the Fire, because to nought it flies;
I hate the Air, because Sighs of it be;
I hate the Sea, because it Tears supplies.

Digitized by Google

I hate the Day, becauſe it lendeth Light
To ſee all things, and not my Love to ſee;
I hate the Darkneſs, and the dreary Night,
Becauſe they breed ſad Baleſulneſs in me:
I hate all Times, becauſe all Times do fly
So faſt away, and may not ſtayed be,
But as a ſpeedy Poſt that paſſeth by.

I hate to ſpeak, my Voice is ſpent with crying;
I hate to hear, loud Plaints have dull'd mine Ears;
I hate to taſte, for Food with-holds my dying;
I hate to ſee, mine Eyes are dimm'd with Tears;
I hate to ſmell, no Sweet on Earth is left;
I hate to feel, my Fleſh is numb'd with Fears:
So all my Senſes from me are bereft.

I hate all Men, and ſhun all Womankind:
The one, becauſe as I they wretched are;
The other, for becauſe I do not find
My Love with them, that wont to be their Star.
And Life I hate, becauſe it will not laſt;
And Death I hate, becauſe it Life doth mar;
And all I hate that is to come or paſt.

So all the World and all in it I hate,
Becauſe it changeth ever to and fro,
And never ſtandeth in one certain ſtate,
But ſtill unſtedfaſt, round about doth go,
Like a Mill-wheel, in midſt of Miſery,
Driven with Streams of Wretchedneſs and Woe,
That dying lives, and living ſtill does die.

So do I live, ſo do I daily die,
And pine away in ſelf-conſuming Pain:
Sith ſhe that did my vital Powers ſupply,
And feeble Spirits in their Force maintain,
Is fetcht from me, why ſeek I to prolong
My weary Days in Dolour and Diſdain?
Weep Shepherd, weep, to make my Underſong.

VI.

Digitized by Google

VI.

WHY do I longer live in Life's despight,
And do not die then in despight of Death?
Why do I longer see this loathsom Light,
And do in Darkness not abridge my Breath,
Sith all my Sorrow should have end thereby,
And Cares find quiet; is it so uneath
To leave this Life, or dolorous to die?

To live I find it deadly dolorous;
For Life draws Care, and Care continual Woe:
Therefore to die must needs be joyeous,
And wishful thing this sad Life to forgoe.
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My *Daphne* hence departing bade me so,
She bade me stay, till she for me did send.

Yet whilst I in this wretched Vale do stay,
My weary Feet shall ever wandring be,
That still I may be ready on my way,
When as her Messenger doth come for me:
Ne will I rest my Feet for Feebleness,
Ne will I rest my Limbs for Fraelty,
Ne will I rest mine Eyes for Heaviness

But as the Mother of the Gods, that sought
For fair *Eurydice* her Daughter dear
Throughout the World, with woful heavy Thought;
So will I travel whilst I tarry here,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne when as drouping *Titan* draweth near,
To loose his Teem, will I take up my Inn.

Ne Sleep (the Harbenger of weary Wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine Eye-lids more;
Ne shall with Rest refresh my fainting Sprights,
Nor failing Force to former Strength restore:
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With *Philomel*, my Fortune to deplore;
With *Philomel*, the Partner of my Plight.

And

Digitized by Google

And ever as I ſee the Star to fall,
And under Ground to go, to give them Light
Which dwell in Darkneſs, I to mind will call
How my fair Star (that ſhin'd on me ſo bright)
Fell ſuddainly, and faded under-ground;
Since whoſe departure, Day is turn'd to Night,
And Night without a *Venus'* Star is found.

But ſoon as Day doth ſhew his dewie Face,
And calls forth Men unto their toylſom Trade,
I will withdraw me to ſome darkſom place,
Or ſome dear Cave, or ſolitary Shade;
There will I ſigh, and ſorrow all day long,
And the huge Burden of my Cares unlade:
Weep Shepherd, weep, to make my Underſong.

VII.

HENCEFORTH mine Eyes ſhall never more behold
Fair things on Earth, ne feed on falſe Delight
Of ought that framed is of mortal Mould,
Sith that my faireſt Flower is faded quight:
For all I ſee is vain and tranſitory,
Ne will be held in any ſtedfaſt Plight,
But in a moment loſe their Grace and Glory.

And ye fond Men, on Fortune's Wheel that ride,
Or in ought under Heaven repoſe Aſſurance,
Be it Riches, Beauty, or Honour's Pride,
Be ſure that they ſhall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away:
For nought of them is yours, but th' only Uſance
Of a ſmall time, which none aſcertain may.

And ye true Lovers, whom deſaſtrous Chaunce
Hath far exiled from your Ladies Grace,
To mourn in Sorrow and ſad Sufferaunce,
When ye do hear me in that deſert place,
Lamenting loud my *Daphne's* Elegy;
Help me to wail my miſerable Caſe,
And when Life parts, vouchſafe to cloſe mine Eye,

Digitized by Google

And ye more happy Lovers, which enjoy
The Presence of your dearest Love's Delight;
When ye do hear my sorrowful Annoy,
Yet pity me in your empassion'd Spright,
And think that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
May happen unto the most happy Wight;
For all Mens States alike unstedfast be.

And ye my Fellow Shepherds, which do feed
Your careless Flocks on Hills and open Plains,
With better Fortune than did me succeed,
Remember yet my undeserved pains:
And when ye hear that I am dead or slain,
Lament my Lot, and tell your Fellow-Swains,
That sad *Alcyon* dy'd in Life's disdain.

And ye fair Damsels, Shepherds dear Delights,
That with your Loves do their rude Hearts possess,
Whenas my Hearse shall happen to your sights,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cypares;
And ever sprinkle brackish Tears among,
In pity of my undeserv'd Distress,
The which I Wretch endured have thus long.

And ye poor Pilgrims, that with restless Toyl
Weary your selves in wandring desart ways,
Till that you come, where ye your Vows assoyl,
When passing by, ye read these woful Lays,
On my Grave written, rue my *Daphne*'s Wrong,
And mourn for me that languish out my Days:
Cease Shepherd, cease, and end thy Under-song.

THUS when he ended had his heavy Plaint,
The heaviest Plaint that ever I heard sound,
His Cheeks wext pale, and Sprights began to faint,
As if again he would have fall'n to Ground:
Which when I saw, I (stepping to him light)
Amooved him out of his stony Swound,
And 'gan him to recomfort as I might.

But

Digitized by Google

But he no way recomforted would be,
Nor suffer Solace to approach him nie;
But casting up a sdeignful Eye at me,
That in his Traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his Hair and beat his blubbred Face,
As one disposed wilfully to die,
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the Pang was somewhat over-past,
And the outrageous Passion nigh appeased,
I him desir'd, sith Day was over-cast,
And dark Night fast approached, to be pleased
To turn aside unto my Cabinet,
And stay with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong Stownd, which him so sore beset.

But by no means I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to stay;
But without taking leave he forth did go
With staggring Pace and dismal Looks dismay,
As if that Death he in the Face had seen,
Or hellish Hags had met upon the way:
But what of him became, I cannot ween.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR, THE

FATE

OF THE

BUTTERFLY.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

TO THE

Right Worthy and Vertuous Lady,

The LADY CAREY.

MOST brave and bountiful Lady, for so excellent Favours as I have received at your sweet Hands, to offer these few Leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer Flowers to the Gods for their divine Benefits. Therefore I have determined to give my self wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my self, and absolutely vowed to your Services: which in all Right is ever held for full recompence of Debt or Damage, to have the Person yielded. My Person I wot well how little worth it is. But the faithful Mind and humble Zeal which I bear unto your Ladyship, may perhaps be more of Price, as may please you to account and use the

Digitized by Google

poor Service thereof; which taketh Glory to advance your excellent Parts and noble Vertues, and to spend it self in honouring you: not so much for your great Bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded, nor for Name or Kindred sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable; as for that honourable Name, which ye have by your brave Deserts purchast to your self, and spred in the Mouths of all Men; with which I have also presumed to grace my Verses, and under your Name to commend to the World this small Poem. The which beseeching your Ladyship to take in Worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted Graciousness to make a mild Construction, I humbly pray for your Happiness.

Your Ladyship's ever humbly,

Edmund Spenser.

Digitized by Google

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR, THE

Fate of the *Butterfly*.

I Sing of deadly dolorous Debate,
Stirr'd up through wrathful *Nemesis* Despight,
Betwixt two mighty Ones of great Estate,
Drawn into Arms, and proof of mortal Fight,
Through proud Ambition, and heart-swelling Hate;
Whilst neither could the other's greater Might
And 'sdainful Scorn endure: that from small Jar
Their Wraths at length broke into open War.

The Root whereof and tragical Effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournful'st Muse of Nine,
That wont'st the tragick Stage for to direct,

Digitized by Google

In funeral Complaints and wailful Tine,
Reveal to me, and all the Means detect,
Through which sad *Clarion* did at last decline
To lowest Wretchedness; and is there then
Such Rancour in the Hearts of mighty Men?

Of all the Race of silver-winged Flies
Which do possess the Empire of the Air,
Betwixt the centred Earth, and azure Skies,
Was none more favorable, nor more fair,
Whilst Heaven did favour his Felicities,
Than *Clarion*, the eldest Son and Heir
Of *Muscarel*, and in his Father's sight
Of all alive did seem the fairest Wight.

With fruitful Hope his aged Breast he fed
Of future Good, which his young toward Years,
Full of brave Courage and bold Hardy-hed,
Above th'ensample of his equal Peers,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,
(Whilst oft his Heart did melt in tender Tears)
That he in time would sure prove such an one,
As should be worthy of his Father's Throne.

The fresh young Fly, in whom the kindly Fire
Of lustful Youth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdain to subject his Desire
To loathsom Sloth, or Hours in ease to waste;
But joy'd to range abroad in fresh Attire,
Through the wide Compass of the airy Coast,
And with unwearied Wings each part t'inquire
Of the wide Rule of his renowned Sire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower Tract he dar'd to fly
Up to the Clouds, and thence with Pineons light
To mount aloft unto the crystal Sky,
To view the Workmanship of Heaven's Hight:
Whence down descending, he along would fly

Upon

Digitized by Google

Upon the ſtreaming Rivers, Sport to find;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous Wind.

So on a Summers-day, when Seaſon mild
With gentle Calm the World hath quieted,
And high in Heaven *Hyperion*'s fiery Child
Aſcending, did his Beams abroad diſſpred;
Whiles all the Heavens on lower Creatures ſmil'd,
Young *Clarion* with vauntful Luſtyhed,
After his Guiſe did caſt abroad to fare;
And thereto 'gan his Furnitures prepare.

His Breaſt-plate firſt, that was of Subſtance pure,
Before his noble Heart he firmly bound,
That mought his Life from iron Death aſſure,
And ward his gentle Corps from cruel Wound:
For it by Art was framed, to endure
The Bit of baleful Steel and bitter Stound;
No leſs than that which *Vulcane* made to ſhield
Achilles' Life from Fate of *Trojan* Field.

And then about his Shoulders broad he threw
An hairy Hide of ſome wild Beaſt, whom he
In ſalvage Foreſt by Adventure ſlew,
And reft the Spoil his Ornament to be:
Which ſpreading all his Back with dreadful view,
Made all that him ſo horrible did ſee,
Think him *Alcides* with the Lyon's Skin,
When the *Nemean* Conqueſt he did win.

Upon his Head his gliſtering Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous Device,
And curiouſly engraven, he did ſet:
The Metal was of rare and paſſing price;
Not *Bilbo* Steel, nor Braſs from *Corinth* fet,
Nor coſtly *Oricalch* from ſtrange *Phœnice*;
But ſuch as could both *Phœbus*' Arrows ward,
And th'hailing Darts of Heaven beating hard.

Digitized by Google

Therein two deadly Weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
Like two sharp Spears, his Enemies to gore.
Like as a warlike Brigandine applide
To fight, lays forth her threatful Pikes afore,
The Engines which in them sad Death do hide;
So did this Fly outstretch his fearful Horns,
Yet so as him their Terrour more adorns.

Lastly, his shiny Wings as Silver bright,
Painted with thousand Colours, passing far
All Painters Skill, he did about him dight:
Not half so many sundry Colours are
In *Iris'* Bow, ne Heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling Star;
Nor *Juno's* Bird, in her Eye-spotted Train,
So many goodly Colours doth contain.

Ne (may it be withouten Peril spoken)
The Archer God, the Son of *Cytheree*,
That joys on wretched Lovers to be wroken,
And heaped Spoils of bleeding Hearts to see,
Bears in his Wings so many a changeful Token.
Ah my liege Lord, forgive it unto me,
If ought against thine Honour I have told;
Yet sure those Wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a Lady fair, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly envide,
And wisht that two sich Fans, so silken soft,
And golden fair, her Love would her provide;
Or that when them the gorgeous Fly had doft,
Some one that would with Grace be gratifide,
From him would steal them privily away,
And bring to her so precious a Prey.

Report is that Dame *Venus* on a day,
In Spring when Flowres do cloath the fruitful Ground,
Walking abroad with all her Nymphs to play,

Bade

Digitized by Google

Bade her fair Damsels flocking her around,
To gather Flowres, her Forehead to array:
Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight *Astery*, excelling all the Crew,
In courteous Usage, and unstained Hue.

Who being nimbler-jointed than the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more Store
Of the Field's Honour, than the others best;
Which they in secret Hearts envying sore,
Told *Venus*, when her as the worthiest
She prais'd, that *Cupid* (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret Aid, in gathering
Into her Lap the Children of the Spring.

Whereof the Goddess gathering jealous Fear,
Not yet unmindful, how not long ago
Her Son to *Psyche* secret Love did bear,
And long it close concea'd, till mickle Wo
Thereof arose, and many a rueful Tear;
Reason with sudden Rage did overgo,
And giving hasty Credit to th' Accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoons that Damsel by her heavenly Might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterfly,
In the wide Air to make her wandring Flight;
And all those Flowres, with which so plenteously
Her Lap she filled had, that bred her Spight,
She placed in her Wings, for memory
Of her pretended Crime, though Crime none were:
Since which that Fly them in her Wings doth bear.

Thus the fresh *Clarion* being ready dight;
Unto his Journey did himself address,
And with good speed began to take his Flight:
Over the Fields in his frank Lustiness,
And all the Champain o'er he soared light,
And all the Country wide he did possess;

Digitized by Google

Feeding upon their Pleasures bountiously,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envy.

The Woods, the Rivers, and the Meadows green,
With his air-cutting Wings he measured wide;
Ne did he leave the Mountains bare unseen,
Nor the rank grassie Fens Delights untride.
But none of these, however sweet they been,
Mote please his Fancy, nor him cause t' abide:
His choiceful Sense with every Change doth flit;
No common things may please a wavering Wit.

To the gay Gardens his mastaid Desire
Him wholly carried, to refresh his Sprights;
There lavish Nature, in her best Attire,
Pours forth sweet Odors, and alluring Sights;
And Art with her contending, doth aspire
T' excel the natural, with made Delights:
And all that fair or pleasant may be found,
In riotous Excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
From Bed to Bed, from one to other Border,
And takes Survey with curious busie Eye,
Of every Flower and Herb there set in order;
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his Feet their silken Leaves deface;
But pastures on the Pleasures of each place.

And evermore with most Variety,
And Change of Sweetness (for all Change is sweet)
He casts his glutton Sense to satisfie,
Now sucking of the Sap of Herbs most meet,
Or of the Dew, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender Feet:
And then he pearcheth on some Branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moist Wings to dry.

And

And then again he turneth to his play,
To ſpoil the Pleaſures of that Paradiſe:
The wholſom Sage, and Lavender ſtill gray,
Rank-ſmelling Rue, and Cummin good for Eyes,
The Roſes reigning in the pride of *May*,
Sharp Iſop, good for green Wounds Remedies,
Fair Marigolds, and Bees-alluring Thime,
Sweet Marjoram, and Daiſies decking Prime:

Cool Violets, and Orpine growing ſtill,
Embathed Balm, and cheerful Galingale,
Freſh Coſtmary, and breathful Camomil,
Dull Popy, and drink-quickning Setuale,
Vein-healing Verven, and Head-purging Dill,
Sound Savory, and Bazil harty-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perſeline,
Cold Lettice, and refreſhing Roſmarine;

And whatſo elſe of Vertue good or ill
Grew in this Garden, fetch'd from far away,
Of every one he takes, and taſtes at will,
And on their Pleaſures greedily doth prey.
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill,
In the warm Sun he doth himſelf embay,
And there him reſts in riotous Suffiſance
Of all his Gladfulneſs, and kingly Joyance.

What more Felicity can fall to Creature,
Than to enjoy Delight with Liberty,
And to be Lord of all the Works of Nature,
To reign in th' Air from Earth to higheſt Sky,
To feed on Flowres, and Weeds of glorious Feature,
To take what ever thing doth pleaſe the Eye?
Who reſts not pleaſed with ſuch Happineſs,
Well worthy he to taſte of Wretchedneſs.

But what on Earth can long abide in State?
Or who can him aſſure of happy Day?
Sith Morning fair may bring foul Evening late,

And

And least Mishap the most Bliss alter may?
For thousand Perils lie in close await
About us daily, to work our Decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them avoid, or remedy provide.

And whatso Heavens in their secret Doom
Ordained have, how can frail fleshly Wight
Fore-cast, but it must needs to issue come?
The Sea, the Air, the Fire, the Day, the Night,
And th'Armies of their Creatures all and some
Do serve to them, and with importune Might
War against us the Vassals of their Will;
Who then can save what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O *Clarion*, though fairest thou
Of all thy Kind, unhappy happy Fly,
Whose cruel Fate is woven even now
Of *Jove*'s own Hand, to work thy Misery:
Ne may thee help the many a hearty Vow,
Which thy old Sire with sacred Piety
Hath poured forth for thee, and th' Altars sprent;
Nought may thee save from Heavens avengement.

It fortuned (as Heavens had behight)
That in this Garden, where young *Clarion*
Was wont to solace him, a wicked Wight,
The Foe of fair Things, th' Author of Confusion,
The Shame of Nature, the Bondslave of Spight,
Had lately built his hateful Mansion,
And lurking closely, in await now lay,
How he might any in his Trap betray.

But when he spide the joyous Butterfly
In this fair Plot dispacing to and fro,
Fearless of Foes and hidden Jeopardy,
Lord! how he 'gan for to bestir him tho,
And to his wicked Work each part apply!
His Heart did yern against his hated Fo,

And

And Bowels so with rankling Poison swell'd,
That scarce the Skin the strong Contagion held.

The cause why he this Fly so maliced,
Was (as in Stories it is written found)
For that his Mother which him bore and bred,
The most fine-fingred Workwoman on Ground,
Arachne, by his means was vanquished
Of *Pallas*, and in her own Skill confound,
When she with her for Excellence contended;
That wrought her Shame, and Sorrow never ended.

For the *Tritonian* Goddess having heard
Her blazed Fame, which all the World had fill'd,
Came down to prove the Truth, and due Reward
For her praise-worthy Workmanship to yield:
But the presumptuous Damsel rashly dar'd
The Goddess' self to challenge to the Field,
And to compare with her in curious Skill,
Of Works with Loom, with Needle, and with Quill.

Minerva did the Challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the Paragon to make:
So to their work they sit, and each doth chuse
What Story she will for her Tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how *Jove* did abuse
Europa like a Bull, and on his Back
Her through the Sea did bear; so lively seen,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would ween.

She seem'd still back unto the Land to look,
And her Play-fellows Aid to call, and fear
The dashing of the Waves, that up she took
Her dainty Feet, and Garments gathered near:
But (Lord!) how she in every Member shook,
When as the Land she saw no more appear,
But a wild Wilderness of Waters deep;
Then 'gan she greatly to lament and weep.

Before

Digitized by Google

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Love,
With his young Brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the Waves, as each had been a Dove;
The one his Bow and Shafts, the other Spring
A burning Tead about his Head did move,
As in their Sire's new Love both triumphing:
And many Nymphs about them flocking round,
And many *Tritons*, which their Horns did sound.

And round about, her Work she did empale
With a fair Border wrought of sundry Flow'rs,
Enwoven with an Ivy-winding Trayle:
A goodly Work, full fit for Kingly Bow'rs,
Such as Dame *Pallas*, such as Envy pale,
That all good things with venemous Tooth devours,
Could not accuse. Then 'gan the Goddess bright
Her self likewise unto her Work to dight.

She made the Story of the old Debate,
Which she with *Neptune* did for *Athens* try;
Twelve Gods do sit around in royal State,
And *Jove* in midst with awful Majesty,
To judge the Strife between them stirred late:
Each of the Gods by his like Visnomy
Eath to be known, but *Jove* above them all,
By his great Looks, and Power Imperial.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Claiming that Sea-coast City as his Right,
And strikes the Rocks with his three-forked Mace;
Whenceforth issues a warlike Steed in sight,
The Sign by which he challengeth the place;
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous Might,
Did surely deem the Victory his due:
But seldom seen, Forejudgment proveth true.

Then to her self she gives her *Ægide* Shield,
And steel-head Spear, and Morion on her Head,
Such as she oft is seen in warlike Field;

Then

Digitized by Google

Then sets she forth, how with her Weapon dred
She smote the Ground, the which straightforth did yield
A fruitful Olive-Tree, with Berries spred,
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the Story
She compass'd with a Wreath of Olives hoary.

Emongst those Leaves she made a Butterfly
With excellent Device and wondrous Slight,
Fluttring among the Olives wantonly,
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight:
The velvet Nap which on his Wings doth lie,
The silken Down with which his Back is dight,
His broad out-stretched Horns, his airy Thighs,
His glorious Colours, and his glistering Eyes.

Which when *Arachne* saw, as overlaid,
And mastered with Workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainsaid,
And with fast fixed Eyes on her did stare,
And by her Silence, Sign of one dismaid,
The Victory did yield her as her Share:
Yet did she inly fret, and felly burn,
And all her Blood to poisonous Rancour turn.

That shortly from the Shape of Womanhed,
Such as she was when *Pallas* she attempted,
She grew to hideous Shape of Drerihed,
Pined with Grief of Folly late repented:
Eftsoons her white strait Legs were altered
To crooked crawling Shanks, of Marrow empted,
And her fair Face to foul and loathsom Hue,
And her fine Corps to a Bag of Venom grew.

This cursed Creature, mindful of that old
Enfestred Grudge, the which his Mother felt,
So soon as *Clarion* he did behold,
His Heart with vengeful Malice inly swelt;
And weaving straight a Net with many a Fold
About the Cave, in which he lurking dwelt,

With

Digitized by Google

With fine small Cords about it stretched wide,
So finely spun, that scarce they could be spide.

Not any Damsel, which her vaunteth most
In skilful knitting of soft silken Twine;
Nor any Weaver, which his Work doth boast
In Diaper, in Damask, or in Lyne;
Nor any skill'd in Workmanship embossd;
Nor any skill'd in Loups of Fingring fine;
Might in their diverse Cunning ever dare
With this so curious Net-work to compare.

Ne do I think, that that same subtile Gin,
The which the *Lemnian* God fram'd craftily,
Mars sleeping with his Wife to compass in,
That all the Gods, with common Mockery,
Might laugh at them, and scorn their shameful Sin,
Was like to this. This same he did apply,
For to entrap the careless *Clarion*,
That rang'd each where without Suspicion.

Suspicion of Friend, nor Fear of Foe,
That hazarded his Health, had he at all;
But walk'd at will, and wandred to and fro,
In the Pride of his Freedom principal:
Little wist he his fatal future Woe,
But was secure; the liker he to fall!
He likest is to fall into Mischance,
That is regardless of his Governance.

Yet still *Aragnol* (so his Foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise,
And all his Gins that him entangle might,
Dress'd in good Order as he could devise.
At length, the foolish Fly, without Foresight,
As he that did all Danger quite despise,
Towards those Parts came flying carelesly,
Where hidden was his fatal Enemy.

Who

Digitized by Google

Who seeing him, with secret Joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in every Vein,
And his false Heart, fraught with all Treason's Store,
Was fill'd with Hope, his Purpose to obtain:
Himself he close upgathered more and more
Into his Den, that his deceitful Train
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne any Noise, ne any Motion made.

Like as a wily Fox, that having spide
Where on a sunny Bank the Lambs do play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder Side,
Lies in Ambushment of his hoped Prey;
Ne stirreth Limb, till seeing ready tide,
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the little Younglings unawares:
So to his Work *Aragnol* him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heavy Eyes
A Well of Tears, that all may overflow?
Or where shall I find lamentable Cryes,
And mournful Tunes enough my Grief to show?
Help, O thou tragick Muse, me to devise
Notes sad enough, t' express this bitter Throw!
For loe! the drery Stownd is now arrived,
That of all Happiness hath us deprived.

The luckless *Clarion*, whether cruel Fate,
Or wicked Fortune faultless him misled,
Or some ungracious Blast out of the Gate
Of *Æole*'s Reign perforce him drove on hed,
Was (O sad hap and hour unfortunate!)
With violent swift Flight forth carried
Into the cursed Cobweb, which his Foe
Had framed for his final Overthrow.

There the fond Fly entangled, struggled long,
Himself to free thereout; but all in vain:
For striving more, the more in Laces strong

Himself

Himself he tide, and wrapt his Winges twain
In limy Snares the subtil Loops among;
That in the end he breathless did remain,
And all his youthly Forces idly spent,
Him to the Mercy of th' Avenger lent.

Which when the griesly Tyrant did espy,
Like a grim Lion rushing with fierce Might
Out of his Den, he seized greedily
On the resistless Prey, and with fell Spight
Under the left Wing strook his Weapon sly
Into his Heart, that his deep-groaning Spright
In bloody Streams forth fled into the Air,
His Body left the Spectacle of Care.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Vol. 5. p. 1355.

Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp. 12

Digitized by Google

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

To the Right Honourable

The LADY *STRANGE.*

MOST brave and noble Lady, the things that make ye so much honoured of the World as ye be, are such as (without my simple Lines testimony) are throughly known to all Men; namely, your Excellent Beauty, your vertuous Behaviour, and your Noble Match with that most honourable Lord, the very Pattern of right Nobility: But the Causes for which ye have deserved of me to be honoured (if Honour it be at all) are both your particular Bounties, and also some private Bands of Affinity, which it hath pleased your Ladyship to acknowledge. Of which, whenas I found my self in no part worthy,

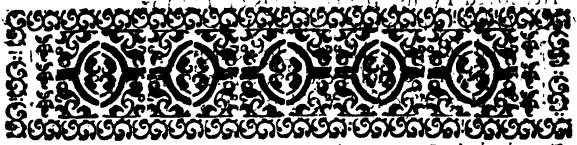
Digitized by Google

worthy, I devised this last slender means, both to insinuate my humble Affection to your Ladyship, and also to make the same universally known to the World; that, by honouring you, they might know me; and by knowing me, they might honour you. Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple Remembrance, though not worthy of your self; yet such, as perhaps by good Acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter pull out a more meet and memorable Evidence of your own Excellent Deserts. So, recommending the same to your Ladyship's good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your Ladyship's humbly ever,

EDMUND SPENSER.

Digitized by Google



THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

REHERSE to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
The Golden Brood of great *Apollo's* Wit,
Those piteous Plaints and sorrowful sad Tine,
Which late you poured forth as ye did sit
Beside the Silver Springs of *Helicone*,
Making your Musick of heart-breaking Mone.

For since the time that *Phœbus'* foolish Son
Ythundered, through *Jove's* avengeful Wrath,
For traversing the Charret of the Sun
Beyond the Compass of the pointed Path,
Of you his mournful Sisters was lamented,
Such mournful Tunes were never since invented.

Nor

Digitized by Google

Nor since that fair *Calliope* did lose
Her loved Twins, the Dearlings of her Joy,
Her *Palici*, whom her unkindly Foes,
The fatal Sisters, did for Spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewail long space;
Was ever heard such wailing in this Place.

For all their Groves, which with the heavenly Noises
Of their sweet Instruments were wont to sound,
And th' hollow Hills, from which their Silver Voices
Were wont redoubled Ecchoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rueful Cries,
And yelling Shrieks thrown up into the Skies.

The trembling Streams, which wont in Channels clear
To rumble gently down with Murmur soft,
And were by them right tuneful taught to bear
A Base's Part amongst their Consorts oft;
Now forc'd to overflow with brackish Tears,
With troublous Noise did dull their dainty Ears.

The joyous Nymphs, and light-foot Fairies
Which thither came to hear their Musick sweet,
And to the Measures of their Melodies
Did learn to move their nimble-shifting Feet;
Now hearing them so heavily lament,
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that else was wont to work Delight
Through the Divine Infusion of their Skill,
And all that else seem'd fair and fresh in sight,
So made by Nature for to serve their Will;
Was turned now to dismal Heaviness,
Was turned now to dreadful Uglineſs.

Ay me! what thing on Earth that all things breeds,
Might be the Cause of so impatient Plight?
What Fury, or what Fiend with felon Deeds
Hath stirred up so mischievous Despight?

Can

Digitized by Google

Can Grief then enter into heavenly Hearts,
And pierce immortal Breasts with mortal Smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom only it concerns,
To me those secret Causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learns,
Can rightfully aread so doleful Lay.
Begin, thou eldest Sister of the Crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensue.

CLIO.

HEAR, thou great Father of the Gods on high,
That most art dreaded for thy Thunder-Darts;
And thou our Sire, that reignst in *Castalie*,
And Mount *Parnass*, the God of goodly Arts:
Hear and behold the miserable State
Of us thy Daughters, doleful desolate.

Behold the foul Reproach and open Shame,
The which is day by day unto us wrought,
By such as hate the Honour of our Name,
The Foes of Learning, and each gentle Thought;
They, not contented us themselves to scorn,
Do seek to make us of the World forlorn.

Ne only they that dwell in lowly Dust,
The Sons of Darkness and of Ignorance;
But they, whom thou, great *Jove*, by Doom unjust
Didst to the Type of Honour earst advance:
They now puft up with disdeignful Insolence,
Despise the Brood of blessed Sapience.

The Sectaries of my celestial Skill,
That wont to be the World's chief Ornament,
And learned Imps that wont to shoot up still,
And grow to height of Kingdoms Government,
They under keep, and with their spreading Arms
Do beat their Buds, that perish through their Harms.

It most behoves the honourable Race
Of mighty Peers, true Wisdom to sustain,
And with their noble Countenance to grace
The learned Foreheads, without Gift or Gain:
Or rather learn'd themselves behoves to be;
That is the Girlond of Nobility.

But (ah!) all otherwise they do esteem
Of th' heavenly Gift of Wisdom's Influence,
And to be learned, it a base thing deem;
Base minded they that want Intelligence:
For God himself for Wisdom most is prais'd,
And Men to God thereby are nigheſt rais'd.

But they do only strive themselves to raise
Through pompous Pride, and foolish Vanity;
In th' Eyes of People they put all their Praise,
And only boast of Arms and Ancestry:
But vertuous Deeds, which did those Arms first give
To their Grandsires, they care not to atchieve.

So I, that do all noble Feats profess
To register, and sound in Trump of Gold,
Through their bad Doings, or base Slothfulness,
Find nothing worthy to be writ or told:
For better far it were to hide their Names,
Than telling them, to blazon out their Blames.

So shall succeeding Ages have no Light
Of things forepast, nor Monuments of Time;
And all that in this World is worthy hight
Shall die in Darkness, and lie hid in Slime:
Therefore I mourn with deep Heart's Sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble have to sing.

With that she rain'd such Store of streaming Tears,
That could have made a stony Heart to weep;
And all her Sisters rent their golden Hears,
And their fair Faces with salt Humour steep.

So

So ended she: and then the next anew
Began her grievous Plaint as doth ensue.

MELPOMENE.

O Who shall pour into my swollen Eyes
A Sea of Tears that never may be dride,
A brazen Voice that may with shrilling Cryes
Pierce the dull Heavens, and fill the Air so wide,
And Iron Sides, that sighing may endure,
To wail the Wretchedness of World impure?

Ah! wretched World, the Den of Wickedness,
Deform'd with Filth and foul Iniquity;
Ah! wretched World, the House of Heaviness,
Fill'd with the Wrecks of mortal Misery;
Ah! wretched World, and all that is therein,
The Vassals of God's Wrath, and Slaves of Sin.

Most miserable Creature under Sky,
Man without Understanding doth appear;
For all this World's Affliction he thereby,
And Fortune's Freaks, is wisely taught to bear:
Of wretched Life the only Joy she is,
And th' only Comfort in Calamities.

She arms the Breast with constant Patience,
Against the bitter Throws of Dolour's Darts;
She solaceth with Rules of Sapience
The gentle Minds, in midst of worldly Smarts:
When he is sad, she seeks to make him merry,
And doth refresh his Sprights when they be weary.

But he that is of Reason's Skill bereft,
And wants the Staff of Wisdom him to stay,
Is like a Ship, in midst of Tempest left,
Withouten Helm or Pilot her to sway:
Full sad and dreadful is that Ship's Event;
So is the Man that wants Intendiment.

Digitized by Google

Why then do foolish Men so much despise
The precious Store of this celestial Riches?
Why do they banish us, that patronize
The Name of Learning? Most unhappy Wretches,
The which lie drowned in deep Wretchedness,
Yet do not see their own Unhappiness.

My Part it is, and my professed Skill,
The Stage with Tragick Buskins to adorn,
And fill the Scene with Plaints and Outcries shrill
Of wretched Persons, to Misfortune born:
But none more tragick Matter I can find
Than this, of Men depriv'd of Sense and Mind.

For all Man's Life me seems a Tragedy,
Full of sad Sights and sore Catastrophees;
First coming to the World with weeping Eye,
Where all his Days, like dolorous Trophees,
Are heapt with Spoils of Fortune and of Fear,
And he at last laid forth on baleful Bier.

So all with rueful Spectacles is fill'd,
Fit for *Megæra* or *Persephone*;
But I, that in true Tragedies am skill'd,
The Flowre of Wit, find nought to busy me:
Therefore I mourn, and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning Matter I have none.

Then 'gan she woefully to wail, and wring
Her wretched Hands in lamentable wise:
And all her Sisters thereto answering,
Threw forth loud Shrieks and drery doleful Cries.
So rested she: and then the next in rew,
Began her grievous Plaint as doth ensue.

THALIA.

Digitized by Google

THALIA.

WHere be the ſweet Delights of Learning's Treaſure,
That wont with comick Sock to beautify
The painted Theatres, and fill with Pleaſure
The Liſtners Eyes and Ears with Melody;
In which I late was wont to reign as Queen,
And mask in Mirth with Graces well beſeen?

O! all is gone: and all that goodly Glee,
Which wont to be the Glory of gay Wits,
Is laid abed, and no where now to ſee;
And in her room unſeemly Sorrow ſits,
With hollow Brows, and grieſly Countenance,
Marring my joyous gentle Dalliance.

And him beſides ſits ugly Barbariſm,
And brutiſh Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of drad Darkneſs of the deep Abyſm,
Where being bred, he Light and Heaven does hate:
They in the Minds of Men now tyrannize,
And the fair Scene with Rudeneſs foul diſguize.

All Places they with Folly have poſſeſs'd,
And with vain Toys the Vulgar entertain;
But me have baniſhed, with all the reſt
That whilom wont to wait upon my Train,
Fine Counterfeſance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight, and Laughter deckt in ſeemly ſort.

All theſe, and all that elſe the comick Stage
With ſeaſon'd Wit and goodly Pleaſance grac'd;
By which Man's Life, in his likeſt Image,
Was limned forth, are wholly now defac'd:
And thoſe ſweet Wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now deſpis'd, and made a laughing Game.

And he the Man, whom Nature ſelf had made
To mock her ſelf, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly Counter under Mimick Shade,
Our pleaſant *Willy*, ah! is dead of late:

With whom all Joy and jolly Merriment
Is alſo deaded, and in Dolour drent.

In ſtead thereof, ſcoffing Scurrility,
And ſcorning Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in Rimes of ſhameleſs Ribaudry
Without regard, or due Decorum kept;
Each idle Wit at will preſumes to make,
And doth the Learned's Task upon him take.

But that ſame gentle Spirit, from whoſe Pen
Large Streams of Honey and ſweet Nectar flow,
Scorning the Boldneſs of ſuch baſe-born Men,
Which dare their Follies forth ſo raſhly throw;
Doth rather chooſe to ſit in idle Cell,
Than ſo himſelf to Mockery to ſell.

So am I made the Servant of the many,
And Laughing-ſtock of all that lift to ſcorn,
Not honored nor cared for of any,
But loath'd of Loſels as a thing forlorn:
Therefore I mourn and ſorrow with the reſt,
Until my cauſe of Sorrow be redreſt.

Therewith ſhe loudly did lament and ſhrike,
Pouring forth Streams of Tears abundantly;
And all her Siſters with Compaſſion like,
The Breaches of her Singults did ſupply.
So reſted ſhe; and then the next in rew,
Began her grievous Plaint, as doth enſew.

EUTERPE.

LIKE as the Dearling of the Summer's Pride,
Fair *Philomele*, when Winter's ſtormy Wrath
The goodly Fields, that earſt ſo gay were dy'd
In Colours divers, quite deſpoiled hath,
All comfortleſs doth hide her cheerleſs Head
During the time of that her Widowhead:

So

So we, that earst were wont in sweet Accord
All Places with our pleasant Notes to fill,
Whilst favourable Times did us afford
Free liberty to chant our Charms at will;
All comfortless upon the bared Bow,
Like woful Culvers do sit wailing now.

For far more bitter Storm than Winter's Stower,
The Beauty of the World hath lately wasted;
And those fresh Buds, which wont so fair to flower,
Hath marred quite, and all their Blossoms blasted:
And those young Plants, which wont with Fruit t' abound,
Now without Fruit or Leaves are to be found.

A stony Coldness hath benumb'd the Sense,
And lively Spirits of each living Wight,
And dimm'd with Darkness their Intelligence,
Darkness more than *Cymmerians* daily Night;
And monstrous Error flying in the Air,
Hath marr'd the Face of all that seemed fair.

Image of hellish Horror, Ignorance,
Born in the Bosom of the black Abyss,
And fed with Furies Milk for Sustenance
Of his weak Infancy, begot amiss
By yawning Sloth on his own Mother Night;
So he his Sons both Sire and Brother hight;

He, arm'd with Blindness and with Boldness stout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fair Light defaced;
And gathering unto him a ragged Rout
Of Fauns and Satyrs, hath our Dwellings raced;
And our chaste Bowers, in which all Vertue reign'd,
With Brutishness and beastly Filth hath stain'd.

The sacred Springs of Horse-foot *Helicon*,
So oft bedewed with our learned Layes,
And speaking Streams of pure *Castalion*,
The famous witness of our wonted Praise;

They trampled have with their foul Footing's Tread,
And like to troubled Puddles have them made.

Our pleasant Groves, which planted were with Pains,
That with our Musick wont so oft to ring,
And Arbours sweet, in which the Shepherds Swains
Were wont so oft their Pastorals to sing;
They have cut down, and all their Pleasure marr'd,
That now no Pastoral is to be heard.

In stead of them, foul Goblins and Shriek-Owls,
With fearful howling do all Places fill;
And feeble Eccho now laments and howls,
The dreadful Accents of their Out-cries shrill.
So all is turned into Wilderness,
Whilst Ignorance the Muses doth oppress.

And I, whose Joy was earst with Spirit full
To teach the warbling Pipe to sound aloft,
My Spirits now dismay'd with Sorrow dull,
Do mone my Misery with Silence soft.
Therefore I mourn and wail incessantly,
Till please the Heavens afford me Remedy.

Therewith she wailed with exceeding Wo,
And piteous Lamentation did make;
And all her Sisters seeing her do so,
With equal Plaints her Sorrow did partake.
So rested she: and then the next in rew,
Began her grievous Plaint, as doth ensue.

TERPSICHORE.

WHOSO hath in the Lap of soft Delight
Been long time lull'd, and fed with Pleasure sweet,
Fearless through his own Fault or Fortune's spight,
To tumble into Sorrow and Regret;
If chance him fall into Calamity,
Finds greater burthen of his Misery.

Digitized by Google

So we that earst in Joyance did abound,
And in the Bosom of all Bliss did sit,
Like Virgin Queens, with Laurel Garlands crown'd,
For Vertue's Meed and Ornament of Wit;
  Sith Ignorance our Kingdom did confound,
  Be now become most wretched Wights on ground.

And in our Royal Thrones, which lately stood
In th' Hearts of Men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed Brood,
By him begotten of foul Infamy;
  Blind Error, scornful Folly, and base Spight,
  Who hold by wrong, that we should have by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merry with their Fooleries;
They cheerly chant, and Rimes at random fling,
The fruitful Spawn of their rank Fantasies:
  They feed the Ears of Fools with Flattery,
  And good Men blame, and Losels magnify.

All Places they do with their Toys possess,
And reign in Liking of the Multitude;
The Schools they fill with fond New-fangleness,
And sway in Court with Pride and Rashness rude!
  'Mongst simple Shepherds they do boast their Skill,
  And say, their Musick matcheth *Phœbus*' Quill.

The noble Hearts to Pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that Learning is but vain;
Fair Ladies Loves they spot with Thoughts impure,
And gentle Minds with leud Delights distain:
  Clerks they to loathly Idleness intice,
  And fill their Books with Discipline of Vice.

So every where they rule and tyrannize,
For their usurped Kingdom's maintenance;
The whiles we silly Maids, whom they despize,
And with reproachful Scorn discountenance,

From our own native Heritage exil'd,
Walk through the World, of every one revil'd.

Nor any one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchſafeth us to entertain,
Unleſs ſome one, perhaps of gentle Kin,
For pities ſake compaſſion our Pain,
And yield us ſome Relief in this Diſtreſs:
Yet to be ſo reliev'd is Wretchedneſs.

So wander we all careful comfortleſs,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all;
So ſeek we Help our Sorrow to redreſs,
Yet none vouchſafes to anſwer to our Call:
Therefore we mourn and pitileſs complain,
Becauſe none living pitieth our Pain.

With that ſhe wept and wofully lamented,
That nought on Earth her Grief might pacify;
And all the reſt her doleful Din augmented,
With Shrieks and Groans and grievous Agony.
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her piteous Plaint as doth enſue.

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits breathing from above,
Where ye in *Venus'* ſilver Bowre were bred,
Thoughts half divine, full of the Fire of Love,
With Beauty kindled, and with Pleaſure fed,
Which ye now in ſecurity poſſeſs,
Forgetful of your former Heavineſs:

Now change the Tenor of your joyous Layes,
With which ye uſe your Loves to deify,
And blazon forth an earthly Beauty's Praiſe,
Above the compaſs of the arched Sky:
Now change your Praiſes into piteous Cries,
And Eulogies turn into Elegies.

Digitized by Google

Such as ye wont whenas those bitter Stounds
Of raging Love first 'gan you to torment,
And launce your Hearts with lamentable Wounds
Of secret Sorrow and sad Languishment,
Before your Loves did take you unto Grace;
Those now renew as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in Measure moderate
The Tempest of that stormy Passion,
And use to paint in Rimes the troublous State
Of Lover's Life in likest Fashion;
Am put from practise of my kindly Skill,
Banish'd by those that Love with Lewdness fill.

Love wont to be School-master of my Skill,
And the deviceful matter of my Song;
Sweet Love devoid of Villany or Ill,
But pure and spotless, as at first he sprong
Out of th' Almighty's Bosom, where he nests;
From thence infused into mortal Brests.

Such high Conceit of that celestial Fire,
The base-born Brood of Blindness cannot gheſs,
Ne never dare their Dunghil Thoughts aspire
Unto so lofty pitch of Perfectness,
But rime at Riot, and do rage in Love;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Fair *Cytheree*, the Mother of Delight,
And Queen of Beauty, now thou may'st go pack;
For lo! thy Kingdom is defaced quight,
Thy Scepter rent, and Power put to wrack;
And thy gay Son, the winged God of Love,
May now go prune his Plumes like ruffed Dove.

And ye three Twins, to Light by *Venus* brought,
The sweet Companions of the Muses late,
From whom what-ever thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow Grace, the Fancy to aggrate:

Go

Digitized by Google

Go beg with us, and be Companions still,
As heretofore of Good, so now of Ill.

For neither you nor we shall any more
Find Entertainment, or in Court or School;
For that which was accounted heretofore
The Learned's Meed, is now lent to the Fool:
He sings of Love, and maketh loving Lays,
And they him hear, and they him highly praise.

With that she poured forth a brackish Flood
Of bitter Tears, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Sisters seeing her sad Mood,
With loud Laments her answer'd all at one.
So ended she: and then the next in rew,
Began her grievous Plaint as doth ensue.

CALLIOPE.

TO whom shall I my evil Case complain,
Or tell the Anguish of my inward Smart,
Sith none is left to remedy my Pain,
Or deigns to pity a perplexed Heart;
But rather seeks my Sorrow to augment
With foul Reproach and cruel Banishment?

For they to whom I used to apply
The faithful Service of my learned Skill,
The goodly Off-spring of *Jove*'s Progeny,
That wont the World with famous Acts to fill;
Whose living Praises in heroick Stile,
It is my chief Profession to compile:

They all corrupted through the Rust of Time,
That doth all fairest things on Earth deface,
Or through unnoble Sloth, or sinful Crime,
That doth degenerate the noble Race;
Have both Desire of worthy Deeds forlorn,
And Name of Learning utterly do scorn.

Ne-

Vol. 5. p. 1279. Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp. 14

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Ne do they care to have the Auncestry
Of th' old Heroes memoriz'd anew;
Ne do they care that late Posterity
Should know their Names, or speak their Praises due:
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shall be forgot ere long.

What boots it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bred?
What odds 'twixt *Irus* and old *Inachus*,
'Twixt best and worst, when both alike are ded;
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of Dust their Memories awake?

Or who would ever care to do brave Deed;
Or strive in Vertue others to excel;
If none should yield him his deserved Meed,
Due Praise, that is the Spur of doing well?
For if Good were not praised more than Ill,
None would chuse Goodness of his own free-will.

Therefore the Nurse of Vertue I am hight,
And golden Trumpet of Eternity,
That lowly Thoughts lift up to Heaven's height,
And mortal Men have Power to deify:
Bacchus and *Hercules* I rais'd to Heaven,
And *Charlemain*, amongst the Starris seaven.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more;
Sith I no more find worthy to commend
For Prize of Value, or for learned Lore:
For noble Peers whom I was wont to raise,
Now only seek for Pleasure, nought for Praise.

Their great Revenues all in sumptuous Pride
They spend, that nought to Learning they may spare;
And the rich Fee, which Poets wont divide,
Now Parasites and Sycophants do share:

There-

Digitized by Google

Therefore I mourn and endless Sorrow make,
Both for my self, and for my Sister's sake.

With that she loudly 'gan to wail and shrike,
And from her Eyes a Sea of Tears did poure,
And all her Sisters, with Compassion like,
Did more increase the Sharpness of her Showre.
So ended she; and then the next in rew,
Began her Plaint, as doth herein ensue.

URANIA.

WHAT Wrath of Gods, or wicked Influence
Of Stars conspiring wretched Men t'afflict,
Hath pour'd on Earth this noyous Pestilence,
That mortal Minds doth inwardly infect
With love of Blindness and of Ignorance,
To dwell in Darkness without Soverance?

What difference 'twixt Man and Beast is left,
When th' heavenly Light of Knowledge is put out,
And th' Ornaments of Wisdom are bereft?
Then wandreth he in Error and in Doubt,
Unweeting of the Danger he is in,
Through Flesches Frailty, and Deceit of Sin.

In this wide World in which they Wretches stray,
It is the only Comfort which they have,
It is their Light, their Load-star, and their Day;
But Hell and Darkness, and the grisly Grave
Is Ignorance, the Enemy of Grace,
That Minds of Men born heavenly doth debace.

Through Knowledge we behold the World's Creation,
How in his Cradle first he fostred was;
And judge of Nature's cunning Operation,
How things she formed of a formless Mass:
By Knowledge we do learn our selves to know,
And what to Man, and what to God we owe.

From

Digitized by Google

From hence, we mount aloft into the Sky,
And look into the cryſtal Firmament;
There we behold the Heaven's great Hierarchy,
The Stars pure Light, the Spheres ſwift Movement,
The Spirits and Intelligences fair,
And Angels waiting on th'Almighty's Chair.

And there, with humble Mind and high Inſight,
Th'Eternal Maker's Majeſty we view,
His Love, his Truth, his Glory, and his Might,
And Mercy more than mortal Men can view.
O ſovereign Lord! O ſovereign Happineſs,
To ſee thee, and thy Mercy meaſureleſs!

Such Happineſs have they, that do embrace
The Precepts of my heavenly Diſcipline;
But Shame and Sorrow and accurſed Caſe
Have they, that ſcorn the School of Arts Divine,
And baniſh me, which do poſſeſs the Skill
To make Men heavenly-wiſe, through humbled Will.

However yet they me deſpiſe and ſpight,
I feed on ſweet Contentment of my Thought,
And pleaſe my ſelf with mine own Self-delight,
In Contemplation of things heavenly wrought:
So, loathing Earth, I look up to the Sky,
And being driven hence, I thither fly.

Thence I behold the Miſery of Men,
Which want the Bliſs that Wiſdom would them breed,
And like brute Beaſts do lie in loathſom Den
Of ghoſtly Darkneſs, and of ghaſtly Dreed:
For whom I mourn, and for my ſelf complain,
And for my Siſters eke whom they diſdain.

With that, ſhe wept and wail'd ſo piteouſly,
As if her Eyes had been two ſpringing Wells:
And all the reſt her Sorrow to ſupply,
Did throw forth Shrikes, and Cries, and dreary Yells.

So

Digitized by Google

So ended she, and then the next in rew,
Began her mournful Plaint as doth ensue.

POLYHYMNIA.

A Doleful Case desires a doleful Song,
Without vain Art or curious Complements;
And squallid Fortune into Basenes flong,
Doth scorn the Pride of wonted Ornaments.
Then fittest are these ragged Rimes for me,
To tell my Sorrows that exceeding be.

For the sweet Numbers and melodious Measures,
With which I wont the winged Words to ty,
And make a tuneful Diapase of Pleasures;
Now being let to run at liberty
By those which have no Skill to rule them right,
Have now quite lost their natural Delight.

Heaps of huge Words uphoorded hideously,
With horrid Sound, though having little Sense,
They think to be chief Praise of Poetry;
And thereby wanting due Intelligence,
Have marr'd the Face of goodly Poesie,
And made a Monster of their Fantasie.

Whilom in Ages past none might profess,
But Princes and high Priests, that secret Skill;
The sacred Laws therein they wont express,
And with deep Oracles their Verses fill:
Then was she held in sovereign Dignity,
And made the Noursling of Nobility.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her maintain,
But suffer her prophaned for to be
Of the base Vulgar, that with Hands unclean,
Dares to pollute her hidden Mysterie;
And treadeth under foot her holy Things,
Which was the Care of Kesars and of Kings.

One

One only lives, her Age's Ornament,
And Mirror of her Maker's Majesty,
That with rich Bounty and dear Cherishment,
Supports the Praise of noble Poesie:
Ne only favours them which it profess,
But is her self a peerless Poetress.

Most peerless Prince, most peerless Poetress,
The true *Pandora* of all heavenly Graces,
Divine *Eliza*, sacred Empereſs;
Live she for ever, and her royal Places
Be fill'd with Praises of divinest Wits,
That her eternize with their heavenly Writs.

Some few beside, this sacred Skill esteem,
Admirers of her glorious Excellence;
Which being lightned with her Beauty's Beem,
Are thereby fill'd with happy Influence,
And lifted up above the Worldes gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortal Praize:

But all the rest, as born of Salvage Brood,
And having been with Acorns always fed,
Can no whit savour this celestial Food;
But with base Thoughts are into Blindness led,
And kept from looking on the lightsom Day:
For whom I wail and weep all that I may.

Eftsoons such store of Tears she forth did powre,
As if she all to Water would have gone;
And all her Sisters seeing her sad Stowre,
Did weep, and wail, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned Instruments did break:
The rest, untold, no living Tongue can speak.

THE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

I.

BEING one day at my Window all alone,
So many ſtrange things happened me to ſee,
As much it grieveth me to think thereon.
At my right Hand a Hind appear'd to me,
So fair as mote the greateſt God delite;
Two eager Dogs did her purſue in Chace,
Of which the one was black, the other white:
With deadly Force ſo in their cruel Race
They pincht the Haunches of that gentle Beaſt,
That at the laſt, and in ſhort time I ſpide,
Under a Rock where ſhe alas oppreſt,
Fell to the Ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruel Death vanquiſhing ſo noble Beauty,
Oft makes me wail ſo hard a Deſtiny.

II.

Digitized by Google

II.

After at Sea a tall Ship did appear,
Made all of Heben and white Ivory,
The Sails of Gold, of Silk the Tackle were,
Mild was the Wind, calm seem'd the Sea to be,
The Sky each where did show full bright and fair;
With rich Treasures this gay Ship fraited was:
But sudden Storm did so turmoil the Air,
And tumbled up the Sea, that she (alas!)
Strake on a Rock, that under Water lay,
And perished past all Recovery.
O how great Ruth and sorrowful Assay,
Doth vex my Spirit with Perplexity,
Thus in a moment to see lost and dround
So great Riches as like cannot be found!

III.

The heavenly Branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lusty Laurel-Tree,
Amidst the young green Wood: of Paradise
Some noble Plant I thought my self to see:
Such store of Birds therein yshrouded were,
Chanting in shade their sundry Melody,
That with their Sweetness I was ravisht nere.
While on this Laurel fixed was mine Eye,
The Sky 'gan every where to over-cast,
And darkned was the Welkin all about,
When sudden Flash of Heaven's Fire out-brast,
And rent this Royal Tree quite by the Root.
Which makes me much and ever to complain;
For no such Shadow shall be had again.

IV.

Within this Wood, out of a Rock did rise
A Spring of Water, mildly tumbling down,
Whereto approached not in any wise
The homely Shepherd, nor the ruder Clown;
But many Muses, and the Nymphs withal,
That sweetly in Accord did tune their Voyce
To the soft Sounding of the Waters Fall,
That my glad Heart thereat did much rejoyce.

But

Digitized by Google

But while therein I took my chief Delight,
I saw (alas!) the gaping Earth devour
The Spring, the Place, and all clean out of sight:
Which yet aggrieves my Heart even to this hour,
And wounds my Soul with ruful Memory,
To see such Pleasures gone so suddenly.

V.

I saw a Phœnix in the Wood alone,
With purple Wings, and Crest of golden Hue:
Strange Bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heavenly Wight I had the view;
Until he came unto the broken Tree,
And to the Spring, that late devoured was.
What say I more? each thing at last we see
Doth pass away: the Phœnix there (alas!)
Spying the Tree destroid, the Water dride,
Himself smote with his Beak, as in disdain,
And so forthwith in great Despite he dide:
That yet my Heart burns in exceeding Pain,
For ruth and pity of so haplesS Plight;
O let mine Eyes no more see such a sight.

VI.

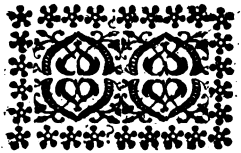
At last, so fair a Lady did I spy,
That thinking yet on her, I burn and quake;
On Herbs and Flowres she walked pensively,
Mild, but yet Love she proudly did forsake:
White seem'd her Robes, yet woven so they were,
As Snow and Gold together had been wrought.
Above the Waste a dark Cloud shrouded her,
A stinging Serpent by the Heel her caught;
Wherewith she languisht as the gather'd Flowre,
And well assur'd she mounted up to Joy.
Alas, on Earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter Grief and sorrowful Annoy:
Which make this Life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with Storms of Fortune variable.

VII.

Digitized by Google

VII.

When I beheld this tickle truſtleſs State
Of vain World's Glory, flitting to and fro,
And mortal Men toſſed by troublous Fate,
In reſtleſs Seas of Wretchedneſs and Woe;
I wiſh I might this weary Life forgo,
And ſhortly turn unto my happy Reſt,
Where my free Spirit might not any mo
Be vext with Sights, that do her Peace moleſt.
And ye fair Lady, in whoſe bounteous Breſt
All heavenly Grace and Vertue ſhrined is,
When ye theſe Rimes do read, and view the reſt,
Loath this baſe World, and think of Heaven's Bliſs:
And though ye be the faireſt of God's Creatures,
Yet think, that Death ſhall ſpoil your goodly Features.



THE

Digitized by Google

THE VISIONS OF *BELLAY*.

I.

IT was the time, when Rest soft sliding down
From Heaven's Height into Mens heavy Eyes,
In the Forgetfulness of Sleep doth drown
The careful Thoughts of mortal Miseries;
Then did a Ghost before mine Eyes appear,
On that great River's Bank, that runs by *Rome*,
Which calling me by Name, bade me to rear
My Looks to Heaven, whence all good Gifts do come:
And crying loud, Lo now behold (quoth he)
What under this great Temple placed is!
Lo, all is nought but flying Vanity!
So I that know this World's Inconstancies,
Sith only God surmounts all Times Decay,
In God alone my Confidence do stay.

II.

Digitized by Google

II.

On high Hill's top I saw a stately Frame,
An hundred Cubits high by just assize,
With hundred Pillours fronting fair the same,
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor Brick, nor Marble was the Wall in view,
But shining Crystal, which from Top to Base
Out of her Womb a thousand Rayons threw,
One hundred Steps of *Africk* Gold's enchase.
Gold was the Parget, and the Cieling bright
Did shine all scaly with great Plates of Gold;
The Floor of Jasp and Emerauld was dight.
O World's Vainness! Whiles thus I did behold,
An Earthquake shook the Hill from lowest Seat,
And overthrew this Frame with ruine great.

III.

Then did a sharped Spire of Diamond bright,
Ten Feet each way in square, appear to me,
Justly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as Archer might his Level see:
The top thereof a Pot did seem to bear,
Made of the Metal which we all do honour;
And in this golden Vessel couched were
The Ashes of a mighty Emperour.
Upon four corners of the Base were pight,
To bear the Frame, four Lyons great of Gold;
A worthy Tomb for such a worthy Wight:
Alas! this World doth nought but Grievance hold.
I saw a Tempest from the Heaven descend,
Which this brave Monument with Flash did rend.

IV.

I saw rais'd up on Ivory Pillors tall,
Whose Bases were of richest Metals wark,
The Chapters Alabaster, the Fryses Crystal,
The double Front of a triumphal Ark:
On each side pourtraid was a Victory,
Clad like a Nymph, that Wings of Silver wears,
And in triumphant Chair was set on hy
The antient Glory of the Roman Peers.

No

Digitized by Google

No Work it seem'd of earthly Craftsman's Wit,
But rather wrought by his own Industry,
That Thunder-Darts for *Jove*, his Sire, doth fit.
Let me no more see fair thing under Sky,
Sith that mine Eyes have seen so fair a Sight
With suddain Fall to Dust consumed quight.

V.

Then was the fair *Dodonian* Tree far seen,
Upon seven Hills to spred his gladsom Gleam,
And Conquerors bedecked with his Green,
Along the Banks of the *Ausonian* Stream:
There many an ancient Trophy was addrest,
And many a Spoil, and many a goodly Show,
Which that brave Race's Greatness did attest,
That whilom from the *Trojan* Blood did flow.
Ravisht I was so rare a thing to view,
When lo! a barbarous Troup of clownish Fone
The Honour of these noble Bows down threw,
Under the Wedge I heard the Tronk to groan;
And since I saw the Root in great disdain
A Twin of forked Trees send forth again.

VI.

I saw a Wolf under a rocky Cave
Nursing two Whelps; I saw her little ones
In wanton Dalliance the Teat to crave,
While she her Neck wreath'd from them for the nones:
I saw her range abroad to seek her Food,
And roming through the Field with greedy Rage
T'embrew her Teeth and Claws with lukewarm Blood
Of the small Heards, her Thirst for to asswage.
I saw a thousand Huntsmen, which descended
Down from the Mountains bord'ring *Lombardy*,
That with an hundred Spears her Flank wide rended.
I saw her on the Plain outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand Throbs in her own Soil:
Soon on a Tree uphang'd I saw her Spoil.

Digitized by Google

VII.

I saw the Bird, that can the Sun endure,
With feeble Wings assay to mount on hight,
By more and more she 'gan her Wings t'assure,
Following th'ensample of her Mother's Sight:
I saw her rise, and with a larger Flight
To pierce the Clouds, and with wide Pinneons
To measure the most haughty Mountains hight,
Until she raught the Gods own Mansions:
There was she lost, when suddain I beheld,
Where tumbling through the Air in fiery Fold,
All flaming down she on the Plain was feld,
And soon her Body turn'd to Ashes cold.
I saw the Fowl that doth the Light despise,
Out of her Dust like to a Worm arise.

VIII.

I saw a River swift, whose foamy Billows
Did wash the Ground-Work of an old great Wall;
I saw it cover'd all with grisly Shadows,
That with black Horror did the Air appall:
There-out a strange Beast with seven Heads arose,
That Towns and Castles under her Breast did cour,
And seem'd both milder Beasts and fiercer Foes
Alike with equal Ravin to devour.
Much was I maz'd, to see this Monster's Kind
In hundred Forms to change his fearful hue,
Whenas at length I saw the wrathful Wind,
Which blows cold Storms, burst out of *Scythian* Mew,
That sperst these Clouds, and in so short as thought,
This dreadful Shape was vanished to nought.

IX.

Then all astonied with this mighty Ghoast,
An hideous Body big and strong I saw,
With side-long Beard, and Locks down hanging loast,
Stern Face, and Front full of *Saturn*-like Awe;
Who leaning on the Belly of a Pot,
Pour'd forth a Water, whose out-gushing Flood
Ran bathing all the creaky Shore aflot,
Whereon the *Trojan* Prince spilt *Turnus'* Blood;

And

Digitized by Google

And at his Feet a Birch-Wolf Suck did yield
To two young Babes: his left, the Palm-tree stout,
His right Hand did the peaceful Olive wield,
And Head with Laurel garnisht was about.
Sudden both Palm and Olive fell away,
And fair green Laurel-Branch did quite decay.

X.

Hard by a River's side a Virgin fair,
Folding her Arms to Heaven with thousand Throbs,
And outraging her Cheeks and golden Hair,
To falling Rivers Sound thus tun'd her Sobs,
Where is (quoth she) this whilom honored Face?
Where the great Glory and the ancient Praise,
In which all World's Felicity had place,
When Gods and Men my Honour up did raise?
Suffic'd it not that civil Wars me made
The whole World's Spoil, but that this *Hydra* new,
Of hundred *Hercules* to be assaid,
With seven Heads, budding monstrous Crimes anew,
So many *Neroes* and *Caligulas*
Out of these crooked Shores must daily raise?

XI.

Upon an Hill a bright Flame I did see,
Waving aloft with triple Point to Sky,
Which like Incense of precious Cedar Tree,
With balmy Odours fill'd th' Air far and nigh.
A Bird all white, well feather'd on each Wing,
Here-out up to the Throne of Gods did fly,
And all the way most pleasant Notes did sing,
Whilst in the Smoak she unto Heaven did sty.
Of this fair Fire the scattered Rays forth threw
On every side a thousand shining Beams:
When sudden dropping of a silver Dew
(O grievous chance!) 'gan quench those precious Flames;
That it which earst so pleasant Scent did yield,
Of nothing now but noyous Sulphur smeld.

XII.

I saw a Spring out of a Rock forth rail,
As clear as Crystal 'gainst the sunny Beams,
The bottom yellow, like the golden Grail
That bright *Pactolus* washeth with his Streams;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All Pleasures there, for which Man's Heart could long;
And there a Noise alluring Sleep soft trembled,
Of many Accords, more sweet than Mermaids Song:
The Seats and Benches shone of Ivory,
And hundred Nymphs sat side by side about;
When from nigh Hills with hideous Outcry,
A Troup of Satyrs in the place did rout,
Which with their villain Feet the Stream did ray,
Threw down the Seats, and drove the Nymphs away.

XIII.

Much richer than that Vessel seem'd to be,
Which did to that sad *Florentine* appear,
Casting mine Eyes far off, I chanc'd to see,
Upon the *Latine* Coast her self to rear:
But suddenly arose a Tempest great,
Bearing close envy to these Riches rare,
Which 'gan assail this Ship with dreadful Threat;
This Ship, to which none other might compare.
And finally the Storm impetuous
Sunk up these Riches, second unto none,
Within the Gulf of greedy *Nereus*.
I saw both Ship and Mariners each one,
And all that Treasure drowned in the Main:
But I the Ship saw after rais'd again.

XIV.

Long having deeply gron'd these Visions sad,
I saw a City like unto that same,
Which saw the Messenger of Tydings glad;
But that on Sand was built the goodly Frame:
It seem'd her Top the Firmament did raise,
And no less rich than fair, right worthy sure
(If ought here worthy) of immortal Days,
Or if ought under Heaven might firm endure.

Digitized by Google

Much wondered I to see so fair a Wall:
When from the Northern Coast a Storm arose,
Which breathing Fury from his inward Gall
On all, which did against his Course oppose,
Into a Cloud of Dust sperst in the Air
The weak Foundations of this City fair.

XV.

At length, even at the time when *Morpheus*
Most truly doth unto our Eyes appear,
Weary to see the Heavens still wavering thus,
I saw *Typhœus'* Sister coming near;
Whose Head full bravely with a Morion hid,
Did seem to match the Gods in Majestie;
She by a River's Bank that swift down slid,
O'er all the World did raise a Trophee hie;
An hundred vanquisht Kings under her lay,
With Arms bound at their backs in shameful wise.
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the Heavens in war against her rise;
Then down she striken fell with Clap of Thonder,
That with great noise I wakt in sudden Wonder.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE RUINES OF ROME.

By *BELLAY*.

I.

E heavenly Spirits, whose ashy Cinders lie
Under deep Ruines, with huge Walls oppreſt,
But not your Praiſe, the which ſhall never die
Through your fair Verſes, ne in Aſhes reſt:
If ſo be ſhrilling Voice of Wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkeſt Hell,
Then let thoſe deep Abyſſes open rive,
That ye may underſtand my ſhricking Yell.
Thrice having ſeen under the Heavens Veil
Your Tombs devoted compaſs over all,
Thrice unto you with loud Voice I appeal,
And for your antique Fury here do call,

Digitized by Google

The whiles that I with ſacred Horror ſing
Your Glory, faireſt of all earthly Thing.

II.

Great *Babylon* her haughty Walls will praiſe,
And ſharped Steeples high ſhot up in Air;
Greece will the old *Epheſian* Buildings blaze;
And *Nylus'* Nurſlings their Pyramids fair;
The ſame yet vaunting *Greece* will tell the Story
Of *Jove*'s great Image in *Olympus* placed,
Mauſolus' Work will be the *Carians* Glory,
And *Crete* will boaſt the Labyrinth now raced
The antique *Rhodian* will likewiſe ſet forth
The great Coloſs, erect to Memory;
And what elſe in the World is of like worth,
Some greater learned Wit will magnify.
But I will ſing above all Moniments
Seven *Roman* Hills, the World's ſeven Wonderments.

III.

Thou Stranger, which for *Rome* in *Rome* here ſeekeſt,
And nought of *Rome* in *Rome* perceiv'ſt at all,
Theſe ſame old Walls, old Arches, which thou ſeeſt,
Old Palaces, is that which *Rome* Men call.
Behold what Wreck, what Ruine, and what Waſte,
And how that ſhe, which with her mighty Powre
Tam'd all the World, hath tam'd her ſelf at laſt,
The Prey of Time, which all things doth devoure.
Rome now of *Rome* is th' only Funerall,
And only *Rome*, of *Rome* hath Victory;
Ne ought ſave *Tyber*, haſtning to his Fall,
Remains of all: O World's Inconſtancy!
That which is firm, doth flit and fall away;
And that is flitting, doth abide and ſtay.

IV.

She, whoſe high Top above the Stars did ſore,
One Foot on *Thetis*, th' other on the Morning,
One Hand on *Scythia*, th' other on the *More*,
Both Heaven and Earth in roundneſs compaſſing;

Jove

Digitized by Google

Jove fearing, lest if she should greater grow,
The Giants old should once again uprise,
Her whelm'd with Hills, these seven Hills, which be now
Tombs of her Greatness, which did threat the Skies:
Upon her Head he heapt Mount *Saturnal*,
Upon her Belly th' Antique *Palatine*,
Upon her Stomack laid Mount *Quirinal*,
On her left Hand the noysome *Esquiline*,
And *Celian* on the right: but both her Feet,
Mount *Viminal* and *Aventine* do meet.

V.

Who lists to see, what-ever Nature, Art,
And Heaven could do, O *Rome*, thee let him see,
In case thy Greatness he can guess in Heart,
By that which but the Picture is of thee.
Rome is no more: but if the Shade of *Rome*
May of the Body yeild a seeming sight,
It's like a Corse drawn forth out of the Tomb
By Magick Skill out of eternal Night.
The Corps of *Rome* in Ashes is entombed,
And her great Spirit rejoyned to the Spirit
Of this great Mass, is in the same enwombed;
But her brave Writings, which her famous Merit
In spight of Time, out of the Dust doth rear,
Do make her Idol through the World appear.

VI.

Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddess bright
In her swift Chariot, with high Turrets crown'd,
Proud that so many Gods she brought to light;
Such was this City in her good Days found:
This City, more than that great *Phrygian* Mother,
Renown'd for Fair of famous Progeny,
Whose Greatness, by the Greatness of none other,
But by her self her equal match could see:
Rome only might to *Rome* compared be,
And only *Rome* could make great *Rome* to tremble;
So did the Gods by heavenly Doom decree,
That other earthly Powre should not resemble
Her that did match the whole Earth's Puissance,
And did her Courage to the Heavens advance.

VII.

Ye sacred Ruines, and ye tragick Sights,
Which only do the Name of *Rome* retain,
Old Moniments, which of so famous Sprights
The Honour yet in Ashes do maintain;
Triumphant Arks, Spyres Neighbours to the Skye,
That you to see doth th' Heaven it self appall,
Alas, by little ye to nothing fly,
The Peoples Fable and the Spoil of all:
And though your Frames do for a time make War
'Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruinate
Your Works and Names, and your last Reliques mar.
My sad Desires, rest therefore moderate:
For if that Time make end of things so sure,
It als will end the Pain which I endure.

VIII.

Through Arms and Vassals *Rome* the World subdu'd,
That one would ween, that one sole City's Strength
Both Land and Sea in Roundness had surview'd
To be the Measure of her Breadth and Length:
This People's Vertue yet so fruitful was
Of vertuous Nephews, that Posterity
Striving in Powre their Grand-fathers to pass,
The lowest Earth joyn'd to the Heavens high;
To th' end that having all Parts in their powre,
Nought from the *Roman* Empire might be quight,
And that though Time doth Common-wealths devoure,
Yet no Time should so low embase their Hight,
That her Head earth'd in her Foundation deep,
Should not her Name and endless Honour keep.

IX.

Ye cruel Stars, and eke ye Gods unkind,
Heaven envious, and bitter Stepdame Nature,
Be it by Fortune or by Course of kind
That ye do wield th' Affairs of earthly Creature;
Why have your Hands long sithenes travailed
To frame this World that doth endure so long?
Or why were not these *Roman* Palaces
Made of some Matter no less firm and strong?

Digitized by Google

I say not, as the common Voice doth say,
That all things which beneath the Moon have being,
Are temporal, and subject to decay:
But I say rather, though not all agreeing
With some, that ween the contrary in Thought;
That all this Whole shall one day come to nought.

X.

As that brave Son of *Æson*, which by Charms
Atchiev'd the golden Fleece in *Colchid* Land,
Out of the Earth engendred Men of Arms
Of Dragons Teeth, sown in the sacred Sand;
So this brave Town, that in her youthly days
An Hydra was of Warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowned Nourslings Praise
The fiery Sun's both one and other House:
But they at last, there being then not living
An *Hercules*, so rank Seed to repress;
Emongst themselves with cruel Fury striving,
Mow'd down themselves with Slaughter mercileſs;
Renewing in themselves that Rage unkind,
Which whilom did those Earth-born Brethren blind.

XI.

Mars, shaming to have given so great head
To his Off-spring, that mortal Puissaunce
Puft up with Pride of *Roman* Hardyhed,
Seem'd above Heaven's Powre it self t' advaunce:
Cooling again his former kindled Heat,
With which he had those *Roman* Spirits fill'd,
Did blow new Fire, and with enflamed Breath,
Into the *Gothick* Cold hot Rage instill'd:
Then 'gan that Nation, th' Earth's new Giants Brood,
To dart abroad the Thunder-bolts of War;
And beating down these Walls with furious Mood
Into her Mother's Bosom, all did mar:
To th' end that none, all were it *Jove*, his Sire,
Should boast himself of the *Romane* Empire.

XII.

Like as whilom the Children of the Earth
Heapt Hills on Hills, to scale the starry Skye,
And fight against the Gods of heavenly Birth,
Whiles *Jove* at them his Thunder-bolts let flye;

All

Digitized by Google

All suddenly with Lightning overthrown,
The furious Squadrons down to ground did fall,
That th' Earth under her Childrens weight did grone,
And th' Heavens in Glory triumpht over all:
So did that haughty Front which heaped was
On these seven *Roman* Hills, it self uprear
Over the World, and lift her lofty Face
Against the Heaven, that 'gan her Force to fear.
But now the scorned Fields bemone her Fall,
And Gods secure fear not her Force at all.

XIII.

Not the swift Fury of the Flames aspiring,
Nor the deep Wounds of Victors raging Blade,
Nor ruthless Spoil of Souldiers Blood-desiring,
The which so oft thee, *Rome*, their Conquest made;
Ne stroke on stroke of Fortune variable,
Ne Rust of Age hating Continuance,
Nor Wrath of Gods, nor Spight of Men unstable,
Nor thou oppos'd 'gainst thine own Puissance;
Nor th' horrible Uprore of Winds high blowing,
Nor swelling Streams of that God snaky-paced,
Which hath so often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy Pride so much abased;
But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
Makes the World wonder, what they from thee reft.

XIV.

As Men in Summer fearless pass the Foord,
Which is in Winter Lord of all the Plain,
And with his tumbling Streams doth bear aboord
The Ploughman's Hope, and Shepherds Labour vain:
And as the coward Beasts use to despise
The noble Lyon after his Live's end,
Whetting their Teeth, and with vain Fool-hardise
Daring the Foe, that cannot him defend;
And as at *Troy* most Dastards of the *Greeks*
Did brave about the Corps of *Hector* cold:
So those which whilom wont with pallid Cheeks
The *Roman* Triumphs Glory to behold,
Now on these ashie Tombs shew Boldness vain,
And conquer'd dare, the Conquerour disdain.

XV.

Digitized by Google

XV.

Ye pallid Spirits, and ye ashie Ghosts,
Which joyning in the Brightness of your Day,
Brought forth those Signs of your presumptuous Boasts,
Which now their dusty Reliques do bewray;
Tell me ye Spirits (sith the darksom River
Of *Styx*, not passable to Souls returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three Wards for ever,
Do not restrain your Images still mourning)
Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you
Yet here above him secretly doth hide)
Do ye not feel your Torments to accrew,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd Pride
Of these old *Roman* Works built with your Hands,
Now to become nought else but heaped Sands?

XVI.

Like as ye see the wrathful Sea from far,
In a great Mountain heapt with hideous noyse,
Eftsoons of thousand Billows shouldred nar,
Against a Rock to break with dreadful poyse;
Like as ye see fell *Boreas* with sharp Blast,
Tossing huge Tempests through the troubled Sky,
Eftsoons having his wide Wings spent in wast,
To stop his weary Cariere suddenly:
And as ye see huge Flames spread diversly,
Gather'd in one up to the Heavens to spire,
Eftsoons consum'd to fall down feebily;
So whylom did this Monarchy aspire
As Waves, as Wind, as Fire spread over all,
Till it by fatal Doom adown did fall.

XVII.

So long as *Jove's* great Bird did make his flight,
Bearing the Fire with which Heaven doth us fray,
Heaven had not fear of that presumptuous Might,
With which the Gyants did the Gods assay:
But all so soon, as scorching Sun had brent
His Wings, which wont the Earth to overspred,
The Earth out of the massie Womb forth sent
That antique Horror, which made Heaven adred.

Then

Digitized by Google

Then was the *German* Raven in disguise
That *Roman* Eagle seen to cleave asunder,
And towards Heaven freshly to arise
Out of these Mountains, now consum'd to powder:
In which the Fowl that serves to bear the Lightning,
Is now no more seen flying, not alightning.

XVIII.

These heaps of Stones, these old Walls which ye see,
Were first enclosures but of salvage Soil;
And these brave Palaces, which maistred be
Of Time, were Shepherds Cottages somewhile.
Then took the Shepherds Kingly Ornaments,
And the stout Hynd arm'd his right Hand with Steel;
Estsoons their Rule of yearly Presidents
Grew great, and six Months greater a great deal:
Which made perpetual, rose to so great Might,
That thence th' Imperial Eagle rooting took,
Till th' Heaven it self opposing 'gainst her Might,
Her Power to *Peter*'s Successor betook;
Who Shepherd-like (as Fates the same foreseeing)
Doth shew, that all things turn to their first Being.

XIX.

All that is perfect, which th' Heaven beautifies,
All that's imperfect, born below the Moon,
All that doth feed our Spirits and our Eyes,
And all that doth consume our Pleasures soon,
All the Mishap, the which our Days outwears,
All the good Hap of th' oldest times afore,
Rome, in the time of her great Ancestors,
Like a *Pandora*, locked long in store.
But Destiny this huge *Chaos* turmoyling,
In which all Good and Evil was enclosed,
Their heavenly Vertues from these Woes assoyling,
Carried to Heaven, from sinful Bondage loosed:
But their great Sins, the Causers of their Pain,
Under these antique Ruines yet remain.

XX.

Digitized by Google

XX.

No otherwise than rainy Cloud, first fed
With earthly Vapours gather'd in the Air,
Eftsoons in compass arch'd, to steep his Hed,
Doth plonge himself in *Thetys'* Bosom fair;
And mounting up again, from whence he came,
With his great Belly spreds the dimmed World,
Till at the last, dissolving his moist Frame
In Rain, or Snow, or Hail he forth is horld:
This City, which was first but Shepherd's Shade,
Uprising by degrees, grew to such height,
That Queen of Land and Sea her self she made.
At last, not able to bear so great weight,
Her Power dispersst, through all the World did vade;
To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

XXI.

The same which *Pyrrhus*, and the Puissance
Of *Africk* could not tame, that same brave City,
Which with stout Courage arm'd against Mischance,
Sustain'd the Shock of common Enmity;
Long as her Ship tost with so many Freaks,
Had all the World in Arms against her bent,
Was never seen, that any Fortune's Wreaks
Could break her Course begun with brave Intent.
But when the Object of her Vertue fail'd,
Her Power it self against it self did arm:
As he that having long in Tempest sail'd,
Fain would arrive, but cannot for the Storm,
If too great Wind against the Port him drive,
Doth in the Port it self his Vessel rive.

XXII.

When that brave Honour of the *Latine* Name,
Which mear'd her Rule with *Africa* and *Byze*,
With *Thames'* Inhabitants of noble Fame,
And they which see the dawning Day arise;
Her Nourslings did with mutinous Uprore
Hearten against her self, her conquer'd Spoil,
Which she had won from all the World afore,
Of all the World was spoil'd within a while:

Digitized by Google

So when the compass'd Course of th' Universe
In six and thirty thousand Years is run,
The Bands of th' Elements shall back reverse
To their first Discord, and be quite undone:
The Seeds, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great *Chaos'* Womb again be hid.

XXIII.

O wary Wisdom of the Man, that would
That *Carthage* Towres from Spoil should be forborn!
To th' end that his victorious People should
With cankring Leisure not be overworn;
He well foresaw, how that the *Roman* Courage,
Impatient of Pleasure's faint Desires,
Through Idleness, would turn to civil Rage,
And be her self the Matter of her Fires.
For in a People given all to Ease,
Ambition is engendred easily;
As in a vicious Body, gross Disease
Soon grows through Humours Superfluity.
That came to pass, when swoln with Plenty's Pride,
Nor Prince, nor Peer, nor Kin they would abide.

XXIV.

If the blind Fury, which Wars breedeth oft,
Wonts not to enrage the Hearts of equal Beasts,
Whether they fare on foot, or fly aloft,
Or armed be with Claws or scaly Crests;
What fell *Erynnis* with hot burning Tongs,
Did gripe your Hearts with noisom Rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruel Wrongs,
Your Blades in your own Bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye *Romans*) your hard Destiny?
Or some old Sin, whose unappeased Guilt
Pour'd Vengeance forth on you eternally?
Or Brothers Blood, the which at first was spilt
Upon your Walls, what God might not endure
Upon the same to set Foundation sure?

XXV.

Digitized by Google

XXV.

O that I had the *Thracian* Poet's Harp,
For to awake out of th' infernal Shade
Those antique *Cæsars*, sleeping long in dark,
The which this ancient City whilom made:
Or that I had *Amphion*'s Instrument,
To quicken with his vital Notes Accord,
The stony Joints of these old Walls now rent,
By which th' *Ausonian* Light might be restor'd:
Or that at least I could with Pensil fine,
Fashion the Pourtraicts of these Palaces,
By Pattern of great *Virgil*'s Spirit Divine:
I would assay with that which in me is,
To build with level of my lofty Stile,
That which no Hands can evermore compile.

XXVI.

Who list the *Roman* Greatness forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seek for Usage right
Of Line, or Lead, or Rule, or Square, to measure
Her Length, her Breadth, her Deepness, or her Hight:
But him behooves to view in compass round
All that the Ocean grasps in his long Arms;
Be it where th' yearly Star doth scorch the Ground,
Or where cold *Boreas* blows his bitter Storms.
Rome was th' whole World, and all the World was *Rome*;
And if things nam'd their Names do equalize,
When Land and Sea ye name, then name ye *Rome*;
And naming *Rome*, ye Land and Sea comprize:
For th' ancient Plot of *Rome*, displayed plain,
The Map of all the wide World doth contain.

XXVII.

Thou that at *Rome* astonish'd dost behold
The antique Pride, which menaced the Sky,
These haughty Heaps, these Palaces of old,
These Walls, these Arks, these Baths, these Temples hie;
Judge by these ample Ruins View, the rest
The which injurious Time hath quite outworn,
Since of all Workmen held in reckning best,
Yet these old Fragments are for Patterns born:

Then

Digitized by Google

Then also mark, how *Rome* from Day to Day,
Repairing her decayed Fashion,
Renews her self with Buildings rich and gay;
That one would judg, that the *Roman Damon*
Doth yet himself with fatal Hand enforce,
Again on foot to rear her pouldred Corse.

XXVIII.

He that hath seen a great Oak dry and dead,
Yet clad with Reliques of some Trophees old,
Lifting to Heaven her aged hoary Head,
Whose Foot on Ground hath left but feeble hold;
But half disbowel'd lies above the Ground,
Shewing her wreathed Roots, and naked Arms,
And on her Trunk all rotten and unsound,
Only supports her self for Meat of Worms;
And though she owe her Fall to the first Wind,
Yet of the devout People is ador'd,
And many young Plants spring out of her Rind:
Who such an Oak hath seen, let him record
That such this City's Honour was of yore,
And 'mongst all Cities flourished much more.

XXIX.

All that which *Egypt* whilom did devise,
All that which *Greece* their Temples to embrave,
After th' Ionick, Attick, Dorick Guise,
Or *Corinth*, skill'd in curious Works to grave;
All that *Lysippus'* practick Art could form,
Apelles' Wit, or *Phidias* his Skill,
Was wont this ancient City to adorn,
And Heaven it self with her wide Wonders fill:
All that which *Athens* ever brought forth wise,
All that which *Africk* ever brought forth strange,
All that which *Asia* ever had of prise,
Was here to see. O marvailous great Change!
Rome living, was the World's sole Ornament;
And dead, is now the World's sole Moniment.

XXX.

Digitized by Google

XXX.

Like as the feeded Field green Grass first shows,
Then from green Grass into a Stalk doth spring,
And from a Stalk into an Ear forth grows,
Which Ear the fruitful Grain doth shortly bring;
And as in Season due the Husband mows
The waving Locks of those fair yellow Hairs,
Which bound in Sheaves, and laid in comely Rows,
Upon the naked Fields in Stacks he rears:
So grew the *Roman* Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian Hands it quite did spill,
And left of it but these old Marks to see,
Of which all Passers-by do somewhat pill;
As they which glean, the Reliques use to gather,
Which th' Husbandman behind him chanst to scatter.

XXXI.

That same is now nought but a Champain wide,
Where all this World's Pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whosoever dooft abide
By *Nyle*, or *Gange*, or *Tygre*, or *Euphrate*:
Ne *Africk* thereof guilty is, nor *Spain*,
Nor the bold People by the *Thamis* Brinks,
Nor the brave warlike Brood of *Alemain*,
Nor the born Souldier which *Rhine* running drinks:
Thou only Cause, O civil Fury, art,
Which sowing in th' *Æmathian* Fields thy Spight,
Didst arm thy Hand against thy proper Heart;
To th' end, that when thou wast in greatest hight
To Greatness grown, through long Prosperity,
Thou then adown might'st fall more horribly.

XXXII.

Hope ye, my Verses, that Posterity
Of Age ensuing shall you ever read?
Hope ye that ever Immortality
So mean Harp's work may challenge for her Meed?
If under Heaven any endurance were,
These Moniments, which not in Paper writ,
But in Porphyre and Marble do appear,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.

Nath'less my Lute, whom *Phœbus* deign'd to give,
Cease not to sound these old Antiquities:
For if that Time do let thy Glory live,
Well may'st thou boast, how ever base thou be,
That thou art first, which of thy Nation song
Th' old Honour of the People gowned long.

L' Envoy.

¶ Bellay, *first Garland of free Poesy*
That France *brought forth, though fruitful of brave Wits,*
Well worthy thou of Immortality,
That long hast travel'd by thy learned Writs,
Old Rome *out of her Ashes to revive,*
And give a second Life to dead Decays:
Needs must he all Eternity survive,
That can to other give eternal Days.
Thy Days therefore are endless, and thy Praise
Excelling all that ever went before:
And after thee, 'gins Bartas *hie to raise*
His heavenly Muse, th' Almighty to adore.
Live, happy Spirits, th' Honour of your Name,
And fill the World with never-dying Fame.

VISIONS

VISIONS
OF THE
World's Vanity.

I.

ONE Day, whiles that my daily Cares did sleep,
My Spirit, shaking off her earthly Prison,
Began to enter Meditation deep
Of things exceeding reach of common Reason;
Such as this Age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is and mean debac'd,
Hath brought forth in her last declining Season,
Grief of good Minds, to see Goodness disgrac'd.

On which, when as my Thought was throughly plac'd,
Unto my Eyes strange Shows presented were,
Picturing that, which I in mind embrac'd,
That yet those Sights empassion me full nere.
Such as they were (fair Lady) take in worth,
That when time serves, may bring things better forth.

II.

II.

In Summer's Day, when *Phœbus* fairly Burns,
I saw a Bull as white as driven Snow,
With gilden Horns embowed like the Moon,
In a fresh flowring Meadow lying low:
Up to his Ears the verdant Grass did grow,
And the gay Flowres did offer to be eaten;
But he with Fatness so did over-flow,
That he all wallowed in the Weeds down beaten,
Ne car'd with them his dainty Lips to sweeten:
Till that a Brize, a scorned little Creature,
Through his fair Hide his angry Sting did threaten,
And vext so sore, that all his goodly Feature,
And all his plenteous Pasture nought him pleased:
So by the Small, the Great is oft diseased.

III.

Beside the fruitful Shore of muddy *Nile*,
Upon a sunny Bank outstretched lay,
In monstrous length, a mighty Crocodile,
That cramm'd with guiltless Blood, and greedy Prey
Of wretched People travailing that way,
Thought all things less than his disdainful Pride.
I saw a little Bird, call'd *Tedula*,
The least of thousands which on Earth abide,
That forc'd this hideous Beast to open wide
The griesly Gates of his devouring Hell,
And let him feed, as Nature doth provide,
Upon his Jaws, that with black Venom swell.
Why then should greatest things the least disdain,
Sith that so small so mighty can constrain?

IV.

The kingly Bird, that bears *Jove*'s Thunder-clap,
One day did scorn the simple Scarabee,
Proud of his highest Service, and good Hap,
That made all other Fowls his Thralls to be:
The silly Fly, that no redress did see,
Spy'd where the Eagle built his towring Nest,
And kindling Fire within the hollow Tree,
Burnt up his young ones, and himself distrest;

Ne

Ne suffred him in any place to rest,
But drove in *Jove*'s own Lap his Eggs to lay;
Where gathering also Filth him to infest,
Forc'd with the Filth his Eggs to fling away:
For which, when as the Fowl was wroth, said *Jove*,
Lo how the Least the Greatest may reprove.

V.

Toward the Sea turning my troubled Eye,
I saw the Fish (if Fish I may it cleep)
That makes the Sea before his Face to fly,
And with his flaggy Fins doth seem to sweep
The foamy Waves out of the dreadful Deep,
The huge Leviathan, Dame Nature's Wonder,
Making his Sport, that many makes to weep:
A Sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
That in his Throat him pricking softly under,
His wide Abyss him forced forth to spew,
That all the Sea did roar like Heaven's Thunder,
And all the Waves were stain'd with filthy hue.
Hereby I learned have, not to despise
What-ever thing seems small in common Eyes.

VI.

An hideous Dragon, dreadful to behold,
Whose Back was arm'd against the Dint of Spear,
With Shields of Brass, that shone like burnish'd Gold,
And forked Sting, that Death in it did bear,
Strove with a Spider, his unequal Peer;
And bad defiance to his Enemy.
The subtil Vermin creeping closely near,
Did in his Drink shed Poison privily;
Which through his Entrails spreading diversly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his Bowels burst,
And him enforc'd to yield the Victory,
That did so much in his own Greatness trust.
O how great Vainness is it then to scorn
The Weak, that hath the Strong so oft forlorn!

Digitized by Google

VII.

High on a Hill a goodly Cedar grew,
Of wondrous Length, and straight Proportion,
That far abroad her dainty Odours threw;
'Mongst all the Daughters of proud *Libanon*,
Her Match in Beauty was not any one.
Shortly, within her inmost Pith there bred
A little wicked Worm, perceiv'd of none,
That on her Sap and vital Moisture fed:
Thenceforth her Garland, so much honoured,
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same!)
And her fair Locks fell from her lofty Head,
That shortly bald, and bared she became.
I, which this Sight beheld, was much dismay'd,
To see so goodly thing so soon decay'd.

VIII.

Soon after this, I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with Bells and Bosses gorgeously,
That on his Back did bear (as Batteilant)
A gilden Towre, which shone exceedingly;
That he himself, through foolish Vanity,
Both for his rich Attire and goodly Form,
Was puffed up with passing Surquedry,
And shortly 'gan all other Beasts to scorn:
Till that a little Ant, a silly Worm,
Into his Nostrils creeping, so him pain'd;
That casting down his Towres, he did deform
Both borrow'd Pride, and native Beauty stain'd.
Let therefore nought that great is, therein glory,
Sith so small thing his Happiness may vary.

IX.

Looking far forth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly Ship with Banners bravely dight,
And Flag in her Top-gallant I espide,
Through the main Sea making her merry Flight:
Fair blew the Wind into her Bosom right,
And th' Heavens looked lovely all the while;
That she did seem to dance, as in delight,
And at her own Felicity did smile.

All

Digitized by Google

All suddenly there clove unto her Keel
A little Fish, that Men call *Remora*,
Which stopt her Course, and held her by the Heel,
That Wind nor Tide could move her thence away.
Strange thing me seemeth, that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

X.

A mighty Lion, Lord of all the Wood,
Having his Hunger throughly satisfy'd
With Prey of Beasts, and Spoil of living Blood,
Safe in his dreadless Den him thought to hide:
His Sternness was his Praise, his Strength his Pride,
And all his Glory in his cruel Claws.
I saw a Wasp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battail even to his Jaws;
Sore he him stung, that it the Blood forth draws,
And his proud Heart is fill'd with fretting Ire:
In vain he threats his Teeth, his Tail, his Paws;
And from his bloody Eyes doth sparkle Fire,
That dead himself he wisheth for Despight:
So weakest may annoy the most of Might.

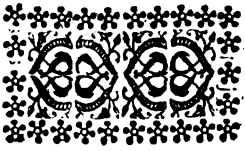
XI.

What time the *Roman* Empire bore the Reign
Of all the World, and flourish'd most in Might,
The Nations 'gan their Sovereignty disdain,
And cast to quit them from their Bondage quite:
So when all shrouded were in silent Night,
The *Galls* were, by corrupting of a Maid,
Possess'd nigh of the Capitol through Slight,
Had not a Goose the Treachery bewraid.
If then a Goose great *Rome* from Ruin staid,
And *Jove* himself, the Patron of the Place,
Prefery'd from being to his Foes betraid;
Why do vain Men mean things so much deface,
And in their Might repose their most Assurance,
Sith nought on Earth can challenge long Endurance?

Digitized by Google

XII.

When these sad Sights were over-past and gone,
My Spright was greatly moved in her Rest,
With inward Ruth and dear Affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest.
Thenceforth I 'gan in my engrieved Breast
To scorn all difference of Great and Small,
Sith that the greatest often are oppress,
And unawares do into Danger fall.
And ye, that read these Ruines tragical,
Learn by their Loss to love the low Degree;
And if that Fortune chance you up to call
To Honour's Seat, forget not what ye be:
For he that of himself is most secure,
Shall find his State most fickle and unsure.



ASTRO-

Digitized by Google

ASTROPHEL:

A Paſtoral

ELEGY

UPON

The Death of the moſt Noble and Valorous Knight,

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

Dedicated to the moſt Beautiful and Vertuous Lady, the Counteſs of *ESSEX.*

Digitized by Google

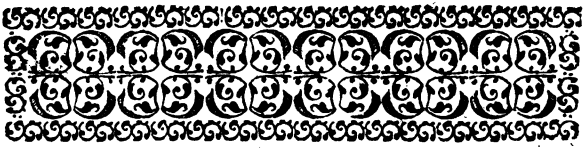
ASTROPHEL.

SHepherds, that wont on Pipes of Oaten Reed,
Oft-times to plain your Love's concealed Smart;
And with your piteous Lays have learn'd to breed
Compassion in a Country Lass's Heart;
Hearken ye gentle Shepherds to my Song,
And place my doleful Plaint, your Plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournful Verse,
The mournful'st Verse that ever Man heard tell;
To you whose softned Hearts it may empierce,
With Dolour's Dart, for Death of Astrophel:
To you I sing, and to none other Wight;
For well I wot my Rymes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer Wit
Shall hap to hear, or covet them to read;
Think he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living, but the dead:
And if in him found Pity ever place,
Let him be mov'd to pity such a Case.

Digitized by Google



ASTROPHEL:

A Paſtoral

ELEGY

Upon the Death of

Sir *PHILIP SIDNEY.*

Gentle Shepherd born in *Arcady*,
Of gentleſt Race that ever Shepherd bore,
About the graſſie Banks of *Hamony*,
Did keep his Sheep, his little Stock and Store:
Full carefully he kept them Day and Night,
In faireſt Fields, and *Aſtrophel* he hight.

Young *Aſtrophel*, the Pride of Shepherds Praiſe,
Young *Aſtrophel*, the ruſtick Laſſes Love;
Far paſſing all the Paſtors of his Days,
In all that ſeemly Shepherds might behove.
In one thing only failing of the beſt,
That he was not ſo happy as the reſt.

Digitized by Google

For from the time that first the Nymph his Mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her Lambs to feed,
A slender Swain, excelling far each other,
In comely Shape, like her that did him breed;
He grew up fast in Goodness and in Grace,
And doubly fair wox both in Mind and Face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle Usage, and Demeanure mild;
That all Mens Hearts with secret Ravishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguil'd.
Ne Spight it self, that all good things doth spill,
Found out in him, that she could say was ill.

His Sports were fair, his Joyance innocent,
Sweet without Sowre, and Honey without Gall:
And he himself seem'd made for Merriment,
Merrily masking both in Bower and Hall.
There was no Pleasure nor delightful Play,
When *Astrophel* so-ever was away.

For he could pipe and dance, and carol sweet,
Emongst the Shepherds in their shearing Feast;
As Sommers Lark, that with her Song doth greet
The dawning Day, forth coming from the East:
And Layes of Love he also could compose;
Thrice happy she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maidens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe emongst his Rimes to name,
Or make for them, as he was wont to do
For her, that did his Heart with Love inflame.
For which they promised to dight, for him,
Gay Chapelets of Flowers and Girlonds trim.

And many a Nymph, both of the Wood and Brook,
Soon as his oaten Pipe began to shrill,
Both crystal Wells and shady Groves forsook,
To hear the Charms of his enchanting Skill:

And

Digitized by Google

And brought him Presents, Flowers if it were Prime,
Or mellow Fruit if it were Harvest-time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet Wood Gods for them often sighed sore:
Ne for their Gifts, unworthy of his Wit,
Yet not unworthy of the Country's Store.
For one alone he car'd, for one he sigh'd,
His Life's Desire, and his dear Love's Delight.

Stella the fair, the fairest Star in Sky,
As fair as *Venus*, or the fairest Fair,
(A fairer Star saw never living Eye)
Shot her sharp-pointed Beams through purest Air.
Her he did love, her he alone did honour,
His Thoughts, his Rimes, his Songs were all upon her.

To her he vow'd the Service of his Days,
On her he spent the Riches of his Wit;
For her he made Hymns of immortal Praise,
Of only her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of Love he worthy deemed,
For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he wooed,
And Verses vain, (yet Verses are not vain)
But with brave Deeds to her sole Service vowed,
And bold Atchievements her did entertain.
For both in Deeds and Words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardy (too hardy alas!)

In wrestling, nimble; and in running, swift;
In shooting, steddy; and in swimming, strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leap, to lift,
And all the Sports that Shepherds are emong.
In every one, he vanquisht every one,
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Digitized by Google

Besides, in hunting, such Felicity,
Or rather Infelicity he found,
That every Field, and Forest far away,
He sought, where salvage Beasts do most abound.
No Beast so salvage but he could it kill,
No Chace so hard, but he therein had Skill.

Such Skill matcht with such Courage as he had,
Did prick him forth with proud Desire of Praise
To seek abroad, of Danger nought ydrad,
His Mistress' Name, and his own Fame to raise.
What needeth Peril to be sought abroad,
Sith round about us it doth make aboad?

It fortuned, as he that perilous Game
In forein Soil pursued far away;
Into a Forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of salvage Prey.
So wide a Forest, and so waste as this,
Nor famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul *Arlo* is.

There his well-woven Toyls and subtil Trains
He laid, the brutish Nation to enwrap;
So well he wrought with Practise and with Pains,
That he of them great Troups did soon entrap:
Full happy Man (misweening much) was he,
So rich a Spoyl within his power to see.

Estsoones all heedless of his dearest Hale,
Full greedily into the Herd he thrust,
To slaughter them, and work their final Bale,
Lest that his Toyl should of their Troups be burst.
Wide Wounds emongst them many a one he made,
Now with his sharp Boar-spear, now with his Blade.

His care was all, how he them all might kill,
That none might scape (so partial unto none):
Ill Mind, so much to mind another's Ill,
As to become unmindful of his own.

But

But pardon that unto the cruel Skyes,
That from himself to them withdrew his Eyes.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly Rout,
A cruel Beast of most accursed Brood,
Upon him turn'd (Despair makes Cowards stout)
And with fell Tooth, accustomed to Blood,
Launched his Thigh with so mischievous Might,
That it both Bone and Muscles rived quight.

So deadly was the Dint, and deep the Wound,
And so huge Streams of Blood thereout did flow,
That he endured not the direful Stound,
But on the cold dear Earth himself did throw:
The whiles the captive Herd his Nets did rend,
And having none to lett, to Wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his Shepherd Peers,
To whom alive was nought so dear as he;
And ye fair Maids, the Matches of his Years,
Which in his grace did boast you most to be?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his Wound that wondrously did bleed?

Ah wretched Boy! the Shape of Dreryhead,
And sad ensample of Man's sudden End;
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpitied, unplain'd, of Foe or Friend:
Whilst none is nigh, thine Eye-lids up to close,
And kiss thy Lips like faded Leaves of Rose.

A sort of Shepherds suing of the Chace,
As they the Forest ranged on a day,
By Fate or Fortune came unto the place,
Whereas the luckless Boy yet bleeding lay;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those Shepherds thither led.

Digitized by Google

They ſtopt his Wound (too late to ſtop it was)
And in their Arms then ſoftly did him rear;
Tho (as he will'd) unto his loved Laſs,
His dearest Love him dolefully did bear.
The dolefulſt Bier that ever Man did ſee,
Was *Aſtrophel*, but dearest unto me.

She when ſhe ſaw her Love in ſuch a plight,
With crudled Blood and filthy Gore deformed,
That wont to be with Flowers and Girlonds dight,
And her dear Favours dearly well adorned;
Her Face, the fairest Face that Eye mote ſee,
She likewiſe did deform, like him to be.

Her yellow Locks, that ſhone ſo bright and long,
As ſunny Beams in fairest Summer's Day,
She fiercely tore; and with outrageous wrong
From her red Cheeks the Roſes rent away:
And her fair Breſt, the Treaſury of Joy,
She ſpoyl'd thereof, and filled with Annoy.

His pallid Face, impictured with Death,
She bathed oft with Tears, and dried oft;
And with ſweet Kiſſes ſuck'd the waſting Breath
Out of his Lips, like Lillies, pale and ſoft.
And oft ſhe call'd to him, who anſwer'd nought,
But only by his Looks did tell his Thought.

The reſt of her impatient Regret,
And piteous Mone the which ſhe for him made,
No Tongue can tell, nor any forth can ſet,
But he whoſe Heart like Sorrow did invade.
At laſt, when Pain his vital Powers had ſpent,
His waſted Life her weary Lodge forwent.

Which when ſhe ſaw, ſhe ſtaied not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haſte;
Forth-with her Ghoſt out of her Corps did flit,
And followed her Mate, like Turtle chaſte:

To

Digitized by Google

To prove that Death their Hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in Love so firmly tide.

The Gods which all things see, this same beheld,
And pitying this Pair of Lovers true,
Transformed them there lying on the Field,
Into one Flowre, that is both red and blue:
It first grows red, and then to blue doth fade,
Like *Astrophel*, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a Star appears,
As fairly form'd as any Star in Skyes;
Resembling *Stella* in her freshest Years,
Forth darting Beams of Beauty from her Eyes:
And all the Day it standeth full of Dew,
Which is the Tears that from her Eyes did flow.

That Herb of some, Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others, *Penthiq*, though not so well;
But thou, where ever thou dost find the same,
From this day forth do call it *Astrophel*:
And whensoever thou it up doost take,
Do pluck it softly for that Shepherd's sake.

Hereof when Tydings far abroad did pass,
The Shepherds all which loved him full dear
(And sure full dear of all he loved was)
Did thither flock, to see what they did hear:
And when that piteous Spectacle they viewed,
The same with bitter Tears they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding Mone,
With inward Anguish, and great Grief oppreſt;
And every one did weep, and wail, and mone,
And means devis'd to shew his Sorrow best:
That from that howre, since first on grassie Green
Shepherds kept Sheep, was not like Mourning seen.

But

Digitized by Google

But first, his Sister, that *Clarinda* hight,
That gentlest Shepherdess that lives this day;
And most resembling both in Shape and Spright
Her Brother dear, began this doleful Lay:
Which, lest I mar the Sweetness of the Verse,
In sort as she it sung, I will reherse.

AY me! to whom shall I my Case complain,
That may compassion my impatient Grief?
Or where shall I unfold my inward Pain,
That my enriven Heart may find Relief?
Shall I unto the heavenly Powres it show?
Or unto earthly Men, that dwell below?

To Heavens? ah! they alas the Authors were,
And Workers of my unremedied Wo;
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.
From them comes Good, from them comes also Ill;
That which they made, who can them warn to spill?

To Men? ah! they alas like wretched be,
And subject to the Heaven's Ordinance;
Bound to abide whatever they decree:
Their best Redress, is their best Sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort me,
The which no less need comforted to be?

Then to my self will I my Sorrow mourn,
Sith none alive like sorrowful remains;
And to my self my Plaints shall back retourn,
To pay their Usury with double Pains.
The Woods, the Hills, the Rivers shall resound
The mournful Accent of my Sorrow's ground.

Woods,

Digitized by Google

Woods, Hills and Rivers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace;
And all the Fields do wail their widow State,
Sith Death their fairest Flower did late deface:
The fairest Flowre in Field that ever grew,
Was *Astrophel*; that *was* we all may rue.

What cruel Hand of cursed Foe unknown,
Hath cropt the Stalk which bore so fair a Flowre?
Untimely cropt, before it well were grown,
And clean defaced in untimely howre.
Great loss to all that ever him did see,
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

Break now your Girlonds, O ye Shepherds Lasses,
Sith the fair Flowre, which them adorn'd, is gone;
The Flowre, which them adorn'd, is gone to Ashes,
Never again let Lass put Girlond on.
In stead of Girlond, wear sad Cypress now,
And bitter Elder, broken from the Bough.

Ne ever sing the Love-layes which he made:
Who ever made such Layes of Love as he?
Ne ever read the Riddles which he said
Unto your selves, to make you merry Glee.
Your merry Glee is now laid all abed,
Your Merry-maker now alas is dead.

Death, the Devourer of all World's Delight,
Hath robbed you, and rest fro me my Joy:
Both you and me, and all the World he quight
Hath robb'd of Joyance, and left sad Annoy.
Joy of the World, and Shepherds Pride was he,
Shepherds hope never like again to see.

Oh Death, that hast us of such Riches rest,
Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose Flowre here left
Is but the Shadow of his Likeness gone?

Scarce

Digitized by Google

Scarce like the Shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a Shade did pass.

But that immortal Spirit, which was deckt
With all the Dowries of celestial Grace;
By soveraign choice from th'heavenly Quires select,
And lineally deriv'd from Angels Race;
O what is now of it become, aread:
Aye me! can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aye, in blissful Paradise;
Where like a new-born Babe it soft doth lie
In Bed of Lillies, wrapt in tender wise,
And compast all about with Roses sweet,
And dainty Violets from head to feet.

There thousand Birds all of celestial Brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night;
And with strange Notes, of him well understood,
Lull him asleep in Angel-like Delight:
Whilst in sweet Dream to him presented be
Immortal Beauties, which no Eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine Aspects, appearing plain,
And kindling Love in him above all measure;
Sweet Love, still joyous, never feeling Pain.
For what so goodly Form he there doth see
He may enjoy, from jealous Rancor free.

There liveth he in everlasting Bliss,
Sweet Spirit, never fearing more to die;
Ne dreading harm from any Foes of his,
Ne fearing savage Beasts more Cruelty:
Whilst we hear Wretches wail his private lack,
And with vain Vows do often call him back.

But

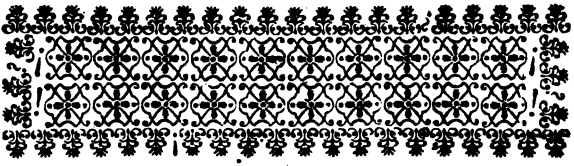
But live thou there ſtill happy happy Spirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament;
Not thee that dooſt thy Heavens Joy inherit,
But our own ſelves, that here in Dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our Eyes,
Mourning in others our own Miſeries.

Which when ſhe ended had, another Swain,
Of gentle Wit, and dainty ſweet Device;
Whom *Aſtrophel* full dear did entertain,
Whilſt here he liv'd, and held in paſſing price;
Hight *Theſtylis*, began his mournful tourn,
And made the Muſes in his Song to mourn.

And after him full many other moe,
And every one in order lov'd him beſt,
'Gan dight themſelves t' expreſs their inward Woe,
With doleful Layes unto the Time addreſt.
The which I here in order will rehearſe,
As fitteſt Flowres to deck his mournful Hearſe.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



THE Mourning Muſe OF THESTYLIS.

COME forth ye Nymphs, come forth,
Forſake your watry Bowres,
Forſake your moſſy Caves,
And help me to lament:
Help me to tune my doleful Notes
To gurgling Sound
Of *Liffie*'s tumbling Streams:
Come let ſalt Tears of ours,
Mix with his Waters freſh.
O come, let one Conſent
Joyn us to mourn with wailful Plaints
The deadly Wound
Which fatal Clap hath made,
Decreed by higher Powres:
The drery Day in which
They have from us yrent
The nobleſt Plant that might
From Eaſt to Weſt be found.

Mourn,

Digitized by Google

Mourn, mourn great *Philip*'s Fall,
  Mourn we his woeful End,
Whom spightful Death hath pluckt
  Untimely from the Tree,
Whiles yet his Years in flowre
  Did promise worthy Fruit.
Ah dreadful *Mars!* why didst
  Thou not thy Knight defend?
What wrathful Mood, what Fault
  Of ours hath moved thee,
Of such a shining Light
  To leave us destitute?
Thou with benigne Aspect
  Sometime didst us behold;
Thou hast in *Briton*'s Valour
  Ta'en delight of old,
And with thy Presence oft
  Vouchsaft to attribute
Fame and Renown to us
  For glorious Martial Deeds;
But now thy ireful Beams
  Have chill'd our Hearts with cold,
Thou hast estrang'd thy self,
  And deignest not our Land
Far off to others now,
  Thy Favour Honour breeds,
And high Disdain doth cause
  Thee shun our Clime (I fear:)
For hadst thou not been wroth,
  Or that time near at hand,
Thou wouldst have heard the Cry
  That woful *England* made,
Eke *Zealand*'s piteous Plaints,
  And *Holland*'s toren Hair
Would haply have appeas'd
  Thy Divine angry Mind:
Thou shouldst have seen the Trees
  Refuse to yield their Shade,
And wailing, to let fall
  The Honours of their Head;

And

Digitized by Google

And Birds in mournful Tunes
  Lamenting in their kind.
Up from his Tomb
  The mighty *Corineus* rose,
Who cursing oft the Fates
  That his Mishap had bred,
His hoary Locks he tare,
  Calling the Heavens unkind;
The *Thames* was heard to roar,
  The *Reyne* and eke the *Mose*,
The *Schald*, the *Danow*' self
  This great Mischance did rue,
With Torment and with Grief:
  Their Fountains pure and clear
Were troubled, and with swelling Floods
  Declar'd their Woes.
The Muses comfortless,
  The Nymphs with pallid Hue,
The *Sylvan* Gods likewise
  Came running far and near,
And, all with Tears bedew'd,
  And Eyes cast up on high,
O help, O help, ye Gods!
  They ghastly 'gan to cry.
O change the cruel Fate
  Of this so rare a Wight,
And grant that Nature's Course
  May measure out his Age.
The Beasts their Food forsook;
  And trembling fearfully,
Each sought his Cave or Den,
  This Cry did them so fright.
Out from amid the Waves,
  By Storm then stirr'd to rage,
This Cry did cause to rise
  Th' old Father *Ocean* hoar;
Who grave with Eld, and full
  Of Majesty in sight,
Spake in this wise; Refrain,
  Quoth he, your Tears and Plaints,

Cease

Ceaſe theſe your idle Words,
  Make vain Requeſts no more:
No humble Speech nor Mone,
  May move the fixed ſtint
Of Deſtiny or Death:
  Such is his Will that paints
The Earth with Colours freſh,
  The darkeſt Skyes with ſtore
Of ſtarry Lights: And though
  Your Tears a Heart of Flint
Might tender make, yet nought
  Herein they will prevail.
Whiles thus he ſaid,
  The noble Knight, who 'gan to feel
His vital Force to faint,
  And Death with cruel dint
Of direful Dart
  His mortal Body to aſſail,
With Eyes lift up to Heav'n,
  And Courage frank as Steel,
With chearful Face,
  Where Valour lively was expreſt,
But humble Mind, he ſaid;
  O Lord, if ought this frail
And earthly Carcaſs have
  Thy Service ſought t' advance,
If my deſire hath been
  Still to relieve th' Oppreſt:
If Juſtice to maintain,
  That Valour I have ſpent
Which thou me gav'ſt; or if
  Henceforth I might advance
Thy Name, thy Truth, then ſpare
  Me (Lord) if thou think beſt,
Forbear theſe unripe Years.
  But if thy Will be bent,
If that prefixed Time
  Be come which thou haſt ſet,
Through pure and fervent Faith,
  I hope now to be plac'd

In

Digitized by Google

In th' everlasting Bliss,
  Which with thy precious Blood
Thou purchase did for us.
  With that a Sigh he fet,
And straight a cloudy Mist
  His Senses over-cast;
His Lips waxt pale and wan,
  Like Damask Roses Bud
Cast from the Stalk, or like
  In Field to purple Flowre,
Which languisheth being shred
  By Culter as it past.
A trembling chilly Cold
  Ran through their Veins, which were
With Eyes brim-full of Tears
  To see his fatal Howre,
Whose blustering Sighs at first
  Their Sorrow did declare,
Next, Murmuring ensude;
  At last they not forbear
Plain Out-cries, all against
  The Heav'ns, that enviously
Depriv'd us of a Spright
  So perfect and so rare.
The Sun his lightsom Beams
  Did shroud, and hide his Face
For grief, whereby the Earth
  Fear'd Night eternally:
The Mountains each were shook,
  The Rivers turn'd their Streams,
And th' Air 'gan Winter-like
  To rage and fret apace:
And grisly Ghosts by Night
  Were seen, and fiery Gleams
Amids the Clouds with Claps
  Of Thunder, that did seem
To rent the Skies, and made
  Both Man and Beast afeard.
The Birds of ill Presage
  This luckless Chance fore-told,

By

Digitized by Google

By dernful Noise, and Dogs
  With howling made Men deem
Some Mischief was at hand:
  For such they do esteem
As Tokens of Mishap,
  And so have done of old.
Ah that thou hadst but heard
  His lovely *Stella* 'plain
Her grievous Loss, or seen
  Her heavy mourning Cheer,
While she with Woe oppreſt,
  Her Sorrows did unfold.
Her Hair hung loose neglect,
  About her Shoulders twain;
And from those two bright Stars,
  To him sometime so deer,
Her Heart sent Drops of Pearl,
  Which fell in Foyson down
Twixt Lilly and the Rose.
  She wrong her Hands with pain,
And piteously 'gan say,
  My true and faithful Pheer,
Alas, and woe is me!
  Why should my Fortune frown
On me thus frowardly,
  To rob me of my Joy?
What cruel envious Hand
  Hath taken thee away,
And with thee my Content,
  My Comfort and my Stay?
Thou only wast the Ease
  Of Trouble and Annoy:
When they did me assail,
  In thee my Hopes did rest.
Alas, what now is left
  But Grief, that Night and Day
Afflicts this woful Life,
  And with continual Rage
Torments ten thousand ways
  My miserable Breſt?

Digitized by Google

O greedy envious Heav'n!
What needeth thee to have
Enrich'd with ſuch a Jewel
This unhappy Age,
To take it back again
So ſoon? Alas! when ſhall
Mine Eyes ſee ought that may
Content them, ſince the Grave
My only Treaſure hides,
The Joys of my poor Heart?
As here with thee on Earth
I liv'd, even ſo equal
Methinks it were with thee
In Heav'n I did abide:
And as our Troubles all
We here on Earth did part,
So Reaſon would that there
Of thy moſt happy State
I had my ſhare. Alas!
If thou my truſty Guide
Were wont to be, how canſt
Thou leave me thus alone
In Darkneſs and aſtray?
Weak, weary, deſolate,
Plung'd in a World of Woe,
Refuſing for to take
Me with thee, to the place
Of Reſt where thou art gone.
This ſaid, ſhe held her peace,
For Sorrow tide her Tongue;
And inſtead of more words,
Seem'd that her Eyes a Lake
Of Tears had been, they flow'd
So plenteouſly therefro:
And with her Sobs and Sighs,
Th' Air round about her rung.
If *Venus* when ſhe wail'd
Her dear *Adonis* ſlain,
Ought mov'd in thy fierce Heart
Compaſſion of her Woe,

His

Digitized by Google

His noble Sister's Plaints,
  Her Sighs and Tears emong,
Would sure have made thee mild,
  And inly rue her Pain.
Aurora half so fair
  Her self did never show,
When from old *Tithon*'s Bed
  She weeping did arise.
The blinded Archer-Boy,
  Like Lark in Showre of Rain,
Sate bathing of his Wings,
  And glad the time did spend
Under those chrystal Drops,
  Which fell from her fair Eyes,
And at their brightest Beams
  Him proyn'd in lovely wise.
Yet sorry for her Grief,
  Which he could not amend,
The gentle Boy 'gan wipe
  Her Eyes, and clear those Lights,
Those Lights through which
  His Glory and his Conquests shine.
The Graces tuckt her Hair,
  Which hung like Threds of Gold
Along her Ivory Brest,
  The Treasure of Delights.
All things with her to weep,
  It seemed, did incline;
The Trees, the Hills, the Dales,
  The Caves, the Stones so cold:
The Air did help them mourn,
  With dark Clouds, Rain and Mist,
Forbearing many a day
  To clear it self again;
Which made them eftsoons fear
  The Days of *Pyrrha* should
Of Creatures spoil the Earth,
  Their fatal Threds untwist.
For *Phœbus*' gladsom Rays
  Were wished for in vain;

And with her quivering Light
Latona's Daughter fair,
And *Charles-Wain* eke refus'd
To be the Shipman's Guide.
On *Neptune* War was made,
By *Æolus* and his Train,
Who letting loose the Winds,
Tost and tormented th' Air;
So that on ev'ry Coast
Men Shipwrack did abide,
Or else were swallow'd up
In open Sea with Waves;
And such as came to shore,
Were beaten with Despair.
The *Medway*'s silver Streams,
That wont so still to slide,
Were troubled now and wroth;
Whose hidden hollow Caves
Along his Banks, with Fog
Then shrowded from Man's Eye,
Ay *Philip!* did resound,
Ay *Philip!* they did cry.
His Nymphs were seen no more,
(Though Custom still it craves)
With Hair spred to the Wind,
Themselves to bathe or sport,
Or with the Hook or Net,
Bare-footed, wantonly
The pleasant dainty Fish
To entangle or deceive.
The Shepherds left
Their wonted Places of Resort,
Their Bagpipes now were still;
Their loving merry Lays
Were quite forgot; and now
Their Flocks, Men might perceive
To wander and to stray,
All carelesly neglect.
And in the stead of Mirth
And Pleasure, Nights and Days,

Nought else was to be heard,
  But Woes, Complaints, and Mone.
But thou (O blessed Soul)
  Dost haply not respect
These Tears we shed, though full
  Of loving pure Aspect;
Having affix'd thine Eye
  On that most glorious Throne,
Where full of Majesty
  The high Creator reigns;
In whose bright shining Face
  Thy Joys are all complete,
Whose Love kindles thy Spright:
  Where happy always one,
Thou liv'st in Bliss
  That earthly Passion never stains;
Where from the purest Spring
  The sacred Nectar sweet
Is thy continual Drink:
  Where thou dost gather now
Of well employed Life
  Th' inestimable Gains:
Where *Venus* on thee smiles,
  Apollo gives thee place,
And *Mars* in reverent wise
  Doth to thy Vertue bow,
And decks his fiery Sphear,
  To do thee honour most.
In highest part whereof,
  Thy Valour for to grace,
A Chair of Gold he sets
  To thee, and there doth tell
Thy noble Acts anew,
  Whereby even they that boast
Themselves of ancient Fame,
  As *Pyrrhus*, *Hannibal*,
Scipio and *Cæsar*, with
  The rest that did excel
In martial Prowess, high
  Thy Glory do admire.

All

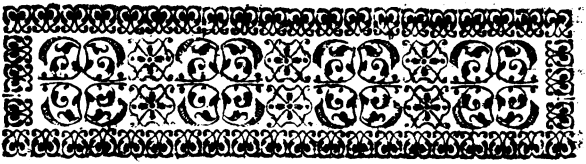
All hail therefore,
  O worthy *Philip* immortal!
The Flowre of *Sydney*'s Race!
  The Honour of thy Name!
Whose worthy Praise to sing,
  My Muses not aspire;
But sorrowful and sad
  These Tears to thee let fall,
Yet wish their Verses might
  So far and wide thy Fame
Extend, that Envy's Rage,
  Nor Time might end the same.

Digitized by Google

Advertiſement.

THE Poems which follow are by different Hands; but being written on the ſame Subject, it is thought proper to add them here.

Digitized by Google



A PASTORAL ÆGLOGUE

Upon the Death of Sir *Philip Sidney* Kt. &c.

LYCON. COLIN.

OLIN, well fits thy ſad Chear this ſad Stound,
This woeful Stound, wherein all things complain
This great Miſhap, this grievous Loſs of ours.
Hear'ſt thou the *Orewn?* how with hollow Sound
He ſlides away, and murmuring doth 'plain,
And ſeems to ſay unto the fading Flowres,
Along his Banks, unto the bared Trees;
Phillisides is dead. Up, jolly Swain,
Thou that with Skill can'ſt tune a doleful Lay,
Help him to mourn. My Heart with Grief doth freeze,

Digitized by Google

Hoarse is my Voice with crying, else a Part
Sure would I bear, though rude: But as I may,
With Sobs and Sighs I second will thy Song,
And so express the Sorrows of my Heart.

Colin. Ah *Lycon! Lycon!* what need Skill to teach
A grieved Mind pour forth its Plaints? How long
Hath the poor Turtle gone to School (ween'st thou)
To learn to mourn her lost Make? No, no, each
Creature by Nature can tell how to wail.
Seest not these Flocks, how sad they wander now?
Seemeth their Leaders bell their bleating tunes
In doleful Sound. Like him, not one doth fail
With hanging Head to shew a heavy Chear.
What Bird, I pray thee, hast thou seen, that prunes
Himself of late? Did any chearful Note
Come to thine Ears, or gladsom Sight appear
Unto thine Eyes, since that same fatal Hour?
Hath not the Air put on his Mourning Coat,
And testify'd his Grief with flowing Tears?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his Powre
Doth us invite to make a sad Consort;
Come let us join our mournful Song with theirs.
Grief will indite, and Sorrow will enforce
Thy Voice, and Eccho will our Words report.

Lycon. Tho my rude Rhimes ill with thy Verses frame,
That others far excel; yet will I force
My self to answer thee the best I can,
And honour my base Words with his high Name.
But if my Plaints annoy thee, where thou sitst
In secret Shade or Cave; vouchsafe, O *Pan*,
To pardon me, and hear this hard Constraint
With Patience while I sing, and pity it.
And eke, ye rural Muses, that do dwell
In these wild Woods; if ever piteous Plaint
We did endite, or taught a woeful Mind
With Words of pure Affect, his Grief to tell,
Instruct me now. Now *Colin* then go on,
And I will follow thee, though far behind.

Colin. Phillistides is dead. O harmful Death!
O deadly Harm! Unhappy *Albion*,

When

Digitized by Google

When ſhalt thou ſee emong the Shepherds all,
Any ſo ſage, ſo perfect? Whom uneath
Envy could touch for vertuous Life and Skill;
Courteous, valiant, and liberal.
Behold the ſacred *Pales*, where with Hair
Untruſt ſhe ſits, in Shade of yonder Hill,
And her fair Face bent ſadly down, doth ſend
A Floud of Tears to bathe the Earth; and there
Doth call the Heavens deſpightful, envious,
Cruel his Fate, that made ſo ſhort an end
Of that ſame Life, well worthy to have been
Prolong'd with many Years, happy and famous.
The Nymphs and *Dryades* her round about
Do ſit lamenting on the graſſy Green;
And with ſhrill Cryes, beating their whiteſt Breaſts,
Accuſe the direful Dart that Death ſent out
To give the fatal Stroke. The Stars they blame,
That deaf or careleſs ſeem to their Requeſt.
The pleaſant Shades of ſtately Groves they ſhun;
They leave their cryſtal Springs, where they wont frame
Sweet Bowres of Myrtle Twigs and Laurel fair,
To ſport themſelves free from the ſcorching Sun.
And now the hollow Caves, where Horror dark
Doth dwell, whence baniſh'd is the gladſom Air,
They ſeek; and there in Mourning ſpend their time
With wailful Tunes, whiles Wolves do howl and bark,
And ſeem to bear a Burden to their Plaint.
Lycon. Phillifides is dead. O doleful Rhime,
Why ſhould my Tongue expreſs thee? Who is left
Now to uphold thy Hopes, when they do faint,
Lycon unfortunate? What ſpightful Fate,
What luckleſs Deſtiny hath thee bereft
Of thy chief Comfort, of thy only Stay?
Where is become thy wonted happy State,
(Alas!) wherein through many a Hill and Dale,
Through pleaſant Woods, and many an unknown way,
Along the Banks of many ſilver Streams,
Thou with him yodeſt; and with him didſt ſcale
The craggy Rocks of th' *Alpes* and *Appenine?*
Still with the Muſes ſporting, while thoſe Beams

Digitized by Google

Of Vertue kindled in his noble Breſt,
Which after did ſo glorioufly forth ſhine?
But (woe is me) they now yquenched are
All ſuddenly, and Death hath them oppreſt.
Lo! Father *Neptune*, with ſad Countenance,
How he ſits mourning on the Strond now bare,
Yonder, where th' Ocean, with his rolling Waves,
The white Feet waſheth (wailing this Miſchance)
Of *Dover*-Cliffs. His ſacred Skirt about
The Sea-Gods all are ſet; from their moiſt Caves
All for his Comfort gather'd there they be.
The *Thamis* rich, the *Humber* rough and ſhout,
The fruitful *Severn*, with the reſt are come
To help their Lord to mourn, and eke to ſee
The doleful Sight, and ſad Pomp funeral
Of the dead Corps paſſing through his Kingdom.
And all their Heads, with Cypreſs Girlonds crown'd,
With woeful Shrieks ſalute him great and ſmall.
Eke wailful Eccho, forgetting her dear
Narciſſus, their late Accents doth reſound.
Colin. Phillisides is dead. O luckleſs Age!
O Widow World! O Brooks and Fountains clear!
O Hills! O Dales! O Woods that oft have rong
With his ſweet Caroling, which could aſſuage
The fierceſt Wrath of Tygre or of Bear.
Ye Sylvans, Fawns, and Satyrs, that emong
Theſe Thickets oft have daunc'd after his Pipe;
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with Golden Hair,
That oft have left your pureſt Chryſtal Springs
To hearken to his Lays, that coulden wipe
Away all Grief and Sorrow from your Hearts.
Alas! who now is left that like him ſings?
When ſhall you hear again like Harmony?
So ſweet a Sound, who to you now imparts?
Lo! where engraved by his Hand, yet lives
The Name of *Stella*, in yonder Bay-tree.
Happy Name, happy Tree, fair may you grow,
And ſpread your ſacred Branch, which Honour gives
To famous Emperors, and Poets Crown.
Unhappy Flock that wander ſcatter'd now,

What

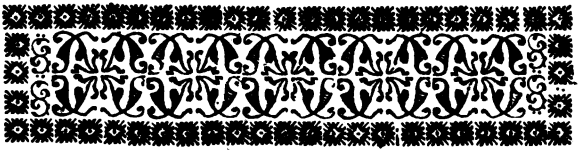
Digitized by Google

What marvel if through Grief ye woxen lean,
Forſake your Food, and hang your Heads adown?
For ſuch a Shepherd never ſhall you guide,
Whoſe parting hath of Weal bereft you clean.
Lycon. Phillifides is dead. O happy Sprite,
That now in Heav'n with bleſſed Souls doſt bide:
Look down awhile from whence thou ſitſt above,
And ſee how buſy Shepherds be t' endite
Sad Songs of Grief, their Sorrows to declare,
And grateful Memory of their kind Love.
Behold my ſelf with *Colin*, gentle Swain,
(Whoſe learned Muſe thou cheriſh'd moſt whilere)
Where we thy Name recording, ſeek to eaſe
The inward Torment and tormenting Pain,
That thy Departure to us both hath bred;
Ne can each other's Sorrow yet appeaſe.
Behold the Fountains now left deſolate,
And wither'd Graſs with Cypreſs Boughs beſpred:
Behold theſe Flowres which on thy Grave we ſtrew;
Which faded, ſhew the Giver's faded State,
Though eke they ſhew their fervent Zeal and pure,
Whoſe only Comfort on thy Welfare grew.
Whoſe Prayers importune ſhall the Heav'ns for aye,
That to thy Aſhes Reſt they may aſſure:
That learnedſt Shepherds honour may thy Name
With early Praiſes, and the Nymphs alway
Thy Tomb may deck with freſh and ſweeteſt Flowres;
And that for ever may endure thy Fame.
Colin. The Sun (lo!) haſtned hath his Face to ſteep
In Weſtern Waves; and th' Air with ſtormy Showres
Warns us to drive homewards our ſilly Sheep:
Lycon, let's riſe, and take of them good keep.

Virtute ſumma: Catera Fortuna.
L. B.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



AN ELEGY; OR, Friend's Passion FOR HIS ASTROPHEL.

Written upon the Death of the Right Honourable Sir Philip Sidney *Kt. Lord Governor of* Flushing.

AS then, no Wind at all there blew,
No swelling Cloud accloid the Air,
The Sky, like Grass of watchet Hue,
Reflected *Phœbus'* golden Hair;
The garnish'd Tree no Pendant stir'd;
No Voice was heard of any Bird.

There might you see the burly Bear,
The Lyon King, the Elephant,
The maiden Unicorn was there;
So was *Actæon*'s horned Plant,
And what of Wild or Tame are found,
Were couch'd in order on the Ground.

Digitized by Google

Alcides' speckled Poplar Tree,
The Palm that Monarchs do obtain,
With Love-juyce stain'd the Mulberry,
The Fruit that dews the Poet's Brain,
And *Phillis* Philbert there away,
Compar'd with Myrtle and the Bay.

The Tree that Coffins doth adorn,
With stately Height threatning the Sky,
And for the Bed of Love forlorn,
The black and doleful Ebony;
All in a Circle compast were,
Like to an Ampitheater.

Upon the Branches of those Trees,
The airy-winged People sat,
Distinguished in old Degrees,
One sort is this, another that;
Here *Philomel*, that knows full well,
What Force and Wit in Love doth dwell.

The Sky-bred Eagle, Royal Bird,
Perch'd there upon an Oak above,
The Turtle by him never stir'd,
Example of immortal Love:
The Swan, that sings about to die,
Leaving *Meander*, stood thereby.

And that which was of Wonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet *Araby*;
And on a Cedar in this Coast,
Built up her Tomb of Spicery;
As I conjecture, by the same,
Prepar'd to take her dying Flame.

In midst and center of this Plot,
I saw one groveling on the Grass;
A Man, or Stone? I knew not that.
No Stone: of Man the Figure was,

And:

And yet I could not count him one,
More than the Image made of Stone.

At length, I might perceive him rear
His Body on his Elbow-end;
Earthly and pale with ghastly Chear,
Upon his Knees he upward tend,
Seeming like one in uncouth Stound,
To be ascending out the Ground.

A grievous Sigh forthwith he throws,
As might have torn the vital Strings;
Then down his Cheeks the Tears so flows,
As doth the Stream of many Springs.
So Thunder rends the Cloud in twain,
And makes a Passage for the Rain.

Incontinent, with trembling Sound,
He wofully 'gan to complain,
Such were the Accents as might wound,
And tear a Diamond Rock in twain.
After his Throbs did some-what stay,
Thus heavily he 'gan to say.

O Sun, said he, (seeing the Sun)
O wretched me why dost thou shine?
My Star is fall'n, my Comfort done,
Out is the Apple of mine Eyne;
Shine upon those possess Delight,
And let me live in endless Night.

O Grief that liest upon my Soul,
As heavy as a Mount of Lead,
The Remnant of my Life controul,
Consort me quickly with the Dead,
Half of this Heart, this Sprite and Will,
Dy'd in the Brest of *Astrophil*.

And

And you, compaſſionate of my Wo,
Gentle Birds, Beaſts, and ſhady Trees,
I am aſſur'd ye long to know,
What be the Sorrows me aggrieves;
  Liſten ye then to that inſu'th,
  And hear a Tale of Tears and Ruth.

You knew, (who knew not *Aſtrophil?*
That I ſhould live to ſay I knew,
And have not in Poſſeſſion ſtill!)
Things known permit me to renew
  Of him; you know his Merit ſuch,
  I cannot ſay, you hear, too much.

Within theſe Woods of *Arcadie*
He chief Delight and Pleaſure took;
And on the Mountain *Parthenie*,
Upon the cryſtal liquid Brook,
  The Muſes met him ev'ry Day,
  That taught him ſing, to write, and ſay.

When he deſcended down the Mount,
His Perſonage ſeem'd moſt Divine,
A thouſand Graces one might count
Upon his lovely chearful Eyne.
  To hear him ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile,
  You were in Paradiſe the while.

A ſweet attractive kind of Grace,
A full Aſſurance given by Looks,
Continual Comfort in a Face,
The Lineaments of Goſpel Books:
  I trow that Count'nance cannot lye,
  Whoſe Thoughts are legible in the Eye.

Was never Eye did ſee that Face,
Was never Ear did hear that Tong,
Was never Mind did mind his Grace,
That ever thought the Travel long;

But

Digitized by Google

But Eyes, and Ears, and every Thought,
Were with his ſweet Perfections caught.

O God, that ſuch a worthy Man,
In whom ſo rare Deſerts did reign,
Deſired thus, muſt leave us then,
And we to wiſh for him in vain!
O, could the Stars that bred that Wit,
In force no longer fixed ſit?

Then being fill'd with learned Dew,
The Muſes willed him to love;
That Inſtrument can aptly ſhew,
How finely our Conceits will move.
As *Bacchus* opes diſſembled Hearts,
So Love ſets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this Wood,
Moſt rare and rich of heav'nly Bliſs,
The higheſt in his Fancy ſtood,
And ſhe could well demerit this:
This likely they acquainted ſoon,
He was a Sun and ſhe a Moon.

Our *Aſtrophil* did *Stella* love;
O *Stella*, vaunt of *Aſtrophil*;
Albeit thy Graces Gods may move,
Where wilt thou find an *Aſtrophil*?
The Roſe and Lilly have their Prime,
And ſo hath Beauty but a time.

Although thy Beauty do exceed,
In common ſight of ev'ry Eye,
Yet in his Poſies when we read,
It is apparent more thereby,
He that hath Love and Judgment too,
Sees more than any others do.

Then

Digitized by Google

Then *Astrophil* hath honour'd thee;
For when thy Body is extinct,
Thy Graces shall eternal be,
And live by virtue of his Ink:
  For by his Verses he doth give,
  To short-liv'd Beauty, aye to live.

Above all others, this is he
Which erst approved in his Song,
That Love and Honour might agree,
And that pure Love will do no wrong.
  Sweet Saints, it is no Sin or Blame
  To love a Man of vertuous Name.

Did never Love so sweetly breathe
In any mortal Breast before,
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A Poet's Brain with finer Store:
  He wrote of Love with high Conceit,
  And Beauty rear'd above her height.

Then *Pallas* afterward attir'd
Our *Astrophil* with her Device,
Whom in his Armour Heaven admir'd;
As of the Nation of the Skies,
  He sparkled in his Arms afars,
  As he were dight with fiery Stars.

The Blaze whereof when *Mars* beheld,
(An envious Eye doth see afar)
Such Majesty, quoth he, is seld,
Such Majesty my Mart may mar;
  Perhaps this may a Suter be,
  To set *Mars* by his Deity.

In this Surmize he made with speed
An Iron Cane, wherein he put
The Thunder that in Clouds doth breed,
The Flame and Bolt together shut,

With

Digitized by Google

With privy Force burst out again,
And so our *Astrophil* was slain.

This word (*was slain*) straigheway did move,
And Nature's inward Life-strings twitch;
The Sky immediately above
Was dimm'd with hideous Clouds of Pitch;
The wrestling Winds from out the Ground,
Fill'd all the Air with ratling Sound.

The bending Trees expreſt a Groan,
And sigh'd the Sorrow of his Fall;
The Forest Beasts made ruthful Mone,
The Birds did tune their mourning Call;
And *Philomel* for *Astrophil*,
Unto her Notes annex'd a *Phill*.

The Turtle Dove, with Tunes of Ruth,
Shew'd feeling Passion of his Death;
Me thought she said, (I tell the Truth)
Was never he that drew in Breath,
Unto his Love more trusty found,
Than he for whom our Griefs abound.

The Swan that was in Presence here,
Began his Funeral Dirge to sing;
Good things, quoth he, may scarce appear,
But pass away with speedy Wing;
This mortal Life, as Death is try'd,
And Death gives Life; and so he dy'd.

The general Sorrow that was made
Among the Creatures of each kind,
Fired the Phœnix where she laid,
Her Ashes flying with the Wind;
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phœnix near should be.

Haply

Haply the Cinders driven about,
May breed an Offspring near that kind,
But hardly a Peer to that I doubt.
It cannot ſink into my Mind,
That under-Branches e'er can be
Of worth and value as the Tree.

The Eagle mark'd, with piercing Sight,
The mournful Habit of the Place,
And parted thence with mounting Flight,
To ſignify to *Jove* the caſe,
What Sorrow Nature doth ſuſtain,
For *Aſtrophel*, by Envy ſlain.

And while I follow'd, with mine Eye,
The flight the Eagle upward took,
All things did vaniſh by and by,
And diſappeared from my Look;
The Trees, Beaſts, Birds, and Grove was gone,
So was the Friend that made this mone.

This Spectacle had firmly wrought
A deep Compaſſion in my Spright;
My molten Heart iſſu'd, me thought,
In Streams forth at mine Eyes aright:
And here my Pen is forc'd to ſhrink,
My Tears diſcolour ſo mine Ink.

Digitized by Google

AN

EPITAPH

Upon the Right Honourable

Sir Philip Sidney *Knight*, *Lord Governour of* Flushing.

TO praise thy Life, or wail thy worthy Death,
And want thy Wit; thy Wit, High, Pure, Divine;
Is far beyond the Powre of mortal Line,
Nor any one hath Worth that draweth Breath.

Yet rich in Zeal, though poor in Learning's Lore,
And friendly Care obscur'd in secret Breast,
And Love that Envy in thy Life suppreſt,
Thy dear Life done, and Death, has doubled more.

And I, that in thy Time and living State,
Did only praise thy Vertues in my Thought,
As one that seld the rising Sun hath sought,
With Words and Tears now wail thy timeless Fate.

Drawn was thy Race aright from princely Line,
Nor less than such (by Gifts that Nature gave,
The common Mother that all Creatures have)
Doth Vertue shew, and princely Linage shine.

Digitized by Google

A King gave thee thy Name; a kingly Mind
That God thee gave, who found it now too dear
For this base World, and hath resum'd it near,
To sit in Skies, and sort with Powers Divine.

Kent thy Birth-Days, and *Oxford* held thy Youth,
The Heavens made haste, and staid nor Years, nor Time,
The Fruits of Age grew ripe in thy first Prime,
Thy Will, thy Words, thy Works the Seals of Truth.

Great Gifts and Wisdom rare imploy'd thee thence,
To treat from Kings, with those more great than Kings;
Such hope Men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise Youth, to be transported hence.

Whence, to sharp Wars sweet Honour did thee call,
Thy Country's Love, Religion, and thy Friends:
Of worthy Men, the Marks, the Lives and Ends;
And her Defence, for whom we labour all.

There didst thou vanquish Shame and tedious Age,
Grief, Sorrow, Sickness, and base Fortune's Might;
Thy rising Day saw never woful Night,
But past with Praise from off this worldly Stage.

Back to the Camp, by thee that Day was brought,
First thine own Death, and after thy long Fame;
Tears to the Souldiers, proud *Castilians* Shame;
Vertue express'd, and Honour truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great Grace hath won?
Young Years for endless Years; and Hope unsure
Of Fortune's Gifts, for Wealth that still shall dure:
Oh happy Race with so great Praises run!

England doth hold thy Limbs that bred the same,
Flaunders thy Valour, where it last was tried;
The Camp thy Sorrow, where thy Body died;
Thy Friends, thy Want; the World, thy Vertue's Fame.

Nations

Digitized by Google

Nations thy Wit, our Minds lay up thy Love,
  Letters thy Learning, thy Loſs, Years to come,
  In worthy Hearts Sorrow hath made thy Tomb,
Thy Soul and Spright enrich the Heavens above.

Thy liberal Heart imbalm'd in grateful Tears,
  Young Sighs, ſweet Sighs, ſage Sighs bewail thy Fall;
  Envy her Sting, and Spight hath left her Gall,
Malice her ſelf a mourning Garment wears.

That day their *Hannibal* died, our *Scipio* fell,
  Scipio, *Cicero*, and *Petrarch* of our Time;
  Whoſe Vertues, wounded by my worthleſs Rime,
Let Angels ſpeak, and Heaven thy Praiſes tell.

Another of the ſame.

SILENCE augmenteth Grief,
  Writing increaſeth Rage,
Stal'd are my Thoughts, which low'd,
  And loſt the Wonder of our Age:
Yet quickned now with Fire,
  Though dead with Froſt e'er now,
Enrag'd I write, I know not what;
  Dead, quick, I know not how.

Hard-hearted Minds relent,
  And Rigour's Tears abound,
And Envy ſtrangely rues his end,
  In whom no Fault ſhe found;
Knowledg her Light hath loſt,
  Valour hath ſlain her Knight,
Sidney is dead, dead is my Friend,
  Dead is the World's Delight.

Digitized by Google

Place penſive wails his Fall,
  Whoſe Preſence was her Pride;
Time crieth out, my Ebb is come,
  His Life was my Spring-Tide;
Fame mourns, in that ſhe loſt
  The ground of her Reports;
Each living Wight laments his Lack,
  And all in ſundry ſorts.

He was (wo worth that Word)
  To each well thinking Mind
A ſpotleſs Friend, a matchleſs Man,
  Whoſe Vertue ever ſhin'd;
Declaring in his Thoughts,
  His Life, and that he writ,
Higheſt Conceits, longeſt Foreſights,
  And deepeſt Works of Wit.

He only, like himſelf,
  Was Second unto none;
Whoſe Death (though Life) we rue, and wrong,
  And all in vain do mone
Their Loſs; not him wail they,
  That fill the World with Cries,
Death ſlew not him, but he made Death
  His Ladder to the Skies.

Now ſink of Sorrow I,
  Who live, the more the Wrong;
Who wiſhing Death, whom Death denies,
  Whoſe Thread is all too long;
Who tied to wretched Life,
  Who looks for no Relief,
Muſt ſpend my ever-dying Days
  In never-ending Grief.

Heart's Eaſe, and only I,
  Like Parallels run on,
Whoſe equal Length keeps equal Breadth,
  And never meet in one;

Yet

Digitized by Google

Yet for not wronging him,
My Thoughts, my Sorrow's Cell,
Shall not run out, though leak they will,
For liking him so well.

Farewel to you my Hopes,
My wonted waking Dreams;
Farewel sometimes enjoyed Joy,
Eclipsed are thy Beams;
Farewel false-pleasing Thoughts,
Which Quietness brings forth;
And farewel Friendship's sacred League,
Uniting Minds of Worth.

And farewel merry Heart,
The Gift of guiltless Minds,
And all Sports, which for Life's restore,
Variety assigns:
Let all that sweet is void;
In me no Mirth may dwell;
Philip, the Cause of all this Woe,
My Life's Content, farewel.

Now Rime, the Son of Rage,
Which art no Kin to Skill,
And endless Grief, which deads my Life,
Yet knows not how to kill;
Go seek that hapless Tomb,
Which if thou hap to find,
Salute the Stones that keep the Limbs,
That held so good a Mind.

The End of the Fifth Volume.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

DATE DUE

GAYLORD PRINTED IN U.S.A

Digitized by Google

YX 000 099 749

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google