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*New Shakspeare Society.*

SERIES VIII. MISCELLANIES, No. 2.

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ROBERT CHESTER'S  
"LOVES MARTYR,  
OR,  
ROSALINS COMPLAINT"

(1601)

WITH ITS SUPPLEMENT,

"Diverse Poeticall Essaies" on the Turtle and Phoenix

BY

SHAKSPERE, BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN,

JOHN MARSTON, ETC.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

PUBLISHED FOR

*The New Shakspeare Society*

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,

LONDON, E.C., 1878.



The following Publications of the *New Shakspeare Society* have been issued

For 1874 :

- Series I. Transactions.** 1. The New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, Part I, with prints of the genuine Parts of *Timon* and *Pericles*; Mr Spedding and Mr Hickson on the several shares of SHAKSPERE and FLETCHER in *Henry VIII* and the *Two Noble Kinsmen*.
- Series II. Plays.** 1. A Parallel-Text Edition of the first two Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597 and 1599, arranged so as to show their Differences, and with Collations of all the Quartos and Folios, edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq. Presented by H. B. H. Prince Leopold, Vice-President.
- 2, 3. The First two Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597 and 1599: simple Reprints, edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.
- Series IV. Shakspeare Allusion-Books.** 1. Part I. *a.* Greenes Groatesworth of Wit [written in 1592], 1596; *b.* Henry Chettle's 'Kind-Harts Dreame' [written in 1593]; *c.* 'Englandes Mourning Garment' [1603]; *d.* A Mourneful Dittie, entituled Elizabeths Losse, together with A Welcome for King James [1603]; with extracts from Willobie his Avisas, Marston, Carew, Gabriel Harvey, Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, &c. &c.; edited by Dr Ingleby.
- Copies of Dr Ingleby's Still Lion, and Mr Furnivall's Introduction to Gervinus's Commentaries were presented to every Member.*

For 1875 :

- Series I. Transactions,** 2, 3. 1874, Part II; 1875-6, Part I, Containing Papers by Messrs Hales, Fleay, Simpson, and Spedding, and Prof. Ingram and Delius, with Reports of the Discussions on them.
- Series II. Plays.** 4. A revised Edition of the second, or 1599, Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*, collated with the other Quartos and the Folios; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq., with Notes, &c.
- 5, 6. *Henry V*: *a.* Facsimile Reprints of the Quarto, 1600, and First Folio, 1623, edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D.
- Series III. Originals and Analogues.** 1. Part I, *a.* The Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar[thur] Br[ooke], 1562; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq. *b.* The goodly hystory of the true and constant loue between Rhomeo and Julietta; from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.
- Mr Halliwell presented to every Member a copy of Mr A. H. Paget's "Shakespeare's Plays: a Chapter of Stage History."*

For 1876 :

- Series II. Plays.** 7, 8. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher; *a.* A Reprint of the Quarto of 1634; *b.* a revised Edition, with Notes, by Harold Littledale, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin. (*The latter presented by Richard Johnson, Esq.*)
- Series VI.** 2. *a.* *Tell-Trothes New-yeares Gift*, 1593, with *The passionate Morrice*. *b.* John Lane's *Tom Tel-Troths message, and his Pens Complaint*, 1600. *c.* Thomas Powell's *Tom of all Trades, or the Plaine Pathway to Preferment*, 1631. *d.* *The Glasse of Godly Loue*, [1569]. (*Presented by 3 Members of the Society.*) Edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A.
3. William Stafford's *Compendious or briefe Examination of certeyne ordinary Complaints of divers of our Countreyemen, in these our Days*, 1581; with an Introduction by F. D. Matthew, Esq.; edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A. (*Presented by the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby.*)
4. Phillip Stubbes's *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1 May, 1583; with extracts from his *Life of his Wife*, 1591; ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A. Part I.
- Series VIII. Miscellanies.** 1. The late Prof. W. Spalding's Letter on the Authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, on the Characteristics of SHAKSPERE's style, and the secret of his Supremacy (1833). A new ed. with a Memoir of Prof. Spalding by John Hill Burton, LL.D.

For 1877 :

- Series I. Transactions.** 4. Part II. for 1875-6, containing Papers by Prof. Delius, Miss J. Lee, &c., Time-Analyses of the *Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, &c., the source of Brutus's and Antony's speeches over Caesar's corpse, in the English *Appian's Chronicle*, &c.
- Series II. Plays.** 9. *Henry V*, Parallel-Texts of the First Quarto (1600) and First Folio (1623) editions, edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D., with an Introduction by P. A. Daniel, Esq.
- Series VI. Shakspeare's England.** 1. William Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577, 1587, edited from its two versions by Fredk. J. Furnivall, M.A. Part I, with an enlarged copy of Norden's Map of London by van den Keere, 1593, and Notes on it by H. B. Wheatley, Esq.

☞ This List cancels the former one, in which some of the dates were wrong.

## NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.

SIXTH SESSION.

### LIST OF PAPERS

TO BE READ AT THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY'S MEETINGS, AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, GOWER ST., W.C., ON THE SECOND FRIDAY OF EVERY MONTH, FROM OCTOBER, 1878, TO JUNE, 1879, AT 8 P.M.

- 45th Meeting, October 11, 1878. I. "On the Anachronisms in *Winter's Tale*;" by J. W. MILLS, Esq., B.A. II. "On the Site of BURBAGE'S 'Theatre': notes from the Public Record Office;" by GEORGE H. OVEREND, Esq.
46. November 8, 1878. "On the times or durations of the Action of SHAKSPERE'S Plays;" by P. A. DANIEL, Esq. Part I. The Comedies.
47. December 13, 1878. "On the times or durations of the Action of SHAKSPERE'S Plays;" by P. A. DANIEL, Esq. Part II. The Tragedies.
48. January 10, 1879. I. "On the Casket Story in *The Merchant of Venice*;" by JAMES PIERCE, Esq., M.A. II. "Animal versus Human Nature, in *King Lear*;" by the Rev. J. KIRKMAN, M.A.
49. February 14, 1879. I. "On the Growth of SHAKSPERE, as witnessed by the Characters of his Fools;" by J. N. HETHERINGTON, Esq. II. "On the Relation between the First Quarto (1600) and First Folio copies of *Henry V*," by Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON.
50. March 14, 1879. "Which is the next greatest of SHAKSPERE'S Plays after *Hamlet*?" by the Rev. M. WYNELL MAYOW, B.D.
51. April 25, 1879. I. "On Falstaff and his Satellites, from the Windsor Observatory;" by the Rev. J. W. EBSWORTH, M.A. II. "On the Seasons of SHAKSPERE'S Plays;" by W. WILKINS, Esq.
52. May 9, 1879. I. "On SHAKSPERE'S Sonnets;" by the Rev. Dr. GROSART. II. "SHAKSPERE'S Treatment of Women;" by EDWARD ROSE, Esq.
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Offers of other Papers, and of Scraps, are desired, and should be made to the Director, Mr FURNIVALL, 3, St George's Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W. The Committee can appoint the 4th Friday of any month for the reading of any extra Paper that they approve.



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ROBERT CHESTER'S  
LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601,

WITH  
SHAKSPERE'S "PHENIX AND TURTLE,"  
ETC., ETC.

[The Editors alone, and not the Committee of the New Shakspeare Society, are responsible for the opinions expresst in the Society's publications.

The Title-page of the present book differs slightly from that issued to Dr. Grosart's subscribers, and the *Contents, Argument* and *Index*—for none of which Dr. Grosart is responsible—are now added.]

*J. W. Motman*

ROBERT CHESTER'S  
"LOVES MARTYR,  
OR,  
ROSALINS COMPLAINT"  
(1601)

WITH ITS SUPPLEMENT,  
"Diverse Poeticall Essaies" on the Turtle and Phoenix  
BY  
SHAKSPERE, BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN,  
JOHN MARSTON, ETC.

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BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,  
LONDON, E.C., 1878.

Series VIII. No. 2.

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CLAY AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS, BUNGAY.



*To*

F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq.,

M.A.,

AND THE

COMMITTEE AND MEMBERS OF

"The New Shakspeare Society."

TO YOU CO-WORKERS ON OUR ANCIENT BOOKS  
 OF TIMES ELIZABETHAN, I HERE GIVE  
 CHESTER'S OLD TOME. O MAY IT ONCE MORE LIVE  
 BENEATH YOUR EYES, THRO' INSIGHT THAT NOR BROOKS  
 NOR FEARS DULL FOLLY'S SUPERCILIOUS LOOKS,  
 WHEN FROM REMOTER DAYS, THINGS FUGITIVE  
 AND LONG-FORGOTTEN, WE WOULD FAIN REVIVE.  
 'LOVE'S MARTYR,' THAT I BRING FROM HIDDEN NOOKS,  
 A QUICK KEEN MESSAGE BEARS FOR US TO-DAY:  
 AS I, BY HAPPY FORTUNE, FIRST HAVE PROV'D;  
 FOR IT INTERPRETS 'BIRD OF LOUDEST LAY'—  
 TELLING, HOW GREAT ELIZABETH, ESSEX LOV'D.  
 TURN THEN, GOOD FRIENDS, TO THESE LONG-SEALED PAGES:  
 YOUR KIND APPROVAL MORE THAN COUNTED WAGES.

ALEXANDER. B. GROSART.

\* \* \* See page xxiv. on my friend Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's independent arrival at the same conclusions. By 'give' I mean simply furnish, as the gift is only partial, viz., permission to the Society to stereotype the book as set up for my own Occasional Issues of unique or extremely rare books (50 copies).—G.

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† Phœnix, No. II, is a male, the "Arabian Phœnix," p. 5, st. 3.  
‡ The references are to the top-pagings, and not the foot ones as in Dr. Grosart's *Notes*.  
§ p. 125, l. 16, ? for *him*, read *her*. Will the male Turtle, left all alone, die for his female mate; or does he speak of himself as 'him' in the third person?—F. J. F.

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† That is, Turtle-Dove No. I. (male), and Phœnix No. I. (female) = Turtle-Dove No. II. (female).

## THE ARGUMENT.

---

AT a Parliament of the gods—present [? with others not mentioned] Jove, Vesta, Juno, Venus, Pallas, Bellona, and Cupid—Rosalin, in the person of Dame Nature, comes to beg assistance. She has established on earth the most perfect Phoenix\* that ever existed—a maiden whose personal beauties she describes. Parenthetically, as it were, p. 5/13,† st. 3, she wishes that “Arabian Phoenix,”‡ “love’s Lord,” would come and take possession of this incomparable beauty. Her fear is that her Phoenix will decay and that no other will arise from her ashes, because

“The Arabian fiers are too dull and base  
To make another spring within her place.”—p. 7/15, st. 2.

She therefore begs Jove to pity her (Rosalin = Nature) and list to her laments.

The gods are somewhat startled and incredulous at her wondrous account of her Phoenix, but she confirms her statements by exhibiting a picture in which they

“———behold  
The rich wrought Phoenix of Arabian gold.”—p. 8/16, st. 3.

Jove thereupon bids Nature

“——hie thee, get thee Phœbus chaire  
Cut through the skie, and leaue Arabia,

\* Phoenix No. 1, female.

† 5/13 : 5 is the number at the top of the page ; 13, that at its foot.

‡ Phoenix No 2, male.



*The Argument.*

Leaue that il working peece\* of fruitlesse ayre  
 Leaue me the plaines of white Brytania,  
 These countries have no fire to raise that flame  
 That to this Phœnix bird can yeeld a name."

p. 9/17, st. 3.

and fly to Paphos Ile,

"Where in a vale like Ciparissus groue  
 Thou shalt behold a second Phœnix loue."—p. 9/17, st. 4.

*i. e.* the love or mate of another Phœnix.†—This lover of Phœnix No. 3, female, is the Turtle-dove described at p. 123/131, who is to die with Phœnix No. 1, female, and with her produce Phœnix No. 4, female.—He is the hero of the Allegory: he is "true Honors louely squire;" his name is "Liberal honor," and he keeps for Nature's Phœnix "Prometheus fire," p. 11/19, st. 3, 4.

"Give him," continues Jove, "this ointment to anoint his head  
 This precious balme to lay unto his feet.  
 These shall direct him to this Phœnix bed  
 Where on a high hill he this bird shall meet  
 And of their Ashes by my dome shall rise  
 Another Phœnix ‡ her to equalize."—p. 12/20, st. 2.

"This said the Gods and Goddesses did applaud  
 The censure of this thundring Magistrate  
 And Nature gave him euerlasting laud  
 And quickly in the dayes bright coach she gate  
 Downe to the earth, she's whirled through the ayre;  
 Joue joyne these fires, thus Venus made her prayer."  
 p. 12/20, st. 3.

Then follows "An Introduction to the Prayer" addressed to the "great Guider of the Sunne and Moone" craving guidance and the blotting out of offences, and

"Then arm'd with thy protection and thy loue  
 Ile make my prayer for thy Turtle-doue."

Qy. is this introductory prayer, and the prayer proper which

\* *Peerce* = *place*; so used by Stowe, of London, and frequently by Fenton in his translation of Guiciardini's *History of Italy*, 1599.

† Phœnix No. 3, female.

‡ Phœnix No. 4, female. See Chester's "Conclusion," p. 133/141.

follows, made by Venus, or is Venus's prayer confined to the four words quoted above:—"Joue joyne these fires"? In either case the Turtle-dove here mentioned is Dame Nature's (Rosalin's) Phoenix, No. 1.

Then follows the prayer: "A Prayer made for the prosperitie of a siluer coloured Doue, applyed to the beauteous Phœnix."

This prayer is addressed to Jehova, Christ, the God of Israel, in favour of "the siluer coloured earthly Doue," "thy siluer Doue," *i. e.*, of course, the Phoenix, and ends with—

"Let her not wither Lord without increase  
But blesse her with joyes offspring of sweet peace.  
Amen. Amen."—p. 15/23, st. 2.

This prayer certainly proceeds from the same person as the introductory petition.

The author himself now addresses three stanzas to readers of "light beleefe," claiming their indulgence.

Then follows, p. 16/24, "A meeting Dialogue-wise betweene Nature, the Phœnix, and the Turtle Doue."

The last of these three personages of the Allegory does not appear on the scene till p. 123/131.

Nature arrives in her chariot and greets the Phœnix. It is not very clear where this meeting takes place. It is a place where "gross cloudie vapours" prevail (p. 18/26, st. 5); the air is "noysome" (p. 20/28, st. 2). It is a

"barren country,  
It is so saplesse that the very Spring  
Makes tender new-growne Plants be with'ring."  
p. 21/29, st. 4.

"The noisome Aire is growne infectious,  
The very springs for want of moisture die,  
The glorious Sunne is here pestiferous," etc., etc.  
p. 22/30, st. 1.

Here the Phoenix has long suffered from the power of Envie = Malice; here, she says,—

"——with Adders was I stung,  
And in a lothsome pit was often flung:

*The Argument.*

My Beautie and my Vertues captiuate  
To Loue, dissembling Loue that I did hate."

p. 22/30, st. 3.

She complains of Fortune—

"That she should place me in a desart Plaine,  
And send forth Enuie with a Iudas kisse  
To sting me with a Scorpions poisoned hisse.  
From my first birth-right for to plant me heare,  
Where I haue alwaies fed on Griefe and Feare."

p. 23/31, st. 3.

And much more, more or less intelligible, to the same effect. She was about to take her flight from this horrid place when Nature met her, for, says she,—

"Upon the Arabian mountaines I must die,  
And neuer with a poore yong Turtle graced."

p. 16/24, st. 3.

[Qy. what is meant by this "poore yong Turtle?" a son or a husband?]

It would seem then that the place of meeting is not in Arabia; indeed in st. 4, p. 21/29 Arabia is specially distinguished from this barren country—

"—in Arabia burnes another Light,  
A dark dimme Taper that I must adore,  
*This* barren countrey makes me to deplore," etc.

and yet in the previous parts of the Allegory (see p. 7/15, st. 2 and p. 9/17, st. 3, both quoted above) it is evident that Arabia was intended as the place of meeting; and the Phoenix herself says when she meets the Turtle-dove in Paphos (p. 125/133, st. 4) that she had left Arabia for his sake.

However, be the place where it will, Nature consoles her Phoenix; conjures up Envie and banishes him; and then Nature and the Phoenix together enter Phœbus' coach and set out on their travels.

Their course seems rather devious. We will, says Dame Nature,—

“ ——ride  
Ouer the Semi-circle of Europa  
And bend our course where we will see the Tide,  
That partes the Continent of Affrica,  
Where the great Cham gouernes Tartaria  
And when the starrie Curtain vales the night  
In Paphos sacred Ile we meane to light.”

p. 24/32, st. 4.

They behold the Pyramides and Euphrates, p. 25/33, st. 2, but in a very short time they are apparently hovering over Great Britain, several of the towns of which are described. The history of the nine female Worthies is also briefly given, and then, from p. 34/42 to p. 77/85, follows an account of the birth, life, and death of King Arthur. This done, they come in sight of the Tower of London, p. 77/85: a few more stanzas on London and its glory, and then they each indulge in a song: Nature in dispraise of Love, the Phœnix in praise of it as a holy thing. This at last brings them to Paphos, and they

“ ——are set on foote neere to that Ile,  
In whose deep bottome plaines Delight doth smile.”

p. 81/89, st. 1.

But Nature is inexhaustible, and from this point to p. 123/131 she amuses the Phœnix with an account of the plants, trees, fishes, minerals, beasts, reptiles, insects, and birds which are the denizens of Paphos. The account of the birds naturally leads up to the introduction of the hero of the Allegory, the Turtle-dove, who at last makes his appearance, and proves to be a “sad-mournfull dooping soule,”

“ Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,  
The perfect picture of hart pining woes.”

p. 123/131, st. 3.

Nature having introduced the Phœnix to the Dove she had long'd so much to see, now takes her departure, leaving the unhappy pair together, p. 124/132, st. 3.

The Turtle-dove is stricken with admiration of the beauteous Phœnix, and soon lets her know that the cause of all his moan is

for his "Turtle that is dead," p. 125/133, st. 3. [We learned, p. 9/17, st. 4, that this lost mate of his was a "second Phoenix," Phoenix No. 3.]

To ease their pain, they share their griefs, and after mutually vowing chaste love, they prepare a pyre on which, in a manner sacrificingly, they propose to burn both their bodies in order to revive one name, p. 128/136, st. 3; and they pray to Apollo to

"Send [his] hot kindling light into this wood  
That shall receive the Sacrifice of blood."

p. 129/137, st. 1, 2, 3.

At this point the Phoenix spies a Pellican behind a bush; but the Turtle-dove tells her this bird is quite harmless.

"Let her alone," says he, "to view our Tragedy,  
And then report our Loue that she did see."

p. 130/138, st. 1.

The Phoenix would now wish to sacrifice herself only, but the Turtle-dove will not hear of this, and sets the example of mounting the funeral pile; when he is consumed, the Phoenix also enters the fire.

"I come sweet Turtle, and with my bright wings  
I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye;  
I hope of these another Creature springs  
That shall possesse both our authority:  
I stay to long, ô take me to your glory,  
And thus I end the Turtle Doues true story."\*

Finis. R. C.

The Pellican now comments on the tragic scene she has beheld; praises the love and constancy of the two victims, and laments the degeneracy of lovers of these later times.

Chester then gives a "Conclusion" (p. 133/141), in which he describes Phoenix No. 4, foretold in p. 12/20, st. 2. He states that

"From the sweete fire of perfumed wood  
Another princely Phoenix vpright stood:

\* Is this last line supposed to be uttered by the Phoenix or by R. Chester himself?



Whose feathers purified did yeeld more light  
Then her late burned mother out of sight  
And in her heart restes a perpetuall loue,  
Sprong from the bosome of the Turtle-Doue.  
Long may the new uprising bird increase,  
Some humours and some motions to release,  
And thus to all I offer my devotion,  
Hoping that gentle minds accept my motion."

Finis. R. C.

Then follow a series of "Cantoes Alphabet-wise to faire Phoenix made by the Paphian Doue." And after them another series of "Cantoes verbally written"—the first words of each line forming a separate series of posies—all apparently addressed to the Phoenix.

[In the second stanza of canto 13, p. 154, is, I think, a misprint. "Not my *dead* Phoenix," etc.; *dear*, or perhaps *dread*, should be substituted for *dead*.]

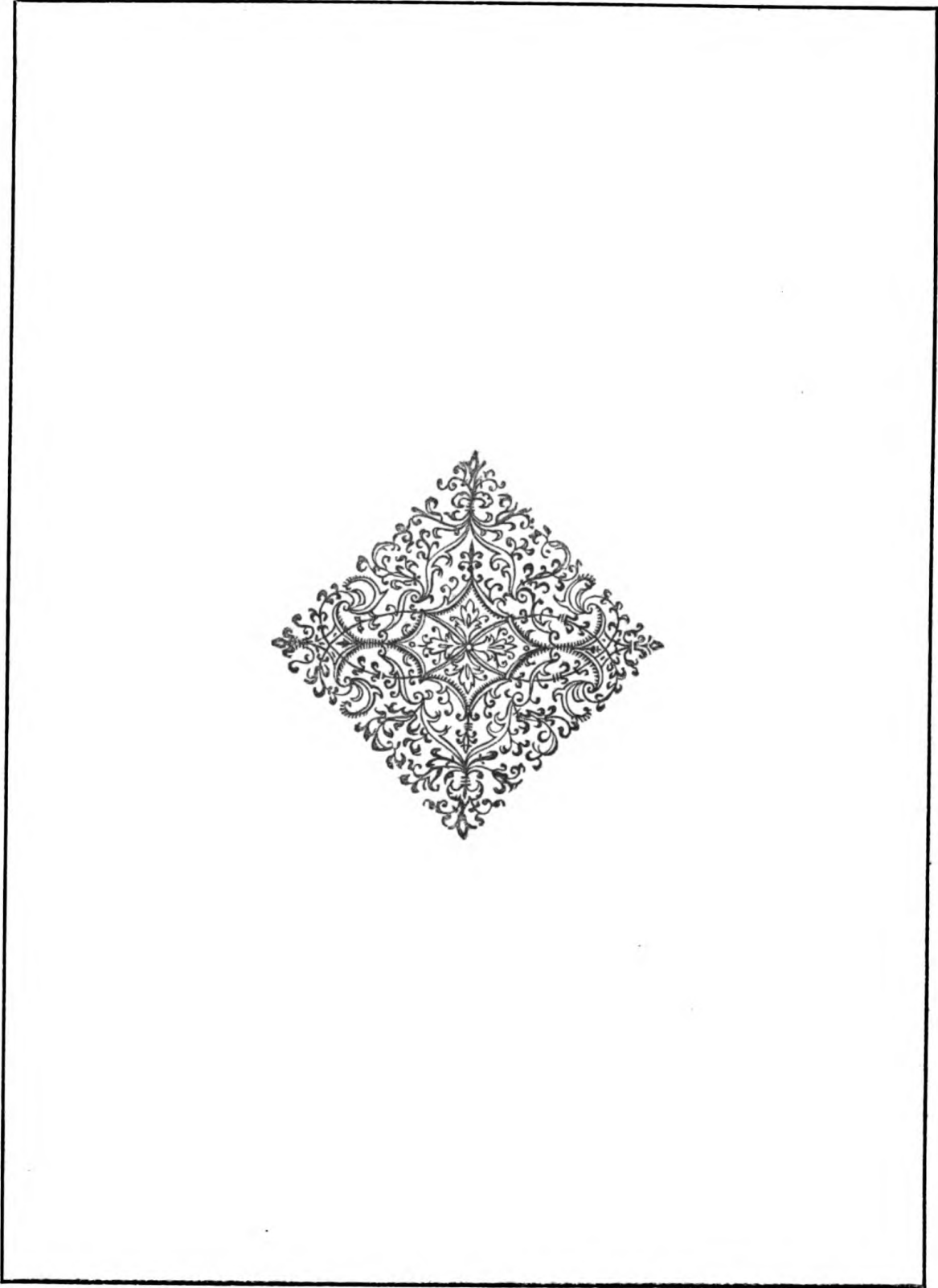
The book closes with the contributions of Shakespeare, Jonson, Marston, etc., all evidently "intended to celebrate precisely what *Love's Martyr* celebrated."—P. A. D.

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CORRECTIONS.

[1. As a matter of interest to students of Ben Jonson, it should be noted that the changes in his "Praeludium" and "Epos," p. 181-6, attributed to Gifford (p. lxi *Introduction*, and p. 245 *Notes*), were really made by Jonson himself, when he gathered these two pieces into his *Forest*, in his Folio, 1616. He apparently did not consider "The Phoenix Analysde" and the "Ode" worthy of transplantation.

2. In his "Postscript" C., p. lxxv—viii, Dr. Grosart inclines to attribute to Chester a series of poems called *The Partheniades*. It is—or should be—well known that these poems were certainly composed by the author of *The Arte of Englishe Poetrie*, 1589; and George Puttenham is, I believe, universally accepted as the writer of the latter work. See Mr. Arber's *Introduction*, etc., to his reprint, 1869.—P. A. D.]



## INTRODUCTION.

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**I**N the Notes and Illustrations appended to this our reproduction, *in extenso* and in integrity, of *Love's Martyr*, everything that seemed to call for notice will be found — it is believed — noticed with less or more fulness. Thither the student-reader is referred on any point that may either interest or puzzle him. Here I wish to bring together certain wider things that could not well go into the Notes and Illustrations, so as to shew that, in the present strangely neglected book, we have a noticeable contribution to Elizabethan-Essex-Shakespeare literature.

I purpose an attempt to answer these questions :

- (a) Who was ROBERT CHESTER ?
- (b) Who was SIR JOHN SALISBURIE ?
- (c) Who were meant by the PHOENIX and the TURTLE-DOVE of these Poems ?
- (d) What is the message or *motif* of the Poems ?
- (e) What is the relation between the verse-contributions of SHAKESPEARE and the other "MODERNE POETS" to *Love's Martyr* ?
- (f) Was the 1611 issue only a number of copies of the original of 1601, less the preliminary matter and a new title-page ?
- (g) Is there poetical worth in the book ?
- (h) Who was TORQUATO CÆLIANO ?

(a) WHO WAS ROBERT CHESTER ? His name, it will be observed, appears in full, 'Robert Chester,' in the original title-page of 1601 ; as 'Ro. Chester' to the Epistle-dedicatory to Salisbury (p. 4); as 'R. Chester' to "The Authors request to the Phoenix" (p. 5); as 'R. Ch.' in address "To the kind Reader" (p. 6); as 'R. C.' to "Con-



clusion" (p. 142); and as 'R. Chester' at close of "Cantoes" (p. 167). I have sought almost in vain—and I have had capable and earnest fellow-seekers—for contemporary notices of either the man or his book. Even later, the bibliographical authorities, *e.g.*, Ritson, Brydges, Lowndes, Collier, Hazlitt, beyond giving the title-pages and other details with (on the whole) fair accuracy, yield not one scintilla of light. Neither do the county-histories, nor editors as Gifford and Cunningham in their Ben Jonson, nor Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in his natty little reprint (in ten copies) of the "new compositions."

I was thus shut up to an examination of the genealogies of a somewhat large and widely-distributed tribe, *viz.*, the CHESTERS. I never doubted of finding in Mr. R. E. Chester Waters's most laborious and trustworthy work on the CHESTERS,\* some "certain sound" on our poet as the solitary Chester, who, in poetry at any rate, has any fame or interest for us in this late day; but even in his matterful tomes I was doomed to disappointment. Equally unexpected was my failure to obtain from my many-yeared friend Dr. Joseph Lemuel Chester of Bermondsey—than whom one rarely meets with so thoroughly-furnished, unwearied, accurate, and generous a worker—anything approaching certainty of identification. After very considerable reading and comparison of authorities, I found only one member of the known families of Chester bearing the Christian name of ROBERT, whose position, circumstances and dates fitted in with the possible authorship of *Love's Martyr*. From his dedicating his book to Sir John Salisburie, and many incidental evidences of familiarity in courtly and high circles, I fixed on him. On communicating my conclusion to Dr. Chester, he was inclined to doubt; but since, he has conceded that there is nothing in the facts of his life against the identification, and that there really is no other claimant. Accordingly he has aided me with characteristic

\* *Memoirs of the Chesters of Chicheley.*

painstaking and ardour, from his abundant stores, in giving such data concerning him (*cheu!* meagre enough) as remain.

I mean a Robert Chester, who became SIR ROBERT CHESTER. The first of his family distinctly recognisable, was William Chester of Chipping Barnett, Herts; who died early in 1566. By his wife Maud (or Matilda) he was father of Leonard Chester, of Blaby, co. Leicester — whose family is embraced in the Heraldic Visitations of their County — and of Sir Robert Chester of Royston, Herts, who was the eldest son. The family is said to have descended from an ancient one in Derbyshire, where Chesters had large possessions, and members of which represented the town of Derby in Parliament, *temp.* Edward II and III. The Derbyshire estates were expended in supporting the claim of the Earl of Richmond (Henry VII) to the crown. This Sir Robert Chester was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1532, and is subsequently described in various *MSS.* as "Standard Bearer," "Gentleman Usher" and "Gentleman of the Privy Chamber" to King Henry VIII; from whom he obtained a Grant of the Monastery of Royston, with its manors and possessions, in the counties of Herts and Cambridge. He was knighted by King Edward VI at Wilton, 2nd September 1552, and was High Sheriff of Herts and Essex in 1565. He died 25th November 1574, and was buried at Royston.\* By his first wife Catherine, daughter of John Throgmorton, Tortworth, co. Gloucester, Esquire, he had a numerous issue.† He was succeeded by his eldest son and heir, Edward Chester Esquire of Royston, who was about thirty years old at his father's death. Curiously enough, Sir Robert Chester married as his second wife, Magdalen, widow of Sir James Granado, Knt., on the same day and at the same place, that his son Edward Chester,

\* Among the "Nativities" in Ashmole's *MSS.* in Bodleian Library, pp. 166, 176, &c., is one which states that Sir Robert Chester was born 25th November, 1510, and died on his birthday, aged 64.

† Clutterbuck, *s.n.*, describes her as daughter of Christopher Throckmorton of Coorse Court, co. Gloucester, Esq. Cf. Chauncy, *s.n.*

married Sir James Granado's only daughter and heiress, *i.e.*, father and son married respectively mother and daughter. This took place at Royston on 27th November 1564. The wife of Edward Chester survived her husband and was again married, *viz.*, to Alexander Dyer, Esq. He was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1562, and was subsequently in service as a Colonel in the Low Countries. Besides two daughters (*a*) Mary, who married an Edward Thornburgh, or Thornborough of Shaddesden, co. Southampton, Esq. (*b*) Another, who married an Edward Roberts—Edward Chester left a son ROBERT, who was declared heir to his father by Inquisition *post mortem*, dated 15th January 1578-9, being then aged twelve years, six months and sixteen days, which fixes his birth about the last of June 1566. This Robert Chester, I indentify with the author of *Love's Martyr*. In 1596 HENRY HOLLAND dedicated his *Christian Exercise of Fasting* to him, in grave and grateful and admiring words.\* He was a J.P. for Herts and Sheriff of Herts in 1599. From NICHOLS' *Progresses of King James I*, I glean the following slight notice of him:—"His Majestie being past Godmanchester, held on his way towards Royston; and drawing neere the Towne, the Shiriffe of Huntingtonshire [Sir John Bedell] humbly tooke his leave; and there he was received by that worthy Knight Sir Edward Denny, High Shiriffe of Hartfordshire... and... in brave manner he conducted his Majestie to one Master Chester's house, where his Majestie lay that night on his owne Kingly charge."† On this Nichols annotates:—"Though 'Master Chester' was then owner of the Priory at Royston, and attended on the King at his entrance into the Town, it was more probably at his mansion of Cockenhatch (in the parish of Barkway, near Royston), that he had the honour of entertaining his Royal Master. A view of this house may be seen in *Chauncy*, p. 102."‡ The words that the King "lay" at "Master Chester's house" on "his

\* See Postscript A to this Introduction for this golden little Epistle-dedicatory.

† Vol. i, pp. 104-5.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 105.

owne Kingly charge" does not seem to indicate lavish hospitality on the part of the host. But he must have given satisfaction to the King; for he was knighted along with a shoal of others, at Whitehall, on 23rd July 1603.\* The exact date of his marriage does not appear; but his wife was Anne, daughter of Henry Capell, Esq., of Essex, by his wife, the Lady Catherine Manners, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Rutland. She survived him not quite two years, residing at Hitchen, Herts.† They had issue at least six sons and six daughters; and their issue in turn were for a time equally numerous, but the late Mr. Harry Chester (who died in 1868) believed himself the last representative of the race.‡ He died on 3rd May 1640. On his death he was possessed of the manor and rectory of Royston, the manors of Nuthamsted, Cockenhatch, Hedley, &c., &c. His Will, dated 3rd May 1638, with codicils, 16th March and 7th April 1640, was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on 3rd February 1640-1, by his eldest son and heir, Edward Chester, Esq., whose age at his father's death was, according to the Inquisition, forty years and upwards.||

On these facts I would note — (a) In 1601, when *Love's Martyr* was published, he was in his thirty-fifth year; but the phrase in his Epistle-dedicatory to Salisbury, '*my long expected labour,*' may carry its composition back some few years at least. (b) Specifically, while long portions were probably written much earlier, the 'Turtle-dove' being Essex and being in Ireland, ascertains date of composition of all referring to 'Paphos Ile' 1598-9—the period of Essex's absence. (c) In 1611 he was in his forty-fifth year, and no longer plain 'Robert Chester,' but Sir Robert Chester

\* Vol. i, p. 218. Doubtless when the King afterwards built himself a residence at Royston there would be frequent intercourse.

† Her Will is dated 12th and was proved the 26th of March 1642.

‡ The chief line of descent of these Chesters was by this Edward, son of our Sir Robert, who was also knighted. The sons entered the various professions. I notice two of them onward. Harry Chester, above mentioned, was son of another Sir Robert Chester, well-remembered as Master of the Ceremonies during the reigns from George III to Victoria. || See Postscript B for Abstract.



Knight, and husband of an Earl's daughter linked to the Sidneys. Is the explanation of the withdrawal of his name from the new title-page of 1611 that his early literary fervours had chilled with his social dignities? (d) At his death he was in his seventy-fourth year. One longs to know more of a man who in his prime personally acquainted with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston and other of the 'mighties,' survived them all. The "new compositions" for his own book, drawn from them, especially the fact that it stands alone in having a contribution from Shakespeare, would make any man remarkable.

(b) WHO WAS SIR JOHN SALISBURIE? *Love's Martyr* is dedicated to him as "To the Honourable, and (of me before all other) honored Knight" and "one of the Esquires of the bodie to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie" (p. 3), and in the title-page of the "diverse Poeticall Effaies" he is designated "the true-noble Knight" (p. 177). Even these slight descriptions guide us to the Salisburys or Salisburies of Lleweni, Denbighshire—long extinct. Dr. Thomas Nicholas, in his *Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and County Families of Wales*, commences his account of the Salusburys thus:—"The long standing and distinguished alliances of the Salusburys of Lleweni, in the Vale of Clwyd, and the high character borne by several of the line, render them a notable house, and awaken regret at their disappearance. The name is spelt differently in early writings—Salusbury, Salesbury, Salsbury; *Dwnn* almost always adopting the phonetic method, spells this name "Salsberie." They were of *Lleweni* and *Machymbyd*. At what time they first came to Denbighshire, or how the surname originated, is not known, but it is believed that their origin was Welsh. John Salusbury, the third of the name known to us, was the founder of the Priory of White Friars at Denbigh, and died A.D. 1289. He must therefore have witnessed the great struggle of Llewelyn and Edward, which was very hot in those parts. His grandson, William Salusbury, was M.P.

for Leominster 1332, long before members were appointed for Wales. William's grandson, Sir Harry Salusbury (died *circa*, 1399), was a Knight of the Sepulchre, and his brother John was Master of the House for Edward III, and suffered death in 1388." (p. 392.)

He thus continues: "Sir Harry's grandson, Sir Thomas Salusbury, Knt., the first mentioned in the pedigrees as of *Lleweni*, was a man of great note as citizen and soldier. His consort was Jonet, daughter and heir of William Fychan of Caernavon. He took a distinguished part in the battle of Blackheath (1497) against Perkin Warbeck's insurrection, for which he was rewarded by Henry VII. with the order of knighthood. He died 1505, and was buried at the White Friars, Denbigh (Whitchurch). Sir Roger, his son, married a Puleston of Emral, and was followed by Sir John of Lleweni, who married a Myddleton of Chester, of the Gwaenynog line. He was constable of Denbigh Castle in 1530, and served in several parliaments for the county of Denbigh—died 1578. His son, John Salusbury, Esq., of Lleweni, was the member of this house who married the celebrated *Catherine Tudor of Berain*; and his son by Catherine, Thomas Salusbury, Esq., married Margaret, daughter of Morys Wynn, Esq., of Gwyder, but had no male issue; his second son, John, married Ursula, daughter of Henry Stanley, Earl of Derby, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Henry Salusbury, Bart., who married Hester, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddelton, Knt., of Chirk Castle. His line terminated with his grandson Sir John, whose daughter and sole heir married Sir Robert Cotton, Bart., of Combermere, Cheshire, from whom the *Combermere* family are derived. *Cotton-Hall*, named after the Cottons, was the birth-place of the great General Lord Combermere. The Lleweni estate was sold by Sir Robert Cotton to the Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice" (p. 392).

Turning back on these names, our Sir John Salisburie was John, second son of John Salusbury—who died in his father Sir John Salusbury's life-time—by (as above)

Catherine Tudor of Berain.\* He was born "about 1567" — a portrait of him having been at Lleweny, dated 1591, æt. 24.† He became heir of his brother Thomas, who was executed, in 1586, for conspiring to deliver Mary, Queen of Scots, from imprisonment. His wife was (as above) Ursula, a 'natural' daughter of Henry, fourth Earl of Derby. The record of administration of her estate, as of the town of Denbigh, is dated 9th May 1636. They had four sons and three daughters. Henry, the eldest and only surviving son, was created a baronet, as of Lleweni, 10th November 1619, and died 2nd August 1632. His only surviving son was Sir Thomas Salusbury, author of "Joseph," a poem (1636) — who died in 1643.‡ Our Sir John was surnamed "the

\* Dr. Nicholas, as before, gives an interesting account of this famous "Catherine"; and I deem it well to avail myself of it, as follows: — "Catherine of Berain," the most noted of her race in this country, was of the clan or tribe of Marchwerthian, and was left sole heiress of Berain. She married four husbands, each of a high and honourable house, and had such a numerous offspring that the name was given her of *Mam Cymru*, "the mother of Wales." Her first husband was John Salisbury, Esq., of Llyweni, and her estate of Berain was inherited by her children gotten by him. The second was Sir Richard Clough of Denbigh, Knt. of the Sepulchre, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; the third, Morys Wynn, Esq., of Gwyder; and the fourth, Edward Thelwall of Plas-y-Ward. Catherine of Berain's father was Tudyr ap Robert ap Ievan ap Tudyr ap Gruffydd Lloyd ap Heilyn Frych, which Heilyn Frych was ninth in descent from Marchwerthian, Lord of Isaled, founder of the eleventh noble tribe." . . . "The portrait of Catherine, given in Yorke's *Royal Tribes*, marks a person of firmness and intelligence, and these qualities, added to her estate and numerous alliances and offspring, supplied her with a charm which the bardic heralds of the time knew not how to resist; they spared no pains, accordingly, to provide her with a lineage whose antiquity would comport with their idea of her merits. Tudyr was carried back to Urien Rheged, and he of course to Coel Godebog, who, although a reputed contemporary with Herod the Great, was vouched by the bards to have a full blown heraldic coat — 'Arg., an eagle displayed with two heads, sable.' Coel was in the twelfth degree from Beli Mawr, King of Britain 72 B.C., who bore, they said, 'Az., three crowns Or in pale'; and he was about the fifteenth from Brutus, who, as the bards believed, came to Britain about B.C. 1136, bearing along with his father Sylvius, an escutcheon charged thus: — 'Quarterly: 1, Or, a lion rampant passant Gu.; 2, Az., three crowns Or in bend!'" (p. 393.)

† Pennant's *Tour in Wales*, vol. ii, p. 145.

‡ The Bibliographers overlook that Sir John Salisbury has a longish poem prefixed to *Eromena*, 1632, folio.

strong"; and that explains Hugh Gryffith's playing on 'might'—of which anon. He was M.P. for co. Denbigh 43 Elizabeth (1600-1). All the authorities say he died in 1613; but no Will nor administration of his estate has been found. A shadow of obscurity thus lies on the memory of Chester's "true-noble Knight"—unlifted even from his (exact) death-date. Spelling of names was so arbitrary and variant then, that I should have attached no difficulty to the family-spelling of 'Salusbury' as against 'Salisburie' of *Love's Martyr*. As I write this I am called upon to annotate a Sir Stephen Poll—according to one of Nicholas Breton's Epistles-dedicatory—while he really was Sir Stephen Powle, and so is it endlessly. But I am enabled absolutely to identify Sir John Salusbury of Lleweni with Chester's Salisburie. For this is placed beyond dispute by another Epistle-dedicatory addressed to him as—be it noted—(a) of 'Llewen,' (b) as 'Esquier for the Bodie to the Queene's most excellent Maiestie,' as in Chester; and which, in the sorrowful absence of other information, is of peculiar interest. It is found in the following little volume of Verse, of which only a single exemplar (preserved at Isham) is known:

## "SINETES

Paffions vppon his fortunes,  
offered for an Incense at the  
shrine of the Ladies which gui-  
ded his distempered  
thoughtes.

The Patrons patheticall Po-  
fies, Sonets, Maddrigals, and  
Roundelayes. Together with  
Sinetes Dompe.

Plena verecundi culpa pudoris erat.

By ROBERT PARRY

Gent.

At LONDON

Printed by T. P. for William  
Holme, and are to be fould on  
Ludgate hill at the signe of  
the holy Lambe.

1597" (sm. 12mo)

The Epistle-dedicatory shews (1) That being plain 'John Salisbury' in 1597 he must have been knighted between 1597 and 1601, (2) That he was of the Queen's household; and so could well introduce his friend Chester into court. It thus runs:

¶ " *To the right worshipfull John  
Salisburie, of Llewens, Esquier,  
for the Bodie to the Queenes  
most excellent Maiestie.*

**T**He Hope of these, and glasse of future times,  
O Heros which eu'n enuie itselſe admir's,  
Vouchsafe to guardè, & patronize my rimes,  
My humble rime, which nothing else desir's;  
But to make knowne the greatnes of thy minde

To Honors throne that euer hath been inclyn'd.

Geue leaue a while vnto my breathing Muse,  
To pause vpon the accent of her smarte,  
From the respite of this short-taken truce,  
For to recorde the actions of my Harte:  
Which vowed hath, to manifest thy worth,  
That noble fruites to future age bringes foorth.

Eu'n thou alone, which strengthn'ſt my repose,  
And doeſt geue life vnto my dead desire,  
Which malice daunt'ſte, that did thy fame oppose,  
Now, with reuiuing hope, my quill inspire:  
So he may write, and I may glorie ſinge,  
That time, in time, may plucke out enui's ſting.

Renowned Patron, my wayling verſe,  
To whoſe proteſt I flye for friendly ayde,  
Vouchsafe to heare, while I my woes rehearſe:  
Then my poore muſe, will neuer be diſmaide,  
To countenance the babling Eccho's frowne,  
That future age may ring of thy renowne.

I that ere-while with Pan his hindes did play,  
And tun'd the note, that beſt did pleaſe my minde,  
Content to ſing a ſheapheard's Round-delay;  
Now by thy might, my Muſe the way did finde,  
With Madrigals, to ſtore my homely ſtile,  
Graced with th' applauſe, of thy well graced ſmile.

Eu'n thou I ſay, whoſe trauaile hope doth veilde,  
That honours worth, may reape a due rewarde,  
Which flies with natiue plume vnto the felde;  
Whoſe paines deferues thy cuntreys juſt regarde:



Time cannot dashe, nor enuie blemish those,  
 Whom on fam's strength haue built their chiefe repose.  
 Tis only that, which thou mayst clayme thine owne,  
 Deuouring time, cannot obscure the fame,  
 In future age by this thou mayst be knowne,  
 When as posterities renue thy fame :  
 Then thou being dead, shalt lyfe a newe possesse,  
 When workes nor wordes, thy worthynes expresse :  
 Then shall my rime a fort of strength remaine,  
 To shield the florish of thy high renowne,  
 That ruin's force may neu'r graces staine,  
 Which with fame's sound shall through the world bee blowne :  
 Yf that the ocean which includ's our stile,  
 Would passage graunt out of this noble Isle.  
 For steling tyme of mufes lowe remaine,  
 Will from the fountaine of her chiefe conceyte,  
 Still out the fame, through Lymbecke of my braine,  
 That glorie takes the honour to repeate :  
 Whose subiect though of royall accents barde,  
 Yet to the fame, vouchsafe thy due rewarde :  
 So shall my felfe, and Pen, bequeath their toyle,  
 To sing, and write prayes, which it felfe shall prayse,  
 Which time with cutting Sithe, shall neuer spoyle,  
 That often worthy Heros fame delayes :  
 And I encouraged by thy applaufe,  
 Shall teach my muse on higher things to pause." (pp. 2-4.)

ROBERT PARRY, Gent., is but a sorry poet ; for, except here and there a touch of passion and a well-turned compliment, 'Sinetes' is sere and scentless. But it is clear that Salisburie's patronage was highly valued. Besides, an 'H. P.' who writes "In prayse of the Booke" thus speaks of him :

..... "thy worthie patron is thy fort  
 Thou needes not shunne t' approach into ech place,  
 Thy flowering bloome of wit shall thee report."

Still further helpful in identification is another poem in the tiny volume, signed "Hugh Gryffyth, Gent.," which is headed "Posse & nolle nobile." That by this our Salisburie was intended is confirmed by our Chester's placing the same motto at the head of his Epistle-dedicatory (p. 3), in addition to his name being introduced in the poem itself. I gladly make room for the lines :

" A worthie man deserues a worthie motte,  
 As badge thereby his nature to declare,  
 Wherefore the fates of purpose did alot,  
 To this braue Squire, this simbole sweete and rare:  
 Of might to spoyle, but yet of mercie spare,  
 A simbole fure to Salifberie due by right.  
 Who still doth ioyne his mercy with his might.  
 Though lyon like his *Poffe* might take place,  
 Yet like a Lambe he *Nolle* vsleth aye,  
 Right like himselfe (the flower of Salifberies race)  
 Who neuer as yet a poore man would dismay:  
 But princookes finde be vs'd to daunt alway:  
 And so doth still: whereby is knowen full well  
 His noble minde and manhood to excell.  
 All crauen curres that coms of castrell kinde,  
 Are knowne full well whē they their might would straine,  
 The poore t' oppresse that would there fauour finde?  
 Or yeilde himselfe their freindship to attayne:  
 Then seruile fottes triumphes in might a mayne,  
 But such as coms from noble lyons race,  
 (Like this braue squire) who yeeldes receaues to grace.  
 Haud ficta loquor.

I suppose "Poffe et nolle, nobile"—evidently *his* motto or impressa—gathers into itself Sir John Salisburie's name of "the strong" as over-against his gentleness = To have the power [strength] to do and yet to be unwilling to do [harm] is noble. It is just Isabella's pleading in *Measure for Measure* (act ii, sc. 2, ll. 107-9):

————"O, it is excellent  
 To haue a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
 To use it like a giant"

Nor is this all 'Sinetes' gives us. For before the 'Posies'—within an arched temple gate-way—is this repetition of the principal title-page:

"The  
 Patrone his pa-  
 thetical Posies,  
 Sonets, Maddri-  
 galls, & Roun-  
 delays.  
 Together  
 with SINETES  
 Dompe.  
 Plena verccū  
 di culpa pu-  
 doris erat"

This is somewhat ambiguous; for one is left in doubt whether the 'pathetical Posies, Sonets, Maddrigalls, and Roundelayes' are Salisburie's, as his productions, or by gift of Parry. The following are the contents of the division: 1. The patrones conceyte; 2. The patrones affection; 3. The patrones phantafie; 4. The patrones pauze an ode; 5. The dittie to Sospiros (2); 6. The patrones Dilemma (2); 7. The Palmers Dittie vppon his Almes; 8. The Patrones Adieu; 9. Fides in Fortunam (2); 10. My forrow is ioy; 11. An Almon for a Parrat; 12. The authors muse vpon his Conceyte; 13. Fides ad fortunam; Sonnettos 1-31. To Paris darling—Buen matina—Maddrigall—Roundelay—Sinettes Dumpe—Poffe & nolle nobile—The Lamentation of a Malecontent, &c. I select from these verses, three, to give a taste of the quality of this other eulogist of our Chester's Salisburie, and because it is just barely possible (though I confess improbable) that Sir John Salisburie is their author. There are gleams in these selections from 'the Patrone's' division, not in the body of the poems.\*

I. The Patrone's Pauze an Ode.

Dimpl's florish, beauties grace,  
Fortune fmileth in thy face,  
Eye bewrayeth honours flower,

\* These hitherto utterly unknown and unused 'poems' form part of that lucky find of my friend Mr. C. Edmonds at Isham. But he had no idea whatever of their bearing on *Love's Martyr*. I am indebted to Sir C. Isham of Lamport Hall for a leisurely loan of this, as of other of his book-treasures. Note that I have silently corrected two or three slight misprints and punctuations, as 'Whose' for 'Who,' &c. With reference to the possible Salisburie authorship of the most of the second division of the small volume, perhaps ll. 37-40 in the Epistle-dedicatory, were meant to refer to his Verses—thus:

"Tis only that, which thou mayst clayme thine owne,  
Deuouring time, cannot obscure the fame,  
In future age by this thou mayst be knowne,  
When as posterities renue thy fame, &c."

Then the phrase in the title, 'The Patrone his pathetical Posies,' &c., and especially its interposition between 'Sinete's Dompe,' makes one hesitate in rejecting the Salisburie authorship. It does not add to the belief that these Verses are by the Patron that the lady addressed seems to be one 'of honour' or 'high rank'; for Parry himself was a 'Gentleman' as he tells us in his title-page.

*Introduction.*

Loue is norif'd in thy bower,  
 In thy bendeal brow doth lye,  
 Zeale imprest with chafitie.

Loue's darling deere.

O pale lippes of coral hue,  
 Rarer die then cherries newe,  
 Arkes where reason cannot trie,  
 Beauties riches which doth lye,  
 Entomb'd in that fayrest frame,  
 Touch of breath perfumes the same.

O rubie cleere.

Ripe Adon fled Venus bower,  
 Ayming at thy sweetest flower,  
 Her ardent loue forst the same,  
 Wonted agents of his flame :  
 Orbe to whose enflamed fier,  
 Loue incen'd him to aspire.

Hope of our time.

Oriad's of the hills drawe neere,  
 Nayad's come before your peere :  
 Flower of nature shining shoes,  
 Riper then the falling ro'e,  
 Entermingled with white flower,  
 Stayn'd with vermilion's power.

Nest'd in our clime.

The filuer swann sing in Poe,  
 Silent notes of new-spronge woe,  
 Tuned notes of cares I sing,  
 Organ of the muses springe,  
 Nature's pride inforceth me,  
 Eu'n to rue my destinie.

Starre shew thy might.

Helen's beautie is defac'd,  
 Io's graces are difgrac'd,  
 Reaching not the twentieth part,  
 Of thy gloafes true defart,  
 But no maruaile thou alone,  
 Eu'n art Venus paragone.

Arm'd with delight

Iris coulors are to[o] base,  
 She would make Apelles gaze,  
 Resting by the filuer streame,  
 Toffing nature seame by seame,  
 Pointing at the christall skie,  
 Arguing her maiestie.

II. Loues rampire stronge.

Hayre of Amber, fresh of hue,  
Wau'd with goulden wyers newe,  
Riches of the finest mould,  
Rarest glorie to behould,  
Ympe with natures vertue graft,  
Engines newe for dolors fraught, :  
Eu'n there as spronge.

A Iem fram'd with Diamounds,  
In whose voice true concord founds,  
Ioy to all that ken thy smile,  
In thee doth vertue fame beguile,  
In whose beautie burneth fier,  
Which disgraceth Queene deser :  
Sauce all compare.

Loue it selfe being brought to gaze,  
Learnes to treade the louers maze :  
Lying vncouer'd in thy looke,  
Left for to unclaspe the Booke :  
Where enroul'd thy fame remaines,  
That Iuno's blufh of glory staines :  
Blot out my care.

Spheare containing all in all,  
Only fram'd to make men thrall :  
Onix deck'd with honor's worth,  
On whose beautie bringeth foorth ;  
Smiles ou'r-clouded with difdaine,  
Which loyall hearts doth paine :  
Voyde of disgrace.

Avrora's blufh that decks thy smile,  
Wayting lovers to beguile :  
Where curious thoughts built the nest,  
Which neu'r yeilds to louer's rest :  
Wafting still the yeilding eye,  
Whilst he doth the beautie spie.

Read in her face.

Lampe enrich'd with honours flower,  
Blossome gracing Venus bower :  
Bearing plumes of feathers white,  
Wherein Turtles doe delighte,  
Sense, would seeme to weake to finde,  
Reason's depth in modest minde :

Yeilding desire.

Lode-starre of my happie choyse,  
In thee alone I doe reioyce :



*Introduction.*

O happie man whose hap is such,  
 To be made happie by thy tutch :  
 Thy worth and worthynes could moue,  
 The stoutest to incline to loue.  
 Enflam'd with fier.

## III. Poëie xi.

## An Almon for a Parrat.

Disdainfull dames that mountaines moue in thought,  
 And thinke they may Ioues thunder-bolt controule,  
 Who past compare ech one doe fet at naught,  
 With squeamish scorn's that nowe in rethorick roule :  
 Yer scorne that will be scorn'd of proude disdaine,  
 I scorne to beare the scornes of finest braine.  
 Gestures, nor lookes of simpring coy conceyts,  
 Shall make me moue for stately ladies' mocks :  
 Then SIRENS cease to trap with your deceyts,  
 Least that your barkes meete v unexpected rocks :  
 For calmest ebbe may yeld the roughest tide,  
 And change of time, may change in time your pride.  
 Leaue to conuerse if needes you must inuay,  
 Let meaner fort feede on their meane entent,  
 And soare on still, the larke it fled awaye,  
 Some one in time will pay what you have lent,  
 Poore hungrie gnates faile not on wormes to feede,  
 When gofhawkes misse on hoped pray to speede. (pp. 18-20.)

I add just one other snatch :—

## Buen matina.

Sweete at this mourne I chaunced  
 To peepe into the chamber ; loe I glaunced :  
 And sawe white sheetes, thy whyter skinne disclofing :  
 And softe-sweete cheeke on pyllowe softe reposing ;  
 Then fayde were I that pillowe,  
 Deere for thy love I would not weare the willowe.

As with SIR ROBERT CHESTER himself, it is to be lamented that no personal details have come down to us concerning SIR JOHN SALISBURIE. It demands infinitely more than rank and transient influence to keep a name *quick* across the centuries. How pathetically soon the small dust of oblivion settles down — not to be blown off — on once noisy and noised lives! So is it — spite of Chester and Parry and Gryffyth — with our 'true-noble-knight.'

One little after-link between a Salisbury and a Chester I like to regard as going toward the identification of our Chester along with Sir John Salisbury of Lleweni. It is this—Our Sir Robert Chester, having two sons in the church, viz., Dr. Granado Chester, Rector of Broadwater, co. Sussex, and Dr. Robert Chester, Rector of Stevenage; it is found that the former was in the gift of Sir Robert Salusbury of Llanwhern, Monmouthshire, Baronet, of the same house. One is willing to think that the ancient family friendship between the two houses led to this ‘presentation’ to a son of Sir John Salisburie’s friend by a Salisbury. It is likewise to be recalled that the Chesters of Derbyshire—as we have seen—would be brought into relation with the Salisburys by their common opposition in the field to Perkin Warbeck, and in support of Henry VII.

(c) WHO WERE MEANT BY THE ‘PHŒNIX’ AND THE ‘TURTLE-DOVE’ OF THESE POEMS? Turning to the original title-page, we find that immediately succeeding the large-type words:

“LOVES MARTYR:  
OR,  
ROSALINS COMPLAINT.”

are these other:

*“Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue,  
in the constant Fate of the Phœnix  
and Turtle.”*

Then below is this further or supplementary explanation:

*“To these are added some new compositions, of severall moderne Writers  
whose names are subscribed to their severall workes, vpon the  
first subiect: viz. the Phœnix and  
Turtle.”*

Looking next at "The Authors request to the Phoenix" — which, as it is annexed to the Epistle-dedicatory to Sir John Salisburie, '*one of the Esquires of the bodie to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie,*' so it is in itself a second dedication, though not so designated—I ask the student-reader to weigh the compliments in these Lines, and especially these :

"Phoenix of beautie, beauteous Bird of any"

"That feedst all earthly fences with thy fauor"

—————"thy perfections passing beautie"

I ask also that it be noted how the 'allegory' of the birds — as Phoenix and Turtle-dove — is incidentally, though not I think accidentally, dropped even thus early, and two things indicated (*a*) That the Author's poems in so far as she, the 'Phoenix,' was concerned, sang the "home-writ praises" of her 'loue' :

"Accept my home-writ praifes of thy loue"

(*b*) That he was not pleading for himself but another, viz., her 'loue' or him whom she loved. He seeks that she will accept these "home-writ praises" and her 'kind acceptance' of him (the 'loue' of the prior line)

—————"kind acceptance of thy Turtle-doue"

Thus far the 'home-writ praises' are comparatively in "a lowly flight" (p. 6); but in the Poems-proper all is exaggerate and hyperbolic. As pointed out in the Notes and Illustrations *frequenter*, it very soon appears that the 'Phoenix' is a person and a woman, and the 'Turtle-doue' a person and a male, and that while, as the title-page puts it, the poet is "Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love," it is a genuine story of human love and martyrdom (*Love's Martyr*). It further very evidently appears—as also shewn in the Notes and Illustrations (p. 17, st. 2) that the 'Phoenix' was not woman merely, but a queen, and queen of 'Brytaine' (st. 3, l. 4). In short, no one at all acquainted with what was the *mode* of speaking of Queen Elizabeth to the very last, will hesitate

in recognizing her as the 'Rosalin' and 'Phœnix' of Robert Chester, and the "moderne writers," of this book. Let the reader keep eye and ear and memory alert, and he will (*meo iudicio*) find throughout, that in *Love's Martyr* and the related poems, he is listening to the every-day language of the Panegyrists of the 'great Queen.' That is to say, apart from theories, he will see that all the epithets, and much of the description pointed, and could point alone, to Elizabeth. Her 'beauty' and her kind of beauty, "beauty that excelled all beauty on earth"—her 'princely eyes,' her 'majestical' appearance, her palms kissed like a saint's, her chastity—over and over celebrated—her 'deep counsels,' her fondness for and skill in music, her gift of poetry, her eloquence, the "sweet accents of her tongue," her being a 'Phœnix,' 'Earth's beauteous Phœnix' (p. 9), and a Phœnix a prey to the want of a successor—all inevitably make us think of Elizabeth, and none other possible. Let any one who may hesitate, take NICHOLS' *Progresses of Elizabeth*\* and study the addresses in verse and prose or the incense of flattery of the 'Devices' and similar entertainments of her nobles. It will surprize me if he hesitate longer. There is this also to be remembered, that so peculiar, so fantastically unique, was Elizabeth's position, that no one—with his fortune to make—would have dared to write thus hyperbolically of any woman on English ground while Elizabeth was alive, he thereby putting Elizabeth in the back-ground, and infinitely below her. Even Sir Walter Raleigh in 1602, *i.e.*, subsequent to the date of *Love's Martyr*, thus closes a letter to her Majesty: "And so most humblie imbracing and admiringe the memory of *thos celestial bewtyes*, which with the people is denied mee to review, I pray God your Majestie may be eternall in joyes and happines. Your Majesty's most humble slaue."†

\* 2 vols., 4to. See Postscript to this Introduction, C, for quotations from Nichols. Even Sidney—whose fortune *was* made—did not publish 'Astrophel and Stella.' Besides, it differs *toto cælo*.

† Edwards' *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, vol. ii, p. 260 (2 vols., 8vo, 1868, Macmillan.)

By my Notes and Illustrations I put it in the power of anyone to confirm (or to confute if he may) this interpretation of the 'Phoenix' as intended for Elizabeth. I am not aware that anyone has ever so much as hinted at the interpretation; but neither do I know that any one before has read or studied the extremely rare book. The exceptional interest of the "new compositions" by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston, and others, seems to have over-shadowed the larger portion, and thereby, likewise, left these "new compositions" without a key.\*

This *internal* evidence, from *Love's Martyr*, as to Elizabeth having been meant by the 'Phoenix' is equally established by *external*. That is to say, another contemporary Poet — and only supercilious ignorance will deny the name to the author of *The Tragedie of Shores Wife*, were there no more — THOMAS CHURCHYARD — the 'Old

\* I must state that, having communicated my interpretation of the 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle-dove' to my dear friend and fellow-worker in Elizabethan-Jacobean literature, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson of London, I was more than gratified to learn that, on reading the proof-sheets of *Love's Martyr* (which he had never been fortunate enough to see previously) he had come to the same conclusions. Thus wrought-out in absolute independence, the conclusions themselves may, perhaps, be deemed all the more probable. I must add, that I have had the very great advantage of Dr. Nicholson's reading of the entire proof-sheets of the text and of my Notes and Illustrations. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm and insight of my richly-furnished friend, whose restored health we are all rejoicing over. As I write this a letter reaches me from Dr. Nicholson with additional illustrations and confirmations of the 'Phoenix' being Elizabeth — as follows:

"In reading Henry Peacham, M.A., his *Minerva Britannia or Garden of Heroicall Devices*, 1612, a series of pictorial Impresas or Emblems, with verses in English and Latin, glorifying James and his family and the chief men of rank and note in England, I came across a passage which seems to shew that Elizabeth had adopted the Phoenix as 'her own' Emblem. At the conclusion he has a poetic vision in which Minerva Britannia, as I suppose, shows him a hall filled with their Impresas and Emblems limned on the shields of renowned Englishmen, both kings and peers; and having enumerated some he continues:

' With other numberlesse befide,  
That to haue seene each one's deuise,  
How liuely limn'd, how well appli'de



Palæmon' of Spenser's *Colin Clout*—had explicitly celebrated Elizabeth, years before (1593), as the 'Phœnix.' His 'Churchyard's *Challenge*' is so very rare and unknown, that I think it well to reproduce here his celebrations; for as I take it, it makes what was before certain certainty itself.

The Poems I refer to are these: (a) A few plain verbes of truth against the flaterie of time, made when the Queenes Maiestie was last at Oxenford; (b) A discourse of the only Phœnix of the worlde; (c) A praise of that Phenix; (d) A discourse of the ioy good subiects haue when they see our Phenix abroad; (e) This is taken out of Belleaux made of his own Mistresse. The whole of these follow. I prefix the Epistle-dedicatory of the entire volume, because in it the 'Queenes Maiestie,' as being the 'Phœnix,' is again designated.

You were the while in Paradise:  
Another side she did ordaine  
To some late dead, some liuing yet,  
Who seru'd Eliza in her raigne,  
And worthily had honour'd it.

Where turning trist I spide aboue,  
HER OWN DEAR PHŒNIX HOVERING,  
Whereat me thought in melting Loue,  
Apace with teares mine eies did spring;  
But Foole, while I aloft did looke,  
For her that was to Heauen flowne,  
This goodly place, my sight forfooke,  
And on the suddaine all was gone.'

It is worth adding, that in the body of the book, Peacham gives the Phœnix to Cecil." It may be recalled here that Shakespeare put the 'emblem' of the 'Phœnix' into Cranmer's mouth at the baptism of Elizabeth—as thus:

"Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,  
Her ashes new create another heir  
As great in admiration as herself,  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one."

(*Henry VIII*, act v, sc. 5, ll. 39-43.)

Cf. also my edition of Sylvester, p. 5, for kindred prefatory compliment.

## I. The Epistle-dedicatory of "Churchyards Challenge." (1593.)

To the right worshipfull the Ladie

*Anderfon, wife to the right honorable*

Lord chiefe Iustice of the common

Pleas.

**M**Y boldnes being much, may passe the bounds of duty, but the goodnes of your honourable husband (good Madame) passeth so farre the commendacion of my penne, that vnder his iudgement and shield (that is so iust a Iudge) I make a sauegard to this my presumption, that hazardeth where I am vnknown to present any peece of Poetrie or matter of great effect, yet aduenturing by fortune, to giue my Lady your sister somewhat in the honour of the Queenes Maiestie, in the excellencie of her woorthy praise that neuer can decay; I haue translated some verses out of French, that a Poet seemed to write of his owne mistresse, which verses are so apt for the honouring of the Phenix of our worlde, that I cannot hide them from the sight of the worthy, nor dare commit so grosse a fault as to let them die with my selfe: wherfore and in way of your fauour in publishing these verses, I dedicate them to your good Ladishippe, though not so well penned as the first Authour did polish them, yet in the best manner my muse can affoorde, they are plainly expressed, hoping they shalbe as well taken as they are ment, so the blessed and great Iudge of all daily bleffe you.

## II. A few plaine verses of truth against the flaterie of time, made when the Queens Maiestie was last at Oxenford.\*

**S**ith silent Poets all,  
 that praise your Ladies so:  
 My Phenix makes their plumes to fall,  
 that would like Peacockes goe.  
 Some doe their Princes praise,  
 and Synthia some doe like:  
 And some their Mistresse honour raise,  
 As high as Souldiers pike.  
 Come downe yee doe presmount, [sic]  
 the warning bel it founds:

\* In the Contents it is entitled "A discourse of the only Phenix of the worlde." Lady Anderson, *supra*, was Magdalen, d. of Christopher Smyth, of Annables, co. Herts.

That calls you Poets to account,  
for breaking of your bounds,  
In giuing fame to those,  
faire flowers that soone doth fade :  
And cleane forget the white red rose,  
that God a Phenix made.  
Your Ladies also doe decline,  
like Stars in darksome night :  
When Phenix doth like Phœbus shine,  
and leands the world great light.  
You paint to please desire,  
your Dame in colours gay :  
As though braue words, or trim attire,  
could grace a clod of clay.  
My Phenix needs not any art,  
of Poets painting quil :  
She is her selfe in euerie part,  
so shapte by kindly skil.  
That nature cannot wel amend:  
and to that shape most rare,  
The Gods such speciall grace doth fend,  
that is without compare.  
The heauens did agree,  
by constellations plaine :

That for her vertue shee should bee the only queene to raigne,  
(In her most happie daies) and carries cleane awaie :  
The tip and top of peerlesse prayse, if all the world say nay,  
Looke not that I should name, her vertue in their place,  
But looke on her true well-won fame, that answers forme & face.  
And therein shall you read, a world of matter now,  
That round about the world doth spread her heauenly graces throw.  
The seas (where cannons rore) hath yeilded her her right,  
And sent such newes vnto the shore, of enemies foile and flight.  
That all the world doth found, the glorie Phenix gote  
Whereof an eccho doth rebound, in such a tune and note,  
(That none alive shall reach) of Phenix honor great,  
Which shall the poets muses teach, how they of her shold treat.  
O then with verses sweete, if Poets haue good store,  
Fling down your pen, at Phenix feet, & praise your nimphes no more.  
Packe hence, she comes in place, a stately Royall Queene :  
That takes away your Ladies grace, as soone as she is séene.

FINIS.

## III. A praife of that Phenix.\*

Verfes of value, if Vertue bee feene,  
Made of a Phenix, a King, and a Queene.

My Phenix once, was wont to mount the skies,  
To fee how birdes, of baser feathers flew :  
Then did her Port and prefence please our eies :  
Whofe abfence now, breeds nought but fancies new.  
The Phenix want, our court, and Realme may rue.  
Thus fight of her, fuch welcome gladnes brings,  
That world ioeis much, whē *Phenix* claps her wings.

And flies abroad, to take the open aire,  
In royall fort, as bird of ftately kinde :  
Who hates foul ftorms ; and loues mild weather fair,  
And by great force, can lore the bloftring wind, =*lower*  
To fhew the grace, and greatnes of the minde,  
My *Phenix* hath, that vertue growing gréene,  
When that abroad, her gracious face is féene.

Let neither feare of plagues, nor wits of men,  
Keepe *Phenix* clofe, that ought to liue in light :  
Of open world, for abfence wrongs vs then,  
To take from world, the Lampe that giues vs light,  
O God forbid, our day were turnde to night,  
And fhining Sunne, in clouds fhould throwded be,  
Whofe golden rayes, the world defires to fee.

The Dolphin daunts, each fifh that fwims the Seas,  
The Lion feares, the greateft beaft that goes :  
The Bees in Hive, are glad theyr King to please,  
And to their Lord, each thing their duety knowes.  
But firft the King, his Princely prefence fhoves,  
Then fubiects ftoopes, and prostrate fals on face,  
Or bowes down head, to giue their maifter place.

The funne hath powre, to comfort flowrs and gras,  
And purge the aire, of foule infections all :  
Makes ech thing pure, wher his clear beams do paffe,  
Draws vp the dew, that mifts and fogs lets fall :  
My *Phenix* hath, a greater gift at call,  
For vaffalls all, a view of her doe craue,  
Becaufe thereby, great hope and hap we haue.

\* I take this heading from the 'Contents,'—there is added, "and veries translated out of French." Throughout these poems of Churchyard there are various instances of verb singular after nominative plural.

Good turnes it brings, and fuiters plaints are heard,  
The poore are pleafde, the rich fome purchafe gains,  
The wicked blufh : the worthy wins reward,  
The feruant findes a meanes to quit his paines :  
The wronged man, by her fome right attaines.  
Thus euery one, that help and fuccour needes,  
In hard diftreffe, on *Phenix* fauour feedes.

But from our view, if world doe *Phenix* kéepe,  
Both Sunne, and Moone, and ftars we bid farewell,  
The heauens mourne, the earth will waile and wéep.  
The heauy heart, it féeles the paines of Hell,  
Woe be to thofe, that in defpaire doe dwell.  
Was neuer plague nor pefflence like to this,  
When foules of men haue loft fuch heauenly bliffe.

Now futers all, you may shoote vp your plaints  
Your Goddes now, is lockt in fhrine full faft :  
You may perhaps, yet pray vnto her Saints,  
Whose eares are ftopt, and hearing fure is pafst,  
Now in the fire, you may fuch Idols caft.  
They cannot helpe, like ftockes and ftones they bée,  
That haue no life, nor cannot heare nor fee.

Till that at large, our royall *Phenix* comes,  
Packe hence poore men, or picke your fingers endes,  
Or blow your nailes, or gnaw and bite your thombs,  
Till God aboue, fome better fortune fends.  
Who here abides, till this bad world emends,  
May doe full well, as tides doe ebbe and flow,  
So fortune turnes, and haps doe come and goe.

The bodies ioy, and all the ioints it beares,  
Lies in the head, that may commaund the reft :  
Let head but ake, the heart is full of feares,  
And armes acroffe, we clap on troubled brest :  
With heauy thoughts, the mind is fo opprest,  
That neather legs, nor féete haue will to goe,  
As man himfelfe, were cleane orecome with woe.

The head is it, that ftill preferues the fence.  
And féekes to faue, each member from difeafe :  
Devife of head, is bodies whole defence,  
The skill whereof, no part dare well difpleafe :  
For as the Moone moues vp the mighty Seas,  
So head doth guide the body when it will,  
And rules the man, by wit and reafons skill.



But how should head, indéede doe all this good,  
 When at our néede, no vse of head we haue :  
 The head is felt, is féene and vnderstood.  
 Then from disgrace, it will the body faue,  
 And otherwise, sick man drops downe in graue.  
 For when no helpe, nor vse of head we finde,  
 The féete fals lame, and gazing eies grow blinde.

The lims wax stiffe, for want of vse and aide,  
 The bones doe dry, their marrow waste away :  
 The heart is dead, the body liues afraide,  
 The sinnowes shrinke, the bloud doth still decay :  
 So long as world, doth want the Star of day,  
 So long darke night, we shall be sure of héere ;  
 For cloudy skies, I feare will neuer cléere.

God fend some helpe, to salue sick poore mens fores,  
 A boxe of baulme, would heale our woundes vp quite :  
 That precious oyle, would eate out rotten cores,  
 And giue great health, and man his whole delighte.  
 God fend some funne, in frostie morning white,  
 That cakes of yce may melt by gentle thaw,  
 And at well-head wee may some water drawe.

*A Riddle.*

Wee wish, wee want, yet haue what we desire :  
 We freefe, wee burne, and yet kept from the fire.

FINIS.

IV. A discourfe of the ioy good subiects haue when they see our  
 Phenix abroad.\*

*This is to be red fue waies.*

**I**N hat a fauour worne, a bird of gold in Britaine land,  
 In loyall heart is borne, yet doth on head like Phenix stand.  
 To set my Phenix forth, whose vertues may thē al furmoüt.  
 An orient pearle more worth, in value, price & good account.  
 The gold or precious stone, what tong or verfe dare her distain,  
 A péerelesse paragon, in whom such gladfome gifts remaine.  
 Whose seemly shape is wrought as out of wax wer made y<sup>e</sup> mold  
 By fine deuile of thought, like shrined Saint in beaten gold :  
 Dame Nature did disdaine, and thought great scorn in any fort,  
 To make the like againe, that should deserue such rare report.  
 Ther néedes no Poets pen, nor painters pencil, come in place,

\* This heading is from the 'Contents.'

Nor flatering frafe of men, whofe filed fpech giues ech thing grace,  
 To praife this worthy dame, a Nymph which *Dian* holds full *déer*  
 That in fuch perfect frame, as mirror bright & chriftal cléer  
 Is fet out to our view, threefold as faire as shining Sunne,  
 For beauty grace and hue, a worke that hath great glory won,  
 A Goddes dropt from fky, for caufes more than men may know,  
 To please both minde & eie for thofe that dwels on earth below,  
 And fhew what heauenly grace, and noble fecret power diuine  
 Is féene in Princely face, that kind hath formd & framd fo fine.  
 For this is all I write, of fared Phenix ten times bleft,  
 To fhew mine own delite, as fancies humor thinketh beft.

FINIS.

V. This is taken out of *Belleau* made of his own  
 Miftrefle.\*

Sad sighes doth fhew, the heat of heartes defire,  
 And forrow fpeakes, by fignes of heauie eyes :  
 So if hot flames, proceed from holly fire,  
 And loue may not, from vicious fancies eyes  
 In tarrying time, and fauour of the fkyes,  
 My only good, and greateft hap doth lie :  
 In her that doth, all fond delight difpies :  
 Than turne to mée, fad fighes I fhall not dye.

If that bee fhee, who hath fo much mée bound,  
 And makes me hers, as I were not mine owne :  
 She moft to praife, that maie aliue be founde,  
 Moft great and good, and gracious througly knowne.  
 Shée all my hope, in briete yea more than mine,  
 (That quickly maie, bring life by looke of eye)  
 Than come chaefst fighes, a close record diuine,  
 Returne to mee, and I fhall neuer dye.

If from young yeares, fhee gainde the garland gaye,  
 And wan the price, of all good giftes of grace :  
 If princely port, doe vertuous minde be wraie,  
 And royall power, be found by noble face,  
 If fhee bée borne, moft happie graue and wife,  
 A Sibill fage, fent downe from heauens hie,  
 O fmothring fightes, that faine would close mine eyes,  
 Returne to mee, fo fhall I neuer die.

=price

\* While this piece has nothing of the 'Phoenix' in it, it is equally good for our purpose, as shewing how Elizabeth was addressed (as in *Cheste*;) by the titles of 'Sun,' &c.

If most vpright, and faire of forme shée bee,  
 That may beare life, and fwéetefst manner showes,  
 Loues God, good men, and Countries wealth doth *féé*,  
 A queene of kinges, all Christian princes knowes,  
 So iustly liues, that each man hath his owne,  
 Sets straight each state, that else would goe awrie :  
 Whereby her fame, abroad the world is blowne,  
 Then feace sad fighes, fo shall I neuer die.

If shée the heart of Alexander haue,  
 The sharpe esprite, and hap of Haniball,  
 The constant mind, that Gods to Scipio gaue,  
 And Cæsars grace, whose triumphs passed all,  
 If in her thought, do dwell the iudgement great,  
 Of all that raignes, and rules from earth to skie :  
 (And fits this houre, in throne and regall feate),  
 Come fighes againe, your maister cannot die.

If she be found, to tast the pearcing ayr,  
 In heate, in colde, in frost, in snowe and rayne :  
 As diamond, that shines so passing faire,  
 That funne nor moone, nor weather cannot staine :  
 If blastes of winde, and stormes to beautie yelde,  
 And this well springe, makes other fountaines drye,  
 (Turnes tides and floodes, to water baraine *féeld*),  
 Come fighes then home, I liue and cannot die.

If her great giftes, doth daunt dame fortunes might,  
 And she haue caught the hayres and head of hap :  
 To others hard, to her a matter light,  
 To mount the cloudes, and fall in honours lap.  
 If shee her selfe, and others conquers too,  
 Liues long in peace, and yet doth warre defie :  
 As valiaunt kinges, and vertuous victors doe,  
 Then fighes no more, o heart I cannot die.

If such a prince, abase her highnesse than,  
 For some good thing, the world may gesse in mee :  
 And stoupes so low, too like a fillie man,  
 That little knowes, what Princes grace may *bée*.  
 If shee well waie, my faith and seruice true,  
 And is the iudge, and touch that gold shall trie :  
 That colour cléere, that neuer changeth hue,  
 Heart figh no more, I liue and may not die.

If I doe vse, her fauour for my weale,  
 By reafon off, her gracious countenance still :  
 And from the funne, a little light I steale,  
 To keepe the life, in lampe to burne at will.

If robberie thus, a true man may commit,  
Both I and mine, vnto her merits flie :  
If I presume, it springes for want of wit,  
Excuse me than, sad fighes or else I die.

If thee do know, her shape in heart I beare,  
Engraued in breast, her grace and figure is,  
Yea day and night, I thinke and dreame each where,  
On nothing else, but on that heauenly blisse,  
If so transformde, my mind and body liues,  
But not confumde, nor finde no caufe to cry,  
And waite on her, that helpe and comfort giues,  
Than come poore fighes, your maister shall not die.

If she behold, that here I with no breath,  
But liue all hers, in thought and word and déede :  
Whose fauour lost, I craue but present death,  
Whose grace attained, lean soule full fat shall féede.  
If any caufe, do kéepe her from my sight,  
I know no world, my self I shall deny,  
But if her torch, doe lend my candle light,  
Heart sigh no more, the body doth not die.

But if by death, or some disgrace of mine  
Through enuies sting, or false report of foes,  
My view be bard, from that swéete face diuine.  
Beléue for troth, to death her seruant goes,  
And rather sure, than I should ill conceiue :  
Sighes mount to skies, you know the cause and why.  
How here below, my lusty life I leaue,  
Attend me there, for wounded heart must die.

If shee beléue, without her prefence here,  
That anything, may now content my minde :  
Or thinke in world, is sparke of gladfome chéere,  
Where shee is not, nor I her prefence finde :  
But all the ioys, that man imagine may,  
As handmaides wayt, on her héere vnder sky,  
Then fighes mount vp, to heauens hold your way,  
And stay me there, for I of force must die.

If I may feare, that fragill beauty light,  
Or semblance faire, is to be doubted fore :  
Or my vaine youth, may turn with fancies might  
Or fighes full falles fains grieffe or torment more,  
Than heart doth féele, then angry stars aboue,  
Doe band your felues, gainst me in heauens hie.  
And rigor worke, to conquer constant loue,  
Mount vp poore fighes, here is no helpe, I die.

And fo fad fighes, the witnes of my thought,  
 If loue finde not, true guerdon for good will :  
 Ere that to graue, my body shalbe brought,  
 Mount vp to clowds, and there abide me still,  
 But if good hope, and hap some succour fend,  
 And honor doth, my vertuous minde supply,  
 With treble bliffe, for which I long attend,  
 Returne good fighes, I mean not now to die.

Translated out of French, for one that is bounde much to Fortune.

FINIS.

It were easy to multiply contemporary and funereal 'flatteries' of Elizabeth under the name of the 'Phoenix,' and from Cynthia in Spenser to the Rosalind and Orianas of many 'Madrigals,'\* and Atropeion Delion of Thomas Newton (1603), shew that she was even to old age receptive of the loftiest names and the most celestial praise, especially if they lauded her 'beauty' or her intellect. But for our present purpose more cannot be required.

Having thus determined that Elizabeth was the 'Phoenix,' I proceed now to inquire who was intended by the 'Turtle-doue.' As with the 'Phoenix,' I must request attention to our Notes and Illustrations on the places wherein the 'Turtle-doue' occurs. It will there be found that, contrary to ordinary usage, the 'Turtle-doue' is distinctly 'sung' of as a male, by the necessities indeed of the 'love' relations sustained towards the 'Phoenix,' and of the 'Phoenix' towards the 'Turtle-doue,' *e.g.*:

Nature.

"Fly in this Chariot, and come fit by me,  
 And we will leaue this ill corrupted Land,  
 We'll take our courfe through the blue Azure skie,  
 And fet our feete on *Paphos* golden fand.  
 There of that *Turtle Doue* we'll vnderstand :  
 And visit HIM in thofe delightful plaines,  
 Where Peace conioyn'd with Plenty still remains." (p. 32.)

It will also be found that, as with Elizabeth as the 'Phoenix,'

\* See an interesting paper on 'Madrigals' in honour of Elizabeth in *Notes and Queries*, first series, vol. iv, pp. 185-188. See Postscript D for additional 'Phoenix' references, &c.



so with the 'Turtle-doue,' epithet and circumstance and the whole bearing of the Poems, make us think of but one pre-eminent man in the Court of Elizabeth. Let the Notes and Illustrations on portions of these Poems relative to the 'Turtle-doue' be critically pondered; and unless I err egregiously, it will be felt that only of the brilliant but impetuous, the greatly-dowered but rash, the illustrious but unhappy Robert Devereux, second earl of Essex, could such splendid things have been thought. Inevitably 'Liberal Honour' and 'Love's Lord,' are accepted as *his* titles of right; while his Letters to Elizabeth and of Elizabeth to him reveal the 'envy' and 'jealousy' and hatreds against which he fought his way upward.† I invite prolonged scrutiny of this description and portraiture:

“ Hard by a running streame or crystall fountaine,  
Wherein rich *Orient* pearle is often found,  
Enuiron'd with a high and steepe mountaine,  
A fertill foile and fruitful plot of ground,  
There shalt thou find true *Honors* louely *Squire*,  
That for this *Phenix* keeps *Prometheus* fire.

His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night,  
Is fram'd of Cædars and high loftie Pine,  
I made his house to chastice thence despight,  
And fram'd it like this heauenly roofof mine:  
His name is *Liberall honor*, and his hart,  
Aymes at true faithfull seruice and defart.

Looke on his face, and in his browes doth sit,  
Bloud and sweete *Mercie* hand in hand vnited,  
Bloud to his foes, a president most fit  
For such as haue his gentle humour spited:  
His Haire is curl'd by nature mild and meeke,  
Hangs carelesse downe to shroud a blushing cheek.

Giue him this Ointment to annoint his Head,  
This precious Balme to lay vnto his feet,  
These shall direct him to the *Phenix* bed,  
Where on a high hill he this Bird shall meet:  
And of their Ashes by my doome shal rite,  
Another *Phenix* her to equalize.”

(pp. 19-20.)

† See *Lives and Letters of the Devereux, Earls of Essex, &c., &c.* By the Hon. W. B. Devereux, 2 vols. 8vo, 1853. (Murray.)

The 'Turtle Dove,' as thus described, was then in 'Paphos Ile'; and what was meant by it will appear in the sequel. But I ask any one familiar with the men and events of the reign of Elizabeth, if Essex is not instantly suggested by these and parallel passages and allusions in *Love's Martyr*? This being so, we should expect that Essex would be found elsewhere similarly described; and if, in giving Churchyard's remarkable 'Phoenix' poems, I felt that I was by them placing our interpretation beyond cavil, I have much the same conviction in now submitting certain extracts from a poem avowedly in his honour, when he was in the golden sunshine (yet not without broad shadows) of his favour with Elizabeth. I refer to "*An Eglogve Gratulatorie. Entitled: To the right honorable, and renowned Shepheard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall. Done by George Peele.*" (1589.)\*

Let these speak for themselves, by help of our *italics* occasionally :

Piers.

"Of arms to fmg I haue nor luft nor skill ; *list?*  
 Enough is me to blazon my good-will,  
 To welcome home that long hath lacked been,  
 One of the jolliest shepherds of our green;  
Iö, iö pæan!

Palinode.

Tell me, good Piers, I pray thee tell it me,  
 What may thilk jolly fwain or shepheard be,  
 Or whence y-comen, that he thus welcome is,  
 That thou art all fo blithe to see his bliffe ?

Piers.

. . . . Thilk shepheard, Palinode, whom my pipe praifeth,  
 Where glory my reed to the welkin raifeth,  
 He's a great herdgroom, certes, but no fwain,  
*Saue hers that is the flower of Phæbe's plain;*  
Iö, iö pæan!

\* Dyce's Greene, pp. 559-563, 1 vol., 8vo, 1861. It is much to be regretted that, here as invariably, so competent a scholar and so noble a worker as the late Mr. Dyce *modernized* the orthography of his texts, thereby obliterating all philological and critical value.

He's well-allied and lovèd of the best,  
 Well-thew'd, fair and frank, and famous by his crest;  
 His Rain-deer, racking with proud and stately pace,  
 Giveth to his flock a right beautiful grace;  
 Iö, iö pæan!

He waits where our great shepherdes doth wun,  
 He playeth in the shade, and thriveth in the sun;  
 He shineth on the plains, his lusty flock him by,  
 As when Apollo kept in Arcady;  
 Iö, iö pæan!

Fellow in arms he was in their flow'ring days  
 With that great shepherd, good Philifides; *Sir Philip Sidney.*  
 And in fad fable did I see him dight,  
 Moaning the mis of Pallas' peerless knight;  
 Iö, iö pæan!

With him he serv'd, and watch'd, and waited late,  
*To keep the grim wolf from Eliza's gate; [Anjou, Tyrone, &c.]*  
*And for their mistress, thoughten these two swains,*  
 They moughten neuer take too mickle pains;  
 Iö, iö pæan!

But, ah for grief! that jolly groom is dead,  
 For whom the Muses, silver tears have shed;  
*Yet in this lovely swain, source of our glee,*  
*Mun all his virtues sweet revive be;*  
 Iö, iö pæan!

Again :

Palinode.

“Thou foolish swain that thus art over-joy'd,  
 How soon may here thy courage be accoy'd!  
 If he be one come new from western coast,  
 Small cause hath he, or thou for him to boast.  
 I see no palm, I see no laurel boughs  
 Circle his temples or adorn his brows;  
 I hear no triumphs for this late return,  
 But many a herdsman more dispos'd to mourne.

Piers.

Pale lookest thou, like spite, proud Palinode;  
 Venture doth loss, and war doth danger bode;  
 But thou art of those harvesters, I see,  
 Would at one shock spoil all the filberd tree;  
 Iö, iö pæan!

For shame, I say, give virtue honour's due!  
 I'll please the shepherd but by telling true:

Palm mayst thou see and bays about his head,  
That all his flock right forwardly hath led ;  
Iö, iö pæan!"

Then comes ENVY, as so frequently in *Love's Martyr* and the Essex letters (to and from), with sinister influence :—

" But woe is me, lewd lad, fame's full of lies,  
ENVY DOTH AYE TRUE HONOUR'S DEEDS DESPISE,  
Yet chivalry will mount with glorious wings  
SPITE ALL, AND NESTLE NEAR THE SEAT OF KINGS ;  
Iö, iö pæan!

Finally, Chester's 'Liberrall Honor' is introduced :—

" O HONOUR'S FIRE, that not the brackish fea  
Mought quench, nor foeman's fearful 'larums lay!  
So high those golden flakes done mount and climb  
That they exceed the reach of shepherds rhyme ;  
Iö, iö pæan!

Palinode.

What boot thy welcomes, foolish-hardy fwain ?  
Louder pipes than thine are going on the plain ;  
Fair Eliza's lasses and her great grooms  
Receive this shepherd with unfeign'd welcomes.

HONOUR *is in him* that doth it bestow . . . . .

Piers.

So cease, my pipe, the worthies to record  
Of thilk great shepherd, of *thilk fair young lord.*"

The line of Palinode,

" HONOUR *is in him* that doth it bestow,"

as well as the title of '*Liberal Honour*,' refers doubtless, among other things, to the dubbing of knights by Essex as commander-in-chief—a matter which caused much 'evil-speaking' and jealousy.

Subsidiary to this specially noticeable poem of GEORGE PEELE is another by THOMAS CHURCHYARD. Intrinsicly it is of little or no poetical value ; but from its direct bearing on our interpretation of 'Paphos Ile,'—as in *Love's Martyr*, designating Ireland,—it has no common interest. For it is a Greeting to Essex on his departure for Ireland to put down the rebellion of Tyrone. There is nothing of

that exaggerate laudation of Essex common at the period ; but the very homeliness and humbleness of the poem serve the better to reflect the gravity of his summons to do this service for his Queen. One phrase in the Epistle-dedicatory gives a parallel to Shakespeare's assurance of welcome on return, and to us now the quaintest possible use of the word 'impe.' The august names, *e.g.*, Scipio, Mars, and the like, tell us of the popular conception of the hero of the Expedition ; and in relation to the '*Liberal Honour*' of *Love's Martyr*, it does not look like a mere coincidence that Churchyard names Essex 'Honour'—"Who must ask grace on knees at Honor's feet" (p. xlii, l. 26). I deem it well to reproduce the whole, from (it is believed) the *unique* exemplar in the British Museum. Unfortunately the headline of the opening of the poem is cut off by the binder, and only the word 'happy' can be guessed at in it. The title-page is as follows :

THE  
FORTVNATE FAREWELL  
to the most forward and noble Earle  
of *Essex*, one of the honorable priuie  
Counsel, Earle high Marshal of Eng-  
land, Master of the horse, Master of the  
ordinance, Knight of the garter, &  
Lord Lieutenant general of all  
the Queenes Maiesties  
forces in Ireland.  
Dedicated to the right Honorable the Lord  
HARRY SEAMER, second sonne  
to the last Duke of  
Sommerfet.  
*Written by Thomas Churchyard*  
Esquire.  
Printed at London by Edm. Bollifant,  
for William Wood at the West  
doore of Powles.

1599

Next comes the Epistle-dedicatory—following up the odd mention of his name in the title-page—to Henry, second son of the Duke of Somerset, by his second wife, Anne,



daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope, Knt. Churchyard calls him 'the Lord Harry' by courtesy; for of course when his father was stripped of his titles, those of the sons also fell. But he was knighted, though no record of this appears to have been preserved. Dr. Chester has notes of the administration to his estate, dated 6 February, 1606-7, when he was described as Sir Henry Seymour, Knt., of St. Anne, Blackfriars, London, the letters being granted to his sister, Lady Mary Rogers. He married Lady Joan Percy, third daughter of Thomas, seventh Earl of Northumberland, but died without issue; and as his sister administered his estate Lady Seymour probably died before him. The Epistle thus runs:

*To the right honorable the L. Harry Seamer  
Thomas Churchyard wifeth continuance of  
vertue, blessednesse of minde, and  
wifhed felicitie.*

**I**N all duty (my good Lord) I am bold, because your most honorable father the Duke of Sommerfet (vnclie to the renowmed impe of grace noble King Edward the sixt) faouered me when I was troubled before the Lords of the Counsell, for writing some of my first verses: in requitall whereof, euer since I haue honored all his noble race, and knowing your Lordship in sea seruices forward and ready in all honorable maner (sparing for no charges) when the Spanyards approached neere our countrie, I bethought me how I might be thankfull for good turnes found of your noble progenie:\* though vnable therefore, finding my selfe vnfurnished of all things woorthy presentation and acceptance, I tooke occasion of the departure of a most woorthy Earle towards the seruice in Ireland, so made a present to your Lordship of his happy Farewell as I hope: and trust to liue and see his wifhed welcome home. This Farewell onely deuised to stirre vp a threefold manly courage to the mercenarie multitude of soldiers, that follow this Marshall-like [Martial-like] Generall, and especially to mooue all degrees in generall loyally to serue our good Queene Elizabeth, and valiantly to go through with good resolution the acceptable seruice they take in hand. Which true seruice shall redouble their renowne, and enroll their names in the memoriall-booke of fame for euer. I feare I leade your Lordship too farre with the flourish of a fruitlesse pen, whose blandishing phraze makes many to gaze on, and few to consider well of and regarde. My plot is onely laide to purchase good will of vertuous people: what the rest thinke, let their misconstruing conceits answere their owne idle humors. This plaine present winning your Lordships good liking, shall passe with the greater grace to his honorable

\* = descent, or as we would say, ancestry, *i.e.*, the 'before-births,' a sense common at that time. Cf. Shakespeare and *Love's Martyr*.

hands, that the praiers & power of good men waites willingly vpon towards the reformation of wicked rebellion.

Your L. in all at commandement, *Thomas Churchyard.*

And now we reach the poem itself:\*

.....

*and forward most noble*

*Earle of Essex.*

**N**OW SCIPIO fails to Affrick far from hoem,  
 The Lord of hoefts, and battels be his gied :  
 Now when green trees, begins to bud and bloem,  
 On Irish seas, ELIZAS ship shall ried ;  
 A warliek band, of worthy knights I hoep,  
 Aer armd for fight, a bloody brunt to bied ;  
 With rebels shall, boeth might and manhood coep,  
 Our contreis right, and quarrell to be tried :  
 Right maeks wrong blush, and troeth bids falshed fly,  
 The sword is drawn, TYROENS dispatch draws ny.  
 A traitor must be taught to know his king,  
 When MARS shal march, with shining sword in hand,  
 A crauen cock, cries creak and hangs down wing,  
 Will run about the shraep and daer not stand, [sheep?]  
 When cocks of gaem, coms in to giue a bloe ;  
 So false TYROEN, may faint when he would fight,  
 Thogh now alowd, on dunghill doth he croe ;  
 Traitors wants hart, and often taeks the flight :  
 When rebels see, they aer surpriefd by troeth,  
 Pack hence in haeft, away the rebels goeth.  
 Proud trecherous trash, is curbd & knockt with bloes,  
 Hy loftie mindes, with force are beaten down :  
 Against the right, though oft rued rebels roes,  
 Not oen sped well, that did impeach a crowne.  
 Read the Annaels, of all the Princes past,  
 Whear treafons still, are punisht in their kinde,  
 Thear shall you see, when faithfull men stand fast,  
 Falsoe traytors still, are but a blast of winde :  
 For he that first formd kings and all degrees,  
 The ruel of states, and kingdoms ouerfees.  
 Riot and rage, this rank rebellion breeds ;  
 Hauock and spoyl, sets bloudfhed so abroetch,  
 Troethles attempts, their filthy humor feeds,  
 Raffnes runs on, all hedlong to reproetch :

\* The spelling of Churchyard is so peculiar in this poem that I must state that our text is an exact reproduction of the original throughout. We have here a most noticeable example of a then common practice of making rhyming words agree in spelling, e.g., ll. 1 and 3 ; ll. 2, 4, 6, &c., &c.

Boldnes beget theas helhounds all a roe,  
 The fons of shaem, and children of Gods wraeth;  
 With woluish minds, liek breetchles beares they goe,  
 Throw woods and bogs, and many a crooked paeth :  
 Lying liek dogs, in litter, dung and strawe,  
 Rued as bruet beafts, that knoes ne ruel nor lawe.  
 Foftred from faith, and fear of God or man,  
 Vnlernd or taught of any graces good,  
 Nurft vp in vice, whear falsehed firft began,  
 Mercyles boern, still sheading guiltles blood.  
 Libertines lewd, that all good order haets,  
 Murtherers viel, of wemen great with childe,  
 Cruell as kiets, despising all estaets,  
 Diuifhly bent, boeth curriish, stern and wilde :  
 Their whole deuice, is rooet of mifcheeues all,  
 That feeks a plaeg, on their own heds to fall.  
 Will God permit, fuch monfters to bear fway ?  
 His iuftice haets, the steps of tyrants still,  
 Their damnable deeds, craues vengeance euery day ;  
 Which God doth scourge, by his own blessed will.  
 He planteth force, to fling down feeble strength,  
 Men of mutch worth, to weaken things of noight,  
 Whoes cloked craft, shall furer be feen at length,  
 When vnto light, dark dealings shall be broght :  
 Sweet ciuill Lords, shall fawfy fellowes meet,  
 Who muft ask grace, on knees at honors feet.  
 Ruednes may range awhile in ruffling fort,  
 As witleffe wights with wandring maeks world mues ;  
 But when powre coms, to cut prowde praetife fhert,  
 And shoe by sword, how fubieets Prince abues,  
 Then confhens shall Peccaui cry in feeld,  
 Tremble and quaeke, mutch liek an Afpin leaf,  
 But when on knees, do conquerd captiues yeeld,  
 The victor turns his hed as he wear deaf :  
 Rueth is grown cold, reuenge is hot as fier,  
 And mercy fits with frowns in angry attier.  
 VVorld pafte forgaue great faults, and let them pas,  
 Time present loeks on futuer time to com.  
 All aegis fawe their follies in a glas,  
 Yet were not taught, by time nor found of drom.  
 This world goes blinde, and neither fees nor heers,  
 Their fenfes fail, the wits and reafon faints,  
 Old world is waxt worm-eaten by long yeers,  
 And men becom, black diuels that were faints :  
 Yet Gods great grace, this wretched caus reforms,  
 And from fayr flowrs, weeds out the wicked worms.

*The  
Lead[ers]*

They com that shall redresse great things amis,  
 Pluck vp the weeds, plant roses in their place.  
 No violent thing enduers long as hit is,  
 Falsched flies fast, from fight of true mens face,  
 Traitors do fear the plaegs for them prepard  
 And hieds their heds, in hoels when troeth is seen,  
 Tho[u]gh[t] gracelesse giues to duty small regard,  
 Good subiects yeelds obedience to their Queen :  
 In quarrels iust, do thousand offer liues,  
 They feel fowl bobs that for the bucklars striues.  
 This Lord doth bring, for strength the fear of God,  
 The loue of men, and sword of iustice boeth,  
 Which three is to TYROEN an iron rod,  
 A birchin twig, that draws blood whear hit goeth. [ = it'  
 When IOAB went, to warr in DAVIDS right,  
 He broght hoem peace, in spite of enmies beard,  
 For IOZIAS, the Lord above did fight,  
 With Angels force, that made the foes afeard :  
 The world doth shaek, and tremble at his frown,  
 VVhoes beck soon casts the brags of rebels down.  
 Stand fast and fuer, false traitors turns their back,  
 True subiects veaw, maeks haerbrain rebels blufsh;  
 Stout heauy bloes, maeks highest trees to crack,  
 An armed piek, may brauely bied a puff :  
 Wheel not about, stand stiffe liek brazen wall,  
 For that's the way, to win the feeld in deed ;  
 Charge the foer front, and see the enmies fall,  
 The cowards brag, is but a rotten reed :  
 Victors must beare the brunt of eury shock,  
 A constant minde, is liek a stony rock.

Farewell sweet Lords, Knights, Captains and the rest,  
 Who goes with you, tacks threefold thankfull pain,  
 Who sets you forth, is ten times treble blest,  
 Who serues you well, reaps glory for their gain,  
 Who dies shall liue, in faem among the best,  
 Who liues shall loek and laugh theas broils to scorn :  
 All honest harts, doth ciuill warr detest,  
 And curse the time that ear TYROEN was born :  
 We hoep good hap waits on the fleet that goes,  
 And Gods great help, shall clean destroy our foes.

F I N I S .

I venture to assume that I have sufficiently answered our question, Who were meant by the 'Phœnix' and the 'Turtle-dove' of these Poems? I must hold it as demon-

strated, that the 'Phœnix' was Elizabeth and the 'Turtle Dove' Essex.\* No one has, hitherto, in any way thought of this interpretation of the 'Turtle Dove' any more than the other of the 'Phœnix'; but none the less do I hope for acceptance of it.†

Our interpretation of Chester's 'Phœnix' and 'Turtle Dove' is the more weighty and important, in that it for the first time enables us to understand Shakespeare's priceless and *unique* 'Phœnix and Turtle' — originally attached to *Love's Martyr*. Perhaps Emerson's words on Shakespeare's poem, as well represents its sphinx-character even to the most capable critics, as any. They are as follow in his preface (pp. v, vi) to his charming *Parnassus* (1875) —

"Of Shakespeare what can we say, but that he is and remains an exceptional mind in the world; that a universal poetry began and ended with him; and that mankind have required the three hundred and ten years since his birth to familiarize themselves with his supreme genius? I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakespeare's poem, *Let the bird of loudest lay*, and the *Threnos* with which it closes, the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was written, the frame and allusions of the poem. I have not seen Chester's *Love's Martyr*, and "the Additional Poems" (1601), in which it appeared. Perhaps that book will suggest all the explanation this poem requires. To unassisted readers, it would appear to be a lament on the death of a poet,

\* In a small prose book by THOMAS DEKKER, of which I know no other exemplar than my own (unfortunately not perfect) — the "Prayers" that compose it are given respectively to the 'Dove,' the 'Eagle,' the 'Pellican,' and the 'Phœnix.'" This unique little volume is dated 1609. Anything richer spiritually or more exquisite and finely quaint in its style, of the kind, I do not know. His preliminary description of the four birds is exceedingly well-done, and those of the 'Dove' and 'Phœnix' vividly set forth what the 'Phœnix' and 'Turtle Dove' of *Love's Martyr* are — only the love and aspiration are heavenward. Does any one know of another copy of this book? I should rejoice to hear of it.

† The late Mr. Richard Simpson had doubtless studied Chester critically; but he gave no inkling of his interpretation beyond announcing through the *New Shakespeare Society* that he would connect *Love's Martyr* with *Cymbeline*. I fear this must have proven another of his 'School of Shakespeare' discoveries. I have looked in vain in *Cymbeline* for anything save the slightest verbal illustrations of *Love's Martyr*. None the less do I regret that Mr. Simpson was not spared to give us his view of *Love's Martyr*, &c.



and of his poetic mistress. But the poem is so quaint, and charming in diction, tone, and allusions, and in its perfect metre and harmony, that I would gladly have the fullest illustration yet attainable. I consider this piece a good example of the rule, that there is a poetry for bards proper, as well as a poetry for the world of readers. This poem, if published for the first time, and without a known author's name, would find no general reception. Only the poets would save it."

Perchance there is truth in the close of this penetrative *bit* of criticism; but to myself the 'Phoenix and Turtle' has universal elements in it at once of thinking, emotion and form. Its very concinnity and restraint, *e.g.*—compared with the fecundity of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*—differentiate it from all other of Shakespeare's writings. I discern a sense of personal heart-ache and loss in these sifted and attuned stanzas, unutterably precious.

(d) WHAT IS THE MESSAGE OR *motif* OF THESE POEMS? I recall that the original title-page informs us that in *Love's Martyr, or Rosalins Complaint*, we have poems "*Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue.*" I cannot take less out of this than that the author believed he was celebrating a 'true love.' More than that, I cannot explain away the so prominently-given chief title, of *Love's Martyr*, or the subtitle, *Rosalin's Complaint*; which so manifestly folds within it Elizabeth, as the 'Tudor Rose (just as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, is called 'my sweet Rose, my dear Rose,' act i, sc. 2). To me all this means a 'true love' that 'ran not smooth,' that was defeated or never completed, and that led to such anguish as only the awful word 'martyr' could express. With queen Elizabeth, then, as the 'Phoenix,' and as the 'Rosalin' whose 'Complaint' the poems ensphere, and Essex as the 'Turtle Dove,' it seems to me unmistakable that ROBERT CHESTER, as a follower not to say partizan of Essex, designed his *Love's Martyr* as *his* message on the consummation of the tragedy of his beheading. That there is nothing beyond the insinuated martyrdom of the title on the scarcely less wrong

than blunder of Elizabeth—the execution of Essex—is to be explained by (1) That the words ‘*long expected labour*’ in the Epistle-dedicatory, intimate that the poems had been composed, substantially, some years before, probably in 1599, when Essex was on his memorable errand to Ireland; (2) That Elizabeth was still alive—and a terrible old lioness still when her pride was touched. The fact that Elizabeth was living when *Love’s Martyr* was published fills me indeed with astonishment at the author’s audacity in so publishing. This, however, is mitigated by these considerations (a) That throughout *Love’s Martyr* there is abundant titillation of her well-known vanity in compliments that ‘sweet fifteen’ only might have looked for; (b) That if we had access to the full *data* it seems manifest that they would show that somehow or other Chester had intimate, almost confidential, knowledge of Elizabeth’s feeling for Essex. Sir John Salisburie, as being ‘Esquier of the body to the Queenes most excellent majesty,’ could tell him much if he, personally, had not access. (c) That in her unlifted melancholy over the death of her favorite, the might-have-been came back upon her with sovran potency and accusation, and perchance imparted a strange satisfaction to her to have it re-called by a mutual friend; much as her Biographers have remarked, she chose to simulate quarrels with Essex, that she might have the pleasure of hearing him defend himself. Throughout Chester fulfilled his word in “The Authors request to the Phœnix” (p. 5), [I] “Endeored haue to please in praifing thee.”\* Even in “Sorowes Ioy” on her death, there seems to me a hint at the martyrdom, *e.g.*:

“ That Pellican who for her peoples good  
Shirkt not to spill (alas) her owne deare blood:  
That maid, that Pellican.”†

\* See Postscript E, for an incident in Elizabeth’s life that vivifies one of Chester’s compliments to her.

† See further quotations in Postscript D.

In the Notes and Illustrations I bring out indubitable allusions that bear us back to Elizabeth's girl-hood, when she was 'suspect' and watched and plotted against by her sister, 'Bloody Mary' (alas! for epithet so tremendous associated with name so holy and tender!)—bear us back to her radiant prime when her marriage was the national hope and prayer—bear us back emphatically, to her first flush of captivation by the glowing eyes and eloquent tongue of Essex; and so onward. That Elizabeth was 'led captive,' there are a hundred proofs. Take one in a bit of a letter of Anthony Bagot to his father in May 1587—"When she [the queen] is abroad, nobody near her but my L. of Essex; and at night, my Lord is at cards, or one game or another with her *that he cometh not to his own lodgings till birds sing in the morning.*"\* I find here the *motif* of the poems. Chester interprets with subtlety and power the real 'passion' of Elizabeth for Essex—the actual feeling on her part, that if 'I dare' might wait on 'I would' she should have lifted him to her throne. Our Poet puts himself in her place, and with a boldness incomparable utters out the popular impression that Elizabeth did 'love' Essex. Hence—as I think—those stings of pain, throbs of remorse, cries of self-reproach, 'feeling after' died-out emotion and rapture, that in most unexpected places come out and lay bare that proud, strong, prodigious heart as none else has ever done. I am in the dark as to Robert Chester's relation to Elizabeth; but it is in broad-breaking light that he pierces to the core, while in simple-seeming and even 'skillless' phrase, he tells us in these strange discoursings between 'Nature' and the 'Phoenix' the '*truth of Loue.*' This is 'allegorically' done—his phrase is 'allegorically shadowing'—but beneath the allegory is solid fact.

I care not to go searching for 'scandals against Elizabeth.' The hate of the Jesuits probably manufactured most of them. But I do not see how any one can study the *Life*

\* Lives and Letters of the Earls of Essex, as before, vol. i, p. 186.

and Letters of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, as told by Captain Devereux, without having it immovably established to him, that to the close Elizabeth had a deep passion of love for him — thwarted earlier by her sense that it would not do for 'Queen' to marry 'Subject,' and later by his capricious marriage to the widow of Sidney, but never extirpated and destined to a weary 'martyrdom' of resurrection when the decollated body lay in its bloody grave. Except the love-tragedy of Stella and Sidney,\* I know nothing more heart-shatteringly tragic — for pathetic is too weak a word — than the 'great Queen's' death-cushion moanings and mutterings over her dead Essex. I, for one, believe in that story of 'the ring' as JOHN WEBSTER has put it :

————— "let me die  
 In the distraction of that worthy princefs  
 Who loathèd food, and sleep, and ceremony,  
 For thought of louing that braue gentleman  
 She would fain haue fau'd, had not a false conveyance  
 Expressed him stubborn-hearted : let me sink  
 Where neither man nor memory may e'er find me."†

That Webster did not thus introduce the 'ring' at random seems certain. A hitherto overlooked little book supplies a self-authenticating record of it, as well as other glimpses of Elizabeth that strikingly illustrate *Love's Martyr*. The title-page is as follows — *Historical Memoirs on the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James*, 1658 (12mo).‡ The 'ring' story and related reflections thus run :

\* Poems of Sir Philip Sidney in Fuller Worthies' Library, and in Chatto and Windus's *Early English Poets* — with Memorial-Introduction, Essay, &c.

† The Devil's Law Case, act iii, sc. 3, Dyce's *Webster*, p. 128, 1 vol., 8vo, 1857.

‡ I am indebted to Dr. Brinsley Nicholson for *supra*. Earlier reference is made (as in *Love's Martyr*) to Elizabeth's poetical gift, e.g., "professing herself in public a Muse, then thought something too Theatrical for a virgine Prince" (p. 61). Her prominent part in "the gayeties" of the Court is contrasted with its ceasing after the death of Essex (p. 70). There are also several other passages which speak of her affection for Essex. The introductory heading is "Traditional Memoirs," &c.

“But the Lady of *Nottingham* coming to her death-bed and finding by the daily sorrow the Queene expressed by the losse of Essex, her self a principall agent in his destruction could not be at rest till she had discovered all, and humbly implored mercy from God and *forgivenessse* from her earthly Sovereigne: who did not only refuse to give it, but having shook her as she lay in her bed, sent her accompanied with most fearfull curses to a higher Tribunall. Not long after the Queenes *weaknesse* did appeare mortall, hastened by the wishes of many [Cecil and his circle?] that could not in reason expect pardon for a fault they found she had condemned so severely in her selfe as to take comfort in nothing after \* \* \* But upon all occasions of signing Pardons would upbraid the movers for them with the hasty anticipation of that brave man's end, not to be expiated to the Nations losse by any future endeavours” (p. 95) \* \* \* “[It were] no great hyperbole to affirm the Queene did not only bury Affection but her Power in the Tombe of Essex” (p. 97) \* \* \* \* “For after the blow was given, the Queene presaging by a multitude of tears shed for him, the great drouth was likely to appeare in the eyes of her subjects, when the hand that signed the warrant was cut off, fell into a deep *Melancholy* wherein she died not long after.”\*

Each Reader of *Love's Martyr* will discover for himself its allusions to the real under the avowedly ‘allegorical.’ I would note, in rapidly glancing through the book a few details that are certainly unmistakeable, *e.g.*:

“*Bellona* rau'd at Lordlike cowardice” (p. 9).

One has but to read Essex's ‘Letters,’ and to master the facts about COBHAM and other ‘coward’ lords in relation to Essex's ‘Expeditions,’ to perceive the blow of this line

Of the ‘Phoenix’ we have this:—

“One rare rich *Phanix* of exceeding beautie,  
One none-like Lillie in the earth I placed;  
One faire *Helena*, to whom men owe dutie:  
One countrey with a milke-white Doue I graced:  
One and none such, since the wide world was found  
Hath euer Nature placed on the ground” (p. 10).

.....  
Like to a light bright Angel in her gate:  
For why no creature on the earth but she,  
Is like an Angell, Angell let her be” (p. 14).

The former is the universal language of the period, *e.g.*, Raleigh in his *Cynthia* sings of her as a ‘milk-white Dove’;

\* See Postscript F, for a very striking contemporary letter in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, on the death-bed, &c., of Elizabeth.



the latter was Essex's favourite word. Thus in acknowledging the queen's gift of her portrait in a ring, he writes :

"Most dear Lady,—For your Maj. high and precious favors, namely, for sending this worthy knight to deliuer your blessing to this fleet and army, but aboue all other for your Maj. bestowing on me that *fair angel which you sent to guard me*; for these, I say, I neither can write words to express my humble thankfulness, nor perform service fit to acknowledge such duty as for these I owe" (*Lives of the Earls of Essex*, as before, vol. i, p. 414).

Here is the 'Queen,' and the proud sovereign of England, speaking, not the mere 'Phoenix' :

"Honor that Isle that is my sure defence" (p. 33, st. 1, l. 7).

Into whose mouth but Elizabeth's could ever such an exclamation have been placed? Then, to render the 'Isle' certain as not some foreign 'Paphos Isle,' but one near England, there succeeds an enumeration and celebration of England's chief cities and sights.

In accord with this, the 'nine (female) Worthies' (pp. 38-40) are appropriate as connected with the 'Phoenix = Queen Elizabeth'; while with equal appropriateness in such case, but only in such case, 'Windsor Castle' and the Knights of the Garter, connect the Queen and King Arthur, and also render the Arthur part of *Love's Martyr* not wholly out of place.

Next, here is self-evidently an Elizabethan fact — danger of no heir to the throne of England if the 'Phoenix' married not :

"This *Phenix* I do feare me will decay,  
And from her ashes neuer will arise  
An other Bird her wings for to display,  
And her rich beauty for to equalize:  
The *Arabian* fiers are too dull and base,  
To make another spring within her place" (p. 15).

.....

Then thus Ioue spake, tis pittie the should die,  
And leaue no ofspring for her Progenie" (p. 17).

That the 'Phoenix' was Queen of Britain is implied in this stanza :

“Nature go hie thee, get thee *Phabus* chaire,  
 Cut through the skie, and leaue *Arabia*,  
 Leaue that il working peace of fruitlesse ayre,  
 Leaue me the plaines of white *Brytania*,  
 These countries haue no fire to raife that flame,  
 That to this *Phenix* bird can yeeld a name” (p. 17).

That the “delightfome *Paphos* Ile” (p. 17 and onward) was Ireland—whither Essex had gone—let the reader verify by studying its characteristics under all its mythical and impossible assemblage of productions. Specifically it is to be marked and re-marked that from where the ‘Phœnix’ is, *i.e.*, England (p. 32), ‘Paphos ile’ is to be visited, because there the ‘Turtle Doue’ was to be found. The ‘course’ of the chariot-borne pair (‘Nature’ and the ‘Phœnix’), was to be through ‘the blue Azure skie,’ as thus :

————— “ we will ride  
 Ouer the Semi-circle of *Europa*,  
 And bend our courfe where we will see the Tide,  
 That partes the Continent of *Affrica*,  
 Where the great *Cham* gouernes *Tartaria* :  
 And when the starrie Curtaine vales the night,  
 In *Paphos* sacred Ile we meane to light.”\* (p. 32, st. 4.)

This might very well have taken us to some ideal island of love, out of space and time, or at least to now much spoken of Cyprus with its renowned love-shrine of Paphos. But the real in the Poet’s thought effaces the ideal ; for no Mediterranean or Aegean is passed, and no ‘vision’ of the

\* Probably Chester drew his designation of ‘Paphos Ile’ from his friend Marston’s *Metamorphosis of Pigmaliions Image* (1598); in the ‘Argument’ to which he says—“After Pigmalion (beeing in Cyprus) begat a sonne of her [Venus] which was called Paphos ; whereupon that iland Cyprus, in honor of Venus, was after, and is now, called by the inhabitants, Paphos.” So to at the close of the poem itself

“ Paphos was got ; of whom in after age  
 Cyprus was Paphos call’d, and evermore  
 Those ilanders do Venus name adore.”

Marston is mistaken — for ‘Paphos’ does not appear ever to have been a name of the entire island of Cyprus — but he was sufficient authority for Chester’s purpose. Marston, be it noted, contributed to the ‘additional poems.’

countries between London and it, is given. Contrariwise — the ‘chief cities’ of *England* are successively described, and *just after leaving London* ‘Paphos Ile’ is reached. As being Ireland, all this is harmonized, but not otherwise. And as being Ireland, Essex, and Essex alone, and Essex in every detail — answers. It may be permitted me to ask the critical weighing of this by my fellow-students of Shakespeare.\* Note also Elizabeth’s girlhood and its perils by suspicion and malice (pp. 22, 24, 26); and later her mature age — “Ile drowne my felse in ripenessse of my Yeares” (p. 29), and again :

Nature. “ Raile not gainst *Fortunes* sacred Deitie,  
 In youth thy vertuous patience she hath tyred,  
 From this base earth shee’le lift thee vp on hie,  
 Where in Contents rich Chariot thou shalt ride,  
 And neuer with Impatience to abide:  
*Fortune* will glorie in thy great renowne,  
 And on thy feathered head will set a crowne” (p. 31).

*i.e.*, the ‘crown’ of marriage or ‘heauenly crown’ (cf. l. 3, and ll. 4–5.) Then let the reader ‘inwardly digest’ the description of the ‘Turtle Dove’ by the ‘Phoenix’ on arrival in Ireland (‘Paphos Isle’):

Phoenix. “ But what sad-mournefull drooping foule is this,  
 Within whose watry eyes fits Discontent,  
 Whose snaile-pac’d gate tels something is amisse:  
 From whom is banisht sporting Meriment:  
 Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,  
 The perfect picture of hart pining woes ?

Nature. This is the carefull bird the *Turtle Doue*,  
 Whose heauy croking note doth shew his grieffe,  
 And thus he wanders seeking of his loue,  
 Refusing all things that may yeeld reliefe:  
 All motions of good turnes, all Mirth and Ioy,  
 Are bad, fled, gone, and false into decay.

\* No doubt Chester is anything but skilful in expressing himself and *ceteris paribus*, I should have explained the absence of the ‘vision’ of intervening countries thereby. But *as it is* design not ‘skill-less’-ness is the explanation. At p. 17, st. 3, the Poet intermixes the mythical seat of the ‘Phoenix’ (Arabia) with that of *his* ‘Phoenix’; and so elsewhere. In st. 4, l. 6, ‘a second Phoenix loue’ doubtless points back to the mythical ‘Phoenix’ as = first.

- Phœnix. Is this the true example of the Heart ?  
 Is this the Tutor of faire *Constancy* ?  
 Is this Loues treafure, and Loues pining smart ?  
 Is this the substance of all honesty ?  
 And comes he thus attir'd, alas poore soule,  
 That Destinies foule wrath should thee controule.
- See Nourse, he stares and lookes me in the face,  
 And now he mournes, worfe then he did before,  
 He hath forgot his dull flow heauy pace,  
 But with swift gate he eyes vs more and more:  
 O shall I welcome him, and let me borrow  
 Some of his grieffe to mingle with my sorrow.
- Nature. Farwell faire bird, Ile leaue you both alone,  
 This is the *Doue* you long'd fo much to see,  
 And this will proue companion of your moue,  
 An Vmpire of all true humility:  
 Then note my *Phœnix*, what there may enfue,  
 And fo I kisse my bird. *Adue, Adue.*
- Phœnix. Mother farewell; and now within his eyes,  
 Sits sorrow clothed in a sea of teares,  
 And more and more the billowes do arise:  
 Pale Grieffe halfe pin'd vpon his brow appeares,  
 His feathers fade away, and make him looke,  
 As if his name were writ in Deaths pale booke." (pp. 131-2.)

Finally, the words in the 1601 title-page '*constant fate*' have no sense if not = constancy, *i.e.*, to be 'constant,' with martyrdom as the penalty for breaking the fate or decree.

The letters of Essex to Elizabeth are a commentary on the whole of this. One of the many remarkable, very remarkable letters of Essex to Elizabeth, preserved among the Hulton MSS., may be accepted as a type of the others. It is suggestive of a great deal.

"Madam.—The delights of the place cannot make me unmindful of one in whose sweet company I have joyed as much as the happiest man doth in his highest contentment; and if my horse could run as fast as my thoughts do fly, I would as often make mine eyes rich in beholding the treasure of my love, as my desires do triumph when I seem to myself in a strong imagination to conquer your resisting will. Noble and dear lady, though I be absent, let me in your favour be second unto none; and when I am at home, if I have no right to dwell chief in so excellent a place, yet will I usurp upon all the world. And so making myself as humble to do you service, as in my love I am ambitious, I

wish your Majesty all your happy desires. Croydon, this Tuesday, going to be mad and make my horse tame. Of all men the most devoted to your service.

[1593.]

R. Essex.\*

*Love's Martyr* throughout, as between the 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle Dove,' makes it a mutual contest, of subduing the 'Will,' one of the other. So is it in Elizabeth's letters to Essex, and her sayings of him earlier and later.

That the 'passion' and 'truth of love' were reciprocal; that Essex apart from ambition, felt that if he was worthy of Elizabeth, Elizabeth was worthy of him; I cannot for a moment doubt. There are words—glowing and *alive*—intensities of appeal, wistfulness of longing and odd capriciousnesses of jealousy that only reality can explain. Let the Reader turn to his Letters to Elizabeth and of Elizabeth to him; let him even look within the mad out-break of his rush over from Ireland and straight going into 'the presence,' and he will be satisfied that a personal experience lay behind all that, to which nothing short of 'truth of love' in the Past, gives congruity or meaning.† Let his Poems also speak for him. Curiously enough in his *Loyal Appeal in Courtesy*, we have the line

"O let no Phoenix look vpon a Crowe."

[*Anjou?*]

and these exclamations follow:—

"Woe to the world the fonne is in a cloude  
And darkfome mifts doth ouerrunne the day  
In hope, Concept is not content allow'd,  
Fauour must dye & Fancye weare away:  
Oh Heauens what Hell! The bands of Loue are broken  
Nor must a thought of such a thing be spoken.

\* *Lives*, as before, vol. i, p. 292.

† In the volume of 1658 (already quoted from) it is expressly stated that Cecil had laid a trap for Essex; caused him to get news of the Queen's illness and even death, and embargoed all other vessels, hoping that Essex would join with Tyrone and others, and cross to England at the head of his army. His sudden appearance with but few followers disconcerted Cecil's plot, who had troops ready to oppose him. There seems no reason to doubt the authenticity and good faith of the volume of 1658.



Mars muſt become a coward in his mynde  
While Vulcan ſtandes to prate of Venus toyces :  
Beautie muſt feeme to go againſt her kinde  
In croſſing Nature in her ſweeteſt ioyes.  
But ah no more, it is too much to thinke  
So pure a mouth ſhould puddle-watters drinke !

But ſince the world is at this woefull paſſe,  
Let Loue's ſubmiſſion Honour's wrath apeaſe :  
Let not an Horſe be matched with an Aſſe.  
Nor hateful tongue an happie hart diſeaſe :  
So ſhall the world commend a ſweet concept  
And humble Fayth on heauenly Honour waite."

I ſuppoſe *that* was for Anjou. Then "The Buzzeinge Bees' Complaint" will reward full thinking-out. It thus closes :

" Ffive years twice tould, w<sup>th</sup> promaſes perfum'd,  
My hope-ſtuffe heede was caſt into a ſlumber ;  
Sweete dreams of golde ; on dreames I then perfum'd  
And 'mongſt the bees thought I was in the number."

"The False, Forgotten" is a wail of a bruised heart, *e.g.*

" Loue is dead and thou free,  
She doth lyue but dead to thee.

When ſhe lou'd thee beſt a whylle,  
See how ſtyll ſhe did delay thee :  
Vying ſhewes for to beguylle  
Thoſe vayne hopes w<sup>ch</sup> haue betrayd y<sup>e</sup>.  
Now thou ſeeſt butt all too late  
Loue loues truth, w<sup>ch</sup> women hate."

His 'Cantvs' is explicit enough, *e.g.*

" I loued her whom all the world admirde,  
I was refus'de of her that can loue none :  
AND MY VAINE HOPES WHICH FAR TOO HIGH ASPIR'DE  
IS DEAD AND BURI'D AND FOR EUER GONE."\*

By the neceſſities of ſemi-revelation, ſemi-concealment, there are things in *Love's Martyr* that might be brought up

\* I have collected the Poems of Eſſex in my *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library*, vol. iv, pp. 430-450.

in objection to our interpretation ; but the lines, otherwise, are so deep and broad and sure that I cannot think it possible to erase them. Fact and fiction however are interblended, *e.g.*, the ending of the poem-proper by the Author's evident wish, furtively to pay homage to James, introduces a disturbing element into our interpretation ; but this and other accidents cannot be permitted to affect the substance of the *motif* of these poems. The word 'allegorical' covers all such accidents.\*

(e) WHAT IS THE RELATION BETWEEN THE 'NEW COMPOSITIONS' AND 'LOVE'S MARTYR'? In the original title-page is this explanation : " *To these are added some new compositions, of severall moderne Writers whose names are subscribed to their severall workes, upon the first subiect: viz. the Phœnix and Turtle.*" This makes it plain that these 'new compositions' of those 'moderne Writers' in 1601, were intended to celebrate precisely what *Love's Martyr* celebrated. So that granted, my premiss, *viz.*, that *Love's Martyr* had the *motif* and message for which I have argued, we have SHAKESPEARE, BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN, JOHN MARSTON and others (anonymous), siding (so-to-say) with Robert Chester in doing honour to Essex. I do not greatly concern myself with any in this matter save one — SHAKESPEARE. Now, one may be sure in one's own mind of his admiration, in common with the Nation, for Essex, though the proofs be comparatively slight in themselves. But with this 'new composition' super-added, the conviction deepens. Omitting the 'Phœnix and Turtle' for the moment, there are three things that favour the view that Shakespeare sympathized with Essex.

1. There is the great praise in the Chorus of *Henry V* :

\* Were it not that *Love's Martyr* was certainly published in 1601 and left unchanged (except by withdrawal of preliminary pages) one might have deemed p. 37, st. 2, a later insertion concerning James. As it is, it is impossible. The explanation is, that James was for long set down as Elizabeth's heir-presumptive.

“ But now behold,  
 In the quick Forge and working-houfe of Thought,  
 How London doth powre out her Citizens,  
 The Maior and all his Brethren in best fort,  
 Like to the Senatours of th' antique Rome,  
 With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,  
 Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæsar* in :  
 As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,  
 Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreffe,  
 As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,  
 Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword :  
 How many would the peacefull Citie quit,  
 To welcome him ?” (Act v, sc. 1 (Chorus).

This splendid tribute is so brought in by head and shoulders on very purpose to win hearts for Essex, that it is scarcely possible to doubt that Shakespeare was for him pronouncedly, maugre the evil-speaking and jealousies and enmities of the day in ‘high places.’ This is one of those asides that take new significance from the circumstances under which it was introduced. It may, or may not, have been an after-thought and insertion. In either case its significance and declarativeness of opinion and sympathy is untouched.

2. The acting of *Richard II*, before Essex made his final wild and ill-advised attempt. There was probably in the minds of those who thus acted a Play so full of warning to princes who pushed their right to edge of wrong, suggestive *bits* in the Play that might be meant to be caught up. But there is no proof that Shakespeare himself was concerned in the coincidental playing, or that he knew what such playing was meant to precede. Neither do I think that Shakespeare would have countenanced Essex in so unwise an act, albeit I never can think it was born of disloyalty to his ‘great Queen.’ I do not, therefore, receive the playing of *Richard II* as proof that Shakespeare was a partizan of Essex’s. Yet is the thing noteworthy.

3. The silence of Shakespeare on the death of Elizabeth. Amid the abounding elegies and eulogies contemporaneous

and later, you search in vain for anything by Shakespeare. Every one knows that he was reproached in print for his silence. I regard it as specially memorable. Inferentially I take it as *his* verdict for Essex. Perhaps equally worthy of note is his after-compliment to James; for *he* was the friend of Essex's friends. Southampton's close relations with Essex also furnished an element of alienation from Elizabeth to Shakespeare.

Any further evidence, even if it be slight, is important. And further evidence I find in the 'new composition' of the 'Phoenix and Turtle' contributed by Shakespeare to *Love's Martyr*. The fact of such a contribution by him is, in itself, noticeable. For while Ben Jonson and Chapman and others contemporary lavished their 'Commendatory Verses,' Shakespeare, with this solitary exception, wrote none as he sought none. This surely imparts special significance to the exception.

Internally, the 'Phoenix and Turtle' is on the same lines with *Love's Martyr*. To my mind there is pathos in the lament over the 'Tragique Scene.' Essex himself, as we have seen — and his Letters to Elizabeth that are still open to be read, have the same burden — had sung

" I am not liuing, though I feeme to go,  
Already buried in the graue of wo" (p. 133).

and earlier,

" Loue is dead,"

and in the *Threnos*, Shakespeare regards not the beheaded Essex only, but his 'Phoenix' too as dead :

" Truth may feeme, but cannot be,  
Beautie bragge, but tis not she,  
Truth and Beautie buried be.  
  
To this vrne let those repaire,  
That are either true or faire,  
For these dead Birds, sigh a prayer" (p. 184).

*En passant* 'Imogen' later is named 'the dead bird'  
(*Cymbeline*.)

All this, be it noted, fits in with the 'allegorical shadowing' of *Love's Martyr*; for therein BOTH die. Thus, after the 'Turtle Dove' has craved "pardon for presumption's foule offence" (p. 133), and avowed his life-weariness much as Essex's letters to Elizabeth did, he is strengthened to endure and prepared for his own and her martyrdom (*Love's Martyr*), e.g.:

Phoenix. "Come poore lamenting foule, come fit by me,  
We are all one, thy forrow shall be mine,  
Fall thou a teare, and thou shalt plainly see,  
Mine eyes shall answer teare for teare of thine:  
Sigh thou, Ile sigh, and if thou give a grone,  
I shall be dead in answering of thy mone" (p. 134).

After exactly such love-talk as we can imagine between Elizabeth and Essex, when after inevitable quarrelling there came as inevitable reconciliation (pp. 134-36), their twin-death—the death of "Truth and Beautie" (the 'dead Birds,' Phoenix and Turtle Dove, of Shakespeare) is set before us. We have, first, the relation:

Phoenix. "Then to yon next adioyning groue we'll flye,  
And gather sweete wood for to make our flame,  
And in a manner sacrificingly,  
Burne both our bodies to reuiue one name:  
And in all humbleness we will intreate  
The hot earth-parching Sunne to lend his heate" (p. 136).

Then the tragedy itself, which I ask the reader to ponder (pp. 138-9). Both are 'dead' in the pathetic and suggestive close:

Phoenix. "O holy, sacred, and pure perfect fire,  
More pure then that ore which faire Dido mones,  
More sacred in my louing kind desire,  
Then that which burnt old *Esons* aged bones,  
Accept into your euer hallowed flame,  
Two bodies, from the which may spring one name.

Turtle. O sweet perumed flame, made of those trees,  
Vnder the which the *Muses* nine haue song  
The praise of vertuous maids in misteries,  
To whom the faire-fac'd *Nymphes* did often throng;  
Accept my body as a Sacrifice  
Into your flame, o. whom one name may rise.



Phœnix. O wilfulnesse, see how with smiling cheare,  
 My poore deare hart hath flong himselfe to thrall,  
 Looke what a mirthfull countenance he doth beare,  
 Spreading his wings abroad, and ioyes withall:  
     Learne thou corrupted world, learne, heare, and see,  
     Friendships unspotted true sincerity.  
 I come sweet *Turtle*, and with my bright wings,  
 I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,  
 I hope of these another Creature springs,  
 That shall possesse both our authority:  
     I stay to long, ô take me to your glory,  
     And thus I end the *Turtle* Doues true story" (pp. 138-9).

I ask further, that the 'Comment' of the 'Pellican' (pp. 139-41) be critically studied. Finally, I recall the title-page of the 'new compositions' thus:— Hereafter follow diverse Poeticall Effaies on the former Subiect; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*." This explains how, in Shakespeare's 'Phœnix and Turtle' and 'Threnos,' both are dead ('dead Birds'), though Elizabeth was still living in her great anguish.

I ask special attention to this; for otherwise the close of his 'Phœnix and Turtle,' as not conformable to history, will perplex and be regarded as not pointing to Elizabeth and Essex. I must iterate and reiterate that (a) The 1601 title-page expressly states that the "new compositions" (and so Shakespeare's) were "upon the first subiect: viz., the Phœnix and Turtle," and again, were "diverse Poeticall Effaies on the former Subiect; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*." (b) The story is 'allegorically' told, as a 'shadowing' of the 'truth of love'—a very different thing from bare historic data. (c) The title 'Love's *Martyr*' meant infinitely more than 'death' itself. To conform therefore to *Love's Martyr* and to fall in with the 'allegory,' Shakespeare, like Chester, represents BOTH as dead ('dead Birds'). There might indeed be policy and wariness alike in Chester and Shakespeare in such representation.

Let the reader take with him the golden key that by the 'Phœnix' Shakespeare intended Elizabeth, and by the 'Dove' Essex, and the 'Phœnix and Turtle,' hitherto re-

garded as a mere enigmatical epicedial lay — as already seen — will be recognized as of rarest interest. I cannot say that I see my way through it all — st. 5 (p. 182) I do not quite understand; but it is a mere accident of the poem. But I do see that Shakespeare went with Robert Chester in grief for Essex, and in sad-heartedness that the 'truth of love' had not been accomplished. Herein I find, likewise — I would re-impress — why it was that Shakespeare, though well-nigh stung to do it in print, wrote nothing on the death of Elizabeth.\*

The other 'new compositions' are of unequal value. Our Notes and Illustrations invite attention to certain *points* in them. They all go to confirm our interpretation of the 'allegory' of the 'Phœnix' and the 'Turtle Dove.' As I read, all from p. 190 to the end belongs to Ben Jonson (spelled 'Iohnson' as he was himself wont in earlier years). I only add that Gifford, after his unhappy manner (with Cunningham following suit), has deplorably corrupted the text of these poems of Jonson — as I record in the Notes and Illustrations. Probably Jonson wrote also the 'Chorus Vatum.'

(f) WAS THE 1611 ISSUE ONLY A NUMBER OF COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL OF 1601, LESS THE PRELIMINARY MATTER AND A NEW TITLE-PAGE? I answer — yes. The identity of the two books — as thus put — is certain. Not only do all the signatures correspond, but the mis-pagings, 5 for 11, 41 for 14, 59 for 63, are the same. Then, the spur of the L in *Libanon*, p. 10, l. 5 (=p. 18), is off in both; a broken O, p. 71, l. 3 from foot, is the same in both; a turned 'e,' spaces, dislocated letters, &c., are all the same. It is also to be specially observed that the 1601 title-page of the "new compositions" is retained in the 1611 copies. All (in our reproduction) preceding the title-page of 1611, belongs to the copies of 1601 alone. The new title-page misspells 'Annals' as 'Anuals,' which suggests that Chester did not get

\* See Postscript G.

a proof—if indeed proofs were then given to Authors—albeit on the instant having occasion to turn to Bp. Ellicott's *New Testament Commentary for English Readers* (1878), I find in the first line of his lordship's Preface, this similar slip—"The present Commentary may in many respects" for, of course, 'many.' As elsewhere noticed, Chester omits his own name in the new title-page of 1611. In naming the book no longer *Love's Martyr*, seeing that Elizabeth and Essex were long dead, and a new sovereign—King James I—reigning, there was policy. There was policy too in describing the book as *Annals of great Brittain*; for in the Poems, Scotland is scarcely named, and 'great Brittain' might salve any offence to the royal stickler for his authority and dignity. Besides, in 1601 the Arthur portion is an episode in the poem of *Love's Martyr or Rosalins Complaint*; but in 1611 the episode becomes (in the title-page) the main poem, albeit even then Love's Martyr's story is a part of the 'Annals.'

(g) WHAT IS THE POETIC VALUE OF "LOVE'S MARTYR"? Speaking generally, I do not rate Robert Chester as a poet very high. The poem of *Love's Martyr* wants proportion in its parts. The opening has a certain brightness (pp. 1-6), and the brightness returns when the 'Annals' being ended the Poet resumes with this 'Note'—" & now, to where we left." The 'Annals' themselves are thinly done. With Arthur for main theme they look meagre and prosaic beside the old stories of the 'renowned Prince,' such as Mr. Furnivall has furnished us in his golden little book, and such as the 'Legends' of many Chronicles—verse and prose—furnish, and placed beside the purple splendour of our Laureate's celebration.\* Sooth to say, his 'singing' of

\* With reference to Chester's address "To the courteous Reader" my ever-obliging friend, Mr. Furnivall, has sent me a number of notes on the various Arthurian romances and MSS., and through M. Paulin Paris, further. I must content myself with a reference to the numerous Arthurian publications in

Flowers and Plants and Trees, Birds and Beasts and Fish, and precious Stones and Shells and Minerals grows wearisome; although there are *bits* of Folk-Lore and quaint myths and superstitions in wonderful fulness and variety. Whatever he felt inclined to write, or whatever came into his head, of which he could manufacture a few or even a couple of stanzas, is brought in by Chester. The book is, in fact, an *omnium gatherum*. It is just possible that this jungle of irrelevances was of design, that he might conceal in hidden brake (if I may so speak) the fair flowers and fragrances and tendernesses of the story he celebrates in *Love's Martyr*. I question if Elizabeth had chanced on the volume during the dim sad days that succeeded the death of Essex, that she would have persevered to read or to listen.

The poetry itself, is, as a rule, poor. There are almost innumerable instances of lines and phrases inserted, more to complete the rhythm and rhyme, than for reason's sake. For the same reason there are not a few forced, and I might almost say, unidiomatic constructions. Only "few and far between" have we aught of inspiration or of fine expression. All the more remarkable is it that Chester so dared to interpret the popular belief of what Essex was to Elizabeth.

But with every abatement I can promise a sympathetic reader that he will come, now and again, on "brave translunary things." Thus in the description of the Person of the 'Phœnix,' that is of Elizabeth, you have daintinesses that make you pause, *e.g.*:

Her Hair.

"When the leaft whiffling wind begins to fmg,  
And gently blowes her haire about her necke,

England and France. Suffice it that the most unlikely-looking, viz., the Greek, has been published by F. Michel in his *Tristram* (Pickering), albeit it refers, says M. Paulin Paris, not to Tristram, as he supposed, but to Guiron le Courtois; and there are other Greek Arthur celebrations. M. Paulin Paris, is amused with Chester's credulity, and writes — that it reminds him of a respected friend, the Marquis of —, who asked, "Can I doubt of the existence of Homer when I possess his bust and portrait?" See Hazlitt's *Warton*, *s.n.*

Like to a chime of bells it soft doth ring,  
 And with the pretty noise the wind doth checke,  
 Able to lull asleepe a penfue hart,  
 That of the round worlds forrowes beares a part" (p. 10).

## Eyes.

"Vnder this mirroure, are her princely eyes:  
 Two Carbuncles, two rich imperiall lights;  
 That ore the day and night do foueraignize,  
 And their dimme tapers to their rest she frights:  
 Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,  
 And when she riseth al their force is donne" (p. 11).

## Cheekes.

"Her morning-coloured cheekes, in which is plac'd,  
 A Lillie lying in a bed of Roses;  
 This part aboue all other I haue grac'd,  
 For in the blew veines you may reade sweet poesies:  
 When she doth blush, the Heauens do wax red,  
 When she lookes pale, that heauenly Front is dead" (*Ibid.*)

## Chin.

"Her chinne a litle litle pretie thing  
 In which the sweet carnatian Gelli-flower,  
 Is round encompast in a christall ring,  
 And of that pretie Orbe doth beare a power:  
 No storme of Enuie can this glorie touch,  
 Though many should assay it ouermuch" (*Ibid.*)

## Lips.

"Her lippes two rubie Gates from whence doth spring,  
 Sweet honied dew by an intangled kisse,  
 From forth these glories doth the Night-bird sing,  
 A Nightingale that no right notes will misse:  
 True learned Eloquence and Poetrie,  
 Do come betweene these dores of excellencie" (*Ibid.*)

## Hands.

"Her hands are fortunes palmes, where men may reade  
 His first houres destiny, or weale or woe,  
 When she this sky-like map abroad doth spreade,  
 Like pilgrimes many to this Saint do go,  
 And in her hand, white hand, they there do see  
 Loue lying in a bed of yuorie" (p. 13).

## Fingers.

"Her fingers long and small do grace her hand;  
 For when she toucheth the sweete founding Lute,



The wild vntamed beafts amaz'd do stand,  
And carroll-chanting birds are sudden mute:  
O fingers how you grace the filuer wires,  
And in humanitie burne *Venus* fires!" (*Ibid.*)

Feet.

" And if by night she walke, the Marigold,  
That doth inclose the glorie of her eye,  
At her approach her beauty doth vnfold,  
And spreads her felfe in all her royaltie,  
Such vertue hath this Phoenix glaffy shield,  
That Flowers and Herbs at her faire fight do yeeld" (p. 14.)

There is occasionally a pleasant 'smoothnesse' and harmony, as in the 'Phoenix' in her lament for her years so swiftly passing away without a mate, *e.g.*:

" What is my Beauty but a vading Flower?  
Wherein men reade their deep-conceiu'd Thrall,  
Alluring twentie Gallants in an hower,  
To be as feruile vassalls at my Call?  
My Sunne-bred lookes their Senfes do exhall:  
But (ô my grieffe) where my faire Eyes would loue,  
Foule bleare-eyed Enuie doth my thoughts reprooue.

What is my Vertue but a Tablitorie:  
Which if I did bestow would more increafe?  
What is my Wit but an inhumane glorie:  
That to my kind deare friends would proffer peace?  
But O vaine Bird, give ore in silence, ceafe;  
Malice perchaunce doth hearken to thy words,  
'That cuts thy thread of Loue with twentie fwords"  
(pp. 25-6).

Equally flowing, and informed with a subdued passion is 'Nature's' remonstrance :

" Is this the fumme and substance of thy woe?  
Is this the Anker-hold vnto thy bote?  
Is this thy Sea of Griefe doth ouerflow?  
Is this the Riuer fets thy ship aflote?  
Is this the Lesson thou hast learn'd by rote?  
And is this all? and is this plot of Ground  
The substance of the Theame doth thee confound?" (p. 30).

There are also now terse and now vivid things, *e.g.*:

## Luft.

" . . . Luft is fuch a hot inflamed thing  
It gouerneth mans fenfes, rules a King " (p. 45).

## Cities.

" Great peopled Cities, whose earth-gracing fhow,  
Time is aham'd to touch or ouerthrow " (p. 33).

## Polution.

" Hells damned fent with this may not compare " (p. 28),

## Majefty.

" Stand by faire Phoenix, fspread thy Wings of Gold,  
And daunf the face of Heauen with thine Eye " (p. 27).

## Cleanfing.

" . . . the white fnow fhe fhall excell in whiteneffe " (p. 22).

## White-luftre of neck.

" . . . More glorious then the day with all his light " (p. 12).

## Lady's hand.

" Then by the lawne-like Hand he tooke his louer " (p. 51).

## Troops.

" His barbed Horfes beat the yeelding ground,  
And with their neighing terrifide their foe,  
Proud of their riders, in whose harts are found  
A promife to the Romanes ouerthrow.  
The gliftering fhine of their well-fashion'd armour,  
Tels all men here doth ride a Conquerour " (p. 71-72).

## Slaughter.

" . . . all the greene graffe with their bloud they died " (p. 75).

## Arthur.

. . . . . " they found King Arthurs skull,  
Of fuch great largeneffe that betwixt his eyes,  
His foreheads fpace a fpanne broad was at full " (p. 82).

## Diamond.

" The *Diamond* the worlds reflecting eye,  
The *Diamond* the heauens bright fhining ftarre,  
The *Diamond* the earths moft pureft glorie:  
And with the *Diamond* no ftone can compare;  
She teacheth men to fpeake, and men to loue,  
If all her rareft vertues you will proue " (p. 111).

The " fire burns " and flames o' times, *e.g.*:

True and false loue.

**Turtle.** " False loue puts on a Maske to shade her folly,  
True loue goes naked wishing to be seene,  
False loue will counterfeite perpetually,  
True love is Troths sweete emperizing Queene:  
This is the difference, true Loue is a iewell,  
False loue, hearts tyrant, inhumane, and cruell.

. . . . .

**Phoenix.** Thou shalt not be no more the *Turtle-Doue*,  
Thou shalt no more go weeping al alone,  
For thou shalt be my selfe, my perfect Loue,  
Thy grieffe is mine, thy forrow is my mone,  
Come kisse me sweetest sweete, O I do bleffe  
This gracious luckie Sun-faine happineffe" (p. 135).

The "Cantoës, alphabet-wise, to faire Phœnix made by the Paphian Dove" (pp. 142-48), and "Cantoës, verbally written" (pp. 149-75), fold within them real love-passion, though arbitrarily fettered in its expression. The more I study these the more I am impressed with Chester's evident knowledge of the secret history of Essex and Elizabeth. There are touches and allusions throughout that I can explain alone by interchange of conversation between the Poet and Essex, if, indeed, Elizabeth herself is to be excluded. The songs of "Nature" (pp. 86-7) and of "The Phoenix" (pp. 87-8) have the indefinable graciousness of Elizabethan poetry.

Besides all this, there are a number of current poetic phrases of the day, such as we would look for in such a poet. And while some of them — as pointed out in Notes and Illustrations — are used by Shakespeare, there is in my judgment some probability for thinking that these are not casual coincidences. He clearly alludes, in the lines "To the kind Reader" (p. 6), to the Rape of Lucrece; and doubtless he had also his *Venus and Adonis*, and not improbably saw and heard some of the plays. Not only would these things be natural in a young man of his birth, but I think I can detect in some of his lines a reflex or remembrance of the rhythm of Shakespeare's lines. There

is, also, the unforgettable fact that Shakespeare, with special exceptionalness, gave his 'new compositions' to the book; also, that all the known contributors were Dramatists, and connected with the theatre.\*

Altogether, few I hope will differ from me in affirming that it had been pity to have left *Love's Martyr* in the hazards of a couple of known exemplars (at most);—literary and historical loss longer to have allowed such a book to be inaccessible to Shakespearian students. I indulge the expectation that my interpretations of the 'truth of love' in the story of the 'Phœnix' and 'Turtle Dove' will take their place as a substantive addition to our critical literature, and give new interest and its true meaning to Shakespeare's incomparable 'Phœnix and Turtle.'

(*h*) WHO WAS 'TORQUATO CÆLIANO'? By accident or design Chester has here combined the Christian name of TASSO, and the surname of one of the minor poets of Italy of the same period. The following little book was probably known to Chester:

RIME  
DI DIVERSI  
CELEBRI POETI  
*Dell' età nostra:*  
novamente raccolte.  
ē poste in luce  
in bergamo, M. DLXXXVII.  
*Per Comino Ventura, e Compagni.*

Pp. 95-148 consists of selections from the *Rime* of Livio Celiano; and then pp. 149-81 of similar selections from Torquato Tasso—the latter immediately following Celiano's. Whether this circumstance led our Poet to misremember the name of the "venerable Italian Poet"

\* The conjunction of Ben Jonson and Marston in the book in 1601 is of special interest; for it was in the same year Jonson produced his *Poetaster*, attacking Dekker and Marston. See Ward's *Eng. Drama, s.n.* Later (1604-5), Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, were together in prison for *Eastward Ho*.

under whose mask—as a professed translator—he had elected to sing *Love's Martyr*, we can only guess. Certes the selections from Celiano, in the small volume of Geo. Battista Licinio, contain nothing whatever to justify Chester's description of *Love's Martyr* as a translation; as, indeed, the entire scope and substance of his poems forbid.

It is further to be remembered that, while in the 1601 title-page the Poems are designated translations, in the second title-page of 1611 this is withdrawn, and its native origin and growth affirmed, e.g., "*The Annals [= Annals] of Great Brittain. Or A Most Excellent Monument, wherein may be seene all the antiquities of this Kingdome.*" Our late-given interpretation of the main subject of *Love's Martyr* and related Poems, reveals that the author's own consciousness of their 'burden' would make him very willing to be mistaken for a translator, rather than to be known as the actual composer of such 'perilous stuff.' Notwithstanding willing helpers at home and in Turin, Florence and Rome, I have not succeeded in obtaining, or so much as hearing of, an *exemplar* of any edition of the Poems of Livio Celiano.\* Quadrio mentions also this: "*Celiano (Livio) Rime. Pavia, 1592.*" I have no expectation that, were this other volume before me, any ground-work for *Love's Martyr* would be found in it. For Chester's poems are English throughout, with no touch of Italian grace or melody or such allusions as were inevitable in any actual translation of an Italian poet. In the British Museum copy of the selections of 1587, some former possessor informs us that Celiano was a native of Genoa. I cherish the pleasures of hope that some specialist may hereafter enable me to recover the *Rime* of 1592, and perchance other works of Livio Celiano. In such case I shall not fail to communicate the result. Meantime Dr. Todhunter of Dublin—author

\* I owe special thanks to my friends E. W. Gosse, Esq.; W. M. Rossetti, Esq.; Dr. Steele, Rome; and Messrs. Dulau and Co., London. Mr. Gosse guided me to the Selections in the British Museum.



of *Laurella and other Poems*, having the genuine mint-mark — has most kindly favoured me with verse-renderings of some of Celiano's love-lays, as typical. The translations are as close to the original as for our object was deemed needful. I have now to give them, as follows :

*The Lovers Parallel.*

This lovely new-born plant,  
Whose grace doth so enchant,  
Mimics that maiden fair  
Whose virgin beauty is my life's despair.

It in earth's heavy crust  
Its delicate roots has thrust;  
Her's round its cisterns deep  
Of my life-drained heart do cling and creep.

It a sweet river laves,  
Her my full eyes' sad waves;  
It joys in sun and air,  
She in the warm sighs of my love's despair.

It hath its leaflets green  
Her tresses fair, my Queen;  
It hath its glowing flowers,  
She her sweet face, like roses after showers.

But it with fruit is graced  
Most pleasant to the taste;  
Bitter is hers, heigho !  
Gall of my life, since I desire it so !

*The Envious Lover.*

O many-coloured flowers !  
Joy of the meadows; and ye verdurous leaves !  
Ye whole beloved brood  
Of Earth's great motherhood,  
How do I envy your thrice-happy state !  
When you the hot noontide grieves  
The blessed dawn bedews your fainting bud;  
And ah ! how happier far  
Than me ye are,  
When the beloved feet  
Ye bend to kiss, of my Urania sweet;  
And how in your frail form I long to be  
When in her lap she takes you tenderly !

*Introduction.*

lxxi

*The Lover's Complaint.*

1.

Who would behold a park  
Of trees, thick-planted, dark ;  
Let him come see my daily-piercé heart,  
Thick full of arrows, full of cruel smart ;  
Thus Love hath shewn his art !

2.

Who would behold a sea  
Of tears wept hopelessly ;  
Let him come see the wells of bitter brine  
Which night and day I weep from out my eyne :  
Thus Love's poor captives pine !

3.

Who would behold a pyre  
Of hell's eternal fire ;  
Let him come see my bosom, full of flame,  
Tormented with love's craving and love's shame :  
Thus Love doth write his name !

4.

And she desires to know  
The cause of all this woe —  
Why Love hath made of me park, sea, and hell,  
Let him know this my tigress, loved too well,  
So fair, but ah ! so fell !

*The Lover's Plea.*

1.

If I might pleasure thee  
By crying: "Woe is me !"  
"Woe's me ! woe's me !" a thousand times I'd scream,  
So I might compass all my blissful dream !

2.

Or if by sighing deep  
Thy favour I could keep,  
If that would win thy pity for my plight,  
Sweet heavens ! I'd sigh all day and sigh all night !

3.

Or if when I should cry  
"Oh help me, sweet, I die !"  
Thy comfortable presence I might have,  
How oft I'd pray thee lift me from the grave !"

4

Alas ! I still may sigh,  
 "Woe's me !" for ever cry,  
 And crave thy help in my despairful state;  
 All will not serve to change my cruel fate !

It only remains to state that, throughout, my anxious aim has been to reproduce the book in absolute fidelity to the original. Below, I record certain errors of the original and other minor points.\* I would, in conclusion, express my very cordial sense of obligation to the various friends who have aided me in my labour. I have to add to the names that appear in their places, that of the Rev. W. E. BUCKLEY, M.A., of Middleton Cheney, for excellent aid in tracing Chester's classical and other quotations; but I wish emphatically to reiterate my gratitude to Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON for his sustained and minute carefulness of reading after and with me, and giving me the benefit of his ripe acquaintance with Elizabethan-Jacobean literature. I send forth the book, especially my Introduction and Notes and Illustrations, with less hesitancy, that he has read the whole, and approved, if not in every detail, yet substantially. I have to thank my friend Professor DOWDEN for several suggestions that have been utilized.

And so I invite thee, 'gentle Reader,' to the thoughtful perusal of this ancient book, in the light and shadow of my interpretation of its 'shadowing the truth of love,'—viz., as telling the story of Elizabeth and Essex, with Shakespeare's version as well. I regard it as no common honour to address so 'fit audience.' I confidently count on every genuine fellow-student of Shakespeare receiving generously my endeavour and *weighing* text and notes together. HENRY ELLISON—subtle and vivid Singer of our generation, and destined to be more amply recognized a century hence—may close these introductory words :

"Oh turn unto the days of yore,  
 When Faith her martyr-souls could name;  
 And Liberty's untainted lore,  
 From heart to heart, passed as a flame.

\* See Postscript H.

Oh turn unto the days when Faith  
    Could build cathedral piles thro' love;  
And hosts therein, as with one breath,  
    Their true heart-offering sent above !  
Oh turn unto the days of old,  
    When unprovèd all, and free,  
Old songs were sung, old tales were told,  
    And Hall and Bower rang to their glee.  
Turn ye unto the times I say,  
    When noble thoughts were welcome more  
To English ears, than at this day  
    Vile clinking gold, by knaves told o'er !  
Oh turn ye to the household laws,  
    The fireside laws of Peace and Love;  
Where Wisdom feeds her little ones,  
    And fashions them for Him above !  
Oh turn unto our Shakespeare's page,  
    And read of Harry's chivalry;  
Of gallant deeds, which are a gage  
    For like unto Posterity.  
Oh then shall Freedom on Time's lyre  
    Strike with a willing hand the strain  
Of olden days; and Hampden's fire,  
    And Milton's tongue, be heard again !  
Then Faith shall have her martyr-names,  
    Tho' not fire-tested be their worth,  
And patient Charity, who tames  
    Old hatreds, give to Love new birth !  
Then Freedom's bright electric chain  
    Shall stretch o'er hamlet, town, and tower;  
And good old songs be heard again  
    In knightly hall, in cot, and bower !  
Then too my Fatherland, thy fame  
    With rainbow-breadth once more shall rise;  
Scattering the storms thro' which it came,  
    Like dawn unto long watcher's eyes !  
And thus, when thou must sink again  
    Within thine own eternal Sea;  
The guardian-angels still their strain  
    Shall sing, and hail thee, 'bless'd and free.'\*

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

*St. George's Vestry, Blackburn, Lancashire.*

*August, 1878.*

\* *Madmoments*, vol. i, pp. 99-100, 'On hearing an eld-time song.'

## POSTSCRIPT.

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### A. Page viii.

Epistle-dedicatory of *The Christian Exercise of Fasting, Private and Publike &c.* 1596.

“To the right worshipfull and his very Christian good friend, master Robert Chester, Esquier &c. mercie and peace in Iesvs Christ.

“I must look for many aduersaries, for the greatest part hath euer declined from pietie to superstition and prophanenes. Therefore, (right worshipfull) I come vnto you for protection of Gods trueth : being the more bolde to aske this fauor, because I am so well assured of your loue thereunto, and full resolution to defend the same with al your might during life. Againe, I haue nowe for many yeares knowen your Christian loue towards me for the truths sake. I desire to testifie my hearts affection towards you in the best manner that I can. The most blessed spirit of Iesus Christ guide and gouerne your spirit, keepe and comfort you and all yours. Februarie 12. 1596.

“Yours assuredly euer to vse in Iesus Christ during life. Henry Holland.”

Judging from this Epistle one must conclude that Chester was of the Puritan side as against the Papal. Essex was avowedly with the Puritans.

### B. Page ix.

*Abstract of Sir Robert Chester's Will, made by Dr. Joseph Lemuel Chester, London.*

“I, Robert Chester, of Royston, in the county of Herts, Knight”—dated 3 May 1638—to be buried at Royston, next the body of my sister Mrs. Mary Thornburgh—to my wife all my plate, jewels, household stuff, goods, chattels, &c., in my mansion house called Cockenhatch and in and upon my lands in Barkway and elsewhere in co. Herts.—my said wife to provide for the weekly distribution forever of 16<sup>d</sup> worth of bread to the poor of Barkway and 8<sup>d</sup> worth to the poor of the hamlet of Northampsted in Barkway aforesaid—to my son Robert Chester, Doctor of Divinity £100., with which to educate my godson Robert Chester son of Henry Chester till he reach the age of fifteen, and then £100. more to bind him apprentice or make him a scholar—to my said godson Robert Chester £300. when 24 years of age—to my said son Henry a Mourning cloak, and to his wife £10. for mourning—to my son Granado Chester, Doctor



of Divinity £100.— to my son Robert Chester D.D. and his wife each £10 for mourning, and to his son Robert my godson £100.— to my brother in law Mr. John Stone a mourning gown — to my son Edward Chester a gown, my horse, and my seal ring with arms — to my brother in law Mr. Edward Capon a cloak — to my son in law Sir Thomas Nightingale Baronet, a cloak — to my son in law Edward Ratcliffe Esquire, a cloak, and to my daughter his wife £20. for mourning and a ring — to my daughter Theodosea Nightingale widow £20. for mourning and a ring — to my son in law Samuel Hinton, D<sup>r</sup> of the Civil Law a gown. And to my daughter his wife £20 for mourning and a ring, and to their daughter Anne Hinton £20. when 18 years of age — to my son in law John Piggott Esq. and my daughter his wife, mourning — to each of my grandchildren a ring of the value of 20 shillings, with this posy, "Christus unica salus" — to my kinsman Thomas Smith, Gent. a cloak — to the poor of Royston £5.— to the poor of Barkway and Northampsted £5.— to my cousin Magdalen Deane *a'ias* Addams 40 shillings a year for life, and to her daughter Anne, my cousin, wife of [blank] Tymberell, 20 shillings — to my nephew Henry Thornburgh £20. and mourning, and to each of his children £5.— to Mr. More, vicar of Royston, 20 shillings and a gown — to my godson Chester Greene 20 shillings — to Dr. Smith, vicar of Barkway, 20 shillings — all residue of personalty to my son Edward Chester, Esquire, whom I appoint my sole executor.

Codicil, dated 16 March 1639/40 — to my said sons Granado Chester, D.D., and Robert Chester, D.D., £300. which they shall dispose for the benefit of my son Henry — to my said son Henry an annuity of £20 for life — All my messuages, lands, tenements, &c. to my said son Edward for life, with remainder to his son John Chester and his heirs male, remainder to the other sons of my said son Edward and their heirs male in succession, remainder to my said son Granado, &c., remainder to my said son Robert, &c., remainder to my said son Henry, &c.

Codicil, dated 7 April 1640 — to Granado, second son of my said son Robert Chester, £50.— to Anne Hinton daughter of my said son Samuel Hinton £30. more when 18 years of age, or, if she die before, then same to her 2 younger sisters when 18."

[The Will was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, 3 February, 1640-1, by Edward Chester, son and executor.

Recorded in Book "Evelyn," at folio 25.]

C. Page xxiii.

NICHOLS' PROGRESSES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Were it not that the title-page of Chester's *Love's Martyr* (1601) designates it "the first *Effay* of a new *Brytish* Poet," I should have felt disposed to assign a somewhat vivid piece

in Nichols' Progresses, to Chester. It is entitled "The Principal Adresse in Nature of a New Year's Gifte; seeminge thereby the Author intended not to haue his Name knowne." It is taken from Cotton MSS., Vespasian, E 8. It is possible that, notwithstanding the words "the first Effay," this anonymous production really was Chester's, but not re-claimed by him later. Be this as it may, there are memorable and illustrative things in it. Thus, in relation to the prominent part 'Nature' fills in *Love's Martyr*, it is noteworthy that, similarly here, 'Nature' gives the "principal Adresse." Equally noteworthy, too, is it, that one of Chester's titles, *Love's Martyr*, occurs in this set of courtly poems, *e.g.*:

" Horace, honour'd August, the high't of names,  
And yet his harte from Mecene never swervde;  
Ovid helde trayne in Venus courte, and fervde,  
Cheife Secretarye to all those noble dames,  
*Martyres of love*, who fo broylde in his flames,  
As bothe their trauth and penance well deseru'de  
All in fine gold to have theyr image kervde."

More noteworthy still is the precise lamentation of Chester over Elizabeth's un-married state as in our closing quotation. Again, she is sung of as 'the Mayden Queen' with many lovers:

" . . . . two Capetts, three Cezares affayde  
And had repulse of the great Britton Mayde"

And:

" For we suppose thou haft forwore  
To matche with man for evermore"

And:

" In woman's brest . . . . .  
Hath harbourd safe the lyon's harte"

And the gazer on her 'bewtye' has a

" . . . . . ieble eye  
That cannot view her stedfastlye"

Broadly looked into, this "Principal Adresse in Nature," throughout, is quite in the same vein with *Love's Martyr*

in its laudation of Elizabeth. A few quotations will doubtless be acceptable. This is the opening :

“ Gracious Princeffe, where Princes are in place  
 To geve you gold, and plate, and perles of price,  
 It seemeth this day, fave your royall advice,  
 Paper presentes shoulde have but little grace;  
 But fith the tyme fo aptly ferves the cafe,  
 And as some thinke, you’re Highnes takes delighte  
 Oft to perufe the ftyles of other men,  
 And eft youre felf, with Ladye Sapphoe’s pen,  
 In sweet meafures of poefye t’endite,  
 The rare affectes of your hevenly fprighte;  
 Well hopes my mufe to skape all manner blame,  
 Uttering your honours to hyde her owner’s name.”

Avowedly the author regards Elizabeth as a pre-eminent theme, *e.g.*, “ The Author choosinge by his Verfe to honour the Queens Majestie of England, Ladye Elizabeth, boldly preferreth his Choife and the Excellencye of the Subject before all others of any Poet auncient or moderne.” And again : “ That her Majestie surmounteth all the Princesses of our tyme in Wifedome, Bewtye, & Magnanimitie : & ys a Thinge verye admirable in nature.” In accord with this are the several ‘addresses’ placed under the nine Muses. I must content myself with one further quotation : “ That her Majestie (two things except) hath all the Parts that justly make to be sayd a most happy Creature in this World.”

Parthe III. Erato.

“ Youthfull bewtye, in body well difpofed,  
 Lovelye favoure, that age cannot deface;  
 A noble harte where nature hath inclofed  
 The fruitful feedes of all vertue and grace,  
 Regall estate coucht in the treble crowne,  
 Ancestrall all, by linage and by right,  
 Stone of treasures, honor, and just renowne,  
 In quiet raigne, a fure redouted might:  
 Fast frindes, foes few or faint, or overthrowen,  
 The stranger toonges, and the hartes of her owne,  
 Breife bothe Nature and Nourriture have doone,  
 With Fortune’s helpe, what in their cunning is —

To yelde the erthe, a Princelye Paragon.  
 But had shee, oh! the two joys she doth misse,  
 A Cæsar to her husband, a Kinge to her soone, [son]  
 What lacks her Highnes then to all erthly bliffe?

I add, that "Parthe VII, Euterpe," is a summary description of Elizabeth's person, of which that in *Love's Martyr* is simply an expansion.

D. Page xxxiv.

OTHER 'PHŒNIX' AND KINDRED REFERENCES.

In "Sorrowes Joy"—a somewhat interesting set of poems among the many that 'speeded' the departing Queen and welcomed the coming King, which Nichols also has reprinted—there are exactly such descriptions of Elizabeth as are found in *Love's Martyr*, with the 'Phoenix' perpetually recurring, *e.g.*

"Nature, Art, Fortune vexed out of measure,  
 All firmly vowd to frame her equall neuer."

.....  
 "Wild Savedges ador'd her living name . . . . .  
 The Earth's bright glorie and the Worlds cleare light."

.....  
 "Such one Eliza was whilst shee did live:  
 One Phoenix dead, another doth suruiue."

.....  
 "Thus is a Phoenix of her ashes bred

.....  
 "Since that to death is gone that sacred Deitie  
 That Phoenix rare."

.....  
 "A sweeter Muse neare breathed on these lands."

.....  
 "Loue strowed cinnamon on Phoenix nest."

.....  
 "Or when as Phoenix dies: Phoenix is dead,  
 And so a Phoenix followes in her stead;  
 Phoenix for Phoenix."

See our Introduction (p. xlvi) for one very remarkable parallel with Chester's title of *Love's Martyr*. With relation to the superlative flatteries of Elizabeth by Chester and contemporaries, Hume has observed—"Even when

Elizabeth was an old woman, she allowed her courtiers to flatter her, with regard to her excellent beauties." Cf. Birch, vol. ii, pp. 442-43. When Elizabeth was nearly 70, Coke, at the trial of Essex in 1601, said gravely, that he and his partisans "went rather into the city than to the Court, in regard the lustre of the divine Majesty glistened so brightly in the Royal Majesty, and did so dazzle their eyes, that they durst approach no nearer." (Camden, Trans. 614, Orig. 11, 230, and cf. my *Dr. Farmer Chetham MS.*, in Narrative of the Trial of Essex and Southampton.)

E. Page xlvi.

MELVILL'S ACCOUNT OF ELIZABETH.

Whitaker, in his "Additions and Corrections made in the second edition of *Mary, Queen of Scots, Vindicated*" (1789), has worked in under a passionate *animus*, many extracts from contemporary letters, &c. Bating the twist, he gives them all, they are of the rarest interest, and go to confirm and illustrate almost every detail in *Love's Martyr*. I refer the student-reader to the book. I content myself here with an incident at Court that vivifies Chester's praise of Elizabeth's musical gifts (p. 13, st. 2).

"She [Elizabeth] asked, if she [Mary] played well? I said, Reasonably for a Queen. That same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdean [Hundson] drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some musick (but he said he durst not avow it) where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber; and seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, as soon as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprized to see me, and came forward seeming to strike me with her hand; alledging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary to shun melancholy. She asked, how I came there? I answered, as I was walking with my lord of Hunsdean, as we past by the chamber-door, I heard such melody as ravished me; whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how: excusing my fault of homeliness [familiarity] as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed, the French easiness of manners being then as eminent, as it has since been . . . . She then called for my lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the Queen was alone. She inquired, whether my Queen or she played best? In that, I found myself obliged to give her the praise." (pp. 145-6.)



## F. Page xlix.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN ENGLAND TO A  
SCOTTISH NOBLEMAN, AT THE CLOSE OF  
ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

I am indebted to my friend J. M. Thomson, Esq., Edinburgh, for an exact copy of this very noticeable Letter. As it has never been printed *in extenso* I deem it expedient to give it without mutilation. The *italicized* lines are surely very remarkable in their revelation of Elizabeth's too-late discovery of the wrong against her truest and noblest self in sacrificing Essex. The Letter is valuable, also, as reflecting the troubled state of the nation at the time. The original unsigned *MS.*—for it was perilous to sign such a letter—is in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, and it runs thus :

“Albeit that I haue not aunswered your Lordships letter ; neuertheless I hoope, that my silence shal receiue that favorable constructio[n] which my innocency may challenge of right. For I was resolved to commit no letter to the hands of Fortune, seing that the expectation of a litl tyme, might secure the passage of those papers, which I decreed to consecrate only to your self. And if the debt I owe you, might be payed by woordes, I would frank[ly] spende al my tyme in acknowledgement of your fauours ; which beare fruite of such sorte, that so soone as I haue receaued them, they begin to bud forth, & to produce new blossomes.

“Neuertheless my hoope is, that al the world shal knowe, that pow[er] in requiting, hath rather fayled mee then will. Therfor pardon mee I beseech you, if wanting meanes to discharge the debt I owe I am constrained to runn on the old skoare, & to spende stil out of your L<sup>dps</sup> stocke.

“I haue at length sent his Ma<sup>ty</sup> an abstract of such Gentlem[ens] names, as are in greatest accompt in Englande. The greatest part wherof are knowne vnto my self : the rest I haue had intelligence of, by many wary questions, & sundry relations, of those, that weer well assured of that which they informed. And concerning the Apologetical preface, I haue deliuered my opinion, wherin I jumpe just with your L<sup>dps</sup> censure therof : hooping that h[is] highnes will take your woord in my behalfe, that my difference jn the forme of an Apology, springeth not from any spirit of contra[di]ction, but from the obedience I owe, to aunswer, truly, vnto euery demaunde his Majesty shal propounde vnto mee. Also I haue sent a discoursie aunswer vnto certeyne questions : wherin I sup-poo[se] that though p'haps I may seeme to shoote at reuers, I haue not shott very wide from the marke. *Our Queene is trubled w[ith] a Rheume in her arme, which vexeth her very much : besides the grieefe shee hath conceiued for my Ld of*

*Essex his death, shee sleepeth not somuch by day as shee used, nether taketh rest by night: her delight is to sit in the darke, & sometimes with shedding of tears to bewaile Essex.* This is the reason, that wee haue so many horses about London: the particularitie wherof I refer to Mr. Foules. In any case let mee intreate you to sollicite his Ma<sup>ty</sup>, to send often, & though the journey bee longe, & peynefull, I doubt not, but that Mr. Foules, will gladly vndertake the charge, wherin so good seruice may bee performed. For it is expedient that the messenger bee skilful in our present estate, trusted by us, & knowne to bee confidente with the kinge. Concerning my self, or the seruice which I may performe, ether in this place, or any whatso euer, I protest that I remayne firme, & ready to bee employed, whensoever his Majesty, shal grace mee with his commaundement. For I breathe no other contentment, then that, which may turne to the aduancement of so gracious a Prince, & the ease of this distressed Cuntry. In what state wee stande at this present, may better bee related by Mr. Foules, Quæque ipse miserrima vidit, then by a short narration of perpetual woes.

“Therfor I will aduertise your L<sup>p</sup>, of your owne affaire: wherin I haue traueyled to the vttermoast of my power, & gotten a particular information of al Caris proceedings touching Whorlton. The common voice of the Tennants is, that hee payed only a 1000 marks to the Queene: but hauing conferred with himself, I founde him much discontented as hee pretended, for the great price hee had payed Videlicet: 1800<sup>l</sup>: But I beleue him not therein. Neither doth 3; or I thinke it fitt that any thirde person should compoude with him for it. For it is certeyne that seing it is already leased, it wil not bee bought but at an vnreasonable rate: & the tyme wil come when hee wilbee glad to take half the money hee hath disbursed for his interest therein. The Queene hath sold a greate part of the Duchy of Cornwell & Lancaster, which landes must ether bee recalled, as wee haue a president therof in Henry the fourths tyme, or bought agayne to vnite them to the Crowne. I haue sent your L<sup>p</sup> a draught of the suruay of Whorlton, which I gott cunningly out of the Checker. Likewise you shal receiue a copy of a Letters Pattents, taken out of the . . . . which is counted to conteyne the moast general woordes, that may bee used in a good & perfect assurance. And albeit t[hat] the name of a Rectory agree not with your Manors, it importeth not, seing that mutatis mutandis, forasmuch [as] concerneth the names, the whole process of the graunte is to [be] obserued. I feare that you can hardly reade itt, for it is written in badd Lattin, & abbreviations, which is the man[ner] of the clarks that copy any recorde out of the Chauncery. The graunte you sent mee with the clause of renewinge the Letters patents in Die Illo. is held to bee better then any other assurance that can nowe bee made by the kinge. I will deteyne your L<sup>p</sup> no longer: beseeching you to build upon that good foundation of my affection, which your merite hath firmly layd. For my desir is to streyne my vttermoast ability, to bee alwais the foremost in

Your L<sup>ps</sup> Service.”

## G. Page lxi.

## SHAKESPEARE CENSURED.

I refer to Henry Chettle's *England's Mourning Garment*, &c. (1603). In this somewhat remarkable celebration of Elizabeth, Shakespeare, as author of the *Rape of Lucrece*, is thus appealed to :

“ Nor doth the siluer tonged Melicert  
Drop from his honied muse one fable teare  
To mourne her death that graced his defert,  
And to his laies opene her Royall eare.  
Shepheard remember our Elizabeth,  
And sing her Rape, done by that Tarquin, Death.”

Is it accidental that CHAPMAN and MARSTON — other two of the authors of the “new compositions,” be it noted — are similarly censured and urged? Could these lines in Chettle be possibly meant to *hit* at Chester and the “new compositions”?

— — — “worft of worft,  
Bayards and beafts accurft, with grofeft flattery nurft:  
Haue fung her facred name, and praif'd her to their shame,  
Who was our last and first.”

## H. Page lxxii.

## ERRATA OF THE ORIGINAL.

- Page 12, st. 3, l. 2, comma after ‘springs’ instead of period  
(.) — corrected.
- ” 13, st. 3, l. 2, comma after ‘flower’ instead of period  
(.) — corrected.
- ibid.*, st. 4, l. 1, ‘yee’ for ‘yea’ — corrected.
- ” 14, st. 1, l. 4, ‘Venus’ printed ‘Venvs’ — corrected.
- ” 22, numbered 41 instead of 14 — corrected.
- ” 23, *To those of light beleeve* — st. 1, l. 5, no comma after  
‘conceit’ — corrected.
- ibid.*, st. 2, l. 5, comma after ‘find’ — corrected.
- ” 77, st. 2, l. 6, no stop after ‘spight’ — corrected.
- ” 83, *Iohannis Leylandij*, &c., l. 12, the comma after  
‘petit.’

- Page 89, Heading — 'Dialgue' for 'Dialogue' — corrected.  
 „ 92, st. 1, l. 3, no comma after 'enchantment' — corrected.  
 „ 104, st. 3, l. 2, 'gods' for 'godd[es]s.'  
 „ 111, numbered '101' — corrected to '103.'  
 „ 113, st. 1, l. 3, 'cle' for 'clere,' and l. 6, 'the m' for 'the m[inde].'  
 „ 128, st. 1, l. 1, 'Memnodides' should have been 'Memnonides' certainly.  
 „ 131, st. 2, l. 3, 'fometing' for 'fomething' — corrected  
 „ 137, st. 4, l. 4, 'secrecly' for 'secretly.'  
 „ 142, 143, are mis-numbered '118' and '119' for '134' and '135' — corrected.  
 „ 153 to 175, numbered 141 to 163 for 145 to 167 — corrected.  
 „ 167, margin — l. 14, 'feele' for 'feele,' and l. 20, 'poreft' for 'pureft' — corrected.  
 „ 179-195, are mis-numbered 167 to 183 for 171 to 187 — corrected.

See also various suggestions and criticisms in the Notes and Illustrations. A comma at the end of a line was a favorite contemporary punctuation.

ERRATA OF OUR REPRINT.

- Page 11, st. 3, l. 1, put comma after 'thing.'  
 „ 29, st. 1, l. 4, spell 'keepe' for 'keep.'  
 „ 31, st. 2, l. 4, spell 'harmelesse' for 'harmlesse.'  
 „ 34, st. 1, l. 1, put comma after '*Elfreda*.'  
 „ 37, st. 4, l. 7, spell 'deedes' for 'deeds.'  
 „ 38, st. 4, l. 2, spell 'tooke' for 'took.'  
 „ 43, l. 7, spell 'owne' for 'own.'  
 „ 44, heading, l. 2, put comma after 'Coronation.'  
 „ 47, l. 3, spell 'litle' for 'little,' and st. 1, l. 2, 'wel' for 'well.'  
 „ 77, st. 2, l. 1, spell 'battell' for 'battel.'  
 „ 78, st. 1, l. 1, spell 'prepar'd' for 'prepared.'

- Page 84, l. 8, read 'off spring' for 'offspring,' and l. 11, spell 'fweete' for 'sweet.'
- „ 85, Hee endeth, &c., l. 2, put comma after 'seate.'
- „ 93, st. 4, l. 3, put comma after 'Hercules.'
- „ 96, st. 2, l. 5, capital to 'Fishes'; and st. 4, l. 1, spell 'Iacke' for 'Iack.'
- „ 98, st. 3, l. 7, spell 'verie' for 'very.'
- „ 108, st. 2, l. 2, spell 'Turbut' for 'Turbot.'
- „ 112, st. 4, l. 6, spell 'food' for 'foode.'
- „ 115, st. 2, l. 4, spell 'meate' for 'meat.'
- „ 127, st. 2, l. 5, put comma after 'way.'
- „ 128, st. 5, l. 3, spell 'dayly' for 'daily.'
- „ 168, st. 3, l. 5, spell 'tels' for 'tells.'
- „ 172, st. 2, l. 6, spell 'fauoring' for 'fauouring.'
- „ 194, Heading of Ode — I have extended the contractions for *ov* and *στ*.

A. B. G.



ROBERT CHESTER'S  
LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601,

WITH  
SHAKSPERE'S "PHENIX AND TURTLE,"

ETC., ETC.



LOVES MARTYR:  
OR,  
ROSALINS COMPLAINT.

*Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue,  
in the constant Fate of the Phoenix  
and Turtle.*

A Poeme enterlaced with much varietie and raritie;  
*now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato  
Cæliano, by ROBERT CHESTER.*

With the true legend of famous King *Arthur*, the last of the nine  
Worthies, being the first *Efsay* of a new *Brytish* Poet: collected  
out of diuerse Authentick Records.

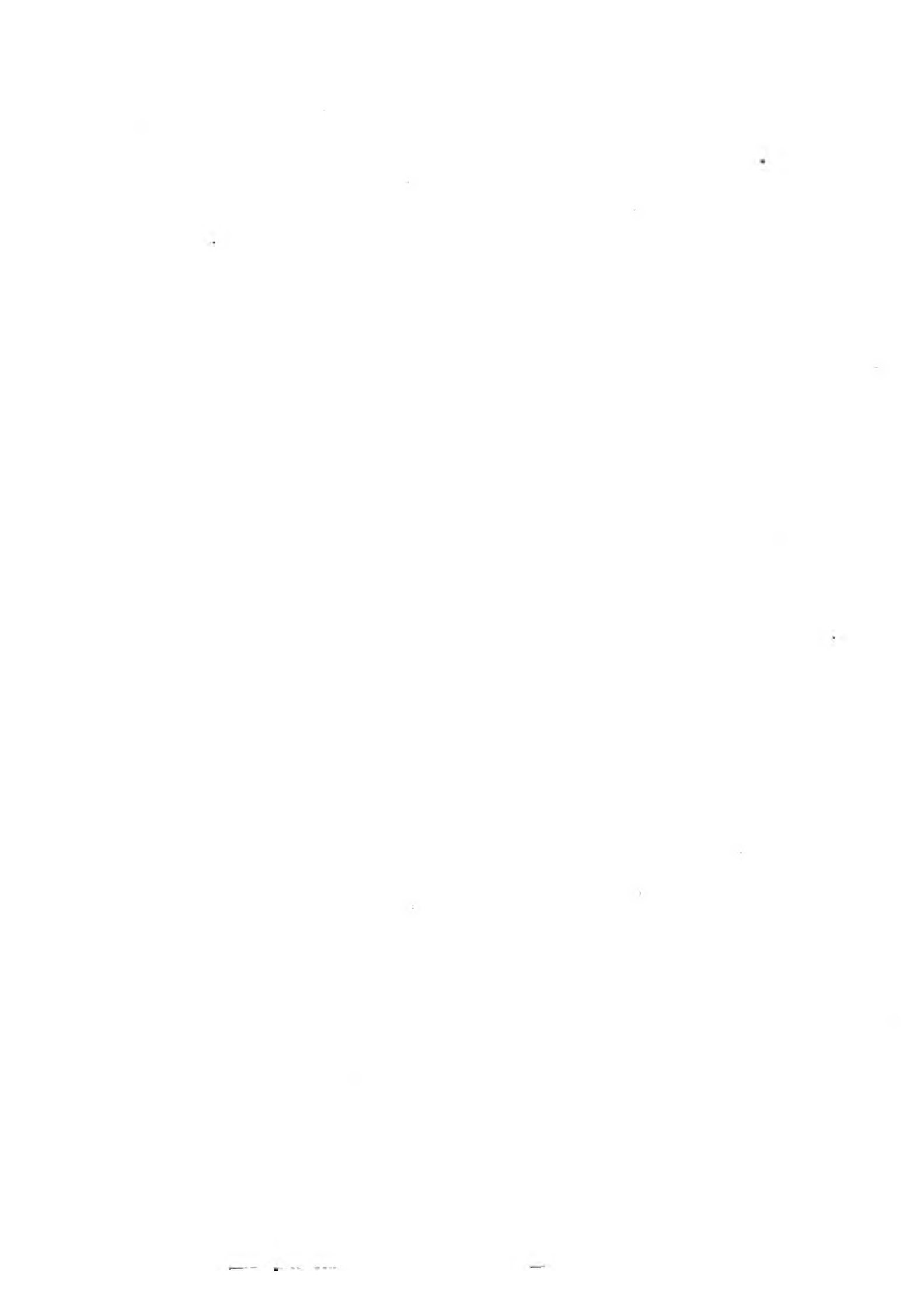
*To these are added some new compositions, of seuerall moderne Writers  
whose names are subscribed to their seuerall workes, vpon the  
first subiect: viz. the Phoenix and  
Turtle.*

*Mar: — Mutare dominum non potest liber notus.*



LONDON  
Imprinted for E. B.

1601.





TO THE HONORA-  
ble, and (of me before all other)  
*honored Knight, Sir John Salisburie*  
one of the Esquires of the bodie to the  
*Queenes most excellent Maiestie, Robert*  
Chester wisheth increase of vertue  
*and honour.*

*Pofse & nolle, nobile.*



Honorable Sir, hauing ac-  
cording to the directions  
of some of my best-min-  
ded friends, finished my  
long expected labour;  
knowing this ripe iudging  
world to be full of enuie, euery one (as  
sound reason requireth) thinking his owne  
child to be fairest although an Æthiopian,  
I am emboldened to put my infant wit to  
the eye of the world vnder your protectiō

A 3

*THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.* :

knowing that if Absurditie like a theefe haue crept into any part of these Poems, your well-graced name will ouer-shadow these defaults, and the knowne Character of your vertues, cause the common back-biting enemies of good spirits, to be silent. To the World I put my Child to nurse, at the expence of your fauour, whose glorie will stop the mouthes of the vulgar, and I hope cause the learned to rocke it asleepe (for your sake) in the bosome of good wil. Thus wishing you all the blefsings of heauen and earth; I end.

*Yours in all seruice,*

**Ro. CHESTER.**





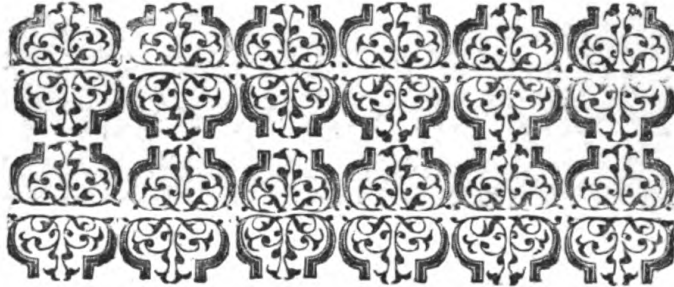
*The Authors request to  
the Phœnix.*

**P***Hœnix of beautie, beauteous Bird of any  
To thee I do entitle all my labour,  
More precious in mine eye by far then many,  
That feedst all earthly fences with thy saour :  
Accept my home-writ praises of thy loue,  
And kind acceptance of thy Turtle-doue.*

*Some deepe-read scholler fam'd for Poetrie,  
Whose wit-enchancing verse deserueth fame,  
Should sing of thy perfections passing beautie,  
And eleuate thy famous worthy name :  
Yet I the least, and meaneft in degree,  
Endeuoured haue to please in praîsing thee.*

R. Chester.





To the kind Reader.

**O** *F* bloody warres, nor of the sacke of Troy,  
Of Pryams murdred sonnes, nor Didoes fall,  
Of Hellens rape, by Paris Troian boy,  
Of Cæsars victories, nor Pompeys thrall,  
Of Lucrece rape, being rauisht by a King,  
Of none of these, of sweete Conceit I sing.

*Then (gentle Reader) ouer-reafe my Muse,  
That armes herselfe to flie a lowly flight,  
My untun'd stringed verse do thou excuse,  
That may perhaps accepted, yeeld delight:  
I cannot clime in praises to the skie,  
Least falling, I be drown'd with infamie.*

*Mea mecum Porto.*

R. Ch.



THE  
Annals of great  
Brittaine.

OR,

A MOST EXCEL-  
lent Monument, wherein may be  
*seene all the antiquities of this King-*  
dome, to the satisfaction both of the  
Vniuersities, or any other place stir-  
red with Emulation of long  
continuance.

*Excellently figured out in a worthy Poem.*



LONDON  
Printed for MATHEW LOWNES.

1611



I

ROSALINS COM-  
PLAINT, METAPHORI-  
cally applied to Dame Nature at a Parlia-  
*ment held (in the high Star-chamber) by the*  
Gods, for the preferuation and increafe of  
*Earths beauteous Phoenix.*

**A** Solemne day of meeting mongst the Gods,  
And royall parliament there was ordained :  
The heauenly Synod was at open ods,  
And many harts with earthly wrongs were pained ;  
Some came to craue excufe, some to complaine  
Of heauie burdend griefes they did sustaine.

*Vesta* she told, her Temple was defiled :  
*Iuno* how that her nuptiall knot was broken ;  
*Venus* from her sonne *Cupid* was exiled :  
And *Pallas* tree with ignorance was shoken :  
*Bellona* rau'd at Lordlike cowardice,  
And *Cupid* that fond Ladies were so nice.

To this Asssembly came Dame *Nature* weeping,  
And with her handkercher through wet with teares,  
She dried her rosie cheekes, made pale with sighing,  
Hanging her wofull head, head full of feares :  
And to *Ioues* selfe plac'd in a golden feate,  
She kneeld her downe, and thus gan to intreate :

Thou mightie Imperator of the earth,  
Thou euer-liuing Regent of the aire,  
That to all creatures giu'ft a liuely breath,

B

And thundrest wrath downe from thy fire chaire,  
Behold thy handmaid, king of earthly kings,  
That to thy gracious sight sad tidings brings.

One rare rich *Phoenix* of exceeding beautie,  
One none-like Lillie in the earth I placed ;  
One faire *Helena*, to whom men owe dutie :  
One countrey with a milke-white Doue I graced :  
One and none such, since the wide world was found  
Hath euer *Nature* placed on the ground.

*Head.* Her head I framed of a heauenly map,  
Wherein the feuenfold vertues were enclosed,  
When great *Apollo* slept within my lap,  
And in my bosome had his rest reposed,  
I cut away his locks of purest gold,  
And plac'd them on her head of earthly mould.

*Haire.* When the leaft whistling wind begins to sing,  
And gently blowes her haire about her necke,  
Like to a chime of bells it soft doth ring,  
And with the pretie noise the wind doth checke,  
Able to lull asleepe a pensive hart,  
That of the round worlds sorrowes beares a part.

*Forehead.* Her forehead is a place for princely *Ioue*  
To sit, and censure matters of import :  
Wherein men reade the sweete conceits of Loue,  
To which hart-pained Louers do resort,  
And in this Tablet find to cure the wound,  
For which no salue or herbe was euer found.

Vnder



Rosalins complaint

3

Vnder this mirroure, are her princely eyes :  
Two Carbuncles, two rich imperiall lights ;  
That ore the day and night do foueraignize,  
And their dimme tapers to their rest she frights :  
Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,  
And when she riseth al their force is donne.

*Eyes.*

Her morning-coloured cheekes, in which is plac'd,  
A Lillie lying in a bed of Roses ;  
This part aboue all other I haue grac'd,  
For in the blew veines you may reade sweet poesies :  
When she doth blush, the Heauens do wax red,  
When she lookes pale, that heauenly Front is dead.

*Cheekes.*

Her chinne a litle litle pretie thing  
In which the sweet carnatian Gelli-flower,  
Is round encompast in a christall ring,  
And of that pretie Orbe doth beare a power :  
No storme of Enuie can this glorie touch,  
Though many should assay it ouermuch.

*Chinne.*

Her lippes two rubie Gates from whence doth spring,  
Sweet honied deaw by an intangled kisse,  
From forth these glories doth the Night-bird sing,  
A Nightingale that no right notes will misse :  
True learned Eloquence and Poetric,  
Do come betwene these dores of excellencie.

*Lippes.*

Her teeth are hewed from rich crystal Rockes,  
Or from the Indian pearle of much esteem,  
These in a closet her deep counsell lockes,

*Teeth.*

And are as porters to so faire a Queene,  
They taste the diet of the heau'nly traine,  
Other base grossnesse they do still disdaine.

*Tongue.* Her tongue the vtterer of all glorious things,  
The siluer clapper of that golden bell,  
That neuer foundeth but to mightie Kings,  
And when she speakes, her speeches do excell :  
He in a happie chaire himselfe doth place,  
Whose name with her sweet tongue she means to grace.

*Necke.* Her necke is *Vestas* siluer conduict pipe,  
In which she powers perfect chastitie,  
And of the muskie grapes in sommer ripe,  
She makes a liquor of ratietic,  
That dies this swanne-like piller to a white,  
More glorious then the day with all his light.

*Breastes.* Her breasts two crystal orbes of whitest white,  
Two little mounts from whence lifes comfort springs.  
Between those hillockes *Cupid* doth delight  
To sit and play, and in that valley sings :  
Looking loue-babies in her wanton eyes,  
That all grosse vapours thence doth chastefize.

*Armes.* Her armes are branches of that siluer tree,  
That men surname the rich *Hesperides*,  
A precious circling shew of modestie,  
When she doth spread these glories happines :  
Ten times ten thousand blessings he doth taste,  
Whose circled armes shall cling about her waste.

Her

Rofalins complaint.

5

Her hands are fortunes palmes, where men may reade  
His first houres deffiny, or weale or woe,  
When she this sky-like map abroad doth fpreade,  
Like pilgrimes many to this Saint do go,  
And in her hand, white hand, they there do see  
Loue lying in a bed of yuorie.

*Hands.*

Her fingers long and small do grace her hand ;  
For when she toucheth the sweete founding Lute,  
The wild vntamed beafts amaz'd do stand,  
And carroll-chanting birds are fudden mute :  
O fingers how you grace the filuer wires,  
And in humanitie burne *Venus* fires !

*Fingers.*

Her bellie (ô grace incomprehensible)  
Far whiter then the milke-white lillie flower.  
O might *Arabian Phœnix* come inuifible,  
And on this mountaine build a glorious bower,  
Then Sunne and Moone as tapers to her bed,  
Would light loues Lord to take her maidenhead.

*Bellie.*

Be still my thoughts, be filent all yee Mufes,  
Wit-flowing eloquence now grace my tongue :  
Arife old *Homer* and make no excuses,  
Of a rare peece of art must be my fong,  
Of more then most, and most of all beloued,  
About the which *Venus* sweete doues haue houered.

*Nota.*

There is a place in louely paradize,  
From whence the golden *Gehon* ouerflowes,  
A fountaine of fuch honorable prize,

B 3

That none the sacred, sacred vertues knowes,  
 Walled about, betok'ning sure defence,  
 With trees of life, to keepe bad errors thence.

*Thighes.* Her Thighs two pillers fairer far then faire,  
 Two vnderprops of that celestially house,  
 That Mansion that is *Iunos* siluer chaire,  
 In which *Ambrosia VENUS* doth carouse,  
 And in her thighs the pretty veines are running  
 Like Christall riuers from the maine streames flowing.

*Legges.* Her legges are made as graces to the rest,  
 So pretie, white, and so proportionate,  
 That leades her to loues royall sportiue nest,  
 Like to a light bright Angel in her gate :  
 For why no creature in the earth but she,  
 Is like an Angell, Angell let her be.

*Feete.* Her Feete (now draw I to conclusion)  
 Are neat and litle to delight the eye,  
 No tearme in all humane inuention,  
 Or in the veine of sweet writ Poetrie  
 Can ere be found, to giue her feet that grace,  
 That beares her corporate Soule from place to place.

And if by night she walke, the Marigold,  
 That doth inclose the glorie of her eye,  
 At her approach her beauty doth vnfold,  
 And spreads her felfe in all her royaltie,  
 Such vertue hath this Phœnix glassy shield,  
 That Floures and Herbs at her faire sight do yeeld.  
 And

And if she grace the Walkes within the day,  
*Flora* doth spreade an Arras cloth of flowers,  
 Before her do the prety *Satires* play,  
 And make her banquets in their leauie Bowers :  
     Head, Haire, Brow, Eyes, Cheeks, Chin and all,  
     Lippes, Teeth, Tong, Neck, Brefts, Belly are maiefticall.

This *Phœnix* I do feare me will decay,  
 And from her ashes neuer will arife  
 An other Bird her wings for to display,  
 And her rich beauty for to equalize :  
     The *Arabian* fiers are too dull and bafe,  
     To make another spring within her place.

Therefore dread Regent of these Elements,  
 Pitie poore *Nature* in her Art excellling,  
 Giue thou an humble eare to my laments,  
 That to thee haue a long true tale beene telling,  
     Of her, who when it please thee to behold,  
     Her outward fight shall bewties pride vnfold.

At these words *Ioue* stood as a man amazed,  
 And *Iunos* loue-bred bewtie turnd to wight,  
*Venus* she blusht, and on dame *Nature* gazed,  
 And *Vesta* she began to weepe outright :  
     And little *Cupid* poore boy strucke in loue,  
     With repetition of this earthly Doue.

But at the last *Ioue* gan to rouse his spirit,  
 And told dame *Nature* in her sweet discourfe ;  
 Her womans Tounge did run before her Wit,

B 4

Such a faire foule her felfe could neuer nurfe,  
 Nor in the vastie earth was euer liuing,  
 Such beauty that all beauty was excelling.

*Nature* was strucke with pale temeritie,  
 To see the God of thunders lightning eyes ;  
 He shooke his knotty haire so wrathfully,  
 As if he did the heauenly rout despise :  
     Then downe vpon her knee dame *Nature* fals,  
     And on the great gods name aloud she cals.

*Ioue* thou shalt see my commendations,  
 To be vnworthie and impartiall,  
 To make of her an extallation,  
 Whose beauty is deuine maiesticall ;  
     Looke on that painted picture there, behold  
     The rich wrought *Phœnix* of *Arabian* gold.

*Ioues* eyes were fetled on her painted eyes,  
*Ioue* blushing smil'd, the picture smil'd againe :  
*Ioue* spoke to her, and in his heart did rise  
 Loues amours, but the picture did disdaine  
     To loue the god, *Ioue* would haue stole a kisse,  
     But *Iuno* being by, denied him this.

When all the rest beheld this counterfeit,  
 They knew the substance was of rarer price :  
 Some gaz'd vpon her face, on which did waite  
 As messengers, her two celestiall eyes ;  
     Eyes wanting fire, did giue a lightning flame,  
     How much more would her eyes mans fences tame ?  
Then



Then all the Gods and Goddeffes did decree,  
 In humble maner to intreat of *Ioue*  
 And euery power vpon his bended knee,  
 Shewd faithfull seruice in dame *Natures loue*,  
     Intreating him to pacifie his Ire,  
     And raife another *Phœnix* of new fire.

Her picture from *Ioues* eyes hath banisht Hate,  
 And Mildnesse plained the furrowes of his brow,  
 Her painted shape hath chastifed debate,  
 And now to pleafure them he makes a vow :  
     Then thus *Ioue* fpake, tis pittie ſhe ſhould die,  
     And leaue no offspring of her Progenie.

*Nature* go hie thee, get thee *Phœbus* chaire,  
 Cut through the ſkie, and leaue *Arabia*,  
 Leaue that il working peece of fruitleffe ayre,  
 Leaue me the plaines of white *Brytania*,  
     Theſe countries haue no fire to raife that flame,  
     That to this *Phœnix* bird can yeeld a name.

There is a country Clymat fam'd of old,  
 That hath to name delightſome *Paphos* Ile,  
 Ouer the mountaine tops to trudge be bold,  
 There let thy winged Horſes reſt awhile :  
     Where in a vale like *Cipariſſus* groue,  
     Thou ſhalt behold a ſecond *Phœnix* loue.

A champion country full of fertill Plaines,  
 Green graſſie Medowes, little prettie Hills,  
 Abundant pleafure in this place remaines,

C

And plenteous sweetes this heauenly clymat filles :  
 Faire flowing bathes that issue from the rockes,  
 Abundant heards of beafts that come by flockes.

High stately Cædars, sturdie bigge arm'd Okes,  
 Great Poplers, and long trees of *Libanon*,  
 Sweete smelling Firre that frankensence prouokes,  
 And Pine apples from whence sweet iuyce doth come :  
 The sommer-blooming Hawthorne ; vnder this  
 Faire *Venus* from *Adonis* stole a kiffe.

Fine Thickets and rough Brakes for sport and pleasure,  
 Places to hunt the light-foote nimble Roe :  
 These groues *Diana* did account her treasure,  
 And in the cold shades, oftentimes did goe  
 To lie her downe, faint, weary on the ground,  
 Whilest that her Nimphs about her daunft a round.

A quire of heauenly Angels tune their voyces,  
 And counterfeit the *Nightingale* in singing,  
 At which delight some pleasure she reioyces,  
 And *Plenty* from her cell her gifts is bringing :  
 Peares, Apples, Plums, and the red ripe Cherries,  
 Sweet Strawberries with other daintie berries.

Here haunt the *Satyres* and the *Driades*,  
 The *Hamadriades* and pretie Elues,  
 That in the groues with skipping many please,  
 And runne along vpon the water shelues :  
 Heare *Mermaides* sing, but with *Ulysses* eares,  
 The country Gallants do difdaine their teares.

The

The Crocadile and hissing Adders sting,  
 May not come neere this holy plot of ground,  
 No Nightworme in this continent may sing,  
 Nor poifon-spitting Serpent may be found :  
 Here Milke and Hony like two riuers ran,  
 As fruitefull as the land of *Canaan*.

What shall I say ? their Orchards spring with plentie,  
 The Gardens smell like *Floras* paradice,  
 Bringing increase from one to number twentie,  
 As Lycorice and sweet *Arabian* spice :  
 No place is found vnder bright heauens faire bliffe,  
 To beare the name of *Paradise* but this.

Hard by a running streame or cryftall fountaine,  
 Wherein rich *Orient* pearle is often found,  
 Enuiron'd with a high and steepe mountaine,  
 A fertill foile and fruitful plot of ground,  
 There shalt thou find true *Honors* louely *Squire*,  
 That for this *Phænix* keepes *Prometheus* fire.

His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night,  
 Is fram'd of Cædars and high loftie Pine,  
 I made his house to chaftice thence despight,  
 And fram'd it like this heauenly roofe of mine :  
 His name is *Liberall honor*, and his hart,  
 Aymes at true faithfull seruice and defart.

Looke on his face, and in his browes doth fit,  
 Bloud and sweete *Mercie* hand in hand vnited,  
 Bloud to his foes, a president most fit

C 2

For fuch as haue his gentle humour fpited :  
 His Haire is curl'd by nature mild and meeke,  
 Hangs carelesse downe to throwd a blushing cheeke

Giue him this Ointment to annoint his Head,  
 This precious Balme to lay vnto his feet,  
 These shall direct him to this *Phœnix* bed,  
 Where on a high hill he this Bird shall meet :  
 And of their Ashes by my doome shal rise,  
 Another *Phœnix* her to equalize.

This said the Gods and Goddeffes did applaud,  
 The Censure of this thundring Magistrate,  
 And *Nature* gaue him euerlasting laud,  
 And quickly in the dayes bright Coach she gate  
 Downe to the earth, she's whirled through the ayre ;  
*Ioue* ioyne these fires, thus *Venus* made her prayer.

---

*An Introduction to the Prayer.*

**G**Vide thou great Guider of the Sunne and Moone,  
 Thou elementall faouurer of the Night,  
 My vnderferued wit, wit sprong too soone,  
 To giue thy greatnesse euerie gracious right :  
 Let Pen, Hand, Wit and vnderferuing tongue,  
 Thy praise and honor sing in euerie song.

In my poore prayer guide my Hand aright,  
 Guide my dull Wit, guide all my dulled Senfes,  
 Let thy bright Taper giue me faithfull light,

And.

And from thy Booke of life blot my offences :  
 Then arm'd with thy protection and thy loue,  
 Ile make my prayer for thy Turtle-doue.

---

*A Prayer made for the prosperitie of  
 a filuer coloured Doue, applyed to the  
 beauteous Phœnix.*

O Thou great maker of the firmament,  
 That rid'st vpon the winged *Cherubins*,  
 And on the glorious shining element,  
 Hear'st the sad praiers of the *Seraphins*,  
 That vnto thee continually sing Hymnes :  
 Bow downe thy lifting eares thou God of might,  
 To him whose heart will praise thee day and night.

Accept the humble Praiers of that soule,  
 That now lies wallowing in the myre of Sinne,  
 Thy mercie Lord doth all my powers controule,  
 And seareth reins and heart that are within :  
 Therefore to thee *Iehouah* Ile begin :  
 Lifting my head from my imprisoned graue,  
 No mercie but thy mercie me can faue.

The foule vntamed Lion still goes roring,  
 Old hell-bread *Sathan* enemy to mankind,  
 To leade me to his iawes that are deuouring,  
 Wherein no Grace to humane flesh's assign'd,

But thou celestiall Father canst him bind :  
Tread on his head, tread Sinne and *Sathan* downe,  
And on thy seruants head fet Mercies crowne.

Thus in acceptance of thy glorious fight,  
I purge my deadly sinne in hope of grace,  
Thou art the Doore, the Lanthorne and the Light,  
To guide my sinfull feete from place to place,  
And now O Christ I bow before thy face :  
And for the siluer coloured earthly Doue,  
I make my earnest prayer for thy loue.

Shrowde her ô Lord vnder thy shadowed wings,  
From the worlds enuious malice and deceit,  
That like the adder-poisoned serpent stings,  
And in her way layes a corrupted baite,  
Yet raise her God vnto thy mercies height :  
Guide her, ô guide her from pernicious foes,  
That many of thy creatures ouerthrowes.

Wash her O Lord with Hysope and with Thime,  
And the white snow she shall excell in whitenesse,  
Purge her with mercie from all sinfull crime,  
And her soules glorie shall exceed in brightnesse,  
O let thy mercie grow vnto such ripenesse :  
Behold her, O behold her gracious King,  
That vnto thee sweet songs of praise will sing.

And as thou leadst through the red coloured waues,  
The hoast of thy elected *Israel*,  
And from the wrath of *Pharoe* didst them saue,

Appoin-



Appointing them within that land to dwell,  
 A chofen land, a land what did excell :  
     So guide thy filuer Doue vnto that place,  
     Where she Temptations enuie may outface.

Increase thy gifts bestowed on thy Creature,  
 And multiply thy bleffings manifold,  
 And as thou haft adorned her with nature,  
 So with thy blessed eyes her eyes behold,  
 That in them doth thy workmanship vnfold,  
     Let her not wither Lord without increase,  
     But bleffe her with ioyes offspring of sweet peace.

Amen. Amen.

---

To those of light beleefe.

*Y*ou gentle fauourers of excelling Muses,  
 And gracers of all Learning and Desart,  
 You whose Conceit the deepest worke peruses,  
 Whose Iudgements still are gouerned by Art :  
     Reade gently what you reade, this next conceit,  
     Fram'd of pure loue, abandoning deceit.

*And you whose dull Imagination,  
 And blind conceited Error hath not knowne,  
 Of Herbes and Trees true nomination,  
 But thinke them fabulous that shall be showne :*  
     *Learne more, search much, and surely you shall find  
     Plaine honest Truth and Knowledge comes behind.*

*Then gently (gentle Reader) do thou fauour,*

C 4

*And with a gracious looke grace what is written,  
With smiling cheare peruse my homely labour,  
With Enuies poisoned spitefull looke not bitten:  
So shalt thou cause my willing thought to striue,  
To adde more Honey to my new-made Hiue.*

---

A meeting Dialogue-wise betweene Nature,  
the *Phænix*, and the *Turtle Doue*.

- Nature.* ALL haile faire *Phænix*, whither art thou flying?  
Why in the hot Sunne dost thou spread thy wings?  
More pleasure shouldst thou take in cold shades lying,  
And for to bathe thyselfe in wholsome Springs,  
Where the woods feathered quier sweetely sings:  
Thy golden Wings and thy breasts beauteous Eie,  
Will fall away in *Phæbus* royaltie.
- Phænix.* O stay me not, I am no *Phænix* I,  
And if I be that bird, I am defaced,  
Vpon the *Arabian* mountaines I must die,  
And neuer with a poore yong *Turtle* graced;  
Such operation in me is not placed:  
What is my Beautie but a painted wal,  
My golden spreading Feathers quickly fal.
- Nature.* Why dost thou shead thy Feathers, kill thy Heart,  
Weep out thine Eyes, and staine thy golden Face?  
Why dost thou of the worlds woe take a part,  
And in relenting teares thy selfe disgrace?  
Ioyes mirthful Tower is thy dwelling place;

All

All Birdes for vertue and excelling beautie,  
Sing at thy reuerend feet in Loue and Dutie.

Oh how thou feed'st me with my Beauties praising!  
O how thy Praise sounds from a golden Tounge!  
O how thy Tounge my Vertues would be raising!  
And raising me thou dost corrupt thy song;  
Thou see'st not Honie and Poifon mixt among;  
Thou not'st my Beautie with a iealous looke,  
But dost not see how I do bayte my hooke.

*Phoenix.*

Tell me, ô tell me, for I am thy friend,  
I am Dame *Nature* that first gaue thee breath,  
That from *Ioues* glorious rich seate did descend,  
To set my Feete vpon this lumpish earth:  
What is the cause of thy sad fullen Mirth?  
Hast thou not Beauty, Vertue, Wit and Fauour:  
What other graces would'st thou craue of Nature?

*Nature.*

What is my Beauty but a vading Flower?  
Wherein men reade their deep-conceiued Thrall,  
Alluring twentic Gallants in an hower,  
To be as seruile vassalls at my Call?  
My Sunne-bred looks their Senses do exhall:  
But (ô my grieffe) where my faire Eyes would loue,  
Foule bleare-eyed Enuie doth my thoughts reprocue.

*Phoenix.*

What is my Vertue but a Tablitorie:  
Which if I did bestow would more increase?  
What is my Wit but an inhumane glorie:  
That to my kind deare friends would proffer peace?

D

But O vaine Bird, giue ore in silence, cease ;  
 Malice perchance doth hearken to thy words,  
 That cuts thy threed of Loue with twentie fwords.

*Nature.* Tell me (O Mirrou) of our earthly time,  
 Tell me sweete *Phœnix* glorie of mine age,  
 Who blots thy Beauty with foule *Ennies* crime,  
 And locks thee vp in fond *Suspitions* cage ?  
 Can any humane heart beare thee such rage ?  
     Daunt their proud stomacks with thy piercing Eye,  
     Vnchaine Loues sweetneffe at thy libertie.

*Phœnix.* What is't to bath me in a wholesome Spring,  
 Or wash me in a cleere, deepe, running Well,  
 When I no vertue from the fame do bring,  
 Nor of the balmie water beare a smell ?  
 It better were for me mongst Crowes to dwell,  
     Then flocke with Doues, whẽ Doues fit alwayes billing,  
     And waste my wings of gold, my Beautie killing.

*Nature.* Ile chaine foule *Envy* to a brazen Gate,  
 And place deepe *Malice* in a hollow Rocke,  
 To some blacke desert Wood Ile banish *Hate*,  
 And fond *Suspition* from thy sight Ile locke :  
 These shall not stirre, let anie Porter knocke.  
     Thou art but yong, fresh, greene, and must not passe,  
     But catch the hot *Sunne* with thy steeled glasse.

*Phœnix.* That Sunne shines not within this Continent,  
 That with his warme rayes can my dead Bloud chearish,  
 Groffe cloudie Vapours from this Aire is sent,

Not

Not hot reflecting Beames my heart to nourish.  
 O Beautie, I do feare me thou wilt perish ;  
 Then gentle *Nature* let me take my flight,  
 But ere I passe, set *Enuie* out of fight.

Ile coniure him, and raife him from his graue,  
 And put vpon his head a punishment :  
*Nature* thy sportiue Pleasure meanes to faue ;  
 Ile send him to perpetuall banishment,  
 Like to a totterd Furie ragd and rent :  
 Ile baffle him, and blind his Iealous eye,  
 That in thy actions Secrecie would pry.

Ile coniure him, Ile raife him from his Cell,  
 Ile pull his Eyes from his conspiring head,  
*Nature* Ile locke him in the place where he doth dwell ;  
 Ile starue him there, till the poore slaue be dead,  
 That on the poisonous Adder oft hath fed :  
 These threatnings on the Helhound I will lay,  
 But the performance beares the greater sway.

Stand by faire *Phænix*, spread thy Wings of gold,  
 And daunt the face of Heauen with thine Eye,  
*Phænix* Like *Iunos* bird thy Beautie do vnfold,  
 And thou shalt triumph ore thine enemie :  
 Then thou and I in *Phæbus* coach will flie,  
 Where thou shalt see and taft a secret Fire,  
 That will adde spreading life to thy Desire.

Arise thou bleare-ey'd *Enuie* from thy bed,  
 Thy bed of Snakie poison and corruption,  
*Nature*

D 2

Vnmaske thy big-fwolne Cheekes with poyson red,  
 For with thee I must trie Conclusion,  
 And plague thee with the Worlds confusion.  
 I charge thee by my Power to appeare,  
 And by Celestiall warrant to draw neare.

*Phœnix.* O what a miffie Dampe breakes from the ground,  
 Able it selfe to infect this noyfome Aire :  
 As if a caue of Toades themselues did wound,  
 Or poysoned Dragons fell into dispaire,  
 Hells damned sent with this may not compare,  
 And in this foggie cloud there doth arise  
 A damned Feend ore me to tyrannize.

*Nature.* He shall not touch a Feather of thy wing,  
 Or euer haue Authoritie and power,  
 As he hath had in his dayes secret prying,  
 Ouer thy calmie Lookes to send a shower :  
 Ile place thee now in secrecies sweet Bower,  
 Where at thy will in sport and dallying,  
 Spend out thy time in Amorous discourfing.

*Phœnix.* Looke *Nurce*, looke *Nature* how the Villaine sweates,  
 His big-fwolne Eyes will fall vnto the ground,  
 With fretting anguish he his blacke breast beates,  
 As if he would true harted minds confound :  
 O keepe him backe, his sight my heart doth wound :  
 O *Enuie* it is thou that mad'ft me perish,  
 For want of that true Fire my heart should nourish.

*Nature.* But I will plague him for his wickednesse,

*Enuie*



*Ennie* go packe thee to some forreine foyle,  
 To some desertfull plaine or Wilderneffe,  
 Where sauge Monsters and wild beasts do toyle,  
 And with inhumane Creatures keep a coyle.  
 Be gone I say, and neuer do returne,  
 Till this round compast world with fire do burne.

What is he gone? is *Ennie* packt away? *Phœnix.*  
 Then one fowle blot is moued from his Throne,  
 That my poore honest Thoughts did seeke to slay:  
 Away fowle grieffe, and ouer-heauie Mone,  
 That do ore charge me with continuall grones.  
 Will you not hence? then with downe-falling teares,  
 Ile drowne my selfe in ripenessse of my Yeares.

Fie peeuissh Bird, what art thou franticke mad? *Nature.*  
 Wilt thou confound thy selfe with foolish Grieffe?  
 If there be cause or meanes for to be had,  
 Thy Nurse and nourisher will find reliefe:  
 Then tell me all thy Accidents in brieffe;  
 Haue I not banisht *Enny* for thy sake?  
 I greater things for thee ile vndertake.

*Ennie* is gone and banisht from my sight, *Phœnix.*  
 Banisht for euer comming any more:  
 But in *Arabia* burnes another Light,  
 A dark dimme Taper that I must adore,  
 This barren Countrey makes me to deplore:  
 It is so faplesse that the very Spring,  
 Makes tender new-growne Plants be with'ring.

D 3

The noifome Aire is growne infectious,  
 The very Springs for want of Moisture die,  
 The glorious Sunne is here pestiferous,  
 No hearbes for *Phisicke* or sweet *Surgerie*,  
 No balme to cure hearts inward maladie :  
     No gift of *Nature*, she is here defaced,  
     Heart-curing *Balsamum* here is not placed.

*Nature.* Is this the fumme and substance of thy woe ?  
 Is this the Anker-hold vnto thy bote ?  
 Is this thy Sea of Griefe doth ouerflow ?  
 Is this the Riuer sets thy ship aflote ?  
 Is this the Lesson thou hast learn'd by rote ?  
     And is this all ? and is this plot of Ground  
     The substance of the Theame doth thee confound ?

*Phœnix.* This is the Anker-hold, the Sea, the Riuer,  
 The Lesson and the substance of my Song,  
 This is the Rocke my Ship did seeke to shiuer,  
 And in this ground with Adders was I stung,  
 And in a lothsome pit was often flung :  
     My Beautie and my Vertues captiuatē,  
     To Loue, dissembling Loue that I did hate.

*Nature.* Cheare vp thy spirit *Phœnix*, prune thy wings,  
 And double-gild thy Fethers for my newes ;  
 A *Nightingale* and not a *Rauen* sings,  
 That from all blacke contention will excuse  
 Thy heauy thoughts, and set them to peruse  
     Another Clymat, where thou maist expresse,  
     A plot of *Paradice* for worthinesse.

*Ioue*

*Ioue* in diuine diuineffe of his Soule,  
 That rides vpon his firie axaltree,  
 That with his Mace doth humane flesh controule,  
 When of mans deedes he makes a Regiftrie,  
 Louing the good for fingularitie :  
     With a vail'd Count'nance and a gracious Smile,  
     Did bid me plant my Bird in *Paphos* Ile.

What ill diuining Planet did prefage,  
 My timeleffe birth fo timely brought to light ?  
 What fatal Comet did his wrath engage,  
 To worke a harmleffe Bird fuch worlds defpight,  
 Wrapping my dayes bliffe in blacke fables night ?  
     No Planet nor no Comet did confpire  
     My downfall, but foule *Fortunes* wrathful ire.

*Phoenix.*

What did my Beautie moue her to Difdaine ?  
 Or did my Vertues shadow all her Bliffe ?  
 That ſhe ſhould place me in a deſart Plaine,  
 And fend forth *Ennie* with a *Iudas* kiſſe,  
 To ſting me with a Scorpions poisoned hiſſe ?  
     From my firſt birth-right for to plant me heare,  
     Where I haue alwaies fed on Griefe and Feare.

Raile not gainſt *Fortunes* ſacred Deitie,  
 In youth thy vertuous patience ſhe hath tyred,  
 From this baſe earth ſhee'le lift thee vp on hie,  
 Where in Contents rich Chariot thou ſhalt ride,  
 And neuer with Impatience to abide :  
     *Fortune* will glorie in thy great renowne,  
     And on thy feathered head will ſet a crowne.

*Nature.*

- Phœnix.* T'was time to come, for I was comfortleffe,  
 And in my Youth haue bene Infortunate :  
 This Ile of *Paphos* I do hope will blesse,  
 And alter my halfe-rotten tottering state ;  
 My hearts Delight was almost ruinate.  
     In this rich Ile a *Turtle* had his nest,  
     And in a Wood of gold tooke vp his rest.
- Nature.* Fly in this Chariot, and come sit by me,  
 And we will leave this ill corrupted Land,  
 We'le take our course through the blew Azure skie,  
 And set our feete on *Paphos* golden sand.  
 There of that *Turtle Doue* we'le vnderstand :  
     And visit him in those delightfull plaines,  
     Where Peace conioyn'd with Plenty still remaines.
- Phœnix.* I come, I come, and now farewell that strond,  
 Vpon whose craggie rockes my Ship was rent ;  
 Your ill befeeming follies made me fond,  
 And in a vastie Cell I vp was pent,  
 Where my fresh blooming Beauty I haue spent.  
     O blame your selues ill nurtred cruell Swaines,  
     That fild my scarlet Glorie full of Staines.
- Nature.* Welcome immortal Bewtie, we will ride  
 Ouer the Semi-circle of *Europa*,  
 And bend our course where we will see the Tide,  
 That partes the Continent of *Affrica*,  
 Where the great *Cham* gouernes *Tartaria* :  
     And when the starrie Curtaine vales the night,  
     In *Paphos* sacred Ile we meane to light.

How

How glorious is this Chariot of the day,  
 Where *Phæbus* in his crystall robes is fet,  
 And to poore passengers directs a way :  
 O happie time since I with *Nature* met,  
 My immelodious Discord I vnfret :

*Phænix.*

And sing sweet Hymnes, burn Myrrhe & Frankensence,  
 Honor that Isle that is my sure defence.

Looke *Phænix* ore the world as thou dost ride,  
 And thou shalt see the pallaces of Kings,  
 Great huge-built Cities where high States abide,  
 Temples of Gods, and Altars with rich off'rings,  
 To which the Priests their sacrifices brings :

*Nature.*

Wonders past wonder, strange *Pyramides*,  
 And the gold-gathering Strond of *Euphrates*.

O what rich pleasure dwelleth in this Land !  
 Greene springing Medowes, high vpreared Hills,  
 The white-fleest Ewe brought tame vnto the hand,  
 Faire running Riuers that the Countrie fills,  
 Sweet flowers that faire balmy Deaw distils,  
 Great peopled Cities, whose earth-gracing show,  
 Time is asham'd to touch or ouerthrow.

*Phænix.*

Be filent gentle *Phænix*, Ile repeate,  
 Some of these Cities names that we descrie,  
 And on their large foundation Ile intreate,  
 Their Founder that first rear'd them vp on hie,  
 Making a glorious Spectacle to each eie :  
 Warres wald Defender and the Countries grace,  
 Not battred yet with Times controlling Mace.

*Nature.*

E

*This Alfred  
firſt deuided  
England into  
Shires, being  
King of Nor-  
thumbes.*

*Alfred* the father of faire *Elſeda*  
Founded three goodly famous Monafteries,  
In this large Ile of ſweete *Britania*,  
For to refresh the poore ſoules miſeries,  
That were afflicted with calamities :  
One in the Towne furnamed *Edlingſey*,  
Which after ages called *Athelney*.

*Alfred buried  
in the Cathe-  
drall Church of  
VWincheſter.*

The ſecond Houſe of that Deuotion,  
He did erect at worthy *Wincheſter*,  
A place well planted with Religion,  
Called in this age the newly-builed *Minſter*,  
Still kept in notable reparation :  
And in this famous builed Monument,  
His bodie was interd when life was ſpent.

*The Vniuerſity  
of Oxford built  
by Alfred.*

The laſt not leaſt ſurpaſſing all the reſt,  
Was *Oxfords* honorable foundation,  
Since when with Learnings glorie it is bleſt,  
Begun by the godly exhortation  
Of the Abbot *Neotus* direction :  
From whoſe rich womb pure Angell-like Diuinitie,  
Hath ſprong to faue vs from Calamitie.

*This Sore is a  
Riuer that run-  
neth by Leice-  
ſter, called of  
ſome Brenber  
water.*

*Leyre* the ſonne of *Baldud* being admitted,  
To beare the burden of the *Britiſh* ſway,  
A Prince with *Natures* glorie being fitted,  
At what time *Ioas* raigned King of *Iuda*,  
To make his new got Fame to laſt for aye,  
By *Sore* he built the Towne of *Caerleir*,  
That to this day is called *Leyceſter*.

*Bellin*



*Belin* that famous worthy *Brytaine* King,  
That made the Townes of *France* to feare his frowne,  
And the whole *Romish* Legion to sing.  
And to record his gracious great renowne,  
Whose host of men their Townes were firing :  
    Builded in *Southwals* height *Caerlion*,  
    Or termed *Arwiske Caerlegion*.

*In this Citie*  
*were three fa-*  
*mous Churches*  
*one of S. Julius*  
*the Martyr, the*  
*second of S. A-*  
*ron : and the o-*  
*ther the mother*  
*Church of all*  
*Demetia.*

This glorious Citie was the onely Pride,  
In eldest age of all *Demetia* :  
Where many notable Monuments abide,  
To grace the Countrey of *Britania*,  
That from *Times* memorie can neuer slide :  
*Amphibulus* was borne in this sweete place,  
Who taught *S. Albon*, *Albon* full of grace.

*This Belin also*  
*builded a nota-*  
*ble Gate in Lō-*  
*don now called*  
*Billingsgate &*  
*Belins Castle.*

King *Lud* furnam'd the great *Lud-hurdibras*,  
The sonne of *Leil*, builded the famous Towne  
Of *Kaerkin*, with a huge Tower of brasse,  
Now called *Canterburie* of great renowne,  
Able to bide the raging Foes stout frowne :  
    The *Metropolitans* seate where Learning fits,  
    And chiefe of all our *English* Bishopricks.

*Lud, father to*  
*Baldud, a man*  
*well seen in the*  
*Sciences of A-*  
*stronomie and*  
*Necromancie.*

This noble King builded faire *Caerguent*,  
Now cleped *Winchester* of worthie fame,  
And at Mount *Paladour* he built his Tent,  
That after ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name,  
His first foundation from King *Leyls* sonne came :  
    About which building Prophet *Aquila*,  
    Did prophesie in large *Brytania*.

*This Baldud*  
*sonne of Lud-*  
*Hurdibras,*  
*made first the*  
*hot Baths at*  
*Caerbran, now*  
*called Bathe.*

E 2

King *Leill* a man of great religion,  
 That made his bordring neighbours for to yeeld,  
*He also repaired the Citie of* And on their knees to pleade Submission,  
*Caer Leon, now called Chester.* Being eldest sonne to *Brute* furnamed *Greene shield*,  
 The Citie of *Caerleits* he did build,  
 Now called *Carleyle* by corruption,  
 And Time that leades things to confusion.

*The Cittie of Cambridge* a famous Vniuersitie,  
 The Nurfe of Learning and Experience,  
*built in the dayes of Gurguntius the son of Beline, by one Cantaber a Spaniard, brother to Partholony, or as some write by Gorbomanian.* The Chearisher of true Diuinitie,  
 That for the Soules good wisdome doth commence,  
 Confuting Vice, and driuing Error thence :  
 Was built by *Sigisbert* : but wrought effectually  
 By Kings and Lords of famous memorie.

*Ebranke* the sonne of stout *Mempriti*us,  
 Hauing in matrimoniall copulation,  
 Twentie one wiues in large *\*Britanicus*,  
 And thirtie daughters by iust computation,  
 And twentie sonnes of estimation,  
 Builded *Caerbranke* famous for the name,  
 Now called *Englands Yorke* a place of Fame.

*\*Rithmi gratia.*

He in *Albania* large and populous,  
 Now termed *Scotland* of the *Scottish* Sect,  
 Because his deedes should still be counted famous,  
 The Castle of *Maidens* there he did erect,  
 And to good purpose did this worke effect :  
 But iron-eating Time the Truth doth staine,  
 For *Edingburgh* the Citie doth remaine.

And

And in that *Maiden* Castle he did frame,  
 To grace the building to the outward eie,  
 Nine Images of stone plac'd in the same,  
 Which since haue stay'd times perpetuitie,  
 In the true forme of worke-mans excellencie :  
     Not any whit diminisht, but as perfect  
     As in the first-dayes minute they were set.

*Nature* I muse at your description,  
 To see how *Time* that old rust-cankard wretch,  
 Honors forgetfull Friend, Cities confusion,  
 That in all Monuments hath made a Breach,  
 To auncient names brought alteration :  
     And yet at this day such a place remaines,  
     That all *Times* honor past with honor staines.

*Phœnix.*

Those carued old-cut stonie Images,  
 That beautifie the Princes stately Towers,  
 That graces with their grace the Pallaces,  
 And high imperiall Emperizing bowers,  
 Were neuer raz'd by *Times* controlling houres :  
     Nine worthie women almost equialent,  
     With those nine worthie men so valient.

*Nature.*

Three of the nine were *Iewes*, and three were *Gentiles*,  
 Three *Christians*, Honors honorable Sexe,  
 That from their foes did often beare the spoiles,  
 And did their proud controlling neighbours vexen,  
 Which to their name did Noblenesse annexe,  
     An Embleame for true borne Gentilitie,  
     To imitate their deeds in chivalrie.

E 3

The first *Minerua* a right worthie *Pagon*,  
 That many manlike battailes manly fought,  
 She first deuiz'd Artillerie of yron,  
 And Armour for our backes she first found out,  
 Putting our liues deare hazard from some doubt :  
 She gouerned the *Libians*, and got Victories,  
 With Honor by the lake \**Tritonides*.

\* *Lacus Mi-  
nerua.*

Our maine pitcht Battels she first ordered,  
 Setting a Forme downe to this following Age,  
 The orders of Incamping she first registred,  
 And taught the lawes of Armes in equipage,  
 To after time her skill she did engage :  
*Apollo* was her deare begotten sonne,  
 In *Abrahams* time she liu'd till life was donne.

*Semiramis* Queene of *Affiria*,  
 Was second worthie of this worlds great wonder,  
 She conquered large *Æthiopia*,  
 And brought the Necke of that stout Nation vnder,  
 Wasting the Countries of rich *India* :  
 Her dayes of Honor and of Regiment,  
 Was in the time of *Isaacks* gouernment.

The third and chiefeft for Audacioufnesse,  
 And Enterprites that she took in hand,  
 Was *Tomyris* full of true Noblenesse,  
 Queene of the *North* (as I do vnderstand,)  
 From forth her eyes she lightned Honors Brand,  
 And brandished a Sword, a sword of Fame,  
 That to her weake Sexe yeelded *Hectors* name.

When

When she receiued newes her sonne was dead,  
 The Hope and Vnderprop of *Scithia*,  
 She put on Armour, and encountered  
 The *Monarch Cyrus* King of *Persia*,  
 And Gouvernor of rich *Getulia* :  
     Slue him in fight her Fame for to renew,  
     Two hundred thousand Souldiers ouerthrew.

Amongst the *Hebrew* women we commend,  
*Iahel* the *Kenite* for the first in bountie,  
 Whose vncomprehensible valour in the end,  
 Did free and set at large her captiu'd Countrie,  
 Oppressed with tyrannicall Miserie :  
     From dangers imminent of fire Warre,  
     By killing hand to hand her foe great *Sifar*.

*Debora* an *Hebrew* worthie the second place,  
 She fortie yeares did gouerne *Israell*,  
 In peace preferu'd her Land, her land of Grace,  
 Where honest sportiue Mirth did alwaies dwell :  
 Her holy holinesse no tongue can tell,  
     Nations astonied at her happinesse,  
     Did grieue to loofe her Wisedomes worthinesse.

*Judith* the third that redeliuered,  
 The strong besieged Citie of *Bethulia*,  
 And when the proud Foe she had vanquished,  
 And ouercame hot-spur'd *Affiria*,  
 Bringing in triumph *Holofernes* head,  
     She got a great and greater Victorie,  
     Then thousand Souldiers in their maiestie.

The first of *Christians* was faire *Maud* the Countesse,  
 Countesse of *Aniow*, daughter to a King,  
*Englands* first *Henry*: *Almaines* Empresse,  
 Heire indubitate, and her Fathers offspring,  
 She titles to the *English* Crowne did bring:  
     She ne're defisted from the warlike field,  
     Till that vsurped *Stephen* of *Blois* did yeeld,  
     And condiscended to her sonnes dear right,  
     That war-like *Maude* had reobtain'd by might.

The second was *Elizabeth* of *Aragon*,  
 Queene and wife to honorable *Ferdinando*:  
 She stoutly fought for propagation  
 Of Christian Faith; brought to subuersion,  
 The forsaken infidels of *Granado*,  
     Reducing that proud prouince all in one,  
     To follow *Christis* vnspotted true Religion.

The last was *Iohane* of *Naples* true borne Queene,  
 Sister to *Ladislaus* King of *Hungarie*,  
 A woman that defended (as twas seene,)  
 Her countries great and gracious libertie,  
 By force of laudable Armes and Chiuallrie,  
     Against the *Sarafins* inuasion,  
     And proud hot warres of princely *Aragon*.

Thus haue I in the honor of their worth,  
 Laid ope their Progenie, their Deedes, their Armes,  
 Their offspring, and their honorable Birth,  
 That is a Lanthorne lightning their true Fames,  
 Which Truth can neuer burne in Enuies flames:

Worthy



Worthie of wonder are these three times three,  
Folded in brazen Leaues of memorie.

*Windsor* a Castle of exceeding strength,  
First built by *Arviragus Brytaines* King,  
But finished by *Arthur* at the length,  
Of whose rare deedes our *Chronicles* do ring,  
And poets in their verse his praise do sing :  
For his Round-table and his war-like Fights,  
Whose valiantnesse the coward Mind affrights.

This *Brytish* King in warres a Conquerer,  
And wondrous happie in his Victories,  
Was a companion of this noble Order,  
And with his person grac'd these Dignities,  
Great dignities of high exceeding Valour :  
For he himselfe the selfe-fame Honor tooke,  
That all his following States did euer brooke.

This *Paragon* whose name our time affrights,  
At *Windsor* Castle dubbed in one day,  
One hundred and iust fortie valiant Knights,  
With his keene trustie Sword, and onely stay,  
(Cald *Dridwin*) that his Loue did ouerfway :  
And with that Sword the very day before,  
He flue as many *Saxon* foes or more.

But *English Edward* third of Memorie,  
In blessed and religious zeale of Loue,  
Built vp a Colledge of exceeding glory,  
That his kind care to *England* did approue.

**F**

This *Colledge* doth this Castle beautifie :  
 The Honor of the place is held so deare,  
 That many famous Kings are buried there.

But one rare thing exceeding admirable  
 That to this day is held in great renowne,  
 And to all Forreiners is memorable,  
 The name of which makes *Englands* foes to frowne,  
 And puls the pride of forreine Nations downe,  
*Knights* of the *Garter* and *Saint Georges* Croffe,  
 Betok'ning to the Foe a bloudie losse.

---

*Here followeth the Birth, Life*  
 and Death of honourable Arthur  
*King of Brittain.*

---

To the courteous Reader.

*C*ourteous Reader, having spoken of the first foundation  
 of that yet renowned castle of Windsor by Aruiragus  
 king of Britain, & finished by that succeeding prince of worthy  
 memory famous king Arthur; I thought good (being intreat-  
 ed by some of my honourable-minded Friends, not to let slip so  
 good and fit an occasion, by reason that there yet remains in  
 this doubtfull age of opinions, a controuersie of that esteemed  
 Prince of Brittain) to write not according to ages obliuio, but  
 directed onely by our late Historiographers of England, who  
 no doubt haue taken great paines in the searching foorth of the  
 truth of that first Christian worthie: and wheras (I know not  
 directed

*directed by what blindnes) there haue bene some Writers (as I thinke enemies to truth) that in their erronious censures haue thought no such mā euer to be liuing; How fabulous that should seeme to be, I leaue to the iudgement of the best readers, who know for certaine, that that neuer dead Prince of memory, is more beholding to the French, the Romane, the Scot, the Italian, yea to the Greekes themselues, then to his own Countrymen, who haue fully and wholly set foorth his fame and liuehood: then how shamelesse is it for some of vs, to let slip the truth of this Monarch? And for more confirmatiō of the truth, looke but in the Abbey of Westminster at Saint Edwards shrine, there shalt thou see the print of his royal Seale in red wax closed in Berrill, with this inscription, Patricius Arthurus Gallie, Germaniæ, Daciæ Imperator. At Douer likewise you may see Sir Gawins skull and Cradocks mantle: At Winchester, a Citie well knowne in England, his famous round Table, with many other notable monuments too long to rehearse: Besides I my selfe haue seen imprinted, a french Pamphlet of the armes of king Arthur, and his renowned valiant Knights, set in colours by the Heraulds of France: which charge of impressiō would haue been too great, otherwise I had inserted them orderly in his Life and Actions: but (gentle Reader) take this my paines gratefully, and I shal hereafter more willingly strieve to employ my simple wit to thy better gratulation; I haue here set downe (turned from French prose into English meeter) the words of the Herald vnder the arms of that worthy Brittain.*

King Arthur in his warlike Shield did beare  
 Thirteene rich Crownes of purified gold:  
 He was a valiant noble Conquerer,  
 As ancient Memorie hath truly told:  
 His great Round-table was in Britanie,  
 Where chofen Knights did do their homage yearely.

F 2

*The strange Birth, honorable Coronation and most vnhappie Death of famous Arthur King of Brytaine.*

OF noble *Arthurs* birth, of *Arthurs* fall,  
 Of *Arthurs* folemne Coronation,  
 Of *Arthurs* famous deedes *Heroycall*,  
 Of *Arthurs* battels and inuafion,  
 And that high minded worthie *Brytish King*,  
 Shall my wits memorie be deifying.

In the laft time of *Vter* furnam'd *Pendragon*,  
 So called for his wittie pollicies,  
 Being a King of estimation,  
 In famous *Brytaine* mongft his owne allies,  
 There was a mightie Duke that gouern'd *Cornwaile*,  
 That held long warre, and did this King affaile.

This Duke was nam'd the Duke of *Tintagil*:  
 After thefe hot bred warres were come to end,  
 He foiourn'd at a place cald *Terrabil*,  
 From whence *Pendragon* for this Duke did fend,  
 And being wounded fore with *Cupids* ftिंग,  
 Charg'd him his Wife vnto the Court to bring.

His Wife a paffing Ladie, louely, wife,  
 Chafte to her husbands cleare vnspotted bed,  
 Whofe honor-bearing Fame none could fupprize,

But

But *Vesta*-like her little time she led :  
*Igrene* her name on whose vnequall beautie  
*Pendragon* doted, led by humane folly.

At length he broke his mind vnto a Lord,  
 A trustie Councillour and noble Friend,  
 That soone vnto his minds grieffe did accord,  
 And his Kings louing loue-thoughts did commend,  
     Telling *Pendragon* this should be his best,  
     To tell the Dutcheffe of his sweete request.

But she a Woman, sterne, inexorable,  
 Willing fond Lufts inchauntments to resist,  
 All his tongues smoothing words not penetrable,  
 In her chaste bosomes Gate could not insift,  
     But straight she told her Husband how she sped,  
     Left that his grace should be dishonoured.

And counfeld him to passe away in haste,  
 That Nights darke duskie mantle might oreshade,  
 Their flying bodies, least at last they taste,  
 More miserie then Time did ere inuade,  
     “ For Luft is such a hot inflamed thing,  
     “ It gouerneth mans senses, rules a King.

And as the Duchesse spake, the Duke departed,  
 That neither *Vter* nor his Councill knew,  
 How his deepe bosomes \*Lord the Dutcheffe thwarted,  
 But marke the story well what did ensue :  
     Soone as the King perceiued their intent,  
     Intemperate Rage made him impatient.

\* *Cupid.*

F 3

Away with Musicke for your strings do iarre,  
 Your found is full of Discords, harsh and ill,  
 Your Diapazon, makes a humming warre  
 Within mine eares, and doth my fences fill  
     With immelodious mourning ; She is gone  
     That rul'd your selues and Instruments alone.

Away fond riming *Ouid*, left thou write  
 Of *Prognus* murther, or *Lucretias* rape,  
 Of *Igrens* iourney taken in the night,  
 That in the blacke gloom'd filence did escape :  
     O could no Dogge haue bark'd, no Cocke laue crow'd,  
     That might her passage to the King haue show'd.

No mirth pleasde *Vter*, but grimme Melancholy  
 Haunted his heeles, and when he fate to rest,  
 He pondred in his mind *Igrenas* beautie,  
 Of whom his care-craz'd head was full possesst :  
     Nothing was now contentiue to his mind,  
     But *Igrenes* name, *Igrene* to him vnkind.

At last his noble Peeres with pitie mou'd,  
 To see the Kings sodaine perplexitie,  
 With a great care that their Liege Emperour lou'd,  
 For to allay his great extremitie,  
     Did counsell him to fend for *Garloyes* wife,  
     As he would answer it vpon his life.

Then presently a Messenger was sent,  
 To tell the Duke of his wifes secreet folly :  
 This was the substance of his whole intent,

To



To bring his wife to Court immediatly :  
Or within threescore dayes he did protest,  
To fetch him thither to his little rest.

Which when the Duke had warning, straight he furnish'd  
Two Castles with well-fenc'd artillerie,  
With vitales and with men he garnish'd,  
His strongest Holds for such anemie :  
And in the one he put his hearts-deare Treasure,  
Faire *Igrene* that he loued out of measure,

That Castle which the Duke himselfe did hold,  
Had many Posternes out and issues thence,  
In which to trust his life he might be bold,  
And safely the warres Furie to commence :  
But after-telling time did wonders worke,  
That Foxes in their holes can neuer lurke.

Then in all haste came *Vter* with his hoast,  
Pitching his rich paulions on the ground,  
Of his aspiring mind he did not boast,  
For Loue and Anger did his thoughts confound,  
Hot warre was made on both sides, people slaine,  
And many Death-doore-knocking Soules complaine.

Loue and minds anguish so perplext the King  
For *Igrene* that incomparable Dame,  
That *Cupids* sicknesse pearc'd him with a sting,  
And his warres lowd Alarums ouercame,  
*Venus* intreated *Mars* awhile to stay,  
And make this time a sporting Holiday.

Then came fir *Ulfus*, a most noble Knight,  
 And askt his King the cause of his disease,  
 Being willing in a subiects gracious right,  
*Vter Pendragons* mind in heart to please :  
 Ah said the King, *Igrene* doth captiuatē  
 My Heart, and makes my Senses subiugate.

Courage, my gracious Liege, I will go find  
 That true diuining prophet of our Nation,  
*Merlin* the wise that shall content your mind,  
 And be a Moderator in this action :  
 His learning, wisdome, and vnseene experience,  
 Shall quickly giue a Salue for loues offence.

So *Vlfus* at the length from him departed,  
 Asking for *Merlin* as he past the way,  
 Who by great fortunes chance fir *Vlfus* thwarted,  
 As he went by in beggers base aray :  
 Demanding of the Knight in baseness meeke,  
 Who was the man he went so farre to seeke ?

*Vlfus* amazed at his base attire,  
 Told him it was presumption to demaund  
 The name of him for whom he did enquire,  
 And therefore would not yeeld to his command :  
 Alas said *Merlin* I do plainly see,  
*Merlin* you seeke, that *Merlin* I am he.

And if the King will but fulfill my heft,  
 And will reward my true deseruing heart,  
 In his loues agonies he shal be blest

So

So that he follow what I shall impart,  
 Vpon my Knighthood he will honor thee,  
 With fauour & rewards most royally.

Then *Vlfus* glad departed in all haft,  
 And rode amaine to King *Pendragons* fight,  
 Telling his Grace *Merlin* he met at laft,  
 That like a Lampe will giue his *Louelaies* light.  
 Where is the man? I wifht for him before.  
 See where he ftands my Liege at yonder doore.

When *Vter* faw the man, a fudden ioy,  
 And vncompre'nded gladneffe fild his hart:  
 With kind embracements met him on the way,  
 And to him gan his secrets to impart.  
 Leaue off, quoth *Merlin*, I do know your mind,  
 The faire-fac'd Lady *Igrene* is vnkind.

But if your Maiesty will here proteft,  
 And fweare as you are lawfull King annointed,  
 To do my will, nothing fhall you moleft,  
 But follow my direCTIONS being appointed.  
 I fweare quoth *Vter* by the *Euangelifts*,  
 He dyes for me that once thy will refifts.

Sir, faid the Prophet *Merline*, this I craue,  
 That fhall betoken well what ere betide,  
 The firft faire sportiue Night that you fhall haue,  
 Lying fafely nuzled by faire *Igrenes* fide,  
 You fhall beget a fonne whole very Name,  
 In after-stealing Time his foes fhall tame.

G

That child being borne your Grace must giue to me,  
 For to be nourished at my appointment,  
 That shall redound much to his maiestie,  
 And to your Graces gracious good intent :  
     That shall be done : (quoth Merlin) let's away,  
     For you shall sleepe with *Igrene* ere't be day.

And as *Ioue* stole to faire *Alcmenas* bed,  
 In counterfeiting great *Amphytrio*,  
 By the same lust-directed line being led,  
 To *Igrenes* louely chamber must you go :  
     You shall be like the Duke her husbands greatnesse,  
     And in his place possesse her Husbands sweetnesse.

And you my noble Lord, sir *Vlfius*,  
 Shall be much like sir *Brustias* a faire Knight,  
 And I will counterfeit the good *Iordanus*,  
 And thus weele passe together in the night,  
     But see you question not, say you are diseased,  
     And hie to bed there shall your heart be pleased.

But on the morrow do not rise my Liege,  
 Vntill I come to councell for the best,  
 For ten miles off you know doth lie the Siege,  
 That will not turne these night-sports to a iest,  
     *Pendragon* pleas'd hast'd for to embrace,  
     The sweet'ft got pray that euer King did chafe.

Soone as the Duke of *Tintagill* did perceiue,  
 That *Vter* left alone his royall armie,  
 He issued from his Castle to bereaue,

The

The fouldiers of their liues by pollicie :  
 But see his fortune, by that wily traine,  
 That he had laid for others he was flaine.

The subtill-lust directed King went on,  
 Maskt in a strange deuifed new found shape,  
 To simple-minded *Igrene* vnlike *Pendragon*,  
 And three long houres lay in his louers lap :  
 There he begat the christian King of Kings,  
 Whose fame *Caiſter* Swannes in pleaſure ſings.

Aſloone as day-betok'ning *Phæbus* Chariot,  
 Had croft his ſifters waggon in the ſkie,  
*Merlin* in haſte to *Vters* chamber got,  
 Bidding good morrow to his Maieſtie :  
 And told him vnrecalled Time did ſtay,  
 To haſte him from his pleaſure thence away.

*Vter* amaz'd with *Igrene* in his armes,  
 Wiſht that the Prophet had no uſe of tongue,  
 Whose dolefull ſound breath'd forth theſe harſh Alarmes,  
 And like the night-Crow craokt a deadly ſong ;  
 Ah what a hell of grieſe t'was to depart,  
 And leaue the new-got Treafure of his heart.

Then by the lawne-like Hand he tooke his louer,  
 Being warm'd with blood of a diſſembling Husband,  
 Deſire in her cheekes ſhe could not ſmother,  
 And her Loue-dazeling eye none could withſtand :  
 He kiſt her twice or thrice and bad adue,  
 As willing his nights pleaſure to renew :

G 2

But when the late betrayed Lady knew,  
 How that her true betrothed Lord was flaine,  
 Ere that nights reuelling did first ensue,  
 In fecret to her felfe ſhe wept amaine :  
     Amaz'd and maruelling who that ſhould be,  
     That rob'd her husband of his treaſurie.

And to her felfe ſhe gan for to relate,  
 The iniuries of her vnſpotted life,  
 And in her mind ſhe liu'd diſconſolate,  
 Banning her baſe-bad Fortune being a wife ;  
     Wiſhing for euer ſhe had liu'd a maide,  
     Rather than her chaſt thoughts ſhould be betraid.

The noble Councell that attended *Vter*,  
 Began with grauitie for to deuife,  
 That (where their King had doted much vpon her)  
 Her beautie his young thoughts to equalize,  
     To knit them both in *Hymens* ſacred right,  
     And then in lawfull wife to taſt delight.

This motion made vnto their Soueraigne,  
 Of a warme luſtie ſtomacke youthfull bloud,  
 Thought it a heauen ſuch a *Saint* to gaine,  
 That would reuiue his ſpirits, do him good :  
     And gaue conſent to have her honoured,  
     With mariage Rites, the which were foone performed.

Halfe a yeare after as the King and Queene,  
 Then growing great with child a bed were lying,  
 The Curtaines drawne vnwilling to be ſeene :

This



This pollicie the King himfelfe deuifing :  
 Asking whose child it was that ſhe did beare,  
 Speake gentle *Igrene* tell me without feare.

The Queene amazed at this queſtion,  
 Being fully wrapt in pale timiditie,  
 Knew not to anſwer this ſad aſtion,  
 Becauſe ſhe fully knew her innocencie :  
 He vrg'd her ſtill, at length ſhe waxed bold,  
 And ſtoutly to the King the truth ſhe told.

With that he kiſt his Queene that was beguil'd,  
 And did recomfort her being halfe forlorne,  
 Telling t'was he that did beget the child,  
 The child that from her faire wombe ſhould be borne :  
 With that a ſudden ioy did repoffeſſe  
 Her penſiue hart, whome Fortune late did bleſſe.

Then *Merlin* (that did alwaies loue the King,  
 As bearing chiefe affiance to his countrey)  
 Sought to prouide for the childs nourifhing,  
 Therein to ſhew his well diſpoſed dutie.  
 As thou decreeſt ſaid *Vter*, muſt it be,  
 My deare Sonnes fortunes Ile commit to thee.

Well ſaid the *Prophet*, I do know a Lord,  
 A faithfull paſſing true diſpoſed man,  
 That to your Graces pleaſure will accord,  
 And in your ſeruice do the beſt he can :  
 Commit your child vnto his cuſtodie,  
 A man renoun'd in famous *Britany*.

G 3

His name Sir *Hector* : send a Messenger,  
 To will him come vnto the Court with speede,  
 And that your Maiestie must needs conferre,  
 Of matters helpfull in a Princes neede.

When he is come your Grace may certifie,  
 You'le put your sonne & heire to his deliuerie.

And when that Fortunes child kind Fortunes heire,  
 (For so the Destinies prognosticate)  
 Shall be brought foorth into the open aire,  
 That of faire *Igrene* lately was begate :

At yonder priuie Posterne being vnchristened,  
 You must deliuer it me to be baptized.

As *Merlin* had deuised, so t'was done :  
 For all the Court to him did yeeld obeyfance :  
 And now Sir *Hector* to the king is come,  
 And to *Pendragon* made his deare affiance,  
 Wishing his Wife might nourish that bright sonne,  
 Whose Mornings glorie was not yet begunne.

Then when the louely Queene was soone deliuered,  
 Of that rich bearing Burthen to her ioy,  
 The King himselfe in perfon hath commaunded,  
 Two Ladies and two Knights to beare the boy,  
 Bound vp in cloth of gold being rich of State,  
 And giue it to the pooreman at the gate,

So *Merlin* had the Prince at his disposing,  
 Committing it to *Hectors* faithfull wife :  
 Now nothing wanted but the sweete baptizing,

To

To grace the Prince of Princes all his life :  
 A holy reuerent Man indu'de with fame,  
*Arthur of Britaine* cald the Princes name.

After the royall Solemnation,  
 Of that blacke mournfull weping funerall,  
 Of *Vter* that we name the great *Pendragon*,  
 By subtill praetise brought vnto his fall :  
 The sixteenth yeare of his victorious raigne,  
 By poifon was this braue *Pendragon* flaine.

His body vnto *Stone-heng* being brought,  
 Hard by his brother *Aurelius* is he laid,  
 In a faire Monument then richly wrought,  
 Dead is the King whose life his foes dismaid,  
 But from his loynes he left a sonne behind,  
 The right *Idea* of his fathers mind.

Great *Arthur* whom we call the *Britaines* King,  
 A man renown'd for famous victories,  
*Saxons* and *Pictes* to homage he did bring,  
 As you may read in auncient histories :  
 Our later Chronicles do testifie,  
 King *Arthurs* noble mind in Chiuallrie.

Twelue noble battels did King *Arthur* fight,  
 Against the *Saxons* men of hardie strength,  
 And in the battels put them still to flight,  
 Bringing them in subiection at the length :  
 He neuer stroue to driue them quite away,  
 But stragling here and there he let them stay.

*Valerius* wit-  
 nesseth that *K.*  
*Arthur* cōque-  
 red thirty king-  
 domes, for as  
 thē a great cō-  
 pany of Gouer-  
 nors held vnder  
 their iurisdi-  
 ction the Iland  
 together with  
*France* and  
*Germanie*.

In *Southry, Kent, and Norfolke* did they dwell,  
 Still owing homage to king *Arthures* greatnesse,  
 Whose puissance their pride did alwaies quell,  
 Yet did he temper rigour with his meeknesse :  
     And like a Lion scorn'd to touch the Lambe,  
     Where they submissiue-like vnto him came,

Against the *Pictes* he held continuall warre,  
 The which vnto the *Saxons* were allide,  
 And with the subtill *Scot* did alwaies iarre,  
 Who neuer true to *Arthur* would abide :  
     But (scorning his aduancement to the Crowne)  
     Did thinke by force to pull his greatnesse downe.

The chiefeft cause of this hot mortall strife,  
 That mou'd these Kings to be dissentious,  
 Was that the King of *Pictes* had tane to wife  
 The eldest sister of *Aurelius*,  
 And *Cornon* King of *Scots* had married  
 The youngest sister to his Princely bed.

Wherefore they thought the *Brytish* Regiment,  
 Should haue descended to the lawfull heires  
 Of *Anna*, wife to both in gouernment,  
 And he as King to rule their great affaires :  
     And do inferre king *Arthures* barstardie,  
     And vniust claime to that high dignitie.

And presently they do dispatch in hast,  
 Ambassadors to famous *Brytanie*,  
 Of their great Peeres for to demaund at last,

The kingdomes Crowne and kingdomes Royaltie:  
 Who scorning for to heare a stranger nam'd,  
 Crowned king *Arthur*, whom the world hath fam'd.

---

*The Coronation of King Arthur, and  
 the Solemnie thereof: the proud message  
 of the Romanes, and the whole resolution of King  
 Arthur and his Nobles.*

**T**He appointed time and great Solemnie,  
 Approched of king *Arthurs* Coronation,  
 To which high states of mightie Dignitie,  
 Asssembled at the Citie of *Caerleon*,  
 In *Cæsars* time cal'd *Vrbs Legionum*:  
 A Title doubtlesse bearing some import,  
 Where many famous *Brytaines* did resort.

To grace king *Arthur* whom the *Britaines* loued,  
 Came three *Arch bishops* *Englands* chiefe renowne,  
 Both *London*, *Yorke*, and *Dubright* Honor moued,  
 On *Arthurs* head to set the *British* Crowne,  
 That after puld the pride of Nations downe:  
 Vnto the Pallace of this princely King,  
 They were conuay'd where true-born Fame did spring.

*Dubright* (because the Court at that time lay  
 Within the compasse of his Diocesse)  
 In his own perfon on this Royall day,  
 Richly to furnish him he did addressse,  
 His loue vnto his King he did expresse,

H

And at his hands the King was dignified,  
When *Aue Cæsar* lowd the people cride.

This happie Coronation being ended,  
The King was brought in sumptuous royaltie,  
With all the peoples harts being befriended,  
To the Cathedrall church of that same See,  
Being the *Metropolitall* in nobilitie,  
With lowd exclaiming ioy of peoples voyce,  
That God might bleffe their Land for such a choice

On either hand did two Archbishops ride,  
Supporting *Arthur of Britania*,  
And foure Kings before him did abide,  
*Angifell* King of stout *Albania*,  
And *Cadual* King of *Venedocia*,  
*Cador* of *Cornewaile* mongst these Princes past,  
And *Sater* of *Demetia* was the last.

These foure attired in rich ornaments,  
Foure golden Swords before the King did beare,  
Betokening foure royall Gouernments,  
And foure true Noble harts not dreading feare,  
That *Ennie* from their breasts can neuer teare :  
Before them playd such well-tun'd melodie,  
That birds did sing to make it heauenly.

King *Arthurs* Queene vnto the Church was brought,  
With many noble Peeres being conducted :  
Her Armes and Titles royally were wrought,  
And to her noble Fame were garnished,

That



That Infamie had neare diminished :  
 Foure Queenes before her bore foure filuer Doues,  
 Expressing their true Faith and husbands Loues.

To braue King *Arthur* on this solemne feaft,  
 This day of high vnspeakeable dignitie,  
 Came foure graue discreet persons of the best,  
 From *Romes* Lieutenant, proud in Maiestie,  
 Carying in token of their Embassage  
 Greene Oliue boughs, and their dear Lieges message.

---

*The Epistle of Lucius Tiberius the  
 Romane Lieutenant, to Arthur  
 King of Britanie.*

**L**ucius Tiberius, *Romes great gouernour,*  
*To Arthur King of large Britania,*  
*As he deserueth fauour at our hands :*  
*Rome and the Romane Senators do wonder,*  
*And I my selfe exceedingly do muse,*  
*To thinke of thy audacious haughtie mind,*  
*And thy tyrannicall dealing to our State :*  
*Hote fire Anger boyleth in my breast,*  
*And I am mou'd with honour of the cause,*  
*For to reuenge thy Iniuries to Rome :*  
*And that like one or' proud of his estate,*  
*Refusest to acknowledge her thy head,*  
*Neither regardest speedily to redresse,*  
*Thy base and blind obliuous ouersight,*  
*And vniust dealings to offend the Senate,*

H 2

*Vnto whose high imperiall Dignitie,  
 Vnlesse Forgetfulnesse do bleare thine eyes,  
 Thou knowest the whole huge Circle of the world,  
 Are made Contributorie and owe vs homage.  
 The tribute that the Britaines ought to pay,  
 The which the Senate did demaund of thee,  
 Being due vnto the Romaine Emperie :  
 For that braue Iulius Cæsar had enioy'd  
 And many worthy Romanes many yeares,  
 Thou in contempt of vs and our Estate,  
 Our honorable Estate and our dignitie,  
 Presum'st iniuriously for to detaine :  
 The confines of wel-seated Gallia,  
 The Prouinces of Sauoy and Daulphine,  
 With hot-flam'd fierie warre hast thou subdude,  
 And gotten in thy large possession ;  
 The Ilands of the bordring Ocean,  
 The Kings whereof so long as we enioy'd them,  
 Payd tribute to our Noble auncestors.  
 The Senate highly mou'd with thy presumption,  
 Determine for to redemaund amends,  
 And restitution for thy open wrongs :  
 I therefore from the noble Senatours,  
 Commaund thee on thy true Allegiance,  
 To Rome, to them, to me, and our Estate,  
 That in the midst of August next ensuing,  
 Thou do repaire to Rome, there for to answer,  
 Before the worthie Senate and the Lords  
 Thy Trespasse ; and abide arbitrement,  
 Such as by them shall there be ordred,  
 And iustice shall impose vpon thy head :*

*Which*

*Which thing if thou presumptuously refuse,  
I will forthwith inuade thy Territories,  
Wast thy whole Countrey, burne thy Townes and Cities;  
And what so ere thy rashnesse hath detain'd,  
From Rome or from the Romaine Emperie,  
I will by dint of sword subdue againe.  
Thus arm'd with hopefull Resolution,  
Weele stay thy answer of submission.*

Lu. Tib.

---

*Cador the Duke of Cornewaile his  
Oration to the King.*

**R***Enowned Arthur and thrice worthie Britaine:  
O how a liuely bloud doth fill my veines,  
At this proud message of the hawtie Romaines,  
I hitherto my Lord haue bene in feare,  
Lest that the worthy Britaines with much ease,  
And long continuall, peace and quietnesse,  
Should grow to too much slouth and cowardize,  
And lose that honorable Reputation,  
Of Chivalrie and Martiall discipline:  
Wherein (right Noble King) we haue bene counted,  
For to surmount all Nations of the world.  
For where the vse of Armes is not esteem'd,  
But buried in Obliuions loathsome caue,  
And wanton dallying held in æstimate,  
It cannot chuse but pale-fac'd Cowardize,  
Must dimme and cleane deface all worthy Vertue.  
Five yeares haue fully runne their monthly course,*

H 3

*Since we put off our armour from our backs,  
 Or heard the Trumpets clangor in our eares,  
 Or marcht in triumph with the rattling Drum,  
 Being nuzzled in effeminate delights,  
 God willing that our names should not be blotted  
 With the foule staine of beastly sluggardie,  
 Hath stirred vp the proud insulting Romanes,  
 To whet our dull edg'd swords not now in vse,  
 To cut their heads off in this rightfull cause,  
 And scoure our rustie Armour long laid vp,  
 To buckle with so proud anemie,  
 Therefore great Arthur in thy greatnesse raise  
 Thy colours vp, for to vpreare thy praise.*

*Ca. Cor.*

---

The Oration of King Arthur to his Lordes  
 and Followers.

**M***Y Fellowes and my deare Companions,  
 Both in the aduerse chances of our age,  
 And prosperous successfull happinesse,  
 Whose true vnspeakable fidelities,  
 In giuing counsell touching warres abroad,  
 And home-bred mutinies amongst our selues,  
 With good successfullnesse haue I perceau'd,  
 In your deepe wisedomes and your grauitie.  
 Affoord me now your honorable aides,  
 Wisely foreseeing what you think conuenient,  
 Touching the proud command'ment sent from Rome,  
 A thing at first carefully deliberated,  
 Is in the end most easily tollerated:*

*We*

*We therefore shall with easier burden brooke,  
 The hawtie message of Tiberius Lucius,  
 If mongst our selues in wisedome we conferre,  
 How and which way to answer his demaund,  
 And surely (noble Followers) I suppose,  
 We haue no cause to feare their forreine braues.  
 For that vpon a most vniust request,  
 He seekes to haue a tribute paid from Britaine,  
 Because forsooth in Iulius Cæsars time,  
 Through iarres and discords of the ancient Brytains,  
 The tribute hath bene due and payable:  
 For when our countrie was at full possesse,  
 With ciuill garboiles and domestlicke brawles,  
 Their Cæsar did ariue within this land,  
 And with this armed souldiers full of force,  
 Brought in subiection that vnquiet Nation,  
 By this alleadgance they vniustly craue,  
 Tribute and satisfaction at our hands,  
 For nothing that is got by violence,  
 May iustly be possesse by violence.  
 Sith therefore he presumeth to demaund,  
 A thing being most vnlawfull at our hands,  
 By the sune reason let vs demaund of him,  
 Tribute at Rome mauger their Romish power,  
 And he that is the mightier in force,  
 Let him possesse the honor of the tribute,  
 For if his allegations and demaunds,  
 Be forcible and worthie to be kept,  
 Because their Cæsar and some Romane Princes,  
 Haue sometimes conquered Brytania,  
 By the like reason I do thinke that Rome,*

*Ought to pay tribute and to do vs homage,  
 Because my Predecessors conquered it :  
 Bellin the noble King of Brytanie,  
 With his braue brother Brennus warlike ayde,  
 Being then accounted Sauoies noble Duke,  
 Razed the wals of Rome, and set his Standard  
 With victorie vpon the Citie gates,  
 And in the middle of their Market place,  
 Hung vp twentie of their chiefeſt Noblemen.  
 And Constantine the ſonne of Helena,  
 And Maximinianus my neere Couſins,  
 Were both inthroniz'd in the Imperiall ſeate,  
 And gouernment of Romes great Emperie.  
 As touching Fraunce and other Ilands there,  
 We neede not anſwer their out-brauing termes :  
 For they refuſed to defend their owne,  
 When we by force redeem'd them from their hands.  
 Then counſell me thrife-worthy Brytaine Peeres,  
 Abandoning baſe cowardize and feares.*

K. Arthur.

---

*The Anſwer of Howell King  
 of litle Brytaine.*

**T***Hough all your wiſedomes and your grauitics,  
 Handmaides to Counſell and Nobilitie,  
 Should be engraued in one golden leafe,  
 More to the purpoſe could not you inferre,  
 Then thy moſt graue and exquisite Oration,  
 Thy eloquent and Tully-like aduiſe*

Hath



*Hath furnisht vs with such experiment,  
 Whereby we ought incessantly to praise,  
 In you the wisdome of a constant man :  
 For if with all post expedition,  
 You will prepare a voyage vnto Rome,  
 That doth expect our haste and royall comming,  
 According to the reasons you alleage,  
 I doubt not but that faire Victoria,  
 Will sit in triumph on our conquering Helmes,  
 To fright the mindes of Romish aduersaries,  
 Sith we defend our auncient libertie,  
 Disdaining for to beare a seruile yoke,  
 Which to this day the Britaines do maintaine :  
 Let vs go chearefully and demaund of them,  
 With Iustice what vniustly they demaund :  
 For he that doth deface anothers right,  
 And thinkes vniustly for to dispossesse,  
 And take from him his owne inheritance  
 Deseruedly, and with a worthy meanes,  
 Not violating large and hostile Armes,  
 May he be put from that which is his owne,  
 By him to whom the wrong is offred.  
 Seeing therefore that the Romanes would vsurpe,  
 The royall dignitie of worthy Britaine,  
 Due to your honorable auncestors,  
 I doubt not (noble King) but weele regaine,  
 That which your Predecessors haue possesse,  
 Euen in the middle of their proudest Citie,  
 If we may come to buckle with our foes.  
 This is the conflict that true hearted Britaines,  
 So long haue wisht to happen to our age.*

I

*These be the propheties of wise Sibilla,  
 Long time agoe, plainly and truly told,  
 And now at length fulfilled to our ioy,  
 That of the third race of the worthie Britaines,  
 There should be borne a Prince to repoffesse,  
 The Romish Empire and their Dignitie:  
 For two of these the prophesie is past,  
 In Belin and that worthie Constantine,  
 Who ouercame, and gaue the Armes of Rome:  
 Now haue we none but you my gracious Liege,  
 The third and last, not leaft in all our eyes,  
 To whom this high Exploit is promised:  
 Make haste therefore most royall Soueraigne,  
 For to receiue that which our God will giue,  
 Hasten for to subdue their willing minds,  
 Which profer vp their honor to your hands,  
 Hasten deare Liege for to aduance vs all,  
 That willingly will spend our liues and lands,  
 For the aduancement of our libertie.  
 And to atchieue this Labour worthie King,  
 Ten thousand armed souldiers will I bring.*

Ho. K. of Brit

---

*Angusel King of Albania his  
 Answere to the King.*

*S*ince first I heard my Soueraigne speake his mind,  
 Ful fraught with Eloquēce and learned Counsel,  
 A sodaine ioy did so possesse my soule,  
 As that in words I cannot vtter forth

As

*The explanation of my willing thoughts :*  
*In all our Victories and Conquests wonne,*  
*Subduing many Regions, many Kings,*  
*Nothing at all in honour haue we gain'd,*  
*If that we suffer the proud-minded Romanes,*  
*And hautie Germaines to vsurpe vpon vs,*  
*And do not now reuenge those bloudie slaughters,*  
*Enacted on our friends and countrymen.*  
*And sith occasion now is profered,*  
*And Libertie to trie our force of Armes,*  
*I do reioyce to see this happie day,*  
*Wherein we may but meet and ioyne with them :*  
*I thirst my Lord in heart for sweet reuenge,*  
*As if three dayes I had beene kept from drinke ;*  
*The wounds I should receiue vpon that day*  
*Would be as pleasant to my labouring soule,*  
*As Water to a thirstie Traueller,*  
*Or else Releasement to a man condemn'd,*  
*Nay death it selfe were welcome to my bosome,*  
*For to reuenge our Fathers iniuries,*  
*Defend our libertie, aduance our King :*  
*Let vs giue onset on that meacocke Nation,*  
*Those fond effeminate vnruly people,*  
*And fight it out vnto the latest man ;*  
*That after we haue spread our wauing Colours,*  
*In signe of Triumph and of Victorie,*  
*We may enioy the Honors they possesse,*  
*And for my part renowned valiant King,*  
*Two thousand armed horsemen will I bring.*

An. K. Alb.

A Royall armie *Arthur* hath prouided,  
 To beard the brauing *Romanes* in their Countrie,  
 And like a *Martialist* hath them diuided,  
 To buckle with so proud an Enemie :  
 And Courage ioyn'd with Refolution,  
 Doth pricke them forwards to this A $\text{c}$ tion.

The *Britains* hawtie and refulued men,  
 Stout, valiant, of *Bellonas* warlike brood,  
 Chear'd on their Followers, and began agen  
 For to reuiue their new decayed blood :  
 And to redeeme to *Arthur* and his Line,  
 What once was wonne by valiant *Constantine*.

Now founds his Drumme a march in chearfull fort,  
 Now his loud winded Trumpets checke the aire,  
 And now the *Britaines* to him do resort,  
 Not fearing warres affliction or despaire :  
 But all with one voyce promise victorie  
 To *Arthur* King of famous *Britainy*.

His Colours they are wauing in the wind,  
 Wherein is wrought his Armes of ancestrie,  
 His Pendants are in formall wise assign'd,  
 Quartred at large by well read *Heraldrie* :  
 Cuffing the ayre that struggles for to kisse,  
 The gaudinesse of faire King *Arthurs* blisse.

Within his spreading Ensigne first he bore,  
 Allotted from his royall familie,  
 Three flying Dragons and three Crownes he wore,

Por-

Portraid *de Or*, the field of *Azure* die,  
 His fathers Coate, his Mothers Countries grace,  
 His honors Badge, his cruell foes deface.

At last vnto himfelfe he hath assumed,  
 And tooke to Armes proper to his desire,  
 As in his faithfull mind being best accounted,  
 And fitting to those thoughts he did require :  
 A crosse of Siluer in a field of *Vert*,  
 A gracious *Embleame* to his great defert.

On the first quarter of this field was figured,  
 The image of our *Ladie* with her *Sonne*  
 Held in her armes ; this he desired,  
 Wherein his new-growne valour was begonne :  
 And bearing this fame Figure forth right nobly,  
 Did maruellous Actes and teates of Chivalrie.

This Signe in elder ages being odious,  
 And hated of the bad deseruing mind,  
 By his deare blood is made most pretious  
 Our vnpure Sinne by him being full rekind :  
 A great triumphant Signe, a Signe of ioy,  
 A blessed Crosse to free vs from annoy.

To this the righteous man bowes downe his head,  
 And this the heauenly *Angels* do adore,  
 By this our vnpure soules with life is fed,  
 And *Diuels* fearing this do much deplore :  
 Hereon he vanquisht *Sathan*, Hell, and Sinne,  
 And by this Signe our new-life we begin.

Wife, learned *Historiographers* do write,  
 That this pure Signe of the most holy Crosse  
 Was sent from God, to *Mercuries* delight,  
*Iulian* the *Apostata's* onely losse,  
     And that an Angell brought to *Mercurie*,  
     All Armour for his backe most necessarie.

A Shield of *Azure* herein coloured,  
 A flowrie Crosse between two golden Rofes,  
 That the proud *Iewes* minds much distempred,  
 Whose vertue in it selfe true Time enclofes  
     A rich wrought Shield and a most heauenly Armour,  
     That to the proud Foe strucke a deadly terrour.

And in the time of *Charles* the seuenth french King  
 The Sunne giuing glorie to the dim-fac'd Morne,  
 When early rising Birds alowd did sing,  
 And faire cleare clouds the Element did adorne,  
     To *Englishmen* and *French* from heauen was sent  
     A milke-white Crosse within the Firmament.

Which heauenly Signe of both these nations seene,  
 The haughtie *French* mou'd with rebellion  
 Against their lawfull King and true-borne Queene,  
 Began to yeeld their true submission,  
     And tooke it as a great admonishment,  
     And Signe betok'ning bitter detriment.

Thus we may see, that the Religion  
 Which they conceiued of this blessed fight,  
 Altered their minds to veneration,

And



And mollified their harts then full of spight,  
 Yeelding vnto their Prince obedience,  
 And true submission for their great offence.

This fight of honor, to the *French Kings* fame  
 They did behold, a spectacle to *Fraunce*,  
 At the same time when the third *Edward* came,  
 And in the land his colours did aduance,  
 Sending to Clodoueus then their King  
 Which there became a Christian by Baptizing.

*Hæc sunt Francorum celebranda insignia Regum,  
 Quæ demissa polo, sustinet alma fides  
 Et nobis cœlica dona :  
 Et pia Francorum placeant insignia Regum,  
 Aurea cœlesti primum suffulta colore  
 Lilia, Cæsarijs olim iam credita ceruis  
 Auri flamma dehinc, veterum victoria Regum.*

And euer since great *Clodoueus* raigne,  
 They did remaine as Ensignes to that Nation,  
 Where still before three Toades they did sustaine,  
 Their onely pourtraiture of commendation,  
 By honor to the *English Kings* pertaining, (ning.  
 That conquer'd *Fraunce*, when all their pride was wai-

His barbed Horfes beat the yeelding ground,  
 And with their neighing terrifide their foe,  
 Prowd of their riders, in whose harts are found  
 A promise to the *Romanes* ouerthrow.

The glistering shine of their well-fashion'd armour,  
Tels all men here doth ride a Conquerour.

Their Armour strongly made and firmly wrought,  
Not to the vse of old decayed Time,  
Who with their gilded shewes are good for nought,  
But like to stonie wals not made with lime,  
The *Brytaines* went not proudly armoured,  
But strong, as scorning to be conquered.

In *Calis* he his colours doth aduance,  
Who all for feare do entertaine this Prince,  
And passeth through the regiment of *France*,  
And doth with puissance the *French* conuince:  
Still marching vp to *Paris* and to *Roane*,  
Bringing that Countrie in subiection.

And hauing got his Title and his Name  
A Title got with famous victorie,  
He marcheth forward to enlarge his Fame,  
Leauing faire *France* in his authoritie,  
By sword and clemencie he conquer'd *Island*,  
And wonne by famous warre the land of *Gothland*.

Now more and more his armie doth increafe,  
And mightie Kings do offer him their aide,  
So in the country they might liue in peace,  
His warlike followers so their minds dismaid:  
The name of *Arthur* King of *Britanie*,  
Hath fear'd the *Romish* force from *Italy*.

At

At last he comes to meete his enemie,  
 High-harted *Lucius* that his letters sent,  
 To great *Carleon* with such Maiestie,  
 That stiffely did demaund a base intent :  
     But now he wisht King *Arthur* were away,  
     For feare he lost the Honor of the day.

The *Britaines* valour was so admirable,  
 As when a Lion meeteth with his Pray ;  
 King *Arthurs* courage so inestimable,  
 That nere a *Romaine* durst his strength affay :  
     But like the dust with wind did take their flight,  
     Yeelding by Warre what they demaund by Might.

Here lay a heape of *Romans* slaughtered,  
 Trode vnder foote by proud victorious Steedes,  
 And here one Friend another murdered,  
 Not able for to helpe him in his neede :  
     Here bruised Souldiers that alowd did cry,  
     Braue *Arthur* helpe vs in our miserie.

And after he had wonne so great a Field,  
 And ouerthrew the *Romaine Lucius*,  
 He pardon'd those that graciously would yeeld,  
 And leaue their Leader proud *Tiberius* :  
     Who left his men for feare, and would not fight,  
     But hid himselfe in darknesse of the Night.

This base retraite and glorious Victorie,  
 To *Arthur's* honour and *Tiberius* shame,  
 Was spred through *Rome*, through *France*, through *Italy*,

K

An extollation to the *Brytish* name :  
 Who forraged about, yet all did flie,  
 Till *Arthur* tooke them to his pitying mercie.

Forwards towards *Rome* these *Britaines* make their way,  
 Sounding Defiance as they passe along,  
 Their conquering Ensignes still they do display,  
 In Armes and hautie courage passing strong :  
 All Cities offer peace, all Townes submit  
 To *Arthurs* greatnesse, as a thing most fit.

But as they passe huge *Mirmedons* do striue,  
 Surnamed *Giants*, for to stop this King.  
 And vow by Paganisme (by which they thriue,)  
 His bodie in *Oceanus* to fling :  
 And daunt his followers, who as Fame hath said,  
 Of great bigge monstros men were not afraid.

At last they march vpon a large broade plaine,  
 When first these hautie *Giants* he doth spie,  
 The *Britaines* scorne for to retire againe,  
 But either winne the honor, or else die :  
 Courage quoth *Arthur*, better die with fame,  
 Then yeeld or turne to our immortall shame.

At length they meete, and meeting cope together,  
 As when two sauage Boares are full of ire,  
 The Victorie as yet inclin'd to neither,  
 But from their Creafts and Shields did sparckle fire :  
 Inkindled Wrath from *Arthurs* breast hath sprong,  
 That he made passage through the thickest throng.

The

The King of *Giants Arthur* meetes withall,  
 And copes with him : for in his strength did stand  
 His Kingdomes great aduancement, or his fall,  
 His Subiects peace, his quietnesse of land :  
     But this renowne to *Britaine* doth remaine,  
     The *Giant, Arthur* hand to hand hath slaine.

When he was downe the reft did faint for feare,  
 Which when the *British* armie had espied,  
 Their true-borne valour did they not forbear,  
 But all the greene grasse with their bloud they died :  
     And made such slaughter of these monstrous men,  
     That after-time hath registred agen.

After this Conquest is King *Arthur* minded,  
 With all his royall power to march to *Rome*,  
 And with his Lords he hath determined,  
 This gallant Resolution, and this Doome :  
     To crowne himfelfe by warre their Emperour,  
     And ouer all a mightie Gouvernour.

And had not Fortune and Rebellion,  
 Stir'd vp his Cousin *Mordreds* hautie mind,  
 At home to make ciuill inuasion,  
 Who fought King *Arthurs* glory for to blind,  
     With honour had he re-inkindled fire,  
     To burne the wals of *Rome* to his desire.

But O iake *Mordred*, thou deceitfull Kinsman,  
 (Begot or Treasons heyre) thus to rebell,  
 Against thy noble Nephew, who hath wonne

K 2

Cities and peopled Townes that did excell :  
 And all he did was for to glorifie  
 His Royall kindred and his Noble countrey.

But thou some base-borne Haggard mak'ft a wing,  
 Against the Princely *Eagle* in his flight,  
 And like a hissing Serpent seek'ft to sting  
 The Lion that did shield thee from despight :  
 But now being wakened by his Countries wrong,  
 With warre he meanes to visite you ere long.

The news of this proud Rebell in his Land,  
 Was like deepe piercing arrowes at his hart,  
 Intemperate Rage did make them vnderstand  
 King *Arthurs* furie, and fond *Mordreds* smart,  
 Who vow'd reuengement most vnnaturall,  
 On him that fought to bring his friends to thrall.

He founds Retraite with heart-fwolne heauineffe,  
 That he must leaue faire *Rome* vnconquered,  
 And marcheth through the Land in quietneffe,  
 To be reueng'd on the Vsurper *Mordred* :  
 At this sweet newes of his departing thence,  
 The *Romaines* praise the Rebels excellence.

King *Arthur* heard at his returne towards *Brytaine*,  
 How *Mordred* had proclaim'd himselfe there King,  
 Those that resisted, he by force hath flaine,  
 Vnto their Countries ground a gentle offering,  
 And to the *Saxon Cheldricke* is allide,  
 Who landing to their lawfull King denide.

By



By force they driue King *Arthur* from the shore,  
 And like rebellious Monsters kill his men,  
 Which when he viewes, he striueth more and more,  
 And his great puiffant strength renewes againe,  
 And maugre all the power they withstand,  
 At *Sandwich* Noble *Arthur* taketh Land :

And ioyning battel with his enemies,  
 The traytrous Rebels are discomfited,  
 And *Mordred* all in haft away he flies,  
 By Treasons bloudie Traine & murther led,  
 To gather Power to renew the fight,  
 Vrg'd forward by the *Saxon Cheldricks* spight.

The Noble *Arthur* in this conflict loft  
 Some of his followers whom he lou'd too deare ;  
 The death of gentle *Gawen* grieu'd him most,  
 As by his outward sorrow did appeare :  
 This *Gawen* was proud *Mordreds* lawfull brother,  
 Legitimate by father and by mother.

O mirrour of true borne gentilitie,  
 Faire mappe of Honor in his gentle blood,  
 That rather chose to loue his noble cuntrye,  
 And seeke the meanes to do his life Liege good,  
 Then to defend his kindred by that warre,  
 That made the Sonne and most kind Father iarre.

Kind *Gawen*, trustie worthie Gentleman,  
 Belou'd of *Arthur*, as deseruedly,  
 Recording Time thy faithfulnessse shall scan,

K 3

And loyall Truth wrapt vp in memorie :  
 Shall fay in thy Kings quarrell being iust,  
 At laft thou diedft, not in thy Brothers trust.

Thy gentle King prepared thy Funeral,  
 And laid thy bodie in a Sepulchre,  
 In thine owne country richly done and royall,  
 At *Roffe* whose auncestrie shall still endure :  
 And like a Nephew, mourn'd and wept for thee,  
 Griewing to loose *Brytish* Nobilitie.

But to proceede in this vnluckie fight,  
 King *Angusel* was flaine whom *Arthur* loued,  
 A man in whom his countrie tooke delight,  
 That ne're with home-bred Treacherie was moued  
 In false-faith'd *Scotland* was his bones interd,  
 To which before King *Arthur* him prefer'd.

That vniust *Mordred*, Mischiefes nourisher  
 Times bad infamer, Traitor to the State,  
 Of his whole Countrie bounds the chiefe perturber,  
 Whose name to this day mongst them growes in hate.  
 Fled from the battell, getting ships he faild  
 Westward towards *Cornwail* whẽ his force was quail'd.

But when King *Arthur* heard of his departure,  
 Causing the refuse Rebels for to flie,  
 To make the way of his defence more sure,  
 With speed he re-infortt his royall armie,  
 With new supplie of hardie men at Armes,  
 Whose Resolution fear'd no following harmes.

With

With his whole force he marcheth after him,  
 Where all the *Kentish* men reioyce to see  
 King *Arthurs* Colours, whose rich pride doth dim  
 The faire-fac'd Sunne in all his Maieftie :  
     Not resting till he came vnto the place,  
     Where *Mordred* was encamped for a space.

By *Winchester* a Citie of renowne,  
 The Traitorous armie of this *Mordred* lay,  
 On whose proud gather'd troupe the Sunne did frowne,  
 Fore-shewing to his men a blacke-fac't day :  
     And so it prou'd before the selfe-fame night ;  
     *Mordred* and his best friends were slaine in fight.

At *Camblane* was this bloudie battell ended,  
 Where fame-achthieuing *Arthur* fore was wounded,  
 With gallant *Britaine* Lords being attended,  
 Whose sword (cald *Pridwin*) manie had confounded,  
     Yet Fortunes vnseene immortalitie,  
     Sometimes cuts downe sprigs of a Monarchie.

At this dayes dolefull stroke of *Arthurs* death,  
 The glorious shining Sunne lookt pale and wanne,  
 And when this *Monarch* losed forth his breath,  
 The *Britaines* being amaz'd about him ranne :  
     And with their nailes did teare their flesh afunder,  
     That they had lost their King the worlds great Wonder.

Ouer this litle Iland he had raigned,  
 The full iust terme of fixe and twentie yeares,  
 When twelue most famous battels he obtained,

As in our auncient Chronicles appeares,  
 And in the Church-yard of faire *Glaſtenburie*,  
 They held King *Arthurs* wofull obſequie.

And in the time of ſecond *Henries* dayes,  
 Betweene two pillars was his body found,  
 That in his life deſeru's immortall praiſe,  
 Layd ſixteene foote deepe vnderneath the ground ;  
 Becauſe his *Saxon* foes whom he did chaſe,  
 Should not with ſwords his liueleſſe corps deface.

In the laſt yeare of *Henries* royaltie,  
 More then ſixe hundred after his buriall,  
 By the Abbot of the houſe of *Glaſtenburie*,  
 At laſt they found King *Arthurs* funerall :  
*Henry de Bloys* the Abbots name they gaue,  
 Who by the Kings commaund did find the graue.

The principall and chiefe occaſion  
 That moou'd King *Henry* for to ſeeke the place,  
 Was that a Bardth in Welch diuiſion,  
 Recorded *Arthurs* actes vnto his Grace :  
 And in the foreſaid Church-yard he did ſing,  
 That they ſhould find the body of the King.

And thoſe that dig'd to find his bodie there,  
 After they enterd ſeuen foote deepe in ground,  
 A mightie broade ſtone to them did appeare,  
 With a great leaden Croſſe thereto bound,  
 And downwards towards the corpes the Croſſe did lie,  
 Containing this inſcripted poeſie.

*Hic*

*Hic iacet sepultus inclytus Rex,  
Arthurus in Insula Aualoniæ.*

His bodie whose great actes the world recorded,  
When vitall limitation gaue him life,  
And Fames shrill golden Trump abroad had founded,  
What Warres he ended, what Debate, what Strife,  
What Honor to his countrey, what great Loue,  
Amongst his faithfull subiects he did proue.

Was not interd in sumptuous royaltie,  
With funerall pompe of kindred and of friends,  
Nor clofde in marble stone wrought curiously,  
Nor none in mourning blacke his King attends,  
But in a hollow tree made for the nonce,  
They do enter King *Arthurs* princely bones.

Their outward habite did not shew their mind,  
For many millions of sad weeping eies,  
In euery streete and corner you might find,  
Some beating their bare breast, and some with out cries,  
Curfing and Banning that proud *Mordreds* soule,  
That did by warre his princely life controule.

The Kings that were attendant on his traine,  
Forgot their kingdomes, and their royall crownes,  
Their high proud hautie hearts with grieve were flaine,  
Strucke in amaze with Fortunes deadly frownes :  
For they had lost their Scepter, Seate, and all,  
By princely *Arthurs* most vnhappy fall.

L

The trunke being opened, at the laft they found  
 The bones of *Arthur* King of *Brytanie*,  
 Whose shin-bone being fet vpon the ground,  
 (As may appeare by auncient Memorie)  
     Reacht to the middle thigh within a fpanne,  
     Of a tall proper well fet bigge lim'd Man.

And furthermore they found King *Arthurs* skull,  
 Of fuch great largeneffe that betwixt his eyes,  
 His foreheads fpace a fpanne broad was at full,  
 That no true *Historiographer* denies :  
     The forenam'd *Abbot* liuing in thofe daies,  
     Saw what is written now to *Arthurs* praife.

The print of tenne wounds in his head appeared,  
 All grown together except onely one,  
 Of which it feemes this worthie *Brytaine* died :  
 A true Memoriall to his louing Nation ;  
     But that was greater far then all the reft,  
     Had it bene leffer *Brytaine* had bene bleft.

In opening of the Tombe they found his wife,  
 Queene *Guiniuere* interred with the King,  
 The Treffes of her haire as in her life,  
 Were finely platted whole and gliftering :  
     The colour like the moft pure refin'd gold,  
     Which being toucht fraight turned into mould.

*Henry de Bloyes* at the length tranflated  
 The bones of *Arthur* and his louely Queene,  
 Into the great Church where they were interred,

Within



Within a Marble toombe, as oft was feene :  
 Of whom a worthie Poet doth rehearse,  
 This *Epitaph* in sweete *Heroicke* Verse.

*Hic iacet Arthurus flos regum, gloria regni,  
 Quem mores, probitas commendant laude perenni.*

Iohannis *Leylandij* antiquarij Encomion funerale, in  
 vitam, facta, mortemq; Regis Arthuri inclitissimi.

*S*axonicas toties qui fudit marte cruento  
 Turmas, & peperit spolijs sibi nomen opimis,  
 Fulmineo toties *Pictos* qui contudit ense,  
 Imposuitque iugum Scoti ceruicibus ingens,  
 Qui tumidos Gallos, Germanos quiq. feroces  
 Pertulit, & Dacos bello confregit aperto :  
 Denique Mordredum è medio qui sustulit illud  
 Monstrum, horrendum ingens, dirum seuumque tyrannum,  
 Hoc iacet extinctus monumento Arthurius alto,  
 Militiæ clarum decus & virtutis alumnus,  
 Gloria nunc cuius terram circumuolat omnem,  
 Ætherij que petit, sublimia teçta tonantis.  
 Vos igitur gentis Proles generosa Britannæ  
 Induperatori ter magno assurgite vestro :  
 Et tumulo sacro Roseas inferte Corollas,  
 Officij testes redolentia munera vestri.

*Thus Englished.*

He that so oft the *Saxon* Troupes did foile,  
 And got a name of worth with richest spoile :  
 He that with brandisht sword the *Picts* destroyd,  
 And yok'd the *Scots*, their stubborn necks annoy'd :  
 He that the loftie *French* and *Germanes* fierce did smite,

L 2

And *Dacians* force with Warre did vanquish quite :  
 He lastly which cut off that monster *Mordreds* life,  
 A cruell *Tyrant*, horrible, mightie, full of strife :  
*Arthur* lyes buried in this Monument,  
 Warres chieftest garland, Vertues sole intent ;  
 Whose Glorie through the world stil swiftly flies,  
 And mounts with *Fames* wings vp to the thundring skies.  
 You gentle Offspring of the *Britaines* blood,  
 Vnto this puissant Emperour do honours good,  
 And on his Tombe lay Garlands of sweete Roses,  
 Sweete gifts of Dutie, and sweet louing posies.

*Finis Epitaphij.*

No. Arth.

---

*The true Pedigree of that famous  
 Worthie King Arthur, collected  
 out of many learned Authors.*

**T**Welve men in number entred the vale of *Aualon* :  
*Ioseph* of *Arimathea* was the chieftest we confesse,  
*Iosue* the sonne of *Ioseph* his father did attend on,  
 With other ten, these *Glaston* did possesse,  
*Hilarius* the Nephew of *Ioseph* first begate  
*Iosue* the Wife : *Iosue Aminadab*,  
*Aminadab Castellors* had by fate :  
*Castellors* got *Manael* that louely Lad,  
 And *Manael* by his wife had faire-fac'd *Lambard*,  
 With another deare sonne surnamed *Vrlard* ;  
 And *Lambard* at the length begot a sonne,

That

That had *Igrene* borne of his wife,  
 Of this *Igrene*, *Vter* the great *Pendragon*  
 Begot King *Arthur* famous in his life,  
 Where by the truth this Pedigree doth end,  
*Arthur* from *Iosephs* loynes did first descend.  
*Peter* Cousin to *Ioseph* of *Arimathea*,  
 Being sometimes King of great *Arcadia*,  
 Begat *Erlan* that famous worthy Prince,  
 And *Erlan* gat *Melianus*, that did conuince  
 His neighbour foes, *Melianus* did beget  
*Edor*, and *Edor Lothos* name did set,  
 That tooke to wife the sifter of King *Arthur* :  
 A Virgine faire, chaste, louely, and most pure,  
 Of whom this *Lotho* had foure louely boyes,  
 Their fathers comfort and their mothers ioyes,  
*Walwanus*, *Agranaius*, *Garelus* and *Guerelise*,  
 That in their countrey much did soueragnize :  
 All which were men of great authoritie,  
 And famous in the land of *Britanie*.

*Here endeth the Birth, Life, Death, and Pedigree of  
 King Arthur of Britanie, & now, to wherc we left.*

O *Nature* tell me one thing ere we part,  
 What famous towne and situated Seate  
 Is that huge Building that is made by Art,  
 Against whose wals the crystall streames do beate,  
 As if the flowing tide the stones would eate :  
 That lies vpon my left hand built so hie,  
 That the huge top-made Steeple dares the Skie?

*Phœnix.*

L 3

*Nature.* That is the *Britaines* towne old *Troynouant*,  
 The which the wandring-*Troyans* Sonne did frame  
 When after shipwracke he a place did want,  
 For to reuiue his Honor-splitted Name,  
 And raifd againe the cinders of his Fame,  
     When from *Sydonian Dido* they did steale,  
     To reare the Pillars of a Common-weale.

Since when to come more nearer to our time,  
*Lud* the great King did with his wealth enlarge,  
 The famous builded Citie of this Clime,  
 And *Ludstone* to be cald he gaue in charge,  
 And *London* now that Towne is growne at large :  
     The flowing Riuer *Thamafis* is nam'd,  
     Whose Sea-enfuing Tide can neare be tam'd.

*Phœnix.* O *London* I haue heard thee honoured,  
 And thy names Glorie rais'd to good intent,  
 Lawes Councill chamber in thy wals is bred,  
 The schoole of Knowledge and Experiment :  
 Wife Senators to gouerne thee is lent.  
     All things to beautifie a Royall Throne,  
     Where Scarfitie and Dearth did neuer grone.

*Nature.* Leaue off thy Praifes till we haue more leasure,  
 And to beguile the wearie lingring Day,  
 Whose long-drawne Howers do tire vs out of measure :  
 Our cunning in Loue-songs let vs affay,  
 And paint our Pleasure as some good Array :  
     I will beginne my cunning for to tast,  
     And your Experience we will try at laft.

*Here Nature fmgeth to this dittie following.*

W<sup>H</sup>at is Loue but a toy,  
 To beguile mens Senses ?

Whta

What is *Cupid* but a boy,  
 Boy to cause expences,  
 A toy that brings to fooles oppressed thrall,  
 A boy whose folly makes a number fall.

What is Loue but a child,  
 Child of little substance,  
 Making Apes to be wild,  
 And their pride to aduance,  
 A child that loues with guegawes to be toying,  
 And with thinne shadowes alwaies to be playing.

Loue is sweete, wherein sweete?  
 In fading pleasures, wanton toyes,  
 Loue a Lord, and yet meete,  
 To crosse mens humours with annoyes :  
 A bitter pleasure, pleasing for a while,  
 A Lord is Loue that doth mans thoughts beguile.

O sing no more, you do forget your Theame,  
 And haue prophan'd the sacred name of Loue,  
 You dip your tongue in an vnwholsome Streame,  
 And from the golden Truth your notes remoue  
 In my harsh Dittie I will all reprove :  
 And vnaccustom'd I will trie my skill,  
 To pleasure you, and to confute your will.

*The Phoenix her Song to the Dittie before.*

O Holy Loue, religious Saint,  
 Mans onely hony-tasting Pleasure,  
 Thy glory, learning cannot paint,  
 For thou art all our wordly Treasure :  
 Thou art the Treasure, Treasure of the soule,  
 That great celestiall powers doft controule.

What greater blisse then to embrace

The perfect patterne of Delight  
 Whose heart-enchauting Eye doth chase  
 All stormes of forow from mans fight  
     Pleasure, Delight, Wealth, and earth-ioyes do lye  
 In *Venus* bosome, bosome of pure beautie.

That mind that tasteth perfect Loue  
 Is farre remoted from annoy :  
*Cupid* that God doth sit aboue,  
 That tips his Arrowes all with ioy :  
     And this makes Poets in their Verse to sing  
 Loue is a holy, holy, holy thing.

*Nature.* O voice Angelicall, O heauenly song,  
 The golden praise of Loue that thou hast made,  
 Deliuerd from thy sweete smoothd honied tong,  
 Commaunds Loue felse to lye within a shade,  
 And yeeld thee all the Pleasures may be had :  
     Thy sweete melodious voice hath beautifide  
 And guilded Loues rich amours in her pride.

*Phoenix.* Enough, enough, Loue is a holy thing,  
 A power deuine, deuine, maiesticall :  
 In shallow witted braines as you did sing,  
 It cares not for the force materiall,  
 And low-borne Swaines it nought respects at all :  
     She builds her Bower in none but noble minds,  
 And there due adoration still she finds.

*Nature.* Stay *Phoenix* stay, the euening Starre drawes nie,  
 And *Phæbus* he is parted from our fight,

And



And with this Wagon mounted in the Skie,  
 Affording passage to the gloomie night,  
 That doth the way-faring Passenger affright :  
     And we are set on foote neere to that Ile,  
     In whose deep bottome plaines Delight doth smile.

O what a muskie sent the ayre doth cast,  
 As if the Gods perfum'd it with sweete Myrrhe :  
 O how my bloud's inspired and doth taste,  
 An alteration in my ioynts to stirre,  
 As if the good did with the bad conferre :  
     The ayre doth moue my Spirites, purge my Sence,  
     And in my body doth new warre commence.

*Phoenix.*

Looke round about, behold yon fruitfull Plaine,  
 Behold their meadow plots and pasture ground,  
 Behold their chrystall Riuers runne amaine,  
 Into the vaste huge Seas deuouring found,  
 And in her bowels all her filth is found :  
     It vomiteth by vertue all corruption,  
     Into that watrie plaine of desolation.

And while the day giues light vnto our eies,  
 Be thou attentiu, and I will relate,  
 The glorie of the plaines that thou descri'ft,  
 Whose fertill bounds farre doth extenuate,  
 Where *Mars* and *Venus* arme in arme haue fate :  
     Of plants of hearbs, and of high springing trees,  
     Of sweete delicious fauors, and of Bees.

In this delightfome countrey there doth grow,

M

The *Mandrake* cald in *Greeke Mandragoras*,  
 Some of his vertues if you looke to know,  
 The iuyce that freshly from the roote doth passe,  
 Purgeth all fleame like blacke *Helleborus* :  
     Tis good for paine engendred in the eies ;  
     By wine made of the roote doth sleepe arise.

Theres *Yellow Crowbels* and the *Daphadill*,  
*Good Harry*, *herbe Robert*, and white *Cotula*,  
*Adders grasse*, *Eglantine*, and *Aphodill*,  
*Agnus Castus*, and *Acatia*,  
 The *Blacke Arke-Angell*, *Coloquintida*,  
     Sweete *Sugar Canes*, *Sinkefoile*, and boies *Mercurie*,  
     *Goosefoote*, *Goldsnap*, and good *Gratia Dei*.

*Mosse of the Sea*, and *yellow Succorie*,  
 Sweete *Trefoile*, *Weedwind*, the wholesome *Wormewood*,  
*Muskmealons*, *Moustaille*, and *Mercurie*,  
 The dead *Arkeangell* that for wennes is good,  
 The *Souldiers perrow*, and great *Southernewood* :  
     *Stone hearts tongue*, *Blessed thistle*, and *Sea Trifoly*,  
     *Our Ladies cushion*, and *Spaines Pellitorie*.

*Phœnix*. No doubt this Clymate where as these remaine,  
 The women and the men are fam'd for faire,  
 Here need they not of aches to complaine,  
 For Phisickes skill growes here without compare :  
 All herbes and plants within this Region are,  
     But by the way sweete *Nature* as you go,  
     Of *Agnus Castus* speake a word or two.

That

That shall I briefly ; it is the very handmaid  
 To *Vesta*, or to perfect Chastitie,  
 The hot inflamed spirite is allaid  
 By this sweete herbe that bends to *Luxury*,  
 It drieth vp the feede of *Venerie* :

*Nature.*

The leaues being laid vpon the sleepers bed,  
 With chafnesse, cleannesse, purenesse he is fed.

Burne me the leaues, and straw them on the ground,  
 Whereas foule venemous Serpents vse to haunt :  
 And by this vertue here they are not found,  
 Their operation doth such creatures daunt,  
 It caufeth them from thence for to auaunt :

If thou be stung with Serpents great or lesse,  
 Drink but the feede, and thou shalt find redresse.

But to proceed, heres *Clary* or *Cleare-cie*,  
*Calues snout*, *Cukoe flowers*, and the *Cuckoes meate*,  
*Calathian Violets*, *Dandelion*, and the *Dewberrie*,  
*Leopards foote*, and greene *Spinage* which we vse to eate,  
 And the hot *Indian Sunne* procuring heate :

Great wild *Valerian*, and the *Withie wind*  
 The *water Cresses*, or ague-curing *Woodbind*.

There's *Foxgloue*, *Forget me not*, and *Coliander*,  
*Galingal*, *Goldcups*, and *Buprestis*,  
*Small honesties*, *Eyebright*, and *Coculus Panter*,  
*Double tongue*, *Moly*, and the bright *Anthillis*,  
*Smelling Clauer*, and *Æthiopsis* :

*Floramore*, *Euphorbium*, and *Esula*,  
*White bulbus violet*, and *Cassia fistula*.

M 2

*Phœnix.* By the way sweete *Nature* tell me this,  
 Is this the *Moly* that is excellent,  
 For strong enchauntments, and the Adders hisse?  
 Is this the *Moly* that *Mercurius* sent  
 To wife *Vlyffes*, when he did preuent  
     The witchcraft, and foule *Circe's* damned charmes,  
     That would haue compast him with twentie harmes?

*Nature.* This is the *Moly* growing in this land,  
 That was reueal'd by cunning *Mercurie*  
 To great *Vlyffes*, making him withstand  
 The hand of *Circes* fatall forcerie,  
 That would haue loden him with miserie:  
     And ere we passe Ile shew some excellence,  
     Of other herbs in *Phisickes* noble Science.

There *Mugwort*, *Sena* and *Tithimailes*,  
*Oke of Ierusalem*, and *Lyryconfaucie*,  
*Larkes spurre*, *Larkes claw* and *Lentiles*,  
*Garden Nigella*, *Mill*, and *Pionie*,  
*Woody Nightshade*, *Mints*, and *Sentorie*,  
     *Sowbread*, *Dragons*, and *Goates oregan*  
     *Pelemeum*, *Hellebore*, and *Osmond the Waterman*.

First of this *Mugwort* it did take the name,  
 Of *Artemesia* wife to *Mausoleus*,  
 Where funne-bred beautie did his heart inflame,  
 When she was Queene of *Helicarnassus*,  
*Diana* gaue the herbe this name to vs:  
     Because this vertue to vs it hath lent,  
     For womens matters it is excellent.

And

And he that shall this herbe about him beare,  
 Is freed from hurt or daunger any way,  
 No poised Toade nor Serpent shall him feare,  
 As he doth trauell in the Sunne-shine day,  
 No wearinesse his limmes shall ought affay :  
     And if he weare this *Mugwort* at his breast,  
     Being traouelling, he nere shall couet rest.

There is blacke *Hellebore* cald *Melampodium*,  
 Because an *Arcadian* shepheard first did find  
 This wholsome herbe *Melampus* nam'd of some,  
 Which the rich *Proetus* daughters wits did bind,  
 When she to extreame madnesse was inclin'd :  
     It cured and reuiu'd her memorie,  
     That was possesst with a continuall frenzie.

There Centrie in Greeke *Centaurion*,  
 That from the Centaure *Chiron* tooke the name,  
 In *Spaine* t'was cald *Cintoria* long agone,  
 And this much honor must we giue the same,  
 Wild Tygers with the leaues a man may tame :  
     Tis good for sinewed aches, and giues light  
     To the blacke mistie dimnesse of the fight.

Fames golden glorie spreadeth this report,  
 Vpon a day that *Chiron* was a gueft,  
 To arme-strong *Hercules* and did resort  
 Vnto his houle to a most sumptuous feast,  
 And welcome was the *Centaure* mongst the rest.  
     But see his lucke, he on his foote let fall,  
     Great *Hercul's* shaft, and hurt himselfe withal.

M 3

A mightie arrow not for him to weeld,  
 The wound being deepe, and with a venom'd point,  
 To Deaths aretment he began to yeeld,  
 And there with fundrie Balmes they did annoint,  
 His wounded foote being strucken through the ioynt :  
     All would not ferue till that an old man brought,  
     This *Centaurie* that ease to him hath wrought.

There's *Osmond balcpate*, *Plebane*, and *Oculus Christi*,  
*Sleeping nightshade*, *Salomons seale*, and *Sampire*,  
*Sage of Ierusalem*, and sweete *Rosemarie*,  
*Great Pilosella*, *Sengreene*, and *Alexander*,  
*Knights Milfoile*, *Masticke*, and *Stocke gillofer*,  
*Hearts ease*, *herbe twopence*, and *Hermodaetill*,  
*Narcissus*, and the red flower *Pimpernell*.

*Phœnix.* That word *Narcissus* is of force to steale,  
 Cold running water from a stony rocke :  
 Alas poore boy thy beautie could not heale  
 The wound that thou thyselfe too deepe didst locke ;  
 Thy shadowed eyes thy perfect eyes did mocke.  
     False beautie fed true beautie from the deepe,  
     When in the glasse water thou didst peepe.

O Loue thou art imperious full of might,  
 And dost reuenge the crie disdaining loue  
 His lookes to Ladies eyes did giue a light,  
 But pride of beautie, did his beautie smother,  
 Like him for faire you could not find another :  
     Ah had he lou'd, and not on Ladies lower,  
     He neare had bene transformed to a flower.

This



This is an Embleame for those painted faces,  
 Where deuine beautie rests her for awhile,  
 Filling their browes with stormes and great disgraces,  
 That on the pained soule yeelds not a smile,  
 But puts true loue into perpetuall exile :  
     Hard hearted Soule, such fortune light on thee,  
     That thou maist be tranform'd as well as he.

*Nature.*

Ah had the boy bene pliable to be wonne,  
 And not abusde his morne excelling face,  
 He might haue liu'd as beauteous as the Sunne,  
 And to his beautie Ladies would giue place,  
 But O proud Boy, thou wroughtst thine owne disgrace :  
     Thou lou'ft thy selfe, and by the selfe same loue,  
     Didst thy deuineffe to a flower remoue.

But to proceed, theres *Christi oculus*,  
 The feede of this *Horminum* drunke with wine,  
 Doth stirre a procurations heate in vs,  
 And to Libidenous lusts makes men incline,  
 And mens vnable bodies doth refine :  
     It brings increase by operation,  
     And multiplies our generation.

There's *Carrets*, *Cheruile*, and the *Cucumer*,  
*Red Patiens*, *Purflane*, and *Gingidium*,  
*Oxe eie*, sheepe killing *Penygraffes*, and the golden flower  
*Cuckoe pintell*, our *Ladies seale*, and *Saga pinum*,  
*Theophrastus violet*, and *Vincetoxicum* :  
     *Saini Peiers* wort, and louely *Venus haire*,  
     And *Squilla*, that keepes men from foule despaire.

O this word *Carrets*, if a number knew  
 The vertue of thy rare excelling roote,  
 And what good help to men there doth enfue,  
 They would their lands, and their liues fell to boote,  
 But thy sweete operation they would view :  
     Sad dreaming Louers flumbring in the night,  
     Would in thy honie working take delight.

The *Thracian Orpheus* whose admired skill  
 Infernall Pluto once hath rauished,  
 Causing high Trees to daunce against their will,  
 And vntam'd Beast with Musicks Harpe hath fed,  
 And fishes to the shore hath often led,  
     By his experience oftentimes did proue,  
     This Roote procur'd in Maides a perfect loue,

*Purflane* doth comfort the inflamed hart,  
 And healeth the exulcerated kidnies :  
 It stoppeth all defluxions falling smart,  
 And when we sleepe expelleth dreames and fancies :  
 It driues Imaginations from our eyes,  
     The iuyce of *Purflane* hindreth that desire  
     When men to *Venus* games would faine aspire.

Theres *Rocket*, *Iack by the hedge*, and *Loue in idlenesse*,  
*Knights water Sengreene*, and *Siluer maidenheare*,  
*Paris Nauews*, *Tornesol*, and towne *Cresses*,  
*Starre thistle* that for many things is deare,  
 And *Scia* that in *Italy* Corne doth beare :  
     *Wake-robbins*, *Hyacinth*, and *Hartichocke*,  
     *Letuce* that mens fence asleepe doth rocke.

O poore

O poore boy *Hyacinthus* thy faire face  
 Of which *Apollo* was enamored,  
 Brought thy lifes Lord too timely to that place,  
 Where playing with thee thou wast murdered,  
 And with thy bloud the grasse was sprinckled :  
     Thy bodie was transformed in that hower,  
     Into a red white mingled Gilli-flower.

*Phoenix.*

But yet *Apollo* wept when he was slaine,  
 For playing with him, cleane against his will  
 He made him breathlesse, this procur'd his paine :  
 True loue doth seldome feeke true loue to kill ;  
 O Loue thou many actions dost fulfill !  
     Search, seek, & learn what things there may be shewn,  
     Then fay that Loues sweet secrets are vnknowne.

*Nature.*

And as a token of *Apolloes* sorrow,  
 A filuer coloured Lillie did appeare,  
 The leaues his perfect sighes and teares did borrow,  
 Which have continued still from yeare to yeare ;  
 Which shewes him louing, not to be seure,  
     *At at* is written as a mourning Dittie,  
     Vpon this flower which shewes *Apolloes* pittie.

O Schoole-boyes I will teach you such a shift,  
 As will be worth a Kingdome when you know it,  
 An herbe that hath a secret hidden drift,  
 To none but Treauants do I meane to show it,  
 And all deepe read Phifitions will allow it :  
     O how you play the wags, and faine would heare  
     Some secret matter to allay your feare.

N

Theres garden *Rocket*, take me but the seed,  
 When in your Maisters brow your faults remaine,  
 And when to saue your selues there is great need,  
 Being whipt or beaten you shall feel no paine,  
 Although the bloud your buttocks seeme to staine :  
     It hardneth so the flesh and tender skin,  
     That what is seene without comes not within.

The Father that desires to haue a boy,  
 That may be Heire vnto his land and liuing,  
 Let his espoused Loue drinke day by day,  
 Good *Artichocks*, who buds in August bring,  
 Sod in cleare running water of the spring ;  
     Wiues naturall Conception it doth strengthen,  
     And their declining life by force doth lengthen.

In Sommer time, when sluggish idlenesse  
 Doth haunt the bodie of a healthfull man,  
 In Winter time when a cold heauie slownesse  
 Doth tame a womans strength do what she can,  
 Making her look both bloudlesse, pale and wan,  
     The vertue of this *Artichocke* is such,  
     It stirres them vp to labour very much.

Theres *Sowbread*, *Stanwort*, and *Starre of Hierusalem*,  
 Base or flat *Veruine*, and the wholesome *Tansie*,  
*Go to bed at noone*, and *Titimalem*,  
*Hundred headed thistle*, and tree-clasping *Iuie*,  
*Storks bill*, great *Stonecrop*, and seed of *Canary*,  
     *Dwarfe gentian*, *Snakeweed*, and fommer *Sauory*,  
     *Bell rags*, prickly *Boxe*, and *Raspis of Couentry*.

This

This *Sowbread* is an herbe that's perillous,  
 For howfoeuer this fame Roote be vsed,  
 For women growne with child tis dangerous,  
 And therefore it is good to be refused :  
 Vnlesse too much they seeke to be misused.  
     O haue a care how this you do apply,  
     Either in inward things or outwardly.

Those that about them carrie this fame *Sowbread*  
 Or plant it in their gardens in the Spring,  
 If that they onely ouer it do tread,  
 Twill kill the issue they about them bring,  
 When Mother *Lullabie* with ioy should sing :  
     Yet wanton scaping Maides perhaps will tast,  
     This vnkind herbe, and snatch it up in haft.

Yet let me giue a warning to you all,  
 Do not perfume too much in dalliance,  
 Be not short-heeld with euery wind to fall :  
 The Eye of heauen perhaps will not dispence  
 With your rash fault, but plague your fowle offence,  
     And take away the working and the vertue,  
     Because to him you broke your promis'd dutie.

Theres *Iuie*, that doth cling about the tree,  
 And with her leauie armes doth round embrace  
 The rotten hollow withered trunke we see,  
 That from the maiden *Ciffus* tooke that place,  
 Grape-crowned *Bacchus* did this damzell grace :  
     Loue-piercing windowes dazeled so her eye,  
     That in Loues ouer-kindnesse she did dye.

N 2

A rich-wrought sumptuous Banquet was prepared,  
 Vnto the which the Gods were all inuited :  
 Amongst them all this *Ciffus* was insnared,  
 And in the fight of *Bacchus* much delighted :  
 In her faire bosome was true Loue vnited,  
     She daunc't and often kift him with such mirth,  
     That sudder ioy did stop her vitall breath.

Affoone as that the Nourisher of things,  
 Our Grandam Earth had tasted of her bloud,  
 From fourth her bodie a fresh Plant there springs,  
 And then an *Iuy*-climbing Herbe there stood,  
 That for the fluxe Diffenterie is good :  
     For the remembrance of the God of wine,  
     It therefore alwaies claspes about the Vine.

There is *Angellica* or Dwarfe Gentian,  
 Whose roote being dride in the hot shining Sunne,  
 From death it doth preferue the poysoned man,  
 Whose extreame torment makes his life halfe gone,  
 That from deaths mixed potion could not shunne :  
     No Pestilence nor no infectious aire,  
     Shall do him hurt, or cause him to dispaire.

Theres *Carduus benedictus* cald the *Blessed thistle*,  
*Neswort*, *Peniroyall*, and *Astrolochia*,  
*Yellow Wolfs-bane*, and Rose-smelling *Bramble*,  
*Our Ladies Bedstraw*, *Brookelime*, and *Lunaria*,  
*Cinque foile*, *Cats taile*, and *Cresse Sciatica*,  
     *Hollihockes*, *Moufeare*, and *Pety Morrell*  
     *Sage*, *Scorpiades*, and the garden *sorrell*.

First



Firft of the *Nesewort*, it doth driue away,  
 And poyfoneth troublefome Mice and long-tail'd Rats,  
 And being fod in milke, it doth destroy  
 Bees, Waspes, or Flies, and litle ftinging Gnats :  
 It killeth Dogs, and reft disturbing Cats,  
     Boyled with vineger it doth affwage  
     The ach proceeding from the tooths hot rage.

*Sage* is an herbe for health preferuatiue,  
 It doth expell from women barrenneffe :  
*Ætius* faith, it makes the child to liue,  
 Whose new-knit ioynts are full of feeblenneffe,  
 And comforteth the mothers wearineffe :  
     Adding a liuely fpirit, that doth good  
     Vnto the painefull labouring wiues ficke blood.

In *Egypt* when a great mortalitie,  
 And killing Peftilence did infect the Land,  
 Making the people die innumerablie,  
 The plague being ceaft, the women out of hand  
 Did drinke of iuyce of *Sage* continually,  
     That made them to increafe and multiply,  
     And bring forth ftore of children prefently.

This herbe *Lunaria*, if a horfe do grafe  
 Within a medow where the fame doth grow,  
 And ouer it doth come with gentle pace,  
 Hauing a horflocke at his foote below,  
 As many haue, that fauegard we do know,  
     It openeth the Locke, and makes it fall,  
     Defpight the barre that it is lockt withall.

N 3

Theres *Standergras*, *Hares ballockes*, or great *Orchis*,  
 Prouoketh *Venus*, and procureth sport,  
 It helps the weakned body that's amisse,  
 And fals away in a consumptuous sort,  
 It heales the *Heſtique* feauer by report :  
     But the dried ſhriueld roote being withered,  
     Hindreth the vertue we haue vttered.

If Man of the great ſpringing rootes doth eate,  
 Being in matrimoniall copulation,  
 Male children of his wife he ſhall beget,  
 This ſpeciall vertue hath the operation,  
 If Women make the withered rootes their meate,  
     Faire louely Daughters, affable, and wiſe,  
     From their freſh ſpringing loines there ſhall ariſe.

There's *Rofemarie*, the *Arabians* iuſtifie,  
 (*Phifitions* of exceeding perfect ſkill,)  
 It comforteth the braine and Memorie,  
 And to the inward ſence giues ſtrength at will,  
 The head with noble knowledge it doth fill.  
     Conferues thereof reſtores the ſpeech being loſt,  
     And makes a perfect Tongue with little coſt.

Theres *Dwale* or *Nightſhade*, tis a fatall plant,  
 It bringeth men into a deadly ſleepe,  
 Then Rage and Anger doth their ſenſes haunt,  
 And like mad *Aiax* they a coile do keepe,  
 Till leane-fac'd Death into their heart doth creepe,  
     In *Almaine* graue experience hath vs tought,  
     This wicked herbe for manie things is nought.

*Oke*

*Oke of Ierusalem* being throughly dried,  
 And laid in preffes where your clothes do lie,  
 No Mothes or venome mongst them shall abide,  
 It makes them smell so odoriferously,  
 That it doth kill them all immediately :  
     It helps the breast that's stopped with corruption,  
     And giues mans breath fit operation.

Blest be our mother Earth that nourisheth,  
 In her rich womb the feede of Times increafe,  
 And by her vertue all things flourisheth,  
 When from her bosome she doth them release,  
     But are their Plants and Trees in this faire Ile,  
     Where *Floras* sweete spread garden seemes to smile ?

*Phoenix.*

As plentifull vnto these *Ilanders*,  
 Are the fruit-bearing Trees, as be the Flowers :  
 And to the chiefeft Lords that are commanders,  
 They serue as pleasant ouer-shading bowers,  
     To banquet in the day, and sport being late,  
     And most of them I meane to nominate.

*Nature.*

Ther's the great sturdie *Oke* and spreading *Vine*,  
 Vnder whose branches *Bacchus* vsd' to sleepe,  
 The *Rose-tree* and the loftie bearing *Pine*,  
 That seemes (being toucht with wind) full oft to weepe,  
     The *Hawthorne*, *Christs-thorne* and the *Rosemary*,  
     The *Tamariske*, *Willow*, and the *Almond-tree*.

The most chafft tree, that Chastnesie doth betoken,  
 The *Hollyholme*, the *Corke* and *Gooseberrie*,

That neuer with tempeftuous stormes is fhooke,  
 The *Oliue*, *Philbert*, and the *Barberie*,  
 The *Mafticke* tree whose liquid gumme being dride,  
 Is good for them that Rheume hath terrified.

Theres *Iudas* tree, fo cal'd becaufe that *Iew*,  
 That did betray the innocent Lambe of God,  
 There firft of all his forrowes to renew,  
 Did hang himfelfe, plagu'd with a heauy rod,  
 A iuft reward for fuch an vniuft flaue,  
 That would betray his Maifter to the graue.

Theres *Afh-tree*, *Maple*, and the *Sycamore*,  
*Pomegranate*, *Apricoctes* and *Iunipere* :  
 The *Turpentine* that sweet iuyce doth deplore,  
 The *Quince*, the *Peare-tree*, and the young mans *Medlar*,  
 The *Fig-tree*, *Orenge*, and the sweet moift *Lemmon*,  
 The *Nutmeg*, *Plum-tree*, and the louely *Cytron*.

Now for the *Mirtle* tree, it beares the name,  
 Being once the gods *Pallas* beft beloued,  
 Of *Merſin* the younge fair *Athenian* Dame,  
 Becaufe in actiuenefſe ſhe much excelled :  
 The luſtie young men of *Athenia*,  
 She ſtill was honour'd of the wife *Minerua*.

Who willing her at Tilt and Tournament,  
 At running, vaulting, and Actiuitie,  
 And other exerciſe of gouernement,  
 Not to be abſent from her Deitie :  
 Becaufe that ſhe as Iudge might giue the Crowne,  
 And

And garland to the Victors great renowne.

But no forepassed age was free from *Enuie*,  
 That spitefull honor-crazing enemy :  
 For on a time giuing the equall glorie  
 To him that wan it most deseruedly,  
     The vanquisher in furie much displeas'd,  
     Slue *Merfin* whom the Goddesse fauoured.

*Pallas* offended with their crueltie,  
 Did gratefully reuenge her Maidens death,  
 Transforming her into a Mirtle tree,  
 Sweetly to flourish in the lower earth :  
     The berries are a meanes for to redresse  
     (Being decocted) swolne-fac'd Drunkenesse.

The stormie Winters greene remaining *Bay*  
 Was *Daphne*, *Ladon* and the Earths faire daughter,  
 Whom wife *Apollo* haunted in the day,  
 Till at the length by chaunce alas he caught her :  
     O if such faults were in the Gods aboue,  
     Blame not poore filly men if they do loue.

But she not able (almost out of breath)  
 For to resist the wise Gods humble fute,  
 Made her petition to her mother Earth,  
 That she would succour her, and make her mute :  
     The Earth being glad to ease her miserie,  
     Did swallow her, and turn'd her to a Bay tree.

*Apollo* being amazed at this sight,

O

Named it *Daphne* for his *Daphnes* honour,  
 Twisting a Garland to his hearts delight,  
 And on his head did weare it as a fauour :  
 And to this day the Bay trees memorie  
 Remaines as token of true Propheſie.

Some of the heathen, men of opinion,  
 Suppoſe the greene-leau'd Bay tree can reſiſt  
 Inchantments, ſpirites, and illuſion,  
 And make them ſeeme as ſhadowes in a miſt,  
 This tree is dedicate onely to the Sunne,  
 Becauſe her vertue from his vice begonne.

The *Moſe*-tree hath ſuch great large ſpreading leaues,  
 That you may wrap a child of twelue months old  
 In one of them, vnleſſe the truth deceaues,  
 For ſo our *Herboriſts* haue truly told :  
 By that great Citie *Aleph* in *Aſſyria*,  
 This tree was found hard by *Venetia*.

The fruite hereof (the *Greekes* and *Chriſtians*)  
 That do remaine in that large-ſpreading Citie,  
 The miſbeleeuing *Iewes* and *Perſians*,  
 Hold this opinion for a certaintie :  
*Adam* did eate in liuely Paradife,  
 That wrapt mans free-borne ſoules in miſeries.

*Phœnix.* Theſe trees, theſe plants, and this deſcription,  
 Of their ſweete liquid gums that are diſtilling,  
 Are to be held in eſtimation,  
 For faire-fac'd *Tellus* glorie is excelling :

But



But what white siluer'd rich refembling plaine,  
Is that where wooddie moouing trees remaine?

That is the watry kingdome of *Neptunus*,  
Where his high wood-made Towers dayly flote,  
Bearing the title of *Oceanus*,  
As hony-fpeaking Poets oft do quote :  
    And as the branches fpreading from the tree,  
    So do the Riuers grace this louely Countrie.

*Nature.*

Wherein is bread for mans sweete nourishment,  
Fifhes of fundry forts and diuerse natures,  
That the inhabitants doth much content,  
As a relieuement to all mortall creatures,  
    But for to make you perfect what they be,  
    I will relate them to you orderly.

There swimmes the gentle *Prawne* and *Pickerell*,  
A great deuourer of fmall little fifh,  
The *Puffin*, *Sole*, and Sommer louing *Mackrell*,  
In feafon held for a high Ladies difh :  
    The bigge bon'd *Whale*, of whom the skilfull Marriner,  
    Sometimes God knowes ftands in a mightie terrour.

The muficke-louing *Dolphin* here doth fwimme,  
That brought *Arion* on his backe to fhore,  
And ftayd a long while at the Seas deepe brimme,  
To hear him play, in nature did deplore,  
    As being loth to leaue him, but at laft  
    Headlong himfelfe into the Sea he caft.

O 2

Here fwimmes the *Ray*, the *Sea-calfe* and the *Porpoise*,  
 That doth betoken raine or stormes of weather,  
 The *Sea-horse*, *Sea-hound*, and the wide-mouth'd *Plaice*,  
 A *Spitchcoke*, *Stocke-fish*, and the litle *Pilcher*,  
 Whose onely moifture preft by cunning Art,  
 Is good for thofe troubled with Aches smart.

Here fwimmes the *Shad*, the *Spitfifh*, and the *Spurling*,  
 The *Thornebacke*, *Turbot*, and the *Perewinkle*,  
 The *Twine*, the *Trout*, the *Scallop*, and the *Whiting*,  
 The *Scate*, the *Roch*, the *Tench* and pretie *Wrinckle* :  
 The *Purple-fifh*, whose liquor vfually,  
 A violet colour on the cloth doth die.

Here fwimmes the *Pearch*, the *Cuttle* and the *Stocke-fifh*,  
 That with a wooden ftaffe is often beaten,  
 The *Crab*, the *Pearch*, which poore men alwayes wifh,  
 The *Ruffe*, the *Piper* good for to be eaten :  
 The *Barbell* that three times in euey yeare,  
 Her natural young ones to the waues doth beare.

*Phœnix.* His great deuine Omnipotence is mightie,  
 That rides vpon the Heauens axeltree,  
 That by increafe amongft vs fends fuch plentie,  
 If to his Mightineffe grateful we will be :  
 But ftubborne necked *Iewes* do him prouoke,  
 Till he do loade them with a heauie yoke.

*Nature.* Truth haue you faid ; but I will here exprefse  
 The richeffe of the Earths hid recrecie,  
 The falt Seas vnfeene, vnknowne worthineffe,

That

That yeelds vs precious stones innumerably,  
 The rarenesse of their vertue fit for Kings,  
 And such this countrie climate often brings.

Herein is found the *Amatist*, and *Abestone*,  
 The *Topaze*, *Turches*, and *Gelatia*,  
 The *Adamant*, *Dionise*, and *Calcedon*,  
 The *Berill*, *Marble* and *Elutropia*,  
 The *Ruby*, *Saphire*, and *Asterites*,  
 The *Iacinth*, *Sardonix*, and *Argirites*.

The *Smaragd*, *Carbuncle*, and *Alablafter*,  
*Cornellis*, *Crusopasse*, and *Corrall*:  
 The sparkling *Diamond*, and the louely *Iaster*,  
 The *Margarite*, *Lodestone*, and the bright-ey'd *Chryfall*,  
*Ligurius*, *Onix*, *Nitrum*, and *Gagates*,  
*Abfistos*, *Amatites*, and the good *Achates*.

Here in this Iland are there mines of *Gold*,  
 Mines of *Siluer*, *Iron*, *Tinne* and *Lead*,  
 That by the labouring workman we behold:  
 And mines of *Brasse*, that in the Earth is fed,  
 The stone *Lipparia*, *Galaclites*, and *Panteron*,  
*Euidros*, *Iris*, *Dracontites*, and *Astrion*.

The *Adamant*, a hard obdurate stone,  
 Inuincible, and not for to be broken,  
 Being placed neare a great bigge barre of Iron,  
 This vertue hath it, as a speciall token,  
 The *Lodestone* hath no power to draw away  
 The Iron barre, but in one place doth stay.

O 3

Yet with a Goates warme, fresh and liuely blood,  
 This *Adamant* doth breake and riue in funder,  
 That manie mightie, huge strokes hath withstood :  
 But I will tell you of a greater wonder,  
     It reconciles the womans loue being loft,  
     And giueth prooffe of Chastnesse without cost.

The purple coloured *Amatist* doth preuaile  
 Against the wit-oppreffing Drunkenesse,  
 If euill Cogitations do affaile  
 Thy sleepe thoughts wrapt vp in heauinesse,  
     It soone will driue them from thy minds disturbing,  
     And temporize thy braine that is offending.

The white-veind enterlin'd stone *Achates*,  
 Bespotted here and there with spots like blood,  
 Makes a man gracious in the peoples eyes,  
 And for to cleare the fight is passing good :  
     It remedieth the place that's venemous,  
     And in the fire smels odoriferous.

The Gemme *Amatites* hath this qualitie,  
 Let a man touch his vesture with the same,  
 And it resisteth fier mightily :  
 The vertue doth the force of burning tame,  
     And afterwards cast in the fiers light,  
     Burnes not at all, but then it seemes most bright.

The faire stone *Berrill* is so precious,  
 That mightie men do hold it verie rare :  
 It frees a man from actions perillous,

If

If of his lifes deare blood he haue a care,  
 And now and then being put into the Eyes,  
 Defends a man from all his enemies.

The stone *Ceranicum* spotted ore with blue,  
 Being safe and chastly borne within the hand,  
 Thunders hote raging cracks that do enfue  
 It doth expell, and Lightnings doth withstand,  
 Defending of the house that many keepe,  
 And is effectuall to bring men asleepe.

The *Diamond* the worlds reflecting eye,  
 The *Diamond* the heauens bright shining starre,  
 The *Diamond* the earths most purest glorie :  
 And with the *Diamond* no Stone can compare ;  
 She teacheth men to speake, and men to loue,  
 If all her rarest vertues you will proue.

The *Diamond* taught *Musicke* first his cunning,  
 The *Diamond* taught *Poetry* her skill,  
 The *Diamond* gaue Lawyers first their learning,  
*Arithmeticke* the *Diamond* taught at will :  
 She teacheth all Arts : for within her eye,  
 The knowledge of the world doth safely lye.

*Dradocos* is a stone that's pale and wan,  
 It brings to some men thoughts fantastickall :  
 It being layd vpon a cold dead Man,  
 Loseth the vertue it is grac'd withall ;  
 Wherefore tis called the most holy stone :  
 For, whereas Death frequenteth it is gone.

*Achites* is in colour violet,  
 Found on the Bankes of this delightfome place,  
 Both male and female in this Land we get :  
 Whose vertue doth the Princely Eagle grace ;  
     For being borne by her into her nest,  
     She bringeth forth her young ones with much rest.

This stone being bound fast to a womans side,  
 Within whose purest wombe her child is lying,  
 Doth hasten child-birth, and doth make her bide  
 But litle paine, her humours is releasing.  
     If anie one be guiltie of Deceit,  
     This stone will cause him to forsake his meate.

*Enidros* is the stone that's alwayes sweating,  
 Distilling liquid drops continually :  
 And yet for all his daily moisture melting,  
 It keeps the selfe same bignesse stedfastly :  
     It neuer lesseneth, nor doth fall away,  
     But in one stedfast perfectnesse doth stay.

*Perpetui fetus lachrymas distillat Enidros,  
 Qui velut ex pleni fontis scaturigine manat.*

*Gagates* smelling like to Frankensence,  
 Being left whereas the poifnous Serpents breed,  
 Driues them away, and doth his force commence,  
 Making this beast on barren plaines to feed,  
     And there to starue and pine away for meate,  
     Becaute being there he finds no foode to eate.

This stone being put in a faire womans drinke,

Will



Will testifie her pure Virginitie,  
 A most rare thing that some men neuer thinke,  
 Yet you shall giue your iugement easly,  
     For if she make her water presently,  
     Then hath this Woman lost her honestie.

The *Iacinth* is a neighbour to the *Saphire*,  
 That doth transforme it selfe to fundrie sights,  
 Sometimes tis blacke and cloudie, sometimes cle  
 And from the mutable ayre borrowes lights :  
     It giueth strength and vigor in his kind,  
     And faire sweete quiet sleepe brings to the m

*Rabiates* being clearely coloured,  
 Borne about one doth make him eloquent,  
 And in great honour to be fauoured,  
 If he do vse it to a good intent,  
     Foule venemous Serpents it doth bring in awe,  
     And cureth paine and grieffe about the mawe.

The iron-drawing Lode-stone if you fet  
 Within a vessell, either Gold or Brasse,  
 And place a peece of Iron vnder it,  
 Of some indifferent size or smallest compasse,  
     The Lodestone on the top will cause it moue,  
     And by his vertue meete with it aboue.

The *Meade* stone coloured like the grassie greene,  
 Much gentle ease vnto the Goute hath donne,  
 And helpeth those being troubled with the Spleene,  
 Mingled with Womans milke bearing a Sonne :

**P**

It remedi'th the wit-affailing Frenzie,  
And purgeth the fad mind of Melancholie.

The stone *Orites* spotted ore with white,  
Being worne, or hung about a womans necke,  
Prohibiteth Conception and Delight,  
And the child-bearing wombe by force doth checke :  
Or else it haft'neth her deliuerie,  
And makes the birth vnperfect and vntimely.

Skie colour'd *Saphire* Kings and Princes weare,  
Being held most precious in their iudging fight :  
The verie touch of this doth throughly cure  
The Carbuncles enraging hatefull spight :  
It doth delight and recreate the Eyes,  
And all base grosseneffe it doth quite despise.

If in a boxe you put an inuenomd Spider,  
Whose poisonous operation is annoying,  
And on the boxes top lay the true *Saphire*,  
The vertue of his power shewes vs his cunning,  
He vanquisheth the Spider, leaues him dead,  
And to *Apollo* now is consecrated.

The fresh greene colour'd *Smaragd* doth excell  
All Trees, Boughs, Plants, and new fresh springing Leaues :  
The hote reflecting Sunne can neuer quell  
His vertue, that no eyesight ere deceiues,  
But ore faire *Phæbus* glorie it triumpheth,  
And the dimme duskie Eyes it polifheth.

The

The valiant *Cæsar* tooke his chiefe delight,  
 By looking on the *Σμαρους* excellence,  
 To see his *Romane* souldiers how they fight,  
 And view what wards they had for their defence,  
 And who exceld in perfect chiuallrie,  
 And noblest bore himselfe in victorie.

This Stone doth ferue to Diuination,  
 To tell of things to come, and things being past,  
 And mongst vs held in estimation,  
 Giuing the sicke mans meat a gentle tast :  
 If things shall be, it keepes in the Mind,  
 If not, forgetfulnesse our Eyes doth blind.

The *Turches* being worne in a Ring,  
 If any Gentleman hath cause to ride  
 Supports, and doth sustaine him from all falling,  
 Or hurting of him selfe what ere betide :  
 And ere he suffer anie fearefull danger,  
 Will fall it selfe, and breake, and burst a funder.

These wondrous things of *Nature* to mens eares  
 Will almost prove (sweete *Nature*) incredible,  
 But by *Times* ancient record it appeares,  
 These hidden secrets to be memorable :  
 For his diuinesse that hath wrought this wonder,  
 Rules men and beafts, the lightning and the thunder.

*Phœnix.*

For the worlds blindnesse and opinion,  
 I care not *Phœnix*, they are misbeleeuing,  
 And if their eyes trie not conclusion,

*Natur.*

They will not trust a strangers true reporting.  
 With Beasts and Birds I will conclude my storie,  
 And to that All-in-all yeeld perfect glorie.

In yonder woodie groue and fertile plaine,  
 Remaines the *Leopard* and the watrie *Badger*,  
 The *Bugle* or wild *Oxe* doth there remaine,  
 The *Onocentaure* and the cruell *Tyger*,  
 The *Dromidary* and the princely *Lion*,  
 The *Bore*, the *Elephant*, and the poifnous *Dragon*.

The strong neck'd *Bull* that neuer felt the yoke,  
 The *Cat*, the *Dog*, the *Wolfe*, and cruell *Viper*,  
 The lurking *Hare* that pretie sport prouokes,  
 The *Goatibucke*, *Hedgehogge*, and the swiftfoote *Panther*,  
 The *Horse*, *Cameleopard* and strong pawd *Beare*,  
 The *Ape*, the *Affe*, and the most fearefull *Deare*.

The *Moufe*, the *Mule*, the *Sow* and *Salamander*,  
 That from the burning fire cannot liue,  
 The *Weasell*, *Cammell* and the hunted *Beauer*,  
 That in purfute away his stoncs doth giue :  
 The *Stellio*, *Camelion* and *Vnicorne*,  
 That doth expell hot poifon with his Horne.

The cruell *Beare* in her conception,  
 Brings forth at first a thing that's indigest,  
 A lump of flesh without all fashion,  
 Which she by often licking brings to rest,  
 Making a formal body good and found,  
 Which often in this Iland we have found.

*Hic*

*Hic format lingua fatum, quem protulit Vrfa.*

The great wild *Bore* of nature terrible,  
 With two strong *Tushes* for his *Armorie*,  
 Sometimes affailes the *Beare* most horrible,  
 And twixt them is a fight both fierce and deadly :  
     He hunteth after *Marioram* and *Organie*,  
     Which as a whetstone doth his need supplie.

The *Bugle* or wild *Oxe* is neuer tam'd,  
 But with an iron ring put through his snout,  
 That of some perfect strength must needs be fram'd,  
 Then may you leade him all the world about :  
     The Huntsmen find him hung within a tree,  
     Fast by the hornes and then thy vse no pittie.

The *Camell* is of nature flexible,  
 For when a burden on his backe is bound,  
 To ease the labourer, he is knowne most gentle,  
 For why he kneeleth downe vpon the ground :  
     Suffering the man to put it off or on,  
     As it seemes best in his discretion.

They liue some fiftie or some hundred yeares,  
 And can remaine from water full foure dayes,  
 And most delight to drinke when there appeares,  
 A muddie spring that's troubled many wayes :  
     Between them is a naturall honest care,  
     If one conioyneth with his *Damme*, tis rare.

The *Dragon* is a poifnous venom'd beast,

P 3

With whom the *Elephant* is at enmitie,  
 And in contention they do neuer rest,  
 Till one hath slaine the other cruelly :  
     The *Dragon* with the *Elephant* tries a fall,  
 And being vnder he is slaine withall.

The bunch-backt, big-bon'd, swift-foote *Dromidary*  
 Of *Dromas* the Greeke word borrowing the name,  
 For his quicke flying speedy property :  
 Which easly these countrey men do tame,  
     Hel' go a hundredth miles within one day,  
 And neuer seeke in any place to stay.

The *Dogge* a naturall, kind, and louing thing,  
 As witnesseth our Histories of old :  
 Their maister dead, the poore foole with lamenting  
 Doth kill himselfe before accounted bold :  
     And would defend his maister if he might,  
 When cruelly his foe begins to fight.

The *Elephant* with tusshes Iuorie,  
 Is a great friend to man as he doth trauell :  
 The *Dragon* hating man most spitefully,  
 The *Elephant* doth with the *Dragon* quarell :  
     And twixt them two is a most deadly strife,  
 Till that the man be past, and sau'd his life.

The *Elephant* scene in Astronomy,  
 Will euery month play the Phisition :  
 Taking delight his cunning for to try,  
 Giuing himselfe a sweete purgation,

And



And to the running springs himfelfe addresse,  
And in the same wash off his filthinesse,

The *Gote-bucke* is a beast lasciuious,  
And giuen much to filthy venerie ;  
Apt and prone to be contentious,  
Seeking by craft to kill his enemy :  
His bloud being warme suppleth the Adamant,  
That neither fire or force could euer daunt.

The *Hedghogge* hath a sharpe quicke thorned garment,  
That on his backe doth serue him for defence :  
He can preface the winds incontinent,  
And hath good knowledge in the difference  
Betweene the Southerne and the Northren wind,  
These vertues are allotted him by kind.

Whereon in *Constantinople* that great City,  
A marchant in his garden gaue one nourishment :  
By which he knew the winds true certainty,  
Because the *Hedghogge* gaue him iust prefagement :  
Apples, or peares, or grapes, such is his meate,  
Which on his backe he caries for to eate.

The spotted *Linx* in face much like a *Lyon*,  
His vrine is of such a qualitie,  
In time it turneth to a precious stone,  
Called *Ligarius* for his property :  
He hateth man so much, that he doth hide  
His vrine in the earth, not to be spide.

P. 4

The princely *Lion* King of forrest-Kings,  
 And chiefe Commaunder of the Wildernesse,  
 At whose faire feete all Beasts lay downe their offrings,  
 Yeelding alleageance to his worthinesse :  
     His strength remaineth most within his head,  
     His vertue in his heart is compaffed.

He neuer wrongs a man, nor hurts his pray,  
 If they will yeeld submissiue at his feete,  
 He knoweth when the *Lionesse* plays false play,  
 If in all kindnesse he his loue do meete :  
     He doth defend the poore and innocent,  
     And those that cruel-hearted Beasts haue rent.

Then is't not pittie that the craftie *Foxe*,  
 The rauenous *Wolfe*, the *Tyger*, and the *Beare*,  
 The slow-past-dull-brain'd heauiue *Oxe*,  
 Should striue so good a state to ouerweare ?  
     The *Lion* sleepe and laughes to see them striue,  
     But in the end leaues not a beast aliue.

The *Onocentaur* is a monstrous beast ;  
 Supposed halfe a man and halfe an affe,  
 That neuer shuts his eyes in quiet rest,  
 Till he his foes deare life hath round encompast,  
     Such were the *Centaures* in their tyrannie,  
     That liu'd by humane flesh and villanie.

The *Stellio* is a beast that takes his breath,  
 And liueth by the deaw thats heauenly,  
 Taking his Food and Spirit of the earth,

And

And so maintaines his life in chafitie,  
 He takes delight to counterfeit all colours,  
 And yet for all this he is venomous.

Tis ftrange to heare fuch perfect difference,  
 In all things that his Mightineffe hath fram'd  
 Tis ftrange to heare their manner of defence,  
 Amongft all creatures that my *Nurfe* hath nam'd :  
 Are there no Wormes nor Serpents to be found  
 In this fweete fmelling Ile and fruitful ground ?

*Phoenix.*

Within a little corner towards the Eaft,  
 A moorifh plot of earth and dampifh place,  
 Some creeping Wormes and Serpents vfe to reft,  
 And in a manner doth this bad ground grace :  
 It is vnpeopled and vnhabited,  
 For there with poisonous ayre they are fed.

*Nature.*

Here liues the *Worme*, the *Gnat* and *Grashopper*,  
*Rinatrix*, *Lizard*, and the fruitfull *Bee*,  
 The *Mothe*, *Chelidras*, and the *Bloodfucker*,  
 That from the flefh fuckes bloud moft fpeedily :  
*Ceraftis*, *Aspis* and the *Crocodile*,  
 That doth the way-faring paffenger beguile.

The labouring *Ant*, and the beipeckled *Adder*,  
 The *Frogge*, the *Tode*, and Sommer-haunting *Flie*,  
 The prettie *Silkeworme*, and the poisonous *Viper*,  
 That with his teeth doth wound moft cruelly :  
 The *Hornet* and the poisonous *Cockatrice*,  
 That kills all birds by a moft flie deuce.

Q

The *Aspis* is a kind of deadly Snake,  
 He hurts most perillous with venom'd sting,  
 And in pursute doth neare his foe forsake,  
 But slaies a Man with poyfnous venoming :  
     Betweene the male and female is such loue,  
     As is betwixt the most kind *Turtle doue*.

This is the Snake that *Cleopatra* vsed,  
 The *Egyptian* Queene belou'd of *Anthony*,  
 That with her breasts deare bloud was nourished,  
 Making her die (*faire soule*) most patiently,  
     Rather than *Cæsars* great victorious hand,  
     Should triumph ore the Queene of such a land.

The *Lizard* is a kind of louing creature,  
 Especially to man he is a friend :  
 This property is giuen him by nature,  
 From dangerous beasts poore Man he doth defend :  
     For being sleepey he all fence forsaketh,  
     The *Lizard* bites him till the man awaketh.

The *Ant* or *Emote* is a labouring thing,  
 And haue amongst them all a publike weale,  
 In fommer time their meate they are prouiding,  
 And secrets mongst themselues they do conceale :  
     The monstrous huge big Beare being sickly,  
     Eating of these, is cured presently.

The fruitfull prety *Bee* liues in the hiue,  
 Which unto him is like a peopled City,  
 And by their daily labour there they thriue,

Bringing

Bringing home honied waxe continually :  
 They are reputed ciuill, and haue kings,  
 And guides for to direct them in proceedings.

When that their Emperour or King is present,  
 They live in peacefull fort and quietnesse,  
 But if their officer or king be absent,  
 They flie and swarme abroad in companies :  
 If any happen casuall-wife to dye,  
 They mourne and bury him right solemnly.

The *Crocodile* a faffron colour'd Snake,  
 Sometimes vpon the earth is conuerfant,  
 And other times liues in a filthy lake,  
 Being oppressed with foule needy want :  
 The skin vpon his backe as hard as stone,  
 Resisteth violent strokes of steele or iron.

*Rinatrix* is a poyssenous enuenom'd Serpent,  
 That doth infect the riuers and the fountaines,  
 Bringing to cattell hurt and detriment :  
 When thirsty they forsake the steepy mountaines,  
*Rinatrix violator Aquæ*, and infects the earth,  
 With his most noysome stinking filthy breath.

The *Scorpion* hath a deadly stinging taile,  
 Bewitching some with his faire smiling face,  
 But presently with force he doth affaile  
 His captiu'd praie, and brings him to disgrace :  
 Wherefore tis cald of some the flattering worme,  
 That subtilly his foe doth ouerturne.

Q 2

*Orion* made his boast the earth should bring  
 Or yeeld no ferpent forth but he would kill it,  
 Where presently the *Scorpion* vp did spring,  
 For so the onely powers above did will it :  
     Where in the peoples prefence they did see,  
     *Orion* stung to death most cruelly.

Of *Wormes* are diuers forts and diuers names,  
 Some feeding on hard timber, some on trees,  
 Some in the earth a secret cabbine frames,  
 Some liue on tops of Ashes, some on Oliues ;  
     Some of a red watriſh colour, some of greene,  
     And some within the night like Fire are ſeene.

The *Silkworme* by whose Webbe our Silkes are made,  
 For she doth dayly labour with her weauing,  
 A *Worme* that's rich and precious in her trade,  
 That whilst poore foule she toyleth in her spinning,  
     Leaues nothing in her belly but empty aire,  
     And toyling too much falleth to despaire.

Here liues the *Caddes* and the long leg'd *Crane*,  
 With whome the *Pigmies* are at mortall strife,  
 The *Larke* and *Lapwing* that with nets are tane,  
 And so poore silly foules do end their life :  
     The *Nightingale* wrong'd by Adulterie,  
     The *Nightcrow*, *Goshawke*, and the chattring *Pie*.

The *Pheasant*, *Storke*, and the high tousing *Faulcon*,  
 The *Swanne* that in the riuer takes delight,  
 The *Goldfinch*, *Blackebird*, and the big neck'd *Heron*

The



The skreeching *Owle* that loues the duskie night,  
 The *Partridge*, *Griffon*, and the liuely *Peacocke*,  
 The *Linnet*, *Bulfinch*, *Snipe*, and rauening *Puttocke*.

The *Robin Redbreast* that in Winter sings,  
 The *Pellican*, the *Iay*, and the chirping *Sparrow*,  
 The little *Wren* that many yong ones brings,  
*Hercin*, *Ibis*, and the swift wingd *Swallow* :  
 The princely *Eagle* and *Caladrius*  
 The *Cuckow* that to some is prosperous.

The snow-like colour'd bird, *Caladrius*,  
 Hath this inestimable natural prosperitie,  
 If any man in sicknesse dangerous,  
 Hopes of his health to haue recouerie,  
 This bird will alwayes looke with chearefull glance,  
 If otherwise, sad is his countenance.

The *Crane* directed by the leaders voice,  
 Flies ore the seas, to countries farre vnknowne,  
 And in the secret night they do reioice  
 To make a watch among them of their owne ;  
 The watchman in his clawes holds fast a stone,  
 Which letting fall the rest are wak'd anone.

The Spring-delighting bird we call the *Cuckow*,  
 Which comes to tell of wonders in this age,  
 Her prettie one note to the world doth shew,  
 Some men their destinie, and doth preface  
 The womans pleasure and the mans disgrace,  
 Which she fits finging in a secret place.

Q 3

The Winters enuious blast she neuer tasteth,  
 Yet in all countries doth the *Cuckoe* sing,  
 And oftentimes to peopled townes she hasteth,  
 Ther for to tell the pleasures of the Spring :  
     Great Courtiers heare her voyce, but let her flye,  
     Knowing that she presageeth Destiny.

This prety bird sometimes vpon the steeple,  
 Sings *Cuckoe, Cuckoe*, to the parish Priest,  
 Sometimes againe she flies amongst the people,  
 And on their Crosse no man can her resist,  
     But there she sings, yet some disdaining Dames,  
     Do charme her hoarse, lest she should hit their names.

She scornes to labour or make vp a nest,  
 But creepes by stealth into some others roome,  
 And with the *Larkes* deare yong, her yong-ones rest,  
 Being by subtile dealing ouercome :  
     The yong birds are restoratiue to eate,  
     And held amongst vs as a Princes meate.

The Princely *Eagle* of all Birds the King,  
 For none but she can gaze against the Sunne,  
 Her eye-sight is so cleare, that in her flying  
 She spies the smallest beast that euer runne,  
     As swift as gun-shot vsing no delay,  
     So swiftly doth she flie to catch her pray.

She brings her birds being yong into the aire,  
 And sets them for to looke on *Phæbus* light,  
 But if their eyes with gazing chance to water,

Those

Those she accounteth bastards, leaues them quight,  
 But those that haue true perfect constant eyes,  
 She cherisheth, the rest she doth despise.

The *Griffon* is a bird rich feathered,  
 His head is like a *Lion*, and his flight  
 Is like the *Eagles*, much for to be feared,  
 For why he kils men in the vgly night :  
 Some say he keepes the *Smaragd* and the *Iasper*,  
 And in pursute of Man is monstrous eager.

The gentle birds called the faire *Hircinie*,  
 Taking the name of that place where they breed,  
 Within the night they shine so gloriously,  
 That mans astonied senses they do feed :  
 For in the darke being cast within the way  
 Giues light vnto the man that goes astray.

*Ibis* the bird flieth to *Nilus* flood,  
 And drinking of the water purgeth cleane :  
 Vnto the land of *Ægypt* he doth good,  
 For he to rid their Serpents is a meane ;  
 He feedeth on their egges, and doth destroy  
 The Serpents nests that would their Clime annoy.

The *Lapwing* hath a piteous mournfull cry,  
 And sings a sorrowfull and heauy song,  
 But yet shee's full of craft and subtilty,  
 And weepeth most being farthest from her yong :  
 In elder age she seru'd for Southfayers  
 And was a Prophetesse to the Augurers.

Q 4

The birds of *Ægypt* or *Memnodides*,  
 Of *Memnon* that was slaine in rescuing *Troy*,  
 Are said to flie away in companies,  
 To *Priams* pallace, and there twice a day  
     They fight about the turrets of the dead,  
 And the third day in battell are confounded.

The *Nightingale* the nights true Chorister,  
*Musickes* chiefe louer in the pleafant Spring,  
 Tunes Hunts-vp to the Sunne that doth delight her,  
 And to *Arions* harp aloud will sing :  
     And as a Bridegroom that to church is comming,  
 So he falutes the Sunne when he is rising.

The *Romane Cæsars*, happie Emperours,  
 Especially thofe of the yongest fort,  
 Haue kept the *Nightingale* within their towers,  
 To play, to dally, and to make them sport,  
     And oftentimes in *Greeke* and *Latine* tong,  
 They taught thofe birds to sing a pleafant fong.

This bird as *Hiftories* make mention,  
 Sung in the infant mouth of *Stefichorus*,  
 Which did foretell due commendation,  
 In all his actions to be prosperous :  
     So *Bees* when *Plato* in his bed did lie,  
 Swarm'd round about his mouth, leauing their honie.

The fluggish flouthfull and the daftard *Owle*,  
 Hating the day, and louing of the night,  
 About old fepulchers doth daily howle,

Frequenting

Frequenting barnes and houfes without light,  
 And hides him often in an Iuy tree,  
 Leaft with fmall chattering birds wrong'd he fhould be.

*Fædaque fic volucris venturi nuntia luctus,  
 Ignauus Bubo, dirum mortalibus omen.*

The filthy meffenger of ill to come  
 The fluggifh *Owle* is, and to danger fome.

This ill bedooming *Owle* fate on the fpeare,  
 Of warlike *Pirrhus* marching to the field,  
 When to the *Græcian* armie he drew neare,  
 Determining to make his foes to yeeld,  
 Which did forefhew finifter happineffe,  
 And balefull fortune in his bufineffe.

The *Parrat* cald the counterfeiting bird,  
 Deckt with all colours that fair *Flora* yeelds,  
 That after one will fpeake you word for word :  
 Liuing in wooddie groues neare fertile fields,  
 They haue bene knowne to giue great Emperors wine,  
 And therefore fome men hold them for deuine.

The proud fun-brauing *Peacocke* with his feathers,  
 Walkes all along, thinking himfelfe a King,  
 And with his voyce prognosticates all weathers,  
 Although God knowes but badly he doth fing :  
 But when he lookes downe to his bafe blacke Feete,  
 He droopes, and is afham'd of things unmeete.

The mighty *Macedonian Alexander*,

R

Marching in louely triumph to his foes,  
 Being accounted the worlds conquerour,  
 In *Indie* spies a *Peacocke* as he goes,  
     And maruelling to see so rich a fight,  
 Charg'd all men not to kill his sweete delight.

The *Pellican* the wonder of our age,  
 (As *Ierome* faith) reuiues her tender yong,  
 And with her purest blood, she doth affwage  
 Her yong ones thirst, with poisonous Adder stong,  
     And those that were supposed three dayes dead.  
 She giues them life once more being nourished.

The vnfatiate *Sparrow* doth prognosticate,  
 And is held good for diuination,  
 For flying here and there, from gate to gate,  
 Foretels true things by animaduertion :  
     A flight of *Sparrowes* flying in the day,  
 Did prophesie the fall and sacke of *Troy*.

The artificiall nest-composing *Swallow*,  
 That eats his meate flying along the way,  
 Whose swiftnesse in our eyfight doth allow,  
 That no imperiall Bird makes her his pray :  
     His yong ones being hurt within the eies,  
 His helps them with the herbe *Calcedonies*.

*Cecinna* and the great *Volateran*,  
 Being *Pompeis* warlike and approued knights,  
 Sent letters by these Birds without a man,  
 To many of their friends and chiefe delights,

And



And all their letters to their feete did tie,  
Which with great speed did bring them hastily.

The sweete recording Swanne *Apolloes* ioy,  
And fry scorched *Phaetons* delight,  
In footed verse sings out his deep annoy,  
And to the siluer riuers takes his flight,  
Prognosticates to Sailer on the seas,  
Fortunes prosperitie and perfect ease.

*Cignus in auspicijs semper latissimus ales,  
Hoc optant nautæ, quia se non mergit in undis.*

But what sad-mournefull drooping soule is this,  
Within whose watry eyes fits Discontent,  
Whose snail-pac'd gate tels something is amisse :  
From whom is banisht sporting Meriment :  
Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,  
The perfect picture of hart pining woes ?

*Phœnix.*

This is the carefull bird the *Turtle* Doue,  
Whose heauy croking note doth shew his grieffe,  
And thus he wanders seeking of his loue,  
Refusing all things that may yeeld reliefe :  
All motions of good turnes, all Mirth and Ioy,  
Are bad, fled, gone, and falne into decay.

*Nature.*

Is this the true example of the Heart ?  
Is this the Tutor of faire *Conslancy* ?  
Is this Loues treasure, and Loues pining smart ?  
Is this the substance of all honesty ?

*Phœnix.*

R 2

And comes he thus attir'd, alas poore foule,  
That Destinies foule wrath should thee controule.

See Nourse, he stares and lookes me in the face,  
And now he mournes, worfe then he did before,  
He hath forgot his dull slow heauy pace,  
But with swift gate he eyes vs more and more :  
O shall I welcome him, and let me borrow  
Some of his grieffe to mingle with my sorrow.

*Nature.* Farwell faire bird, Ile leaue you both alone,  
This is the *Doue* you long'd fo much to see,  
And this will proue companion of your mone,  
An Vmpire of all true humility :  
Then note my *Phœnix*, what there may eniue,  
And fo I kisse my bird. *Adue, Adue.*

*Phœnix.* Mother farewell ; and now within his eyes,  
Sits sorrow clothed in a sea of teares,  
And more and more the billowes do arise :  
Pale Grieffe halfe pin'd vpon his brow appeares,  
His feathers fade away, and make him looke,  
As if his name were writ in Deaths pale booke.

*Turtle.* O stay poore *Turtle*, whereat hast thou gazed,  
At the eye-dazling Sunne, whose sweete reflection,  
The round encompast heauenly world amazed ?  
O no, a child of Natures true complexion,  
The perfect *Phœnix* of rariety,  
For wit, for vertue, and excelling beauty.

Haile

Haile map of forrow : *Tur.* Welcome *Cupid's* child. *Phœnix.*  
 Let me wipe off those teares vpon thy cheekes,  
 That stain'd thy beauties pride, and haue defil'd  
 Nature it selfe, that so vsurping seekes  
 To fit vpon thy face, for Ile be partener,  
 Of thy harts wrapped forrow more hereafter.

Natures faire darling, let me kneele to thee, *Turtle.*  
 And offer vp my true obedience,  
 And sacredly in all humility,  
 Craue pardon for presumptions foule offence :  
 Thy lawne-snow-colour'd hand shall not come neare  
 My impure face, to wipe away one teare.

My teares are for my *Turtle* that is dead,  
 My sorrow springs from her want that is gone,  
 My heauy note sounds for the soule that's fled,  
 And I will dye for him left all alone :  
 I am not liuing, though I seeme to go,  
 Already buried in the graue of wo.

Why I haue left *Arabia* for thy sake, *Phœnix.*  
 Because those fires haue no working substance,  
 And for to find thee out did vndertake :  
 Where on the mountaine top we may aduance  
 Our fiery alter ; let me tell thee this,  
*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Come poore lamenting foule, come sit by me,  
 We are all one, thy sorrow shall be mine,  
 Fall thou a teare, and thou shalt plainly see,

R 3

Mine eyes shall answer teare for teare of thine :  
 Sigh thou, Ile sigh, and if thou giue a grone,  
 I shall be dead in answering of thy mone.

*Turtle.* Loues honorable Friend, one grone of yours,  
 Will rend my sicke-loue-pining hart afunder,  
 One sigh brings teares from me like *Aprill* showers,  
 Procur'd by Sommers hote loud cracking thunder :  
 Be you as mery as sweet mirth may be,  
 Ile grone and sigh, both for your selfe and me.

*Phaenix.* Thou shalt not gentle *Turtle*, I will beare  
 Halfe of the burdenous yoke thou dost sustaine,  
 Two bodies may with greater ease outweare  
 A troublefome labour, then Ile brooke some paine,  
 But tell me gentle *Turtle*, tell me truly  
 The difference betwixt false Loue and true Sinceritie.

*Turtle* That shall I briefly, if youle giue me leaue,  
 False loue is full of Enuie and Deceit,  
 With cunning shifts our humours to deceiue,  
 Laying downe poison for a fugged baite,  
 Alwayes inconstant, false and variable,  
 Delighting in fond change and mutable.

True loue, is louing pure, not to be broken,  
 But with an honest eye, she eyes her louer,  
 Not changing variable, nor neuer shoken  
 With fond Suspition, secrets to discouer,  
 True loue will tell no lies, nor ne're dissemble,  
 But with a bashfull modest feare will tremble.

False

Falſe loue puts on a Maſke to ſhade her folly,  
 True loue goes naked wiſhing to be ſeene,  
 Falſe loue will counterfeite perpetually,  
 True loue is Troths ſweete emperizing Queene :  
     This is the difference, true Loue is a iewell,  
     Falſe loue, hearts tyrant, inhumane, and cruell.

What may we wonder at? O where is learning?  
 Where is all difference twixt the good and bad?  
 Where is *Apelles* art? where is true cunning?  
 Nay where is all the vertue may be had?  
     Within my *Turtles* boſome, ſhe refines,  
     More then ſome louing perfect true deuines.

*Phœnix.*

Thou ſhalt not be no more the *Turtle-Doue*,  
 Thou ſhalt no more go weeping al alone,  
 For thou ſhalt be my ſelfe, my perfect Loue,  
 Thy grieſe is mine, thy ſorrow is my mone,  
     Come kiſſe me ſweeteſt ſweete, O I do bleſſe  
     This gracious luckie Sun-ſhine happineſſe.

How may I in all gratefullneſſe requite,  
 This gracious fauor offred to thy ſeruant?  
 The time affordeth heauineſſe not delight,  
 And to the times appoint wee be obſeruant :  
     Command, O do commaund, what ere thou wilt,  
     My hearts bloud for thy ſake ſhall ſtraight be ſpilt.

*Turtle.*

Then I command thee on thy tender care,  
 And chiefe obedience that thou owſt to me,  
 That thou eſpecially (deare Bird) beware

*Phœnix.*

Of impure thoughts, or vncleane chastity :  
 For we must waft together in that fire,  
 That will not burne but by true Loues desire.

*Turtle.* A spot of that foule monster neare did staine,  
 These drooping feathers, nor I neuer knew  
 In what base filthy clymate doth remaine  
 That spright incarnate ; and to tell you true,  
 I am as spotlesse as the purest whight,  
 Cleare without staine, of enuy, or despight.

*Phœnix.* Then to yon next adioyning groue we'le flye,  
 And gather sweete wood for to make our flame,  
 And in a manner sacrificingly,  
 Burne both our bodies to reuiue one name :  
 And in all humbleness we will intreate  
 The hot earth parching Sunne to lend his heate.

*Turtle.* Why now my heart is light, this very doome  
 Hath banisht sorrow from my pensiue breast :  
 And in my bosome there is left no roome,  
 To set blacke melancholy, or let him rest ;  
 Ile fetch sweete mirrhe to burne, and licorice,  
 Sweete Iuniper, and straw them ore with spice.

*Phœnix.* Pile vp the wood, and let vs inuocate  
 His great name that doth ride within his chariot,  
 And guides the dayes bright eye, let's nominate  
 Some of his blessings, that he well may wot,  
 Our faithfull seruice and humility,  
 Offer'd vnto his highest Deity.

Great



Great God *Apollo*, for thy tender loue,  
 Thou once didst beare to wilful *Phaeton*,  
 That did desire thy chariots rule aboue,  
 Which thou didst grieue in hart to thinke vpon :  
     Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,  
     That shall receiue the Sacrifice of blood.

For thy sweete *Daphnes* sake thy best beloued,  
 And for the Harpe receiu'd of *Mercury*,  
 And for the *Muses* of thee faouored,  
 Whose gift of wit excels all excellency :  
     Send thy hot kindling fire into this wood,  
     That shall receiue the Sacrifice of blood.

*Turtle.*

For thy sweet fathers sake great *Iupiter*,  
 That with his thunder-bolts commands the earth,  
 And for *Latonas* sake thy gentle mother,  
 That first gaue *Phæbus* glories liuely breath :  
     Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,  
     That shall receiue the sacrifice of blood.

*Phœnix.*

Stay, stay, poore *Turtle*, ð we are betraid,  
 Behind yon little bush there sits a spy,  
 That makes me blush with anger, halfe afraid,  
 That in our motions secrecly would pry :  
     I will go chide with him, and driue him thence,  
     And plague him for presumptions foule offence.

Be not affraid, it is the *Pellican*,  
 Looke how her yong-ones make her brest to bleed,  
 And drawes the blood forth, do the best she can,

*Turtle.*

S

And with the fame their hungry fancies feede,  
 Let her alone to vew our Tragedy,  
 And then report our Loue that she did see.

See beauteous *Phœnix* it begins to burne,  
 O blessed *Phœbus*, happy, happy light,  
 Now will I recompence thy great good turne,  
 And first (deare bird) Ile vanish in thy sight,  
 And thou shalt see with what a quicke desire,  
 Ile leape into the middle of the fire.

*Phœnix.* Stay *Turtle* stay, for I will first prepare ;  
 Of my bones must the Princely *Phœnix* rise,  
 And ift be possible thy blood wele spare,  
 For none but for my sake, dost thou despise  
 This frailty of thy life, ô liue thou still,  
 And teach the base deceitfull world Loues will.

*Turtle.* Haue I come hither drooping through the woods,  
 And left the springing groues to seeke for thee ?  
 Haue I forfooke to bathe me in the fouds,  
 And pin'd away in carefull misery ?  
 Do not deny me *Phœnix* I must be  
 A partner in this happy Tragedy.

*Phœnix.* O holy, sacred, and pure perfect fire,  
 More pure then that ore which faire *Dido* mones,  
 More sacred in my louing kind desire,  
 Then that which burnt old *Esons* aged bones,  
 Accept into your euer hallowed flame,  
 Two bodies, from the which may spring one name.

O sweet

O sweet perfumed flame, made of those trees,  
 Vnder the which the *Muses* nine haue song  
 The praise of vertuous maids in misteries,  
 To whom the faire fac'd *Nymphes* did often throng ;  
     Accept my body as a Sacrifice  
     Into your flame, of whom one name may rife.

*Turtle.*

O wilfulnesse, see how with smiling cheare,  
 My poore deare hart hath flong himselfe to thrall,  
 Looke what a mirthfull countenance he doth beare,  
 Spreading his wings abroad, and ioyes withall :  
     Learne thou corrupted world, learne, heare, and see,  
     Friendships vnspotted true sincerity.

*Phœnix.*

I come sweet *Turtle*, and with my bright wings,  
 I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,  
 I hope of these another Creature springs,  
 That shall possesse both our authority :  
     I stay to long, ô take me to your glory,  
     And thus I end the *Turtle* Doues true story.

Finis. R. C.

*Pellican.*

**W**Hat wondrous hart-griewing spectacle,  
 Haft thou beheld the worlds true miracle?  
 With what a spirit did the *Turtle* flye  
 Into the fire, and chearfully did dye?  
 He look't more pleasant in his countenance  
 Within the flame, then when he did aduance,  
 His pleasant wings vpon the naturall ground,

S 2

True perfect loue had fo his poore heart bound,  
 The *Phenix Natures* deare adopted child,  
 With a pale heauy count'nance, wan and mild,  
 Grieu'd for to see him first possesse the place,  
 That was allotted her, her selfe to grace,  
 And followes cheerfully her second turne,  
 And both together in that fire do burne.  
 O if the rarest creatures of the earth,  
 Because but one at once did ere take breath  
 Within the world, should with a second he,  
 A perfect forme of loue and amitie  
 Burne both together, what should there arise,  
 And be presented to our mortall eyes,  
 Out of the fire, but a more perfect creature?  
 Because that two in one is put by Nature,  
 The one hath giuen the child inchaunting beautie,  
 The other giues it loue and chastitie:  
 The one hath giuen it wits rarietie  
 The other guides the wit most charily:  
 The one for vertue doth excell the rest,  
 The other in true constancie is blest.  
 If that the *Phenix* had bene separated,  
 And from the gentle *Turtle* had bene parted,  
 Loue had bene murdred in the infancie,  
 Without these two no loue at all can be.  
 Let the loue wandring wits but learne of these,  
 To die together, so their grieffe to ease:  
 But louers now a dayes do loue to change,  
 And here and there their wanton eyes do range,  
 Not pleased with one choise, but seeking many,  
 And in the end scarce is content with any:

Loue

Loue now adayes is like a shadowed fight,  
 That shewes it selfe in *Phæbus* golden light,  
 But if in kindnesse you do striue to take it,  
 Fades cleane away, and you must needs forsake it.  
 Louers are like the leaues with Winter shoken,  
 Brittle like glasse, that with one fall is broken.  
 O fond corrupted age, when birds shall show  
 The world their dutie, and to let men know  
 That no finister chaunce should hinder loue,  
 Though as these two did, deaths arrest they proue.  
 I can but mourne with sadnesse and with grieffe,  
 Not able for to yeeld the world reliefe,  
 To see these two consumed in the fire,  
 Whom Loue did copulate with true desire :  
 But in the worlds wide eare I meane to ring  
 The fame of this dayes wondrous offering,  
 That they may sing in notes of Chastitie,  
 The *Turtle* and the *Phænix* amitie

---

*Conclusion.*

**G**Entle conceiuers of true meaning Wit,  
 Let good Experience iudge what I haue writ,  
 For the Satyricall fond applauded vaines,  
 Whose bitter worme-wood spirite in some straines,  
 Bite like the Curses of *Ægypt* those that loue them,  
 Let me alone, I will be loth to moue them,  
 For why, when mightie men their wit do proue,  
 How shall I least of all expect their loue ?  
 Yet to those men I gratulate some paine,  
 Because they touch those that in art do faine.

S 3

But those that haue the spirit to do good,  
 Their whips will will neuer draw one drop of bloud :  
 To all and all in all that view my labour,  
 Of euery iudging fight I craue some fauour  
 At least to reade, and if you reading find,  
 A lame leg'd staffe, tis lameness of the mind  
 That had no better skill : yet let it passe,  
 For burdnous lodes are fet vpon an Affe.  
 From the sweet fire of perfumed wood,  
 Another princely *Phænix* vpriight stood :  
 Whose feathers purified did yeeld more light,  
 Then her late burned mother out of sight,  
 And in her heart restes a perpetuall loue,  
 Sprong from the bosome of the *Turtle-Doue*.  
 Long may the new vprising bird increase,  
 Some humors and some motions to release,  
 And thus to all I offer my deuotion,  
 Hoping that gentle minds accept my motion.

Finis R. C.

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*Cantoes Alphabet-wise to faire Phæ-*  
*nix made by the Paphian Doue.*

A. 1.

A Hill, a hill, a *Phænix* seekes a Hill ;  
 A promontorie top, a flatly Mountaine,  
 A Riuer, where poore soule she dippes her bill,  
 And that sweete siluer streame is *Natures* fountaine,  
 Accomplishing all pleasures at her will :  
 Ah, be my *Phænix*, I will be thy *Doue*,  
 And thou and I in secrecie will loue.

B. 2.



## B. 2.

Blaze not my loue, thou Herald of the day,  
 Blesse not the mountaine tops with my sweet shine,  
 Beloued more I am then thou canst say,  
 Blessed and blessed be that Saint of mine,  
 Balme, honie sweet, and honor of this Clime :  
     Blotted by things vnseene, belou'd of many,  
     But Loues true motion dares not giue to any.

## C. 3.

Chastnesse farewell, farewell the bed of Glorie,  
 Constraint adew, thou art loues Enemye,  
 Come true Report, make of my Loue a Storie,  
 Cast lots for my poore heart, so thou enioy me,  
 Come come sweet *Phœnix*, I at length do claime thee,  
     Chaste bird, too chaste, to hinder what is willing,  
     Come in mine armes and wele not fit a billing.

## D. 4.

Deuout obedience on my knees I profer,  
 Delight matcht with delight, if thou do craue it,  
 Denie not gentle *Phœnix* my sweet offer,  
 Despaire not in my loue, for thou shalt haue it,  
 Damne not the soule to woe if thou canst saue it :  
     Doues pray deuoutly, O let me request,  
     Delicious loue to build within thy nest.

## E. 5.

Enuie is banisht, do not thou despaire,  
 Euill motions tempt thee sooner then the good :  
 Enrich thy beautie that art fam'd for faire,  
 Euery thing's filent to conioyne thy blood,  
 Esteeme the thing that cannot be withstood :  
     Esteeme of me, and I will lend thee fire,

Euen of mine owne to fit thy sweet desire.

F. 6.

Faint harted foule, why dost thou die thy cheekes,  
 Fearfull of that which will reuiue thy fence,  
 Faith and obedience thy sweet mercy seekes,  
 Friends plighted war with thee I will commence,  
 Feare not at all, tis but sweet Loues offence,  
 Fit to be done, so doing tis not seene,  
 Fetcht from the ancient records of a Queene.

G. 7.

Gold beautifying *Phœnix*, I must praise thee,  
 Grant gracious heauens a delightfome Muse,  
 Giue me old *Homers* spirit, and Ile raise thee,  
 Gracious in thought do not my Loue refuse,  
 Great map of beauty make thou no excuse,  
 Gainst my true louing spirit do not carpe,  
 Grant me to play my Sonnet on thy Harpe.

H. 8.

Health to thy vertues, health to all thy beauty,  
 Honour attend thy steps when thou art going,  
 High heauens force the birds to owe thee duty;  
 Hart-groning care to thee still stands a woing,  
 Haue pittie on him *Phœnix* for so doing:  
 Helpe his disease, and cure his malady,  
 Hide not thy secreet glory leaft he die.

I. 9.

I Loue, ô Loue how thou abufest me,  
 I fee the fire, and warme me with the flame,  
 I note the errors of thy deity:  
 In *Vestas* honor, *Venus* lusts to tame,  
 I in my humors yeeld thee not a name,

I count

I count thee foolish, fie Adultrous boy,  
I touch the sweete, but cannot tast the ioy.

K. 10.

Kisses are true loues pledges, kisse thy deare *Turtle*,  
Keepe not from him the secrets of thy youth :  
Knowledge he'le teach thee vnder a greene spred Mirtle,  
Kend shalt thou be of no man, of my truth,  
Know first the motion, when the life ensueth :  
    Knocke at my harts dore, I will be thy porter,  
    So thou wilt let me enter in thy dorter.

L. 11.

Loue is my great Aduotrix, at thy shrine  
Loue pleads for me, and from my tongue doth say,  
Lie where thou wilt, my hart shall sleepe with thine,  
Lamenting of thy beauty fresh as May,  
Looke *Phœnix* to thy selfe do not decay :  
    Let me but water thy dead saplesse floure,  
    Loue giues me hope t'will flourish in an houre.

M. 12.

Make not a Iewell of nice Chastity,  
Muster and summon all thy wits in one,  
My heart to thee sweares perfect constancy :  
Motions of zeale are to be thought vpon,  
Marke how thy time is ouerspente, and gone,  
    Mis-led by folly, and a kind of feare,  
    Marke not thy beauty fo my dearest deare.

N. 13.

Note but the fresh bloom'd Rose within her pride,  
(No Rose to be compared vnto thee)  
Nothing so soone vnto the ground will slide,  
Not being gathered in her chiefest beauty,

T

Neglecting time it dies with infamy :

Neuer be coy, lest whil'ft thy leaues are ſpred,  
None gather thee, and then thy grace is dead.

O. 14.

O looke vpon me, and within my brow,  
Officious motions of my hart appeares,  
Opening the booke of Loue, wherein I vow,  
Ouer thy ſhrine to ſhed continuall teares :

O no, I fee my *Phœnix* hath no Eares,  
Or if ſhe haue Eares, yet no Eyes to ſee,  
O all diſgraced with continuall follie.

P. 15.

Proud Chafity, why doſt thou ſeeke to wrong  
*Phœnix* my Loue, with leſſons too precise ?  
Pray thou for me, and I will make a ſong,  
Pend in thine honor, none ſhall equalize,  
Poſſeſſe not her, whoſe beauty charmes mine eyes,  
Plead, ſue, and ſeeke, or I will baniſh thee,  
Her body is my Caſtle and my fee.

Q. 16.

Queſtion not *Phœnix* why I adore thee,  
Quite captiuat and priſner at thy call,  
Quit me with Loue againe, do not abhor me,  
Queld downe with hope as ſubiugate to thrall,  
Quail'd will I neuer be deſpight of all ;  
Quaking I ſtand before thee, ſtill expecting  
Thine owne conſent, our ioyes to be effecting.

R. 17.

Remember how thy beauty is abuſed,  
Ract on the tenter-hookes of foule diſgrace,  
Riuers are dry, and muſt be needs reſuſed

Reſtore

Restore new water in that dead founts place,  
 Refresh thy feathers, beautifie thy face :  
     Reade on my booke, and there thou shalt behold  
     Rich louing letters printed in fine gold.

S. 18.

Shame is ashamed to see thee obstinate,  
 Smiling at thy womanish conceipt,  
 Swearing that honor neuer thee begat,  
 Sucking in poyson for a sugred baite,  
 Singing thy pride of beauty in her height :  
     Sit by my side, and I will sing to thee  
     Sweet ditties of a new fram'd harmony.

T. 19.

Thou art a *Turtle* wanting of thy mate,  
 Thou crok'ft about the groues to find thy Louer,  
 Thou fly'ft to woods, and fertile plaines dost hate :  
 Thou in obliuion dost true vertue smother,  
 To thy sweete selfe thou canst not find another :  
     Turn vp my bosome, and in my pure hart,  
     Thou shalt behold the *Turtle* of thy smart.

V. 20.

Vpon a day I fought to scale a Fort,  
 Vnited with a Tower of sure defence ;  
 Vncomfortable trees did marre my sport,  
 Vnlucky Fortune with my woes expence,  
*Venus* with *Mars* would not sweet war commence,  
     Vpon an Alter would I offer Loue,  
     And Sacrifice my soule poore *Turtle* Doue.

W. 21.

Weepe not my *Phœnix*, though I daily weepe,  
 Woe is the Herald that declares my tale,

T 2

Worthy thou art in *Venus* lap to sleepe,  
 Wantonly couered with God *Cupids* vale,  
 With which he doth all mortall fence exhale :  
     Wash not thy cheekes, vnlesse I sit by thee,  
     To dry them with my sighes immediatly.

X. 22.

*Xantha* faire Nimph ; resemble not in Nature,  
*Xantippe* Loue to patient *Socrates*,  
*Xantha* my Loue is a more milder creature,  
 And of a Nature better for to please :  
*Xantippe* thought her true loue to diseafe,  
     But my rare *Phœnix* is at last well pleas'd,  
     To cure my passions, passions feldom eas'd.

Y. 23.

Yf thou haue pittie, pittie my complaining,  
 Yt is a badge of Vertue in thy sexe,  
 Yf thou do kill me with thy coy disdaining,  
 Yt will at length thy selfe-will anguish vexe,  
 And with continuall sighes thy selfe perplexe :  
     Ile helpe to bring thee wood to make thy fire,  
     If thou wilt giue me kisses for my hire.

Z. 24.

Zenobia at thy feete I bend my knee,  
 For thou art Queene and Empresse of my hart,  
 All blessed hap and true felicity,  
 All pleasures that the wide world may impart,  
 Befall thee for thy gracious good defart :  
     Accept my meaning as it fits my turne,  
     For I with thee to ashes meane to burne.

*Finis.*

*Cantoes Verbally written.*

1.

*Pittie me that dies for thee.*

*Pittie  
me  
that  
dies  
for  
thee.*      **P**ittie my plainings thou true nurse of pittie,  
 Me hath thy piercing lookes enioynd to sighing,  
 That cannot be redressed, for thy beautie  
 Dies my sad heart, sad heart that's drown'd with weeping :  
 For what so ere I thinke, or what I doe,  
 Thee with mine eyes, my thoughts, my heart, I woe.

2.

*My life you saue, if you I haue.*

*My  
life  
you  
saue  
if  
you  
I  
haue.*      My eyes, my hand, my heart seeke to maintaine  
 Life for thy loue, therefore be gracious,  
 You with your kindnesse haue my true heart flaine,  
 Saue my poore life, and be not tyrannous,  
 If any grace do in thy breast remaine,  
 You women haue bene counted amorous ;  
 I pine in sadnesse, all proceeds from thee,  
 Haue me in liking through thy clemencie.

3.

*Do thou by me, as I by thee.*

*Do  
thou  
by  
me,  
as  
I  
by*      Do not exchange thy loue, lest in exchanging,  
 Thou beare the burd'nous blot of foule disgrace,  
 By that bad fault are many faults containing,  
 Me still assuring nothing is so base,  
 As in the worlds eye alwayes to be ranging :  
 I sweare sweete *Phœnix* in this holy case,  
 By all the sacred reliques of true loue,

T 3



*thee.* Thee to adore whom I still constant proue.

4.

*Voutsafe to thinke how I do pine,  
In louing thee that art not mine.*

*Voutsafe* Voutsafe with splendor of thy gracious looke,  
*to* To grace my passions, passions still increasing :  
*thinke* Thinke with thy selfe how I thy absence brooke,  
*how* How day by day, my plaints are neuer ceasing,  
*I* I haue for thee all companies forfooke ;  
*do* Do thou reioyce, and in reioycing fay,  
*pine,* Pine nere so much Ile take thy grieffe away.

*In* In that great gracing word shalt thou be counted  
*louing* Louing to him, that is thy true sworne louer,  
*thee* Thee on the stage of honor haue I mounted,  
*that* That no base mistie cloud shall euer couer :  
*art* Art thou not faire ? thy beautie do not smother ;  
*not* Not in thy flourishing youth, but still suppose  
*mine.* Mine owne to be, my neuer dying Rose.

5.

*My destinie to thee is knowne,  
Cure thou my smart, I am thine owne.*

*My* My time in loues blind idlenesse is spent,  
*destinie* Destinie and Fates do will it so,  
*to* To *Circes* charming tongue mine eare I lent,  
*thee* Thee louing that dost wish my ouerthrow :  
*is* Is not this world wrapt in inconstancie,  
*knowne.* Knowne to most men as hels miserie ?

*Cure* Cure of my wound is past all Phisickes skill,  
*thou* Thou maist be gracious, at thy very looke

My

*my* My wounds will close, that would my bodie kill,  
*smart* Smart will be easde that could no plaisters brooke ;  
*I* I of my *Phœnix* being quite forfooke,  
*am* Am like a man that nothing can fulfill :  
*thine* Thine euer-piercing eye of force will make me,  
*owne.* Owne heart, owne loue, that neuer will forsake thee.

6.

*Ore my heart your eyes do idolatrize*

*Ore* Ore the wide world my loue-layes Ile be sending.  
*my* My loue-layes in my Loues praise alwayes written,  
*heart* Heart comfortable motions still attending,  
*your* Your beautie and your vertuous zeale commending,  
*eyes* Eyes that no frosts-cold-rage hath euer bitten :  
*do* Do you then thinke that I in Loues hot fire,  
*idola-* Idolatrize and surphet in desire.\*  
*trize*

7.

*I had rather loue though in vaine that face,  
Then haue of any other grace.*

*I* I being forc'd to carrie *Venus* shield,  
*had* Had rather beare a *Phœnix* for my crest,  
*rather* Rather then any bird within the field,  
*loue* Loue tells me that her beautie is the best :  
*though* Though some desire faire *Vestas Turtle-doue,*  
*in* In my Birds bosome resteth perfect loue.

*Vaine* Vaine is that blind vnskilfull herauldrie,  
*that* That will not cause my bird that is so rare,  
*face,* Face all the world for her rarietie,  
*then* Then who with her for honor may compare ?  
*haue* Haue we one like her for her pride of beautie,  
*of* Of all the feathered Quier in the aire ?

*any* Any but unto her do owe their dutie :  
*other* Other may blaze, but I will alwaies say,  
*grace.* Grace whom thou list, she beares the palme away.

8.

*What euer fall, I am at call.*

*What* What thunder stormes of enuie shall arise,  
*euer* Euer to thee my heart is durable,  
*fall,* Fall fortunes wheele on me to tyrrannize,  
*I* I will be alwayes found inexorable :  
*am* Am I not then to thee most stable ?  
*at* At morne, midnight, and at mid-dayes funne,  
*call.* Call when thou wilt, my deare, to thee Ile runne.

9.

*I had rather loue, though in vaine that face,  
 Then haue of any other grace,*

*I* I now do with my loue should be releued,  
*had* Had I my thoughts in compasse of my will,  
*rather* Rather than liue and surfeit being griued,  
*loue* Loue in my breast doth wondrous things fulfill,  
*though* Though loues vnkindnesse many men do kill,  
*in* In her I trust, that is my true sworne louer,  
*vaine* Vaine he doth write that doth her vertues smother.

*that* That she is faire, *Nature* her selfe alloweth,  
*face,* Face full of beauty, eyes resembling fire,  
*then* Then my pure hart to loue thy hart still voweth,  
*haue* Haue me in fauour for my good desire,  
*of* Of holy loue, Loues Temple to aspire ;  
*any* Any but thee my thoughts will nere require,  
*other* Other sweet motions now I will conceale  
*grace.* Grace these rude lines that my hearts thoughts reueale.

10. *Dif-*

## 10.

*Disgrace not me, in louing thee.*

*Disgrace* Disgrace be banisht from thy heauenly brow,  
*not* Not entertained of thy piercing eie,  
*me* Me thy sweete lippes, a sweet touch will allow,  
*in* In thy faire bosome would I alwayes lie,  
*louing* Louing in such a downe-bed to be placed,  
*thee.* Thee for to please, my selfe for euer graced.

## 11.

*I had rather loue though in vaine that face,  
 Then haue of any other grace.*

*I* I liue enricht with gifts of great content,  
*had* Had my desires the guerdon of good will,  
*rather* Rather then taste of Fortunes fickle bent,  
*loue* Loue bids me die, and scorne her witleffe skill,  
*though* Though Loue command, Despaire doth stil attend,  
*in* In hazard proues oft times but doubtfull end.  
*vaine* Vaine is the loue encountred with denayes,  
*that* That yeelds but grieffe, where grace should rather grow,  
*face,* Face full of furie, voide of curteous praise :  
*then* Then since all loue consists of weale and woe,  
*haue* Haue still in mind, that loue deserues the best,  
*of* Of hearts the touchstone, inward motions louing,  
*any* Any that yeelds the fruite of true-loues rest,  
*other* Other I loue vnworthie of commending,  
*grace.* Grac'd with bare beautie, beautie most offending.

## 12.

*My selfe and mine, are alwayes thine.*

*My* My care to haue my blooming Rose not wither,  
*selfe* Selfe-louing Enuie shall it not denie,  
*and* And that base weed thy growth doth seeke to hinder,

V

*mine* Mine hands shall pull him vp immediatly,  
*are* Are they not enuious monsters in thine eie,  
*alwayes* Alwayes with vaine occasions to inclose  
*thine.* Thine euer growing beautie, like the Rose?

## 13.

*The darting of your eies, may heale or wound,  
 Let not empiring lookes my heart confound.*

*The* The ey-bals in your head are *Cupids* fire,  
*darting* Darting such hot sparkles at my brest,  
*of* Of force I am enthrald, and do desire  
*your* Your gracious loue, to make me happie blest:  
*eyes* Eyes, lippes, and tongue haue caused my vnrest,  
*may* May I vnto the height of grace aspire,  
*heale* Heale my sicke heart with loues great grieffe opprest,  
*or* Or if to fire thou wilt not yeeld such fuell,  
*wound.* Wound me to death, and so be counted cruell.

*Let* Let the wide ope-mouth'd world slaunder the guiltie,  
*not* Not my dead *Phœnix*, that doth scorne such shame,  
*empiring* Empiring honor blots such infamie,  
*lookes* Lookes dart away the blemish of that name;  
*my* My thoughts prognosticate thy Ladies pittie:  
*heart* Hearts-ease to thee, this counsell will I giue,  
*confound* Confound thy foes, but let true louers liue.

## 14.

*You are my ioy, be not so coy.*

*You* You best belou'd, you honor of delight,  
*are* Are the bright shining Starre that I adore,  
*my* My eyes like Watchmen gaze within the night,

Ioy

*ioy,* Ioy fils my heart when you do shine before,  
*be not* Be not disgrafue to thy friend therefore :  
*too* Too glorious are thy lookes to entertaine  
*coy.* Coy thoughts, fell peeuish deeds, our bafe difdaine.

15.

*For you I die, being absent from mine eye.*

*For* For all the holy rites that *Venus* vfeth,  
*you* You I coniure to true obedience :  
*I* I offer faith, which no kind hart refuseth,  
*die,* Die periur'd Enuie for thy late offence,  
*being* Being enamored of rich Beauties pride,  
*absent* Absent, I freeze in Winters pining cold,  
*from* From thee I fit, as if thou hadft denide,  
*my* My loue-ficke passions twentie times retold :  
*eye.* Eye-dazling Miftris, with a looke of pittie,  
 Grace my fad Song, and my hearts pining Dittie.

16.

*Send me your heart, to ease my smart.*

*Send* Send but a glaunce of amours from thine eie,  
*me* Me will it rauish with exceeding pleafure,  
*your* Your eye-bals do enwrap my deftinie,  
*heart* Heart ficke with sorrow, sorrow out of meafure,  
*to* To thinke vpon my loues continuall folly :  
*ease* Eafe thou my paine from pitties golden treafure ;  
*my* My grieffe proceeds from thee, and I fuppose  
*smart.* Smart of my smart will my lifes bloud inclofe.

17.

*Seeing you haue mine, let me haue thine.*

*Seeing* Seeing my passions are fo penetrable,  
*you* You of all other should be pittifull,  
*haue* Haue mind of me, and you'le be fauourable,

V 2

*mine* Mine hart doth tell me you are mercifull,  
*let* Let my harts loue be alwayes violable,  
*me* Me haue you found in all things dutifull,  
*haue* Haue me in fauour, and thy felfe shalt fee,  
*thine.* Thine and none others, will I all wayes be.

18.

*Within thy brest, my hart doth rest.*

*Within* Within the circuit of a Chrifall fpheare,  
*thy* Thy eyes are plaft, and vnderneath those eyes,  
*brest,* Brest of hard flint, eares that do fcorne to heare  
*my* My dayes fad gronings, and night waking cries,  
*hart* Hart fore ficke passions, and Loues agonies,  
*doth* Doth it become thy beauty? no, a ftaine  
*rest.* Rests on thy bright brow wrinckled with difdaine.

19.

*O let me heare, from thee my deare.*

*O* O tongue thou haft blasphem'd thy holy Goddeffe,  
*let* Let me do penance for offending thee,  
*me* Me do thou blame for my forgetfulneffe :  
*heare,* Heare my submission, thou wilt succor me :  
*from* From thy harts closet commeth gentleneffe :  
*thee* Thee hath the world admir'd for clemency,  
*my* My hart is forrie, and Ile bite my tongue,  
*deare.* Deare that to thee, to thee I offred wrong.

20.

*My Phœnix rare, is all my care.*

*My* My life, my hart, my thoughts, I dedicate,  
*Phœnix* *Phœnix* to thee, *Phœnix* of all beauty,  
*rare,* Rare things in hart of thee I meditate,  
*is* Is it not time, I come to shew my duty?  
*all* All fauors vnto thee I consecrate,

My



*my* My goods, my lands, my felfe, and all is thine,  
*care.* Care those that lift, fo thou faire bird be mine.

21.

*I would I might, be thy delight.*

*I* I wish for things, would they might take effect,  
*would* Would they might end, and we enioy our pleasure,  
*I* I vow I would not proffred time neglect,  
*might,* Might I but gather such vnlook't for treasure,  
*be* Be all things enuious I would the respect,  
*thy* Thy fauours in my hart I do enroule,  
*delight.* Delight matcht with delight, doth me controule.

22.

*If I you haue, none else I craue.*

*If* If adoration euer were created,  
*I* I am a Maister of that holy Art,  
*you* You my aduotrix, whom I haue admired,  
*haue,* Haue of my true deuotion bore a part :  
*none* None but your felfe may here be nominated,  
*else* Else would my tongue my true obedience thwart :  
*I* I cannot flatter, Loue will not allow it,  
*craue.* Craue thou my hart, on thee I will bestow it.

23.

*Be you to me, as I to thee.*

*Be* Bee the poore Bee, sucke hony from the flower,  
*you* You haue a spacious odoriferous field,  
*to* To tast all moysture, where in sweet *Floras* bower,  
*me,* Me shall you find submissiuely to yeeld,  
*as* As a poore Captiue looking for the hower ;  
*I* I may haue gracious lookes, else am I kild,  
*to* To dye by you were life, and yet thy shame,  
*thee.* Thee would the wide world hate, my folly blame.

V 3

24

*You are the first, in whom I trust.*

*You  
are  
the  
first,  
in  
whom  
I  
trust.* You in your bosome hauing plac'd a light,  
Are the chiefe admirall vnto my Fleet,  
The Lanthorne for to guide me in the night,  
First to the shore, where I may set my feet  
In safegard, void of Dangers cruell spight,  
Whom in disgrace Loue and fel Enuie meet,  
I muster vp my spirits, and they flie ;  
Trust of thy faith controules mine enemie.

25.

*You are the last my loue shall taste.*

*You  
are  
the  
last,  
my  
loue  
shall  
taste.* You standing on the tower of hope and feare,  
Are timerous of selfe-will foolishnesse,  
The onely Viper that doth loue-laies teare,  
Last can it not, tis womans peeuishnesse,  
My kind affections can it not forbear,  
Loue tells me that tis bred in idlenesse,  
Shall such occasion hinder thee or me ?  
Taste first the fruit, and then commend the tree.

26.

*If you I had, I should be glad.*

*If  
you  
I  
had,  
I  
should  
be  
glad.* If the Sunne shine, the haruest man is glad,  
You are my Sunne, my dayes delightfome Queene,  
I am your haruest laborer almost mad,  
Had I not my glorious commet seene,  
I wish that I might sit within thy shade,  
Should I be welcome ere thy beautie fade :  
Be not *Narcissus*, but be alwaies kind,  
Glad to obtain the thing thou neare couldst find.

27.

*Thou*

*Though place be far, my heart is nar.*

*Though* Though thou my Doue from me be separated,  
*place* Place, nor the distance shall not hinder me,  
*be* Be constant for a while, thou maist be thwarted,  
*far,* Far am I not, Ile come to succour thee.  
*my* My heart and thine, my sweet shall nere be parted,  
*heart* Heart made of loue, and true simplicitie :  
*is* Is not Loue lawlesse, full of powerfull might,  
*nar.* Nar to my heart that still with Loue doth fight.

28.

*My thoughts are dead, cause thou art sped.*

*My* My inward *Muse* can sing of nought but Loue,  
*thoughts* Thoughts are his Heralds, flying to my breast  
*are* Are entertained, if they thence remoue,  
*dead,* Dead shall their master be, and in vnrest ;  
*cause* Cause all the world thy hatred to reprove,  
*thou* Thou art that All-in-all that I loue best :  
*art* Art thou then cruell ? no thou canst not be  
*sped.* Sped with so foule a fiend as Crueltie.

29.

*I send my heart to thee, where gladly I would be.*

*I* I of all other am faire *Venus* thrall,  
*send* Send me but pleasant glances of thine eie,  
*my* My foule will leape with ioy and dance withall,  
*heart* Heart of my heart, and foules felicitie :  
*to* To beauties Queene my heart is sanctified,  
*thee.* Thee aboue all things haue I deified.

*Where* Where is Affections ? fled to Enuies caue ?  
*gladly* Gladlie my Thoughts would beare her companie,  
*I* I from foule bondage will my *Phœnix* saue,

*would* Would she in loue requite my courtesie,  
*be.* Be louing as thou art faire, else shall I sing,  
 Thy beautie a poifnous bitter thing.

30.

*If you me iust haue knowne,  
 Then take me for your owne.*

*If* If you be faire, why should you be vnkind?  
*you* You haue no perfect reason for the same,  
*me* Me thinks it were your glorie for to find  
*iust* Iust meature at my hands, but you to blame  
*haue* Haue from the deepest clofet of your heart,  
*known,* Knowne my pure thoughts, and yet I pine in smart.

*Then* Then in the deepest meature of pure loue,  
*take* Take pittie on the sad ficke pining soule,  
*me* Me may you count your vnknowne *Turtle-Doue,*  
*for* For in my bosomes chamber, I enroule  
*your* Your deepe loue-darting eie, and still will be  
*owne.* Owne of your owne, despight extremitie.

31.

*My heart I send, to be your friend.*

*My* My deare foules comfort, and my hopes true solace,  
*heart* Heart of my heart, and my liues secreet ioy,  
*I* I in conceit do thy sweete selfe embrace,  
*send,* Send cloudie exhalations cleane away  
*to* To the blind mistie North, there for to stay:  
*be* Be thou my arbour, and my dwelling place,  
*your* Your armes the circling folds that shall enclose me,  
*friend.* Friend me with this, and thou shalt neuer lose me.

32.

*I haue no loue, but you my doue.*

I

*I* I pine in fadnesse, and in fad songs finging  
*haue* Haue spent my time, my ditties harsh and ill,  
*no* No fight but thy faire fight would I be feeling :  
*loue* Loue in my bosome keeps his castle still,  
*but* But being disseuered I sit alwayes pining,  
*you* You do procure me *Niobes* cup to fill,  
*my* My dutie yet remembered I dare proue,  
*doue.* Doues haue no power for to exchange their Loue.

34-

*I will not change, though some be strange.*

*I* I cannot stir one foote from *Venus* gate,  
*will* Will you come sit, and beare me company ?  
*not* Not one but you can make me fortunate :  
*change* Change when thou wilt, it is but cruelty,  
*though* Though vnto women it is giuen by fate,  
*some* Some gentle minds these ranging thoughts do hate :  
*be* Be thou of that mind, else I will conclude,  
*strange.* Strange hast thou alter'd Loue, to be so rude.

*Thoughts keepe me waking.*

*Thoughts* Thoughts like the ayrie puffing of the wind,  
*keepe* Keepe a sweet faining in my Loue-sicke brest,  
*me* Me still assuring that thou art most kind,  
*waking.* Waking in pleasure, sleeping sure in rest :  
 That no sleeper dreamings, nor no waking cries,  
 To our sweet louing thoughts, sweet rest denies.

*Seeing that my heart made choise of thee,*

*Then frame thy selfe to comfort me.*

*Seeing* Seeing Loue is pleas'd with Loues enamor'd ioyes,  
*that* That Fortune cannot crosse sweet *Cupids* will,

X

*my* My Loues content, not with fond wanton toyes :  
*heart* Hart of my hart doth Loues vnkindnesse kill,  
*made* Made by fond tongues vpbraiding hurtfull skill :  
*choise* Choise now is fram'd to further all annoyes :  
*of* Of all sweete thoughts, of all sweete happie rest,  
*thee,* Thee have I chose, to make me three times blest.

*Then* Then let our holy true aspiring loue,  
*frame* Frame vs the sweetest musicke of Desire :  
*thy* Thy words shall make true concord, and remoue  
*selfe* Selfe-will it selfe, for *Venus* doth require  
*to* To be acquainted with thy beauties fire :  
*comfort* Comfort my heart, for comfort tels me this,  
*me.* Me hast thou chose of all to be thy blisse.

*My heart is bound to fauour thee,  
 Then yeeld in time to pittie me.*

*My* My *Phœnix* hath two starre-resembling Eyes,  
*heart* Heart full of pittie, and her smiling looke,  
*is* Is of the Sunnes complexion, and replies,  
*bound* Bound for performance by faire *Venus* booke  
*to* To faithfulnessse, which from her nurse she tooke :  
*fauour* Fauour in her doth spring, in vertuous praise,  
*thee,* Thee Eloquence it selfe shall seeke to raise.

*Then* Then in performance of this gracious right,  
*yeeld* Yeeld vp that piteous heart to be my Louer,  
*in* In recompence how I haue lou'd thy sight,  
*time* Time shall from time to time to thee discover :  
*to* To thee is giuen the power of *Cupids* might,  
*pittie* Pittie is writ in gold vpon thy hart,

Me

*me.* Me promising to cure a curelesse smart.

*I ioy to find a constant mind.*

*I* I am encompassed round about with ioy,  
*ioy* Ioy to enjoy my sweete, for she protesteth  
*to* To comfort me that languish in annoy,  
*find* Find ease if any sorrow me molesteth,  
*a* A happie man that such a loue possesseth:  
*constant* Constant in words, and alwayes vowes to loue me,  
*mind.* Mind me she will, but yet she dares not proue me.

*My heart by hope doth liue,  
 Desire no ioy doth giue.*

*My* My loue and dearest life to thee I consecrate,  
*heart* Heart of my hearts deare treasure, for I striue  
*by* By thy deuinenesse too deuine to nominate,  
*hope* Hope of approved faith in me must thriue :  
*doth* Doth not the God of Loue that's most deuine,  
*liue.* Liue in thy bosomes closet and in mine ?

*Desire* Desire to that vnspeakable delight,  
*no* No sharpe conceited wit can nere set downe,  
*ioy* Ioy in the world to worldly mens ey-sight,  
*doth* Doth but ignoble thy imperiall crowne :  
*giue.* Giue thou the onset and the foe will flie,  
 Amazed at thy great commanding beautie,

*Death shall take my life away,  
 Before my friendship shall decay.*

*Death* Death that heart-wounding Lord, sweet louers foe,  
*shall* Shall lay his Ebone darts at thy faire feete,

X 2



*take* Take them into thy hand and worke my woe,  
*my* My woe that thy minds anguifh will regret :  
*life* Life, hart, ioy, greeting and all my pleasure,  
*away.* Away are gone and fled from my deare treasure.

*Before* Before one ftaine fhall blot thy scarlet die,  
*my* My bloud fhall like a fountaine wash the place,  
*friendfhip* Friendship it felfe knit with mortality,  
*fhall* Shall thy immortal blemifh quite difgrace :  
*decay.* Decay fhall all the world, my Loue in thee  
 Shall liue vntain'd vntoucht perpetually

*Let truth report what hart I beare,  
 To her that is my deareft deare.*

*Let* Let not foule pale-fac'd Enuy be my foe,  
*truth* Truth muft declare my spotleffe loyalty,  
*report* Report vnto the world fhall plainly fhew  
*what* What hart deare Loue I alwayes bore to thee,  
*heart* Hart fram'd of perfect Loues fincerity :  
*I* I cannot flatter, this I plainly fay,  
*beare,* Beare with falfe words, ile beare the blame away.

*To* To change in loue is a bafe fimple thing,  
*her* Her name will be oreftain'd with periury,  
*that* That doth delight in nothing but difsembling ?  
*is* Is it not fhame fo for to wrong faire beauty,  
*my* My true approued tounge muft answer I  
*deareft* Deareft beware of this, and learne of me,  
*deare.* Deare is that Loue combin'd with Chafteity.

*Seene hath the eye, chofen hath the hart :*

*Firme*

*Firme is the faith, and loth to depart.*

*Seene* Seene in all learned arts is my beloued,  
*hath* Hath anie one so faire a Loue as I?  
*the* The stony-hearted fauage hath she moued,  
*ie,* Eye for her eye tempts blushing chastitie,  
*chosen* Chosen to make their nine a perfect ten,  
*hath* Hath the sweet *Muses* honored her agen.

*The* The bright-ey'd wandring world doth alwaies seeke,  
*heart,* Heart-curing comfort doth proceed from thee,  
*firme* Firme trust, pure thoughts, a mind that's alwayes meeke,  
*is* Is the true Badge of my loues Soueraigntie :  
*the* The honor of our age, the onely faire,  
*faith,* Faiths mistris, and Truths deare adopted heire.

*And* And those that do behold thy heauenly beautie,  
*loth* Loth to forsake thee, spoile themselues with gazing,  
*to* To thee all humane knees proffer their dutie,  
*depart.* Depart they will not but with sad amazing :  
 To dimme their ey-sight looking gainst the funne,  
 Whose hot reflecting beames will neare be donne.

*No woe so great in loue, not being heard,  
 No plague so great in loue, being long deferd.*

*No* No tongue can tell the world my hearts deepe anguish,  
*woe* Woe, and the minds great perturbation  
*so* So trouble me, that day and night I languish,  
*great* Great cares in loue seeke my destruction :  
*in* In all things gracious, fauing onely this,  
*loue.* Loue is my foe, that I account my blisse.

X 3

*Not* Not all the world could profer me disgrace,  
*being* Being maintained fairest faire by thee,  
*hard,* Hard-fortune shall thy seruant nere outface,  
*no* No stormes of Discord should discomfort me :  
*plague* Plague all the world with frownes my *Turtle-Doue,*  
*so* So that thou smile on me and be my loue.

*great* Great Mistris, matchlesse in thy foueraigntie,  
*in* In lue and recompence of my affection,  
*loue* Loue me againe, this do I beg of thee,  
*being* Being bound by *Cupids* kind direction :  
*long* Long haue I su'd for grace, yet stil I find,  
*deferd.* Deferd I am by her that's most vnkind.

*And if my loue shall be releeu'd by thee,  
 My heart is thine, and so account of me.*

*And* And yet a stedfast hope maintaines my hart,  
*if* If anie fauour fauourably proceede  
*my* My deare from thee, the curer of my smart,  
*loue* Loue that easeth minds opprest with neede,  
*shal be* Shall be the true Phisition of my grieffe,  
*releu'd* Releeu'd alone by thee that yeeld'ft reliefe.

*by* By all the holy rites that Loue adoreth,  
*thee,* Thee haue I lou'd about the loue of any,  
*My* My heart in truth thee alwayes faouereth,  
*heart* Heart freed from any one, then freed from many :  
*is* Is it not base to change? yea so they say,  
*thine* Thine owne confession loue denies delay.

*and* And by the high imperiall seate of *Ioue,*  
*so* So am I forc'd by *Cupid* for to sweare,  
*account* Account I must of thee my *Turtle-doue,*

Of

*of* Of thee that Times long memorie shall outweare:  
*me.* Me by thy stedfast truth and faith denying,  
 To promise any hope on thee relying.

*My passions are a hell and death to me,  
 Vnlesse you feele remorse and pitie me.*

*My* My sweetest thoughts sweet loue to thee I fend,  
*passions* Passions deeply ingrafted, vnremouable  
*are* Are my affections, and I must commend  
*a* A stedfast trust in thee most admirable:  
*hell* Hell round enwraps my bodie by disdain,  
*and* And then a heauen if thou loue againe.

*death* Death haunts me at the heeles, yet is afraid,  
*to* To touch my bosome, knowing thou lou'ft me,  
*me,* Me sometimes terrifying by him betraid,  
*vnlesse* Vnlesse sweete helpfull succour come from thee:  
*you* You well I know, the honor of mine eie,  
*feele* Feele some remorsefull helpe in miserie.

*remorse* Remorse sits on thy brow triumphantly,  
*and* And smiles vpon my face with gentle cheere;  
*pittie* Pittie, loues gracious mother dwels in thee,  
*me.* Me fauouring, abandoning base feare,  
 Death is amazed, viewing of thy beautie,  
 Thinking thy selfe perfect eternitie.

*My purest loue doth none but thee adore,  
 My heartie thoughts are thine, I loue no more.*

*My* My comfortable sweete approued Mistris,  
*purest* Purest of all the pure that nature framed,  
*loue* Loue in the height of all our happinesse,

*doth* Doth tell me that thy vertues are not named :  
*none* None can giue forth thy constancie approued,  
*but* But I that tride thy faith, my best beloued.

*Thee* Thee in the temple of faire *Venus* shrine  
*adore,* Adore I must, and kneele vpon my knee,  
*my* My fortunes tell me plaine that thou art mine,  
*heartie* Heartie in kindnesse, yeelding vnto me :  
*thoughts* Thoughts the much-great disturbers of our rest  
*are* Are fled, and lodge in some vnquiet brest.

*Thine* Thine euer vnremou'd and still kept word,  
*I* I pondred oftentimes within my mind :  
*loue* Loue told me that thou neuer wouldst afford,  
*none* None other grace but that which I did find,  
*more.* More comfortable did this found in mine eare,  
 Then sweet releasement to a man in feare.

*I do resolue to loue no loue but thee,  
 Therefore be kind, and fauour none but me.*

*I* I sometime sitting by my selfe alone,  
*do* Do meditate of things that are ensuing,  
*resolue* Resolue I do that thou must end my mone,  
*to* To strengthen Loue if loue should be declining.  
*loue* Loue in thy bosome dwels, and tells me still,  
*no* No enuious stormes shall thwart affections will.

*Loue* Loue hath amaz'd the world, plac'd in thy brow,  
*but* But yet flauish disdainee seekes for to crosse  
*thee* Thee and my selfe, that haue combin'd our vow,  
*therefore* Therefore that monster cannot worke our losse :

Be

*be* Be all the winds of Anger bent to rage,  
*kind.* Kind shalt thou find me, thus my hart I gage.

*and* And from my faith that's vnremouable,  
*fauour* Fauour be feated in thy maiden eie,  
*none* None can receiue it loue more acceptable  
*but* But I my felse, waiting thy pittying mercie :  
*me.* Me haft thou made the substance of delight,  
By thy faire funne-refembling heauenly fight.

*Ah quoth she, but where is true Loue ?*  
*Where quoth he? where you and I loue.*  
*I quoth she, were thine like my loue.*  
*Why quoth he, as you loue I loue.*

*Ah* Ah thou imperious high commaunding Lord,  
*quoth* (Quoth he) to *Cupid* gentle god of Loue,  
*[s]he,* He that I honor most will not accord,  
*but* But striues against thy Iustice from aboue,  
*where* Where I haue promist faith, my plighted word  
*is* Is quite refused with a base reproue :  
*true* True louing honour this I onely will thee,  
*loue?* Loue thy true loue, or else false loue will kill me.

*Where* Where shall I find a heart that's free from guile ?  
*quoth* Quoth Faithfulnesse, within my louers brest.  
*he,* He at these pleasing words began to smile,  
*where* Where Anguish wrapt his thoughts in much vnrest :  
*you* You did with pretie tales the time beguile,  
*and* And made him in conceited pleasure bleft,  
*I* I grac'd the words spoke with so sweet a tong,  
*loue,* Loue being the holy burden of your song.

Y

I  
*quoth* I grac'd your song of Loue, but by the way,  
*she* (Quoth true Experience,) fit and you shall see,  
*were* She will enchaunt you with her heauenly lay :  
*thine* Were you fram'd all of heauenly Pollicie,  
*like* Thine cares should drinke the poison of Delay,  
*my* Like as I said, so did it proue to be,  
*loue.* My Mistris beautie grac'd my Mistris song,  
 Loue pleas'd more with her Eyes than with her Tong.

*Why* Why then in deepeneffe of sweete Loues delight,  
*quoth* Quoth she, the perfect Mistris of Desire,  
*he* He that I honor most bard from my sight,  
*as* As a bright Lampe kindles Affections fire :  
*you* You Magicke operations worke your spight,  
*loue* Loue to the mountaine top of will aspires :  
*I* I challenge all in all, and this I sing,  
*loue.* Loue is a holy Saint, a Lord, a King.

*Ah Loue, where is thy faith in sweete loue ?*  
*Why loue where hearts conioyne in true loue :*  
*Why then my heart hopes of thy Loues loue,*  
*Else let my heart be plagu'd with false loue.*

*Why art thou strange to me my Deare ?*  
*Not strange when as I loue my deare :*  
*But thou esteem'st not of thy deare.*  
*Yes when I know my dearest deare.*

*Why is my Loue so false to me ?*  
*My loue is thine if thou lou'st me :*  
*Thee I loue, else none contents me.*

if



*If thou lou' st me, it not repents me.*

*Ah quoth he, wher's faith in sweete loue?*

*Why quoth she, conioynd in true loue.*

*Ah quoth he, I hope of thy loue:*

*Else quoth she, Ile die a false loue.*

*Ah my Deare, why dost thou kill me?*

*No my deare, Loue doth not will me.*

*Then in thine armes thou shalt enfould me.*

*I, my deare, there thou shalt hold me:*

*And holding me betweene thine armes,*

*I shall embrace sweete Louers Charmes.*

---

*Though death from life my bodie part,  
Yet neare the lesse keepe thou my hart.*

*Though* Though some men are inconstant, fond, and fickle,  
*death* Deaths ashie count'nance shall not alter me:  
*from* From glasse they take their substance being brittle,  
*life* Life, Heart, and Hand shall awaies fauour thee,  
*my* My Pen shall write thy vertues registrie,  
*bodie* Bodie conioyn'd with bodie, free from strife,  
*part,* Part not in funder till we part our life.

*Yet* Yet my soules life to my deare lifes concluding,  
*nerere* Nere let Absurditie that villaine, theefe,  
*the* The monster of our time, mens praise deriding,  
*lesse* Lesse in perfeurance, of small knowledge chiefe,  
*keepe* Keep the base Gate to things that are excelling,  
*thou* Thou by faire vertues praise maist yeeld reliefe,

Y 2

*my* My lines are thine, then tell Absurditie,  
*heart.* Hart of my deare, shall blot his villainie.

*Where hearts agree, no strife can be.*

*Where* Where faithfulness vnites it selfe with loue,  
*hearts* Hearts pin'd with sorrow cannot disagree :  
*agree,* Agree they must of force, for from aboue  
*no* No wind oppressing mischief may we see :  
*strife* Strife is quite banisht from our companie.  
*can* Can I be sad ? no, Pleasure bids me sing,  
*be.* Be blessed, for sweete Loue's a happie thing.

*Thy vowes my loue and heart hath wonne,*  
*Till thy vnruth hath it vndonne.*

*Thy* Thy true unspeakable fidelitie,  
*vowes* Vowes made to *Cupid* and his faire-fac'd mother,  
*my* My thoughts haue wonne to vertuous chastitie :  
*loue* Loue thee alone I will, and loue none other,  
*and* And if thou find not my loues secrecie,  
*heart* Heart fauouring thee, then do thou Fancie smother.  
*hath* Hath all the world such a true Bird as I,  
*wonne,* Wonne to this fauour by my constancie ?

*Till* Till that leane fleshles cripple, pale-fac'd Death,  
*thy* Thy louely Doue shall pierce with his fell dart,  
*vnruth* Vnruth in my faire bofome nere takes breath :  
*hath* Hath any loue such a firme constant heart ?  
*it* It is thine owne, vnlesse thou keepe it still  
*vndonne.* Vndone shall I be, cleane against my will.

*Time*

*Time shall tell thee, how well I loue thee,*

*Time* Time the true proportioner of things,  
*shall* Shall in the end shew my affection,  
*tell* Tell thee from whence all these my passions spring,  
*thee,* Thee honoring that of loue haue made election :  
*how* How often I haue made my offerings,  
*well* Well knowne to *Venus* and her louely sonne,  
*I* I to the wide world shall my passions runne :  
*loue* Loue is a Lord of hearts, a great Commander,  
*thee.* Thee chalenging to be my chiefe defender.

*Most deuine and sacred,**Haue I found your loue vnspotted.*

*Most* Most reuerend Mistris honor of mine eie,  
*deuine* Deuine, most holy in religious loue,  
*and* And Lord itselfe of my hearts emperie,  
*sacred* Sacred in thoughts admitted from aboue,  
*haue* Haue in remembrance what affection willeth :  
*I* I it reuiues the mind, and the mind killeth.  
*found* Found haue I written in your skie-like brow,  
*your* Your neuer ceasing kind humilitie,  
*loue* Loue for your sake to me hath made a vow,  
*vnspotted* Vnspotted shall I find your constancie,  
 And without staine, to thy pure stainlesse beautie,  
 Shall my hearts bosome offer vp his dutie.

*The want of thee is death to me.*

*The* The day shall be all night, and night all day  
*want* Want of the Sunne and Moone to giue vs light,

Y 3

*of* Of a blacke darkneffe, before thy loue will stay  
*thee* Thee from thy pleasure of thy hearts delight.  
*is* Is not Affection nurse to long Delay?  
*death* Deaths Messenger, that barres me from thy sight?  
*to* To be in absence, is to burne in fire,  
*me.* Me round enwrapping with hot Loues desire.

*I loue to be beloued.*

*I* I do acknowledge of all constant pure,  
*loue* Loue is my true thoughts herral, and Ile sing  
*to* To be of thy thoughts closet, firme and fure,  
*be* Be the world still thy vertues deifying :  
*beloued.* Beloued of the most, yet most of many,  
 Affirme my deare, thou art beloued of any.

*I scorne if I be scorned.*

*I* I being not belou'd by my affection,  
*scorne* Scorne within my thoughts such bad disgrace,  
*if* If thou of me do make thy firme election,  
*I* I to none other loue will giue my place :  
*be* Be thou my Saint, my bosomes Lord to proue,  
*scorned.* Scorned of all, Ile be thy truest loue.

*The heart's in paine, that loues in vaine.*

*The* The grieffe poore louers feele being not beloued,  
*heart's* Hearts anguish, and sad lookes may testifie :  
*in* In night they sleepe not, and in day perplexed,  
*paine,* Paine of this forrow makes them melancholy,

That

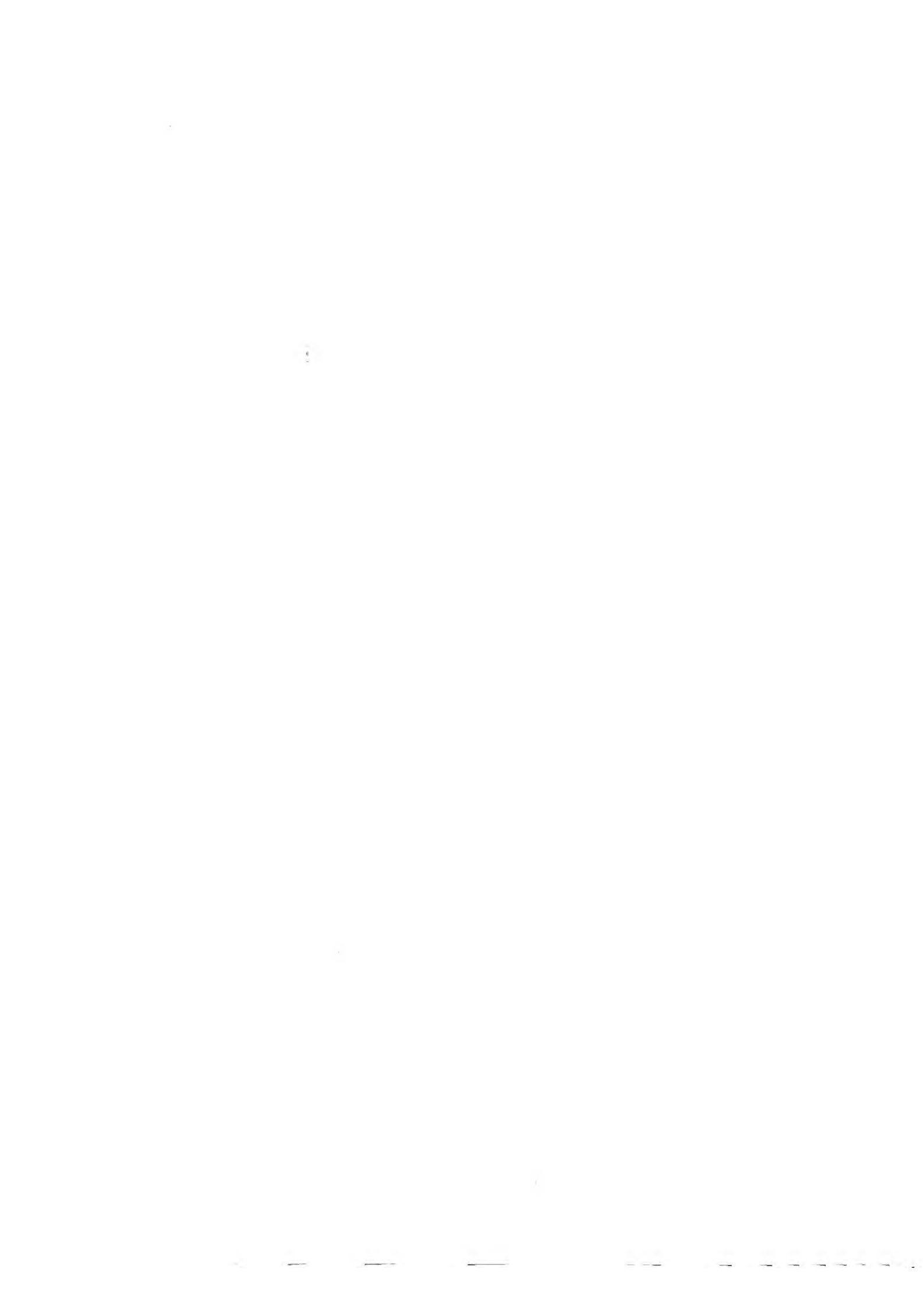
*that* That in difdaine their filly minds are vexed,  
*loues* Loues terror is fo sharpe, fo ftrong, fo mightie,  
*in* In all things vnrefiftable, being aliue,  
*vaine.* Vaine he refifts that gainft loues force doth striue.

*What greater ioy can be then this,  
 Where loue enioys each louers wifh?*

*What* What may we count the world if loue were dead?  
*greater* Greater in woe, then woe it felfe can be,  
*ioy* Ioy from mans fecret bofome being fled,  
*can* Cannot but kill the heart immediatly,  
*be* Because by ioy the heart is nourifhed:  
*then* Then entertaine fweete loue within thy brest,  
*this,* This motion in the end will make thee bleft.

*Where* Where two harts are vnited all in one,  
*loue* Loue like a King, a Lord, a Soueraigne,  
*enioyes* Enioyes the throne of bliffe to fit vpon,  
*each* Each fad heart crauing aid, by *Cupid* flaine:  
*louers* Louers be merrie, Loue being dignified,  
*wifh.* Wifh what you will, it fhall not be denied.

*Finis. quoth R. Chester.*



# HEREAFTER FOLLOVV DIVERSE

Poeticall Effaies on the former Subject; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*.

*Done by the best and chieft of our moderne writers, with their names subscribed to their particular workes : neuer before extant.*

And (now first) consecrated by them all generally,  
*to the loue and merite of the true-noble Knight,*  
Sir Iohn Salisburie.

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.*



*Anchora Spei.*

MDCI.





# INVOCATIO,

*Ad Apollinem & Pierides.*

**G**ood Fate, faire *Theſpian Deities*,  
 And thou bright God, whoſe golden Eies,  
 Serue as a Mirrour to the filuer Morne,  
 When (in the height of Grace) ſhe doth adorne  
 Her Chryſtall preſence, and inuites  
 The euer-youthfull *Bromius* to delights,  
 Sprinckling his fute of *Vert* with Pearle,  
 And (like a looſe enamour'd Girle)  
 Ingles his cheeke ; which (waxing red with ſhame)  
 Inſtinctſ the ſenfleſſe Grapes to do the fame,  
 Till by his ſweete reflection fed,  
 They gather ſpirit, and grow diſcoloured.

To your high influence we commend  
 Our following Labours, and ſuſtend  
 Our mutuall palmes, prepar'd to gratulate  
 An *honorable friend* : then propagate  
 With your illuſtrate faculties  
 Our mentall powers : Inſtruſt vs how to riſe  
 In weighty Numbers, well purſu'd,  
 And varied from the Multitude :  
 Be lauifh once, and plenteouſly profuſe  
 Your holy waters, to our thirſtie *Muſe*,  
 That we may giue a Round to him  
 In a *Caſtalian* boule, crown'd to the brim.

*Vatum Chorus.*

Z 2 .

To the worthily honor'd Knight  
Sir Iohn Salisburie.

**N**oblest of minds, here do the Muses bring  
Vnto your safer iudgements tast,  
Pure iuice that flow'd from the Pierian springs,  
Not filch'd, nor borrow'd, but exhaust  
By the flame-hair'd Apollos hand:  
And at his well-observ'd command,  
For you infusde in our retentiue braine,  
Is now distild thence, through our quilles againe.

Value our verse, as you approue the worth;  
And thinke of what they are create,  
No Mercenarie hope did bring them forth,  
They tread not in that seruile Gate;  
But a true Zeale, borne in our spirites,  
Responsibile to your high Merites,  
And an Inuention, freer then the Times,  
These were the Parents to our seuerall Rimes,  
Wherein Kind, Learned, Enuious, al may view,  
That we haue writ worthy our selues and you.

Vatum Chorus.





*The first.*

**T**He filuer Vault of heauen, hath but one Eie,  
 And that's the Sunne: the foule-maskt Ladie, Night  
 (Which blots the Cloudes, the white Booke of the Skie,)  
 But one ficke *Phæbe*, feuer-shaking Light :  
 The heart, one string : so, thus in single turnes,  
 The world one *Phænix*, till another burnes.

---

*The burning.*

**S**Vppose here burnes this wonder of a breath,  
 In righteous flames, and holy-heated fires :  
 (Like Muficke which doth rapt it selfe to death,  
 Sweet'ning the inward roome of mans Desires ;)  
 So she waft's both her wings in piteous strife ;  
 "The flame that eates her, feedes the others life :  
 Her rare-dead ashes, fill a rare-liue vrne :  
 "One *Phænix* borne, another *Phænix* burne.

*Ignoto.*

Z 3



**L** Et the bird of lowdest lay,  
 On the sole *Arabian* tree,  
 Herald sad and trumpet be :  
 To whose found chaste wings obey.

But thou shriking harbinger,  
 Foule precurrer of the fiend,  
 Augour of the feuers end,  
 To this troupe come thou not neere.

From this Session interdict  
 Euery foule of tyrant wing,  
 Saue the Eagle feath' red King,  
 Keepe the obsequie so strict.

Let the Priest in Surples white,  
 That defunctiue Musicke can,  
 Be the death-deuining Swan,  
 Left the *Requiem* lacke his right.

And thou treble dated Crow,  
 That thy fable gender mak'ft.  
 With the breath thou giu'ft and tak'ft,  
 Mongft our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the Antheme doth commence,  
 Loue and Constancie is dead,  
*Phænix* and the *Turtle* fled,  
 In a mutuall flame from hence.

So they loued as loue in twaine,  
 Had the effence but in one,

Two

Two distincts, Diuision none,  
Number there in loue was flaine.

Hearts remote, yet not afunder ;  
Diftance and no space was feene,  
Twixt this *Turtle* and his *Queene* ;  
But in them it were a wonder.

So betweene them Loue did shine,  
That the *Turtle* saw his right,  
Flaming in the *Phœnix* fight ;  
Either was the others mine.

Propertie was thus appalled,  
That the selfe was not the fame :  
Single Natures double name,  
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason in itselfe confounded,  
Saw Diuision grow together,  
To themfelues yet either neither,  
Simple were fo well compounded.

That it cried, how true a twaine,  
Seemeth this concordant one,  
Loue hath Reason, Reason none,  
If what parts, can so remaine.

Whereupon it made this *Threne*,  
To the *Phœnix* and the *Doue*,  
Co-supremes and starres of Loue,  
As *Chorus* to their Tragique Scene.



*Threnos.*

Beautie, Truth, and Raritie,  
 Grace in all simplicitie,  
 Here enclosde, in cinders lie.

Death is now the *Phœnix* nest,  
 And the *Turtles* loyall brest,  
 To eternitie doth rest.

Leauing no posteritie,  
 Twas not their infirmitie,  
 It was married Chastitie.

Truth may seeme, but cannot be,  
 Beautie bragge, but tis not she,  
 Truth and Beautie buried be.

To this vrne let those repaire,  
 That are either true or faire,  
 For these dead Birds, sigh a prayer.

*William Shake-speare.*





*A narration and description of a  
most exact wondrous creature, arising  
out of the Phœnix and Turtle  
Doves ashes.*

O Twas a mouing *Epicidium!*  
Can Fire? can Time? can blackest Fate consume  
So rare creation? No; tis thwart to fence,  
Corruption quakes to touch such excellence,  
Nature exclames for Iustice, Iustice Fate,  
Ought into nought can neuer remigrate.  
Then looke; for see what glorious issue (brighter  
Then clearest fire, and beyond faith farre whiter  
Then *Dians* tier) now springs from yonder flame?  
Let me stand numb'd with wonder, neuer came  
So strong amazement on astonish'd eie  
As this, this measurelesse pure Raritie.

Lo now; th' xtracture of deuineft *Essence*,  
The Soule of heauens labour'd *Quintessence*,  
(*Poems* to *Phœbus*) from deare Louers death,  
Takes sweete creation and all blessing breath.

What strangeness is't that from the *Turtles* ashes  
Assumes such forme? (whose splendor clearer flashes,  
Then mounted *Delius*) tell me genuine Muse.

Now yeeld your aides, you spirites that infuse  
A sacred rapture, light my weaker eie:  
Raife my inuention on swift Phantasie,  
That whilst of this fame *Metaphisicall*  
God, Man, nor Woman, but elix'd of all  
My labouring thoughts, with strained ardor sing,  
My Muse may mount with an vncommon wing.

A a

*The description of this Perfection.*

**D**Ares then thy too audacious sense  
 Prefume, define that boundlesse *Ens*,  
                                     That amplest thought transcendeth?  
 O yet vouchsafe my *Muse*, to greete  
 That wondrous rarenesse, in whose sweete  
                                     All praise begins and endeth,  
 Diuineſt Beautie? that was lightest,  
 That adorn'd this wondrous Brightest,  
                                     Which had nought to be corrupted.  
 In this, Perfection had no meane  
 To this, Earths pureſt was vncleane  
                                     Which vertue euen instructed.  
 By it all Beings deck'd and ſtained,  
*Ideas* that are idly fained  
                                     Onely here ſubiſt inueſted. *0 1 + 2*  
 Dread not to giue ſtrain'd praise at all,  
 No ſpeech is Hyperbolicall,  
                                     To this perfection bleſſed.  
                     Thus cloſe my Rimes, this all that can be ſayd,  
                     This wonder neuer can be flattered.

*To Perfection.**A Sonnet.*

**O**Ft haue I gazed with aſtoniſh'd eye,  
 At monſtrous iſſues of ill ſhaped birth,  
 When I haue ſeene the Midwife to old earth,  
*Nature* produce moſt ſtrange deformitie.

So

So haue I marueld to obserue of late,  
 Hard fauor'd Feminines so scant of faire,  
 That Maskes so choicely, sheltred of the aire,  
 As if their beauties were not theirs by fate.

But who so weake of obseruation,  
 Hath not discern'd long since how vertues wanted,  
 How parcimoniously the heauens haue scanted,  
 Our chiefest part of adoration.

But now I cease to wonder, now I find  
 The cause of all our monstrous penny-showes :  
 Now I conceit from whence wits scarc'tie growes,  
 Hard fauour'd features, and defects of mind.  
 Nature long time hath stor'd vp vertue, fairenesse,  
 Shaping the rest as foiles vnto this Rarenesse.

---

*Perfectioni Hymnus.*

**W**Hat should I call this creature,  
 Which now is growne vnto maturitie ?  
 How should I blafe this feature  
 As firme and constant as Eternitie ?  
 Call it Perfection ? Fie !  
 Tis perfecter thẽ brightest names can light it :  
 Call it Heauens mirror ? I.  
 Alas, best attributes can neuer right it.  
 Beauties resistlesse thunder ?  
 All nomination is too straight of fence :  
 Deepe Contemplations wonder ?  
 That appellation giue this excellence.  
 Within all best confin'd,  
 (Now feebler *Genius* end thy slighter riming)

A a 2

\* *Differentia* No Suberbes\* all is *Mind*,  
*Deorum & ho-* As farre from spot, as possible defining.  
*minum (apud*  
*Senecam) sic ha-*

*John Marston.*

*bet nostri*  
*melior pars a-*  
*nimus in illis*  
*nulla pars ex-*  
*tra animum.*

*Peristeros : or the male Turtle.*

Not like that loose and partie-liuer'd Sect  
 Of idle Louers, that (as different Lights,  
 On colour'd subiects, different hewes reflect ;)   
 Change their Affections with their Mistris Sights,  
 That with her Praise, or Dispraise, drowne, or flote,  
 And must be fed with fresh Conceits, and Fashions ;  
 Neuer waxe cold, but die : loue not, but dote :  
 "Loues fires, staid Iudgemēts blow, not humorous Paſ-  
 Whose Loues vpon their Louers pomp depend, (sions,  
 And quench as fast as her Eyes sparkle twinkles,  
 " (Nought lasts that doth to outward worth contend,  
 " Al Loue in smooth browes born is tomb'd in wrinkles.)

\* *The Turtle.* But like the consecrated \*Bird of loue,  
 \* *The Phoenix.* Whose whole lifes hap to his \*sole-mate alluded,  
 Whome no proud flockes of other Foules could moue,  
 But in her selfe all companie concluded.  
 She was to him th' *Analifde* World of pleasure,  
 Her firmenesse cloth'd him in varietie ;  
 Excesse of all things, he ioyd in her measure,  
 Mourn'd when she mourn'd, and dieth when she dies.  
 Like him I bound th' instinct of all my powres,  
 In her that bounds the Empire of desert,  
 And Time nor Change (that all things else deuoures,  
 But truth eterniz'd in a constant heart)  
 Can change me more from her, then her from merit,  
 That is my forme, and giues my being, spirit.

*George Chapman.*

*Præ-*

*Præliudium.*

**W***E must sing too? what Subiect shal we chuse?  
Or whose great Name in Poets Heauen use,  
For the more Countenance to our Actiue Muse?*

*Hercules? alasse his bones are yet sore,  
With his old earthly Labors; t' exact more  
Of his dull Godhead, were Sinne: Lets implore*

*Phœbus? No: Tend thy Cart still. Enuious Day  
Shall not giue out, that we haue made thee stay,  
And foundred thy hote Teame, to tune our Lay.*

*Nor will we beg of thee, Lord of the Vine,  
To raise our spirites with thy coniuring Wine,  
In the green circle of thy Iuy twine.*

*Pallas, nor thee we call on, Mankind Maide,  
That (at thy birth) mad'st the poore Smith afraide,  
Who with his Axe thy Fathers Mid-wife plaide.*

*Go, crampe dull Mars, light Venus, when he suorts,  
Or with thy Tribade Trine, inuent new sports,  
Thou, nor their loosnesse with our Making sorts.*

*Let the old Boy your sonne ply his old Taske  
Turne the stale Prologue to some painted Maske,  
His Absence in our Verse is all we aske.*

A a 3

Hermes *the cheater, cannot mixe with vs,*  
*Though he would steale his sisters Pegafus,*  
*And rifle him ; or pawne his Petafus.*

*Nor all the Ladies of the Thespian Lake,*  
*(Though they were crusht into one forme) could make*  
*A Beauty of that Merit, that should take*

*Our Muse vp by Commission : No, we bring*  
*Our owne true Fire ; Now our Thought takes wing*  
*And now an Epode to deep cares we sing.*

---

*Epos.*

“ **N**ot to know *Vice* at all, and keepe true state,  
 “ *Is Vertue* ; and not Fate :  
 “ Next to that *Vertue*, is, to know *Vice* well,  
 “ And her blacke spight expell.  
 Which to effect (since no breft is so fure,  
 Or safe, but shee'l procure  
 Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard  
 Of *Thoughts*, to watch and ward  
 At th' *Eye* and *Eare*, (the *Ports* vnto the *Mind* ;) )  
 That no strange or vnkind  
 Obiect arriue there, but the *Heart* (our spie)  
 Giue knowledge instantly.  
 To wakefull *Reason*, our *Affections* King :  
 Who (in th' examining)  
 Will quickly taste the *Treason*, and commit

Close

Clofe, the clofe caufe of it.  
 "Tis the feureft Pollicie we haue,  
 " To make our *Sense* our Slaue.  
 But this fair courfe is not embrac'd by many ;  
 By many ? fcarce by any :  
 For either our *Affections* do rebell,  
 Or elfe the *Sentinell*,  
 (That fhall ring larum to the *Heart*) doth fleepe,  
 Or fome great *Thought* doth keepe  
 Backe the Intelligence, and falſely ſweares  
 They'r baſe, and idle Feares,  
 Whereof the loyall *Conſcience* ſo complains.  
 Thus by theſe ſubtil traines,  
 Do feuerall *Paſſions* ſtill inuade the *Mind*,  
 And ſtrike our *Reason* blind :  
 Of which vſurping ranke, ſome haue thought *Loue*,  
 The firſt ; as prone to moue  
 Moſt frequent Tumults, Horrors, and Vnreſts,  
 In our enflamed breſts.  
 But this doth from their cloud of Error grow,  
 Which thus we ouerblow.  
 The thing they here call *Loue*, is blind *Deſire*,  
 Arm'd with *Bow*, *Shafts*, and *Fire* ;  
 Inconſtant like the Sea, of whence 'tis borne,  
 Rough, ſwelling, like a Storme :  
 With whome who failes, rides on the furge of *Feare*,  
 And boiles as if he were  
 In a continuall Tempeſt. Now true *Loue*  
 No ſuch effects doth proue :  
 That is an *Effence* moſt gentile, and fine.  
 Pure, perfect ; nay diuine :  
 It is a golden Chaine let down from Heauen,



Whose linkes are bright, and euen  
 That fals like Sleepe on Louers ; and combines  
     The soft and sweetest *Minds*  
 In equal knots : This beares no *Brands* nor *Darts*  
     To murder different harts,  
 But in a calme and God-like vnitie,  
     Preferues *Communitie*.  
 O who is he that (in this peace) enioyes  
     Th' *Elixir* of all ioyes ?  
 (A Forme more fresh then are the *Eden* bowers,  
     And lasting as her flowers :  
 Richer then *Time*, and as *Times Vertue* rare,  
     Sober, as faddest *Care*,  
 A fixed *Thought*, an *Eye* vntaught to glance ;)   
     Who (blest with such high chance)  
 Would at suggestion of a steepe *Desire*  
     Cast himselfe from the spire  
 Of all his Happinesse ? But soft : I heare  
     Some vicious *Foole* draw neare,  
 That cries we dreame ; and sweares, there's no such thing  
     As this chaste *Loue* we sing.  
 Peace *Luxurie*, thou art like one of those  
     Who (being at sea) suppose  
 Because they moue, the *Continent* doth so :  
     No (*Vice*) we let thee know,  
 Though thy wild Thoughts with *Sparrowes* wings do flie,  
     " *Turtles* can chastly die ;  
 And yet (in this t'expresse our selfe more cleare)  
     We do not number here  
 Such Spirites as are onely continent,  
     Because *Lusts* meanes are spent :  
 Or those, who doubt the common mouth of *Fame*,  
     Because

And for their *Place*, or *Name*,  
 Cannot so safely finne ; Their *Chastitie*  
 Is meere *Necessitie*,  
 Nor meane we those, whom *Vowes* and *Conscience*  
 Haue fild with *Abstinence* :  
 (Though we acknowledge who can so abstaine,  
 Makes a most blessed gaine :  
 " He that for loue of goodnesse hateth ill,  
 " Is more Crowne-worthy still,  
 " Then he which for sinnes *Penaltie* forbearcs,  
 " His *Heart* sinnes, though he feares.)  
 But we propose a person like our *Doue*,  
 Grac'd with a *Phœnix* loue :  
 A beauty of that cleare and sparkling Light,  
 Would make a Day of Night,  
 And turne the blackest sorrowes to bright ioyes :  
 Whose Od'rous breath destroys  
 All taste of Bitternesse, and makes the Ayre  
 As sweete as she is faire :  
 A Bodie so harmoniously composde,  
 As if *Nature* disclosde  
 All her best *Symmetrie* in that one *Feature* :  
 O, so diuine a Creature  
 Who could be false too ? chiefly when he knowes  
 How onely she bestowes  
 The wealthy treasure of her Loue in him ;  
 Making his Fortunes swim  
 In the full floud of her admir'd perfection ?  
 What sauage, brute Affiection,  
 Would not be fearetull to offend a *Dame*  
 Of this excellling frame ?  
 Much more a noble and right generous *Mind*,  
 B b

(To vertuous moodes enclin'd)  
 That knowes the weight of *Guilt*: He will refraine  
 From thoughts of fuch a straine:  
 And to his *Sence* obieſt this Sentence euer,  
 " *Man may ſecurely finne, but ſafely neuer.*

*Ben Iohnſon.*

---

*The Phœnix Analyſde.*

**N**ow, after all, let no man  
 Receiue it for a *Fable*,  
 If a *Bird* ſo amiable,  
 Do turne into a Woman.

Or (by our *Turtles* Augure)  
 That *Natures* faireſt Creature,  
 Proue of his *Miſtris* Feature,  
 But a bare *Type* and *Figure*.

---

*Ode ενθουſιαſτικη.*

**S***plendor!* O more then mortall,  
 For other formes come ſhort all  
 Of her illuſtrate brightneſſe,  
 As farre as Sinne's from lightneſſe.

Her wit as quicke, and ſprightfull  
 As fire; and more delightfull  
 Then the ſtolne ſports of *Louers*,  
 When night their meeting couers.

**Iudgement**

Judgement (adornd with Learning)  
 Doth shine in her discerning,  
 Cleare as a naked vestall  
 Clofde in an orbe of Chrifall.

Her breath for sweete exceeding  
 The *Phenix* place of breeding,  
 But mixt with found, transcending  
 All *Nature* of commending.

Alas : then whither wade I,  
 In thought to praise this *Ladie*,  
 When seeking her renowning,  
 My selfe am so neare drowning ?

Retire, and say ; Her *Graces*  
 Are deeper then their Faces :  
 Yet shee's nor nice to shew them,  
 Nor takes she pride to know them.

*Ben : Iohnson.*

FINIS.



[*In consequence of Dr. Grosart having top-paged his NOTES from the foot-pagings of his TEXT, the top-numbers 189—196 are wanting. The NOTES begin with 197.*]

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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•• The References are to the Pagination at the bottom, not at the top.

*Title-page* (1601), p. 1. On this see our Introduction. Therein the significance of these words, "Loves Martyr"—"Rosalins Complaint"—"truth of Loue"—"the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle"—"enterlaced with much varietie and raritie"—"now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cæliano"—"some new compositions, of seuerall moderne Writers"—"whose names are subscribed to their seuerall workes, vpon the first subject: viz. the Phoenix and Turtle," &c., are elucidated. The Latin motto is from Martial, Epigr. i, lxvi, 9.

„ (1611), p. 7. On this, similarly see as above. "Anuals" is a misprint of the original for "Annals."

*Epistle-dedictory*, pp. 3, 4. SIR JOHN SALISBURY. See Introduction for full notices of this specially "honored Knight." Page 3, l. 8, "*Pofse & nolle, nobile*"—see our Introduction on this motto; l. 14, "*ripe iudging*" = ripe-judging; ll. 16-17, "*his owne child to be fairest although an Ethiopian*"—a proverbial saying found in all languages; cf. Love's L. L., iv, 3, "Ethiops . . . their sweet complexion"; l. 18, "*infant wit*" = first literary production—answering to the title-page "*the first Essay of a new Britifh Poet.*" Page 4, ll. 6-7, "*To the World,*" &c. = this shews that "Imprinted for E. B." does not mean a privately-printed book, but one 'published' for 'learned' and 'vulgar,' if so they were minded to buy.

*The Authors request to the Phœnix*, p. 5. For abundant proofs that by the 'Phoenix' was meant Queen Elizabeth, and by the 'Turtle-doue' the Earl of Essex—see our Introduction; also the same for the further confirmation herein of Shakespere's having favoured Essex. Note—this is the 'Author's request,' not a translation. Line 1, "*beauteous Bird of any*" = the most "beauteous" of "any" one, and of all birds; l. 9, "*passing*" = surpassing; l. 12, "*Endeuoured haue to please in praifing thee*"—noticeable and noticed in our Introduction.

*To the kind Reader*, p. 6, l. 1, "*the sacke of Troy*" = Homer; l. 2, "*Pryams murdred Sonnes*" = Homer; *ib.*, "*nor Didoes fall*" = Virgil; ll. 4-5, "*Of Cæsars Victories,*" &c., &c. = Shakespere—"Julius Cæsar" is now generally attributed to 1599-1601; l. 8, "*untun'd stringed*" = untuned-stringed. The motto '*Mea mecum Porto,*' are found in Emblem books under a tortoise.

Page 9, *Heading*, l. 2, "*Metaphorically applied to Dame Nature*"— See page 232 on this; l. 4, "*high Star-chamber*" = in the starry sphere — a sphere above the mundane; l. 6, "*heavie burdend*" = heavy-burdened; st. 2, l. 5, "*Lordlike cowardice*" — on this allusion, see Introduction; l. 6, "*fond*" = foolish; *ib.*, "*nice*" = precise, scrupulous, as in Shakespeare, *frequenter*; st. 4, l. 1, "*Imperator*" = supreme ruler, emperor (so Love's L. L., iii, l. 187)— one of Jupiter's titles was "Imperator," and "*firie chair*" is used because he was the prince of light and thunder: cf. p. 16, st. 1, and p. 15, st. 3; l. 4 (p. 10), "*firie chair*" = throne.

„ 10, st. 1, l. 2, "*none-like*," cf. l. 5, "*none such*." Hence not = nun-like, albeit there may possibly have been intended, after the manner of the times and Shakespeare, a quibbling pun and the secondary meaning of 'nun-like' hinted at; l. 4, "*milke-white Doue*" — not = the "turtle-dove," but = the Phoenix; st. 2, l. 1, "*heavenly map*" = a representation in miniature of the heavens; l. 5, "*locks of purest gold*." The 'lock' of Elizabeth's hair preserved at Wilton (within lines by Sir Philip Sidney), remains to attest that her's was of sunbeam-gold, and 'red' only as 'gold' was called "red monie" in ancient ballad and story; st. 4, l. 2, "*censure*" = judge; l. 5, "*find*" = find [wherewithal] to cure the wound? "*Tablet*" = table-book — which were often made of ivory.

„ 11, st. 1, l. 2, "*Two Carbuncles*" — from the brilliance, not certainly from the 'red' colour of this gem. "Shineth as Fire . . . whose shining is not overcome by night . . . and it seemeth as it were a flame" (Batman upon B. B., xvi, c. 26; cf. p. 16, st. 4, l. 5). l. 3, "*soveraignize*" = rule as a sovereign; l. 5, "*Sonne*" = sun. Spenser, without *metri gratia*, thus spells the word. See *Shepherd's Calendar*, *frequenter*, and throughout. St. 2, l. 6, "*heavenly Front*" — hyperbolic and explained by l. 5 as the "front of Heaven," the sky. So Shakespeare, "the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes," *Henry IV*, act i, sc. 1, l. 14, *et alibi*; st. 3, l. 5, "*Ennie*" — it would seem that 'crystal' was supposed to prevent or "over-come" — envy; st. 4, ll. 1-2. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, ll. 451-2.

"Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,  
Which to his speech did honey passage yield."

ll. 5-6 — universally said of Elizabeth; and st. 1, p. 12, and indeed throughout the portraiture. See Introduction. Ll. 5-6 (p. 12), ought to have been put back as in the other stanzas. This has been inadvertently neglected in two or three instances; but is here noted once for all.

„ 12, st. 2, l. 2, "*powers*" = disyllabic form of "pours"; l. 4, "*raticie*,"



*sic*; but doubtless a misprint for 'rarietie'=rarity, *metri causa*; st. 3, l. 5, "*loue-babies*"=reflections of himself in her eyes; *ibid.*, "*wanton eyes*." See st. 2, l. 2, "perfect chafitite" and l. 6 of the present stanza, "*doth chafesize*"=make chaste, with a play perhaps on 'chastize' in its ordinary sense. Hence 'wanton' is used here much as Shakespeare speaks of "wanton boys," *i.e.*, pleasure-loving or gamesome or fondling. See SCHMIDT, *s.v.* So in Spenser, &c., &c. St. 4, ll. 1-2—mingling of ancient and (apparently) modern fable; l. 4, "*glories*" = glories'.

- Page 13, st. 1, ll. 1-2, "*men may reade His*"—men = each man of all men; l. 2, evidently the comma after 'woe' is a misprint for a period(.) Note — all these celebrations from "Head" to "Bellie" and onward (p. 6 to "Feete"), shew that a person and a female was intended by the "Phoenix." The "Arabian Phoenix," or bird so-called, is distinguished from the other (st. 3, ll. 3-4); st. 2, l. 1, see our Introduction for an incident in Elizabeth's life illustrative of this; st. 4, "*ye*"—this is misprinted in the original "*yea*," and perhaps ought to have been so left and noted here. See Postscript to our Introduction for other similar errors, and also certain 'slips' of our own (of no great moment). St. 5, l. 2, "*Gehon*"=Gihon, *Genesis* ii, 13; l. 3, "*prize*"=prized with such honour.
- 14, st. 2, ll. 5-6. Punctuate (*meo iudicio*) "*why, . . . she . . . Angell*"; st. 3, l. 4, "*sweet writ*"=sweet-writ; l. 6, "*corporate Soule*"=soul existing in her conjoint body; st. 4=the "Marigold" that has at night, *i.e.*, after the setting and so absence of the sun, closed the glory of her eye, now at her approach unfolds again as she would at the sun's approach; l. 5, "*Phanix*"=Phoenix; l. 6, "*yeeld*"=yield obeisance, as acknowledging their inferiority.
- 15, st. 1, l. 2, "*Arras cloth*" = a rich kind of tapestry, and so named because the best was made at Arras the capital of Artois; l. 3, "*Satires*"=Satyrs; st. 2, l. 1, "*This Phanix I do feare me will decay*," &c. Elizabeth in 1601, when *Love's Martyr* was published, was well nigh the close of her long life and reign; and making as long an interval as one can well suppose between the composition and publication of the poem, she must have been long past possible maternity before these words could have been written. In the Epistle-dedicatory the Author speaks of his "*long expected labour*"; but the "*long*" could scarcely cover more than comparatively a few years. Every one knows, however, that strong-brained as was the great Queen, she sniffed to the last gratefully and graciously whatever incense of flattery of her person courtiers and poets chose to offer her.

See our Introduction for more on this ; st. 4, "*wight*" = white—to agree with its rhyme "outright" (l. 4); l. 5, "*strucke*" = [was] *strucke* ; l. 6, "*Doue*"—again as in page 10, st. 1, l. 4, not the "turtle doue" but = the Phoenix still ; l. 5 (p. 16), "*vastie*" = vast, limitless. So in Shakespeare, *frequenter*.

- Page 16, st. 1, l. 1, "*temeritie*" — used as from timor = timority, fear ; st. 2, l. 3, "*extallation*" = extollation ; l. 4, either "deuine-maiesticall" or comma after "deuine" ; l. 5, "*painted picture there*" = portrait of Elizabeth as was her wont in all the splendor of "rich wrought . . . gold" and jewels ; st. 4, l. 5, "*Eyes wanting fire*" = wanting the fire of living eyes. Or does he mean that they flamed or gleamed, but wanted the anger or rage of fire like the carbuncle, as before ?
- „ 17, st. 1, ll. 5-6. In plain prose, get Elizabeth to marry—see next stanza, ll. 5-6 ; st. 2, l. 2, "*plained*" = made smooth. So Dr. Henry More (*Chertsey Worthies*' Library edition of his complete Poems, p. 15) :

"Such as this Phyllis would, whenas she *plains*  
Their Sunday-cloths, and the washt white with azure stains."  
(*Psychozoia*, st. 21.)

l. 3, "*painted shape*" = portrait, as before ; st. 3, l. 3, "*il working*" = ill-working ; l. 4, "*white Brytania*"—so that the 'Phoenix,' beside which that of Arabia was but "fruitlese ayre," was within the "white cliffs" of Britain. Be it noted specially — for the punctuation is bad — that while it is "leauē" (l. 2) and "leauē" (l. 3) as = let alone, seek not there, in l. 4, it is "leauē *me*" = leave to me, in my keeping, or qu., Do you leave ? So that neither in Arabia (named as the seat of the mythical 'phoenix') nor in "white Brytania" = England, was there a fitting 'mate' (husband) for the Phoenix. Cf. st. 3, ll. 5-6 ; st. 4, ll. 1-2, "*There is a country, &c. . . Paphos Ile.*" See our Introduction on this very noticeable *bit* ; meanwhile, I here record, that by "Paphos Ile," I understand Ireland, whither Essex—as we all know—proceeded. The description that follows is idealized in correspondence with the love-imaginative name given to it of "Paphos Ile," a name than which none could have been more happily chosen, being that of the supreme seat of the worship of Venus (*i.e.*, in such a love-story as this of *Love's Martyr*). l. 5, "*Cipariffus groue*" = Cyparissus — the 'grove' of Phocis, not far from Delphi ; l. 6, "*a second Phœnix loue*" = Phoenix' love ; st. 5, l. 1, "*champion*" = champaign.

- „ 18, st. 1, l. 1, "*bigge-arm'd*" = big-arm'd ; st. 2, l. 5, "*lie*" = lay ; l. 6, "*round*" = dance ; st. 3, l. 3, "*delight some*"—clearly mis-

- print for 'delightful'; st. 4, l. 4, "*shelues*" = banks; ll. 5-6 = but the country Gallants with Ulysses eares.
- Page 19, st. 1, ll. 1-2 and 4, "*hissing Adders sting, May not come neere this holy plot of ground*" and, "*Nor poison-spitting Serpent may be found.*" How could Ireland have been more deftly indicated than by the two-fold characteristics of (1) The banishing of all serpents (by St. Patrick), (2) Its proud title of "the Isle of Saints"? st. 2, l. 4, "*Lycorice*" = a plant of the genus *Glycyrrhiza*; *ib.*, "*sweet Arabian spice*" = cinnamon; sts. 3-4, with equal deftness are the Irish residence, and the personal characteristics, and personal appearance, and the services of Essex herein set forth. Who, of all her subjects, could have taken this name of "*Liberall honor*" save Essex? See our Introduction for quotations from Churchyard, Peele, and others, wherein he is exactly thus spoken of. St. 5, l. 3, "*president*" = precedent, exemplar; l. 4 (p. 20), "*his gentle humour spited*" — very noticeable in relation to Essex; ll. 5-6 — a word-photograph of Essex.
- „ 20 st. 1, l. 4, "*high hill*" = royal crag-enthroned Windsor; st. 2, l. 2, "*Censure*" = judgment; st. 2, l. 6, "*Ioue ioyne these fires,*" &c. = marry Elizabeth and Essex.
- „ 20, *An Introduction to the Prayer*, st. 1, l. 2, "*Thou elementall fauourer of the Night*" — Is the reference to God's manifestation of Himself, *e.g.*, on Sinai, and within the temple in "clouds and darkness"? Cf. *Deuteronomy*, iv, 11; 2 *Samuel*, xxii, 12; *Psalms*, xcvi, 2; and 1 *Kings*, viii, 10-12; *Leviticus*, xvi, 2; and cognate passages. St. 2 (p. 21), l. 6, "*Turtle-doue*" = Essex — as hereafter will appear.
- „ 21, *A Prayer made, &c.* See Introduction on this "*siluer coloured Doue*" (not the "Turtle-doue"), and the force of "*applied*"; st. 1, l. 4, "*sad*" = serious or solemn: or qu. intentive?
- „ 22, st. 2, l. 1, "*her*" — shewing it is not the 'Turtle-doue' (described as "he" onward); l. 4, the comma after "*baite*" certainly ought to have been a period (.); st. 4, l. 1, "*leadst*" = ledst, *i.e.*, past tense; *ib.*, "*red coloured waues*" = red-coloured. The 'Red Sea' is meant — see *Exodus*, xiv, and parallel passages. I remember seeing the 'Red Sea,' off the Desert of Sinai, red as blood, not merely under the purple splendor of the marvellous sunset — a hue common to all sunsets — but from myriad infusoria so far as I could make out. So that "red-coloured waues" is not a mere fancy, much less a blunder — such as Wordsworth's when he speaks of Baalbec rising from bare sands, whereas its site is a glorious fertile plain. l. 5 (p. 23) "*what*" — qu. misprint for 'that' or 'which'?
- „ 23, st. 1, ll. 6-7 = do not let her [Elizabeth] remain a "*Virgin Queen*"

— let her marry — she the “siluer coloured doue” to him the “turtle-doue.”

- Page 23, *To those of light beleefe*, st. 1, l. 6, “*abandoning deceit*” = fiction has hitherto been mingled with fact, *e.g.*, in the hyperbolic and so ‘deceptive’ description of Ireland as “Paphos Ile”; st. 3, l. 1, “*gentle Reader*” — another note of publication.
- „ 24, *A meeting Dialogue-wise betweene Nature, &c.*, st. 1, l. 6, “*thy breasts beauteous Eie*” = spots eye-like, as of the peacock, pheasant, and (of course) the mythical ‘phoenix’; st. 2, l. 4, “*neuer with*” = never [be] with; st. 3, l. 4, “*relenting*” = sorrowful and sorrowing. Here is touched the popular and indestructible belief that the only genuine love-passion Elizabeth ever had was for Essex. More anon. L. 6 (p. 25), “*for vertue*” = on account of thy, or in admission of thy virtue, &c., sing; l. 7, “*reuerend*” = reuerenced.
- „ 25, st. 1, l. 7, “*I do bayte my hooke*” — a throb of penitent confession of her laying ‘baits’ for Essex, drawing him on and ‘hooking’ him, winning his burning love and devotion, yet playing him false; st. 2, l. 5, “*sullen Mirth*” — the very type of Elizabeth’s moody mirth and sadness, bursts of scorn and passion and aching melancholy; st. 3, l. 1, “*vading*.” I may refer here to a note in my edition of Southwell, *s. v.*, for the distinction between ‘vading’ and ‘fading.’ l. 5, “*Sunne-bred*” — speaking as the ‘Phoenix’; *ibid.*, “*exhall*” = exhale; ll. 6-7 — “*Enuite*” is the uttermost word that the Poet dared use. He makes the Queen hint at the contest between the Queen and the woman, the passionate love and the self-restraint thought to be due to herself. She fain “would loue” and follow it up with marriage; but what, marry a subject? “There was the rub.” Other considerations were also blended, *e.g.*, I fear what my subjects may say to my marrying a subject and what their ‘envy’ may attempt on him. We must remember that the nobles were far more powerful and jealous of one another than in our day, and even Elizabeth might well fear displeasing them by such a step. See st. 4, l. 5, beginning at p. 26, and p. 26, st. 1, ll. 3-6; also p. 27, st. 1, and p. 28, st. 2 and 3. See too “*Enuie*” is changed to “*Malice*” (p. 26) ll. 6-7; st. 4, l. 1, “*Tablitorie*” = the old tablet (*metri gratia*, as “*glorie*” is the rhyming word) given by Minsheu as a necklet, necklace or brooch: “*Monile quod gestantem virtutis admoneat, nam primum ob aliquod egregium factum clari solebat.*” One can’t vouch for the accuracy of this Latin explanation; but it shews the prevalent idea, and it agrees with the use of “*tablitorie*” in the text — a *tablerium*, is called mappula, mantle.

- Page 26, st. 1, l. 4, "*fond suspitions cage*"—here and elsewhere there is a glance back on the early perilous years of Elizabeth under her sister Mary; l. 7, "thy"—*sic*, but somewhat obscure; st. 2, l. 7, "*And waste*"=while I waste; st. 3, l. 6, "*yong, fresh, greene*"—no doubt with application to the 'Phoenix,' but underlying this a reference, as already noted, to Elizabeth's beautiful youthhood, when beyond all question she was a magnificent creature; *ibid*, "*pass*"=pass away, die; l. 7, "*steeld glasse*"=mirror of steel. Note—There is intentional anachronism in order to give scope for just 'praise' of Elizabeth; nor are these touches on her 'yong' maiden days the least precious *bits* for us to-day; st. 4, l. 1, "*Continent*"=container is that which contains anything. So *frequenter* in Shakespeare and contemporaries, and later.
- „ 27, st. 1, l. 5, "*totterd*"=tattered—as in Shakespeare and contemporaries; *ibid*, "*ragd*"=ragged; st. 2, l. 7, "*the performance bears the greater sway*"=deed better than words, action than threats.
- „ 28, st. 1, l. 3, "*Toades themselves did wound*"—*i.e.*, did wound one another—so letting out by their 'wounds' their unfragrant poison (mythical); l. 4, "*poysoned*," *i.e.*, infected with poison, being a poison-natured thing = poisonous; l. 5, "*sent*"=scent; st. 2, l. 3, "*As he hath had in his dayes secret prying*"—hints at 'secret' influences against Elizabeth in the days of Mary; l. 4, "*calmie*"=calming or qu.—tranquil? l. 7, "*Amarous*"—*sic*=amorous; st. 3, l. 1, "*Villanie*"=Envie—as previously described; l. 4, "*true harted*"=true-hearted; ll. 6-7—another genuine cry out of the woman's heart—let the title of the poem be remembered of *Love's Martyr*, &c. Let it also be remembered, that so early as Peele's "*Eglogve Gratulatorie*. Entituled: To the right honourable, and renowned Shepheard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall" (1589), the burden is "*Envy doth aye true honours deeds despise.*" See our Introduction.
- „ 29, st. 1, l. 4, "*coyle*"=tumult. Cf. *Tempest*, act. i, sc. 2. St. 2, l. 2, "*his Throne*," *i.e.*, of Essex, who really held the 'Throne' of Elizabeth's heart—the 'his' here is subtle and fine; l. 5, "*ore charge*"=o'er charge; st. 3, l. 1, "*peeuish*"=petulant, fretful; l. 7, "*I*"=Aye; st. 4,—query, should the punctuation be 'Light.' 'deplore;'
- „ 30, st. 1, l. 7, "*Balsamum*"=balsam. *Comedy of Errors*, act iv, sc. 1. st. 2, l. 2, "*Anker-hold*" and l. 6, "*plot of Ground*"=the soil that holds your anchor, or fastners of the flukes on the ground; st. 3, l. 3, "*the Rocke my ship did seeke to shiuer*"=seeke to shiver my Ship; l. 7, "*diffembling Loue*"—another sting of



conscience—she dissembled the love that was really in her heart; st. 4, l. 5, "*peruse*" = survey or run over with an observant eye; l. 6, "*where*" = which?

Page 31, st. 1, l. 3, "*Mace*" = sceptre, as before; l. 7, "*Paphos Ile*" = the island of Venus (Love) as before; st. 2-3—a passionate description of Elizabeth's 'suspect' and dangerous early years; st. 3, l. 2, "*shadow*" = over-shadow, eclipse; st. 4, l. 2, "*In youth,*" &c.—peculiarly true of Elizabeth—'tyred' seems a misprint for 'tryed'; l. 7, "*feathered head*" = adorned with feathers as young high-stationed maidens were, but of course here as being to the 'Phoenix'; *ib.*, "*a crowne*"—explicit enough surely as to the "Phoenix" being Elizabeth, albeit this 'crown' (in 1601) is a heavenly crown, or perchance of marriage. See l. 3, *et seq.* of the stanza.

„ 32, st. 1. The real heart-thoughts of the Queen are here expressed. Be it thoughtfully marked, that this "Ile of Paphos" (l. 3) "this rich Ile" had held the 'Turtle' and that the 'Turtle' is a male—"his neft" (l. 7) and so Nature conducts them thither, *i.e.*, to Ireland—as before; st. 2, l. 5, "*vnderstand*" = learn of his whereabouts; st. 3, l. 3, "*fond*" = foolish; l. 4, "*vaste Cell,*" *i.e.*, however "vaste," a palace itself becomes a prison-cell where Suspicion and Envy are the keepers—as in Elizabeth's case.

„ 33, st. 1, l. 5, "*vnfret*" = musical term with reference to *frets* or cross bars; l. 7, "*Honor that Isle that is my sure defence*"—here the Queen speaks rather than the 'Phoenix,' and thus throughout the mask (not unintentionally) slips aside and shews not 'bird' (however lustrous and wonderful), but the august face of Elizabeth herself; st. 2, l. 3, "*high states*" = people of state; l. 6, "*Pyramides*"—a quadrisyllable as *frequenter* contemporaneously, being long of naturalizing; l. 7, "*Strond*" = strand, shore; st. 3, l. 2, "*Greene Springing*" = Green-springing; l. 4, "*Faire running*" = Faire-running; l. 5, "*Sweet flowers . . . . Dew*" [= dew] distils—example of verb singular after nom. plural (perhaps through the interposition of 'that') and so the previous line; *ib.*, "*balmy Dew*"—on Hermon I found the abundant dew thus fragrant. The southern-wood and thyme and other richly-scented under-growths, being literally steeped in the dew, so filled the air with perfume as to 'nip' (so-to-say) one's eyes. I have found the same in Greece, and indeed in many places. l. 6, "*Great peopled*" = Great-peopled; st. 4, l. 3, "*intreate*" = treat, elongated, *i.e.*, speak of; l. 4, "*Their Founder*" = [And of] their Founder; l. 6, "*Warres wald*"—this must be intended for 'walled,' albeit the meaning is not

exactly clear. Query—each of the ‘cities’ being ‘walled’ was a ‘Defender’ in time of ‘Warres.’ The singular ‘Defender’ answers to the singular ‘Founder’ where we might have expected the plural. It cannot well have been a misprint for ‘wild,’ *i.e.*, wild warres Defender, “wa” coming in through the “wa” of “warres”; l. 7, “*Not battred yet with Times controlling Mace,*” *i.e.*, the ‘walls’ of the cities celebrated, which, though no longer in their original strength, were still to be seen in part, as is still the case.

- Page 34, Margin—“*Northumbers*”= Northumberland; l. 3, “*this large Ile of sweete Britania*”—be it noted once more that the ‘Phoenix’ as = Elizabeth is naturally observant of the ‘cities’ of her own “Large Ile.” There is no meaning in the full enumeration and description of these cities except as they were under the sovereignty of Elizabeth. It is not deemed expedient to annotate here the numerous persons and places celebrated. The historical and county authorities are readily accessible, and thither the student-reader is referred; st. 2, l. 3, “*well planted*” = well-planted; l. 4, “*Called in this age the newly-builde Minster, Still kept in notable reparation*”—Stowe, in his *Chronicles*, tells us of the ‘reparation’ of Winchester Cathedral in Elizabeth’s reign, *s.v.*; l. 6, “*famous builde*” = famous-builde; st. 3, l. 5, “*Neotus direction*” = Neotus; st. 4, “*new got*” = new-got.
- „ 35, st. 1, ll. 3-4, “*the whole Romish Legion to sing. And to record,*” &c. —“*sing*” points apparently to ballads of his exploits, albeit there is the objection that it was his defeated enemies whom he made to sing. But our poet is not skilful and o’ times oblivious. Line 4 can scarcely be otherwise explained. Does this use of ‘sing’ reveal the age of our present expression or of an equivalent to it, of ‘singing small,’ as evidence of defeat. There is also “singing in a lower key,” and the like. St. 4, l. 5, “*His*” = its; *ib.*, “*Leyls*” = Leil of st. 3, l. 2. But all this semi-fabulous or wholly fabulous chronicle calleth for no ‘pains’ of elucidation; l. 7, “*large Brytania*” = “*large Ile,*” p. 34, st. 1, l. 3. So also p. 36, st. 3, l. 3, “*large Britanicus*” —doubtless an early phrase for “Great Britain”—for he evidently supposed that Scotland was, at that time, a tributary of England, and the last name he avoids. See p. 36, st. 3, l. 3. His use of the word (Scottish) “sect” agrees; for a “sect” is a part cut off. But “sect” in text is applied to the people, not to the country.
- „ 36, st. 4, ll. 6-7 = the city doth only remain under the newer name of Edinburgh, *i.e.*, Edinburgh.
- „ 37, st. 1, l. 4, “*stay’d*” = out stay’d; st. 2, On this significant stanza, see



our Introduction; st. 3, l. 2, "*the Princes*"=James VI; l. 3, "*graces*"—singular verb, instead of the previous plural one, "*beautifie,*" *metri causa*; l. 4, "*Emperizing.*" This type of verb is frequent contemporaneously. The meaning is—imperial towers so magnificent as to be worthy of an emperor, or such as will, of themselves, imperialize either the statues adorning it, or the persons inhabiting. l. 5, "*Times controlling houres,*" cf. p. 33, st. 4, l. 7, "*Times controlling Mace*"—"Controlling seems a favorite word. See again here, st. 4, l. 4, "*controlling neighbours.*"

- Page 38, st. 1, l. 1, "*Pagon*"—*metri causa*, *i.e.*, "*yron*" in l. 3; st. 2, l. 5, "*after time*"=after-time; l. 6, "*deare begotten*"=deare-begotten. What an odd jumble of mythology and history we have here! St. 3, l. 2, "*this worlds great wonder*"=the great wonder of this world; l. 6, "*Regiment*"=government; st. 4, l. 5, "*lightned*"=gave light to; l. 7, "*That to her weake Sexe yeelded Hector's name*"—*qu.*=that the stronger sex had to yield or vail Hectors name to hers?
- „ 39, st. 2, l. 2, "*bountie*"—deriving it from *bonitas*, one sense of which is goodness or honesty; l. 3, "*vncomprehensible*"=[The character of her deed] not to be duly estimated. The word is used as justification of her act in killing a 'guest.' l. 7, "*Sifar*"=Sisera; st. 3, l. 1, a comma after Hebrew would have shewn 'worthie' to be an adjective here.
- „ 40, st. 1, l. 4, "*indubitate*"—we should say 'indubitable,' *i.e.*, not to be questioned; l. 7, "*vsurped*"=usurping—the common interchange of such words is explained by considering that the *ed* form is not passive, and that as a past or perfect it gives the idea of continuance in, or being in the state of usurpation; l. 8, "*condescend*"=submit; l. 9, "*re obtain'd*"=re-obtained; st. 2, l. 2, "*Queene,*" &c.—one wonders how this was scanned by the author; l. 5, "*forfaken*"=God-forsaken; st. 3, l. 1—punctuate "*Naples, true-borne*"; st. 4, l. 2, "*Progenie*"=birth (by descent) or pedigree—similarly used in *1 Henry VI*, iii, 3, l. 61; *Coriol*, i, 8, l. 12—not offspring as now; l. 5, "*Which Truth can never burne,*" &c.—Truth is not here the burner or person who would burn their fames, but a truth which can never burn, &c.; l. 7 (p. 41) "*memorie*"=memorial.
- „ 41, st. 2, l. 7, "*States*"=people of state; "*brooke*"=bear but *rithmi gratia*.
- Here followeth the Birth, Life, &c.*
- „ 43, l. 3, "*no such mā euer to be liuing*"=to have lived; l. 6, "*more beholding to the French, the Romane, the Scot, the Italian,*" &c. See our Introduction on this and other books, &c., referred to. l. 8, "*who*"—refers not to countrymen, but to the previous

substantives; l. 13, "*Gallie*" = Galliæ; l. 19, "*renowned*" = renowned. Nearer its French source *renommé* than our spelling. l. 25, "*turned from French prose into English meter*"—see our Introduction, as before; st., l. 4, "*Memorie*" = memorials, as before.

- Page 44, *The strange Birth, &c.*, st. 1, l. 5, "*high minded*" = high-minded; st. 2, l. 2, "*wittie*" = wise; l. 4, "*allies*"—not as now used, but = the verb "ally," *i.e.*, the feudatory princes of next stanza; st. 3, l. 2, "*hot bred*" = hot-bred; st. 4, l. 1, "*passing*" = surpassing; l. 3, "*supprize*" = suppress, *causa metri*; l. 5 (p. 45), "*unequal*" = unequalled—probably a printer's error.
- „ 45, st. 2, l. 2, "*fond*" = foolish; l. 3, "*not penetrable*" = not [being] able to penetrate; l. 4, "*could not insfist*"—licentiously for could not keep [it] in, &c., *i.e.*, how it sped with her; st. 3, l. 2, "*darke duskie mantle*"—so the analagous phrase in Shakespeare "Night's black mantle," not only in *Romeo and Juliet*, but also in 3 *Henry VI*, act iv, sc. 2; l. 4, "*inuade*" = cause to invade or make invade any one; ll. 5–6—the inverted commas may or may not indicate a quotation; for the practice was loose. They seem to have been used to direct attention to what the writer would hold as a noticeable saying or golden sentence, much as we use *italics*.
- „ 46, st. 1, l. 1, punctuate comma after "*Muficke*," certainly; l. 2, "*sound*" = sounding, *i.e.*, striking or touching; l. 5, "*immelodious*"—better than our unmelodious; st. 2, l. 4, "*blacke gloom'd*" = black-gloom'd; st. 5, l. 2, "*secret folly*" = done in secret; but it was the king's folly, not her's; besides, she had told her husband. See p. 45, st. 2, l. 5, "*Bet straight*," &c.
- „ 47, st. 1, l. 3, "*vitales*" = victuals; st. 2, l. 2, "*out*" = giving egress; st. 4, l. 4, "*his warres lowd Alarums ouercame*," &c. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 700; *Taming of a Shrew*, i, 1. No doubt a phrase of the day, an 'alarum' being, from its nature, peculiarly loud.
- „ 48, st. 1, l. 2, "*diseafe*" = uneasiness, trouble; st. 2, l. 4, "*Moderator*" = mediator? In Presbyterian Church-order, the president or chairman, ruler or guider of the Session of a Congregation, of a Presbytery, of a Synod, of a General Assembly, is still called the 'Moderator'; see "Synod" at p. 9, st. 1, l. 3. It was also used in same way in English Universities later. Cf. Cleveland's *Vindicia*, 1677, p. 214. l. 5, "*vnscene*" = experience, such as never in other has been 'seen'; st. 3, l. 3, "*thwarted*" = crossed—an odd adaptive use of the word; l. 5, "*bafeneffe*" = lowliness, humility; l. 5, "*Alas*" = interjection merely, not meaning as now, something to be lamented; st. 5, l. 1, "*heft*" = behest.

- Page 49, st. 1, l. 2, "*amaine*" = suddenly or forcefully; st. 2, l. 2, "*vncompre'nded*" = uncomprehended; l. 3, "*embracements met*" = [he] met.
- 50, st. 1, l. 4, punctuate rather "intent." (period); l. 5, "done." (period); for "That . . . done" is the king's reply; st. 2, l. 6, "*posseſſe her Huſbands ſweetneſſe,*" *i.e.*, the 'sweetness' she gives to her husband—as frequently in Shakespeare; st. 3, l. 5, "*difeaſed*" = uneasy, troubled, as before; st. 4, l. 4, period, not comma, after 'ieft'; but in our author the comma serves for every other punctuation-mark; l. 6, "*sweet'st got*" = sweet'st-got.
- 51, st. 1, l. 1—rather subtile lust-directed; l. 2, "*new found*" = new-found; l. 6, "*Caister*" [= Caÿster] *Swannes*. Cf. p. 43, l. 7 [Greekes]; l. 6, verb singular to plural nominative again; st. 2, l. 5, "*vnrecalled time*" = time past, time already spent, *i.e.*, as other—ed forms—time that is in a state not to be recalled; st. 3, l. 4, "*craokt*" = croaked—it may have been accidental, but "*craokt*" is the more imitative word; st. 4, l. 1, "*lawne-like Hand*" = white as 'lawne'—taken with next line, it seems like a poor remembrance of *Venus and Adonis*, l. 590, and *Lucrece*, ll. 258–9; l. 2, "*dissembling Huſband*" = passing himself off as her husband; cf. p. 30, st. 3, l. 7, for the word. = [She] Being, &c.
- 52, st. 1, l. 1, "*late betrayed*" = late-betrayed; l. 4, "*amaine*"—from Saxon *a* and *meegn* = to do a thing forcibly or with one main object, and therefore also quickly, suddenly. Here it means much or plentifully. St. 2, l. 2 = the injuries done to her life 'unspotted' hitherto in intent. Cf. p. 53, st. 1, l. 4. St. 3, l. 3, "*where*" = whereas, since; st. 4, l. 2, "*lustie stomacke youthfull*" = lustie-stomacke youthfull.
- 53, st. 1, l. 3 = to answer [as to] . . . st. 2, l. 6, "*late did bleſſe*" = late in the day; st. 3, l. 4, "*well-diſpo,ed*" = well-disposed; st. 4, l. 2, "*paſſing true*" = surpassing true; or it may be "passing-true" in the sense of Goldsmith's humble Vicar, "passing rich on forty pounds a year."
- 54, st. 2, l. 1—punctuate comma after "child," and also after "Poſterne" (l. 5); st. 3, l. 2, "*rich bearing Burthen*" = rich, bearing-Burthen.
- 55, st. 4, l. 2—punctuate comma after "Saxons."
- 56, st. 4, l. 1, "*Regiment*" = government, rule, as before. Every one remembers John Knox's "Monstrous Regiment of Women": st. 4, somewhat jumbled.
- 57, *The Coronation of King Arthur, &c.*, st. 1, l. 3, "*high ſlates*" = people of high state, as before: st. 3, l. 4, "*him*" = himself, as frequently at that time; l. 6 (p. 58) "*dignified*" = crowned.
- 58, st. 1, l. 5, "*Being the Metropolitanall in nobilitie*"—hexameter?; st. 2,

- l. 3—a syllable wanting and apparently before “Kings”—qu. [‘stoute’] “Kings”: st. 3, ll. 4, 5—such that Envy is unable to tear the nobility or trueness of their hearts from their breasts; st. 4, l. 5 (p. 59), “*neare*”= ne’er.
- Page 59, *The Epistle*, &c. Be it noted that we have here and onward blank verse: l. 11, “*or’ proud*”= over-proud.
- „ 60, l. 7, “*Emperie*”= empire, and so p. 61, l. 5, and p. 64, l. 13; l. 8—punctuate comma after “that”; l. 21, “*re demaund*”= re-demaund; l. 29, “*arbitrement*”= arbitrament.
- „ 61, *Cador the Duke*, &c. l. 1, “*Renowmed*”= renowned, as before. See p. 43, l. 19: *ibid.* “*Britaine*”= Briton, *i.e.* Arthur: or qu. = Britons, *i.e.* Britaine[s] to rhyme with ‘veines’; l. 6—bad comma after ‘continuall’—perhaps I ought to have in this instance deleted it and noted the fact here: qu.—“long-continuall”= long-continued?; l. 13, “*But buried in obliuions loathsome caue*”—cf. “Envy in her loathsome cave,” 2 *Henry VI.*, iii, 2; l. 15, “*pale-fac’d cowardize*”—cf. “pale-faced coward,” *Venus and Adonis*, l. 569.
- „ 62, l. 1, “*our armour from our backs*”—cf. “armour on our back,” 2 *Henry VI.*, v, 2; l. 8, “*dull edg’d*”= dull-edged.
- „ 63, l. 6, “*braves*”= bravadoes; l. 13, “*garboiles*”= Garbouille, *Fr.*, tumults: l. 15—“*this*”—put comma after “this”; or qu.—misprint for ‘his’?; l. 2 (from bottom), “*sometimes*”= aforesometimes (*not* ‘aforetime’) it being notorious that there were several subjections of Britain after Julius Cæsar.
- „ 64, l. 8, “*Market place*”= Market-place; l. 12, “*inthroniz’d*”= enthroned. See *Nares*, *s.v.*, for interesting examples; l. 15, “*their*”= the Roman; and so l. 17.
- „ 65, *The Answer*, &c., l. 1, “*experiment*”= experience; l. 4, “*post expedition*”= post-expedition; l. 5, “*voyage*”= journey (not necessarily as now by sea); l. 8, “*Victoria*”= victory; l. 13, “*Which*” [read] . . . with; l. 12, parenthetical; l. 17, “*for to*” and see p. 66, ll. 14, 15, 17; p. 73, st. 3, l. 4; p. 74, st. 2, l. 2, and st. 3, l. 3; p. 76, l. 2; p. 80, st. 3, l. 2; in Spenser, but rarely in Shakespeare; l. 20, “*Not violating*,” &c.—this line is obscure. Its *intention* is to express, probably, that the so doing violates no laws of arms, or is not a course without justification according to the established laws which regulate the employment of arms in defence of one’s rights; but it fails in giving expression to such a thought. The laws of the duello, *i.e.*, the causes which would justify such an appeal, were in that age rigidly laid down. Query—should we read “Not violating *lawe* and hostile *Armes*”? This comes a little nearer to the above-given meaning; l. 30, “*true hearted*”= true-hearted.
- „ 66, l. 9, “*gave the Armes*”—The ‘armes’ that Constantine was supposed

to bear was a representation of the miraculously-appearing cross—a white cross (I think) in an azure field. It is the "Roman empire" Chester refers to; but there may have been a sub-reference, and a Protestant argument that the 'arnes' of Rome did not come from St. Peter; the first l'ope according to the Roman Catholic myth. *Angusell King, &c.*, l. 2, "ful fraught" = full-fraught, *i.e.*, freighted well or fully.

- Page 67, l. 6, "hautie" = haughty, and cf. p. 68, st. 2, l. 1. "hawtie"; see also p. 74, st. 1, l. 4, "hautie courage"; p. 75, st. 4, l. 2, "hautie mind"; p. 81, st. 4, l. 3, "hautie hearts"; l. 12, "but meet"—a not uncommon form of phrase at the time, and equivalent to our now only colloquial and vulgar "let me *only* meet you, that's all"; l. 13, "thriſt" = thirst—so in Spenser, *Fairie Queen*, ii, vi, 17; *ib.* "sweet revenge." Cf. "sweet as my revenge" (*Coriolanus*, v, 3). So too (*Titus Andronicus*), "O sweet Revenge, now do I come" (v, 2), and "sweet revenge grows harsh" (*Othello*, act v, sc. 2); l. 22, "meacocke" = tame, or cowardly or milk-sop; so *Taming of Shrew* (ii, 1) "a meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew." Cf. *Euphries M.*, l. 6; l. 23, "fond" = foolish.
- „ 68, st. 1, l. 3, "Martialist" = soldier. So William Browne—"A brave heroick, worthy martialist" (*Brit. Past.*, i, 5); st. 2, l. 4, "new-decayed" = only lately decaying; st. 3, l. 2, "loud winded" = loud-winded; *ib.* "checke the aire." Cf. st. 4, l. 5, "Cuffing the ayre"; st. 4, l. 4, "well read" = well-read; l. 6, "gaudineſſe"—The reference is to the well-appointed and fine and, as it were, holiday-appearance of King Arthur's joyfulness. Cf. p. 79, st. 1, ll. 3-4—there is a sub-reference to 'joyfulness' as an attendant meaning; st. 5, l. 4 (p. 69), "de Or" = of gold or golden.
- „ 69, st. 1, l. 1, "assumpted" = assumed, taken up; l. 5, "Vert" = green (in heraldry); st. 3, l. 2, "bad deseruing" = bad-deserving; l. 4, "full refind" = full-refined; st. 4, l. 3, "vnpure" = impure; l. 6, "by this Signe" = in baptism, *i.e.*, the sign of the cross as used by Roman Catholics and Church of England in baptism.
- „ 70, st. 1, l. 4, "Apostatas" = apostate in its transition-form. It occurs thus in the well-known *Optick Glasse of Humours* (1639), applied to Julian and elsewhere; st. 3, l. 1, punctuate with a comma (,) after 'Charles'; l. 3, "early rifting" = early-rifting.
- „ 71, st. 3, l. 3, "three Toades".—The nickname for a Frenchman to-day or for a Jerseyite is Johnny Crapaud = Johnny (the) toad. The line is parenthetical; for the only "pourtraiture of commendation by honor" belonging to the English Kings were the 3 fleurs de lis or lilia, st. 2, l. 6; st. 4, l. 1, "barbed"—as in Shakespeare (*Richard II*, act iii, sc. 3) "barbed steeds to stables," and



- (*Richard III*, act i, sc. 1) "mounted *barbed* steeds" = barbed by corruption from *barde* or *barred* = armed; st. 4, ll. 5-6, wrong grammar 'their' and 'conqueror.'
- Page 72, st. 1, l. 3, "Who" . . . no antecedent to this "Who"—Who (= Time) with their gilded shews in opposition to those whose armour is strongly made (l. 1)—the combined nominative to "are"; st. 2, l. 1, "*Calis*" = Calais; l. 3, "*regiment*" = rule, government; l. 4, "*conuince*" = conquer—so too p. 85, l. 9; l. 5, "*Roane*" = Rouen; st. 3, l. 5, "*Ifland*" = Iceland—a very mythical conquest of Arthur, if he be meant. Query—is "Ifland" a misprint for "Ireland"? Singularly enough the same question has to be put on the use of the word by Raleigh, e.g., "If my fleet go for Ilande, and that your Lordshipp," &c. The Editor annotates, "So in *MS.*" (Edwards' *Raleigh*, vol. ii, p. 121.)
- „ 73, st. 1, l. 6, "*loft*"—perhaps the Author intended "lose"; st. 2, l. 2—a third example of a parenthetical line; l. 3, "*so inestimable*" = [was] so inestimable—understood from l. 1; st. 4, ll. 2 and 4—Lucius and Tiberius of course the same man; st. 5, l. 1, "*retraite*" = retreat; l. 5, "Who" (p. 74)—another example of "Who" with an odd antecedent "Who foraged about" meaning they [the British], but the only expressed antecedent is the "British name" and only becomes "Britains" in next stanza.
- „ 74, st. 2, l. 1, "*Mirmedons*," i.e., myrmidons = Primarily a people on the borders of Thessaly who went with Achilles to the Trojan war. Hence it came to designate unscrupulous followers.
- „ 75, st. 4, l. 2, "*Coufin*," i.e., for relationship generally. He was uncle. Such is royal style still.
- „ 76, st. 1, l. 1, "*Haggard*" = a wild hawk, i.e., a hawk unmannered or un-reclaimed, *agrius, unmansuetus*; st. 2, l. 4, "*fond*" = foolish; Mordreds smart, i.e., the smart caused by Mordred. The "who" (l. 5) is "Arthur," as shown by next line, though the ill-chosen word "unnatural" (like the "intemperate" of l. 3) seems to make against this; st. 4, l. 6, "*landing*" = a landing (*ib.*)
- „ 77, st. 1, l. 5, "*withstand*" = stand against him with or withstand him with; st. 4, l. 2, "*mappe of Honor*." Cf. *Richard II*, act v, sc. 1, "Thou map of honor," and so 2 *Henry VI*, act iii, sc. 1. l. 4, "*life Liege*" = life-Liege; st. 5, l. 3, "*scan*"—punctuate with; and, after 'memorie' in next line—'scan' is used, as so often, *rythmi causa*.
- „ 78, st. 1, l. 4, "*auncefrie*"—odd use of the word; l. 6, "*loofe*" = lose; st. 2, l. 2, "*Angusel*" . . . He was king of Scotland and brought 10,000 horse-men to assist Arthur; l. 5, "*was*" = verb singular after nominative plural ('bones' = body); st. 3, l. 6, "*quaild*" = quelled—so spelled to rhyme with 'sail'd.'

- Page 79, st. 2, l. 3, "*proud-gather'd*": st. 3, l. 2, "*fame-achieuing*" = fame-achieving or achieving; l. 4, "*Pridwin*" = Arthur's shield. Drayton has celebrated it (along with his sword) — "With Pridwin his great shield, and what the proof could bear." (*Polyolb.* song iv.) Chester calls it his 'sword' (erroneously.)
- st. 3, l. 5, "*vnseene immortalitie*" — mere "words, words, words," *rythmi causa*; st. 4, l. 3, "*lofed*" = loosed; l. 4, "*amaz'd*" — frequently used contemporaneously for 'amated' or disheartened or disturbed — also in the sense of our own 'maze,' signifying to be in a maze, or as one in a maze — the latter in the text.
- „ 80, st. 1, l. 3, "*deferu's*" — perhaps 'deferu'd' was intended by the Author; st. 2, l. 5, "*gaue*" — again, and like the use of 'funerall' in line before, *rythmi causa*; st. 3, l. 3, "*Bardth*" — *sic*; *ibid.*, "*diuifion*" = Welsh (divided into) verse, or music. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii, sc. 5, "The lark makes sweet division"; l. 5, "*forefaid*" = fore-said; st. 4, l. 6, "*inscripted*" = inscribed, as 'assumpted' before (p. 69, st. 1, l. 1.)
- „ 81, st. 1, l. 2, "*vitall*" = actes when vitall; st. 2, l. 6, "*enter*" = inter; st. 3, l. 4, "*out cries*" = out-cries; l. 6, "*controule*" = haue power over, *metri causa*: st. 4, l. 3 = high-proud or high-proud-hautie.
- „ 82, st. 1, l. 4, "*Memorie*" = memorial, as before; l. 6, put hyphen (-) thus certainly — "*well-fet . . . bigge-lim'd*"; st. 3, ll. 5-6 — a typical instance of Chester's extremely unskilful use of language sometimes. Line 4 and ll. 3-4 must be accounted parenthetical, and then we obtain this — But that [one] was greater than the rest; had it been 'lesser' [,] Britain would have been blessed, *i.e.*, Arthur had not died.
- „ 83. *Iohannis Leylandij*, &c. l. 12, the "*que*" has got somehow disjoined from "*Ætherij*." The comma after 'petit' is an error of the original.
- „ 84, l. 5, "*Vertues sole intent*" — curious translation of or rather substitute for "*virtutis alumnus*."
- „ 85, *The true Pedigree*, &c. The 'curious reader' of ll. 3-4 must refer to the Chronicles. The matter does not seem worth an Editor's labour. l. 1, "*borne*" = boren in pronunciation, *i.e.*, dissyllabic — also [fair] is needed before "*Igrene*"; l. 4, "*end*" = close or conclude, *r. g.*; l. 7, "*sometimes*" = sometime, as before: l. 9, cf. with l. 10, where "*Melianus*" is trisyllabic; "*conuince*" = conquer, as before (p. 72, st. 2, l. 4); l. 16 — qu. — did he intend this to be scanned as an hexameter or pentameter line? Probably as the latter; l. 17, "*soueragnize*" — frequent verb form with Chester, and later.
- THE POEM-PROPER RESUMED.
- „ 86, st. 1, l. 1, "*Troynouant*" = new Troy — the mythic name of 'Lon-



don'; l. 5, "*raif'd*"—qu. 'raife'? st. 2, l. 1—punctuate comma after 'when'; *ibid.*, "*more nearer*"—reduplicated comparative; l. 3, "*famous builded*"=famous-built; l. 7, "*neare*"=ne'er; *ibid.*, "*tam'd*"—a quaint etymology for 'Thames' certes; st. 3, l. 2, "*raif'd*"=praised; l. 3, "*Councel chamber*"=Councel-chamber; l. 4, "*Experiment*"=experience. *Here Nature, &c.*

Page 87, l. 2—What's Cupid but a boy? (of Poem continued)—ought doubtless to have had 'Phoenix' in the margin.

„ 88, st. 2, l. 2, "*farre remoted*"=farre-remoted, *i.e.*, removed; Poem continued—st. 2, l. 3, "*sweete smoothd*"=sweete-smoothd; l. 4, "*Loue*"=Loue's, the 's' being in "*selfe*"; st. 3, l. 3, "*shallow witted*"=shallow-witted; l. 4, "*force materiall*"=a forced phrase for the gew-gaws and wanton toys of which Nature had said Loue [in shallow-minds] was fond; st. 4, l. 2, "*parted*"=departed; *ibid.* l. 3 (p. 89), "*this Wagon*"—printer's error for 'his Waggon' the 'th' being caught from previous 'with'. Chester has here lapsed; they are in Phœbus' chariot—see p. 17, st. 3. But now Nature says that Phœbus has 'parted' from their sight and mounted in[to] the sky with his Waggon, thus giving passage to the 'gloomie night'; l. 7, "*bottom plaines*"=bottom-plaines.

„ 89, st. 1, l. 3, "*taste*"=feel. So Chapman (*Odyss* xxi), "He now began to *taste* the bow." St. 2, "*Looke,*" &c. Here again, 'Nature' should be in the margin; l. 2, "*meadow plots*"=meadow-plats; l. 3, "*amaine*"=forcefully; l. 4, "*found*"=in a quasi-nautical sense, *r.c.*; st. 3, l. 4, "*extenuate*"=extend—a curious use of the word, *rythmi causa*; ll. 6 7, "*Of plants,*" &c.=the glories of, &c. (l. 3)—ll. 4-5, as so frequent in Chester are of a parenthetical character.

„ 90, st. 1, l. 1, "*Mandrake*"—I found it still believed in, as here, on and in the villages at the foot of, Carmel in Palestine. It abounds near Nazareth; st. 2, l. 1, "*Yellow Crowbels*"—said to be peculiar to Wilts (Aubrey)=Crowbells—Tent lily, asphodil, daffodil,—Narcissus Pseudonacissus. So Prior; but in text we have Daphedill immediately following; l. 2, "*Good Harry*"—in full, Good-King-Harry, *i.e.*, Allgood, English Mercury, goose-foot, Chenopodium Bonus Henricus L.; *ibid.*, "*herbe Robert*"=stork-bill, *i.e.*, Geranium Robertianum L.—its derivation is differently accounted for; *ibid.*, "*white Cotula*"=Mayweed, foetid, and otherwise, Matricaria Chamomilla, L. and Pyrethium Parthenium, L.; l. 3, "*Adders graffe*"—according to Gerarde *cynosorchis*; probably = adder's tongue—for this is called in old MSS. nedderis gres (grass) as well as nedderis tonge, Serpentaria, Ophioglossum vulgatum, L.; *ibid.*,

"*Aphodill*" = asphodil, *i.e.*, a species of daffodil; l. 4, "*Agnus Castus*" = the chaste tree; *ibid.*, "*Acatia*" = acacia, an American Robinia — Rob. Pseudocacia; l. 5, "*Blacke Arke-Angell*" = the dead, deaf or blind nettle — colours white, red and yellow, not 'black' *Lamium alb, purpur. L.* and *Galeobdolon Cr.* — the name was also applied to the umbelliferous plant *Angelica, archangelica L.*; *ibid.*, "*Coloquintida*" — still well known = colocynth; l. 6, "*Sinkefoile*" = Cinquefoil = five-leaved grass, *Potentilla, L.*; *ibid.*, "*Boies Mercurie*" qu. — Child's or Childing Mercury, of which Parkinson gives a drawing and calls it *Phyllum manficum* and *feminificum*; l. 7, "*Goosefoot*" — *Chenopodium L.* See l. 2, under "Good Harry"; *ibid.*, "*Goldsnap*" — qu. golden cudweed? or a form of 'gold-knappe' = gold or butter-cup = King or Gilt cup, *ranunculus, L.*; *ibid.*, "*Gratia Dei*" = *Gratiola, Hedge Hyssop, Scutellaria minor, L.*; st. 3, l. 1, "*Mosse of the Sea*" = sea-moss, coralline; *ibid.*, "*Succorie*" — still so called = wild endive, *Cichorium Intybus*; l. 2, "*Weedwind*" = Withwind, *convulvulus arvensis, L.*; l. 3, "*Muskmealons*" — or 'musk-million,' a species of sweet melon in opposition to the water-melon; *ibid.*, "*Moustaile*" = little stone-crop = a species of the house-leek — said by Prior to be *Myosurus minimus*; *ibid.*, "*Mercurie*" = as before, st. 2, l. 7, but the French M. seems to be called the 'Mercury' *Mercur. annua, L.*; l. 4, "*Arkangell*" — as before, st. 2, l. 5; l. 5, "*Souldiers perrow*" — qu. soldiers' yarrow, millefoil, *achillæa millefolium, L.*? *ibid.*, "*Southerne-wood*" = Southern wormwood, *Artemisia Abrotanum, L.* — I found this covering acres on the gentler slopes of Sinai; l. 6, "*Stone hearts tongue*" — *Abrotanum, L.*; *ibid.*, "*Blessed thistle*" = sacred — the emblem of Scotland, *i.e.*, *Cardus benedictus*; *ibid.*, "*Sea Trifoly*" — can find none with epithet 'Sea'; l. 7, "*Ladies cushion*" = Thrift? Sea Gilliflower, Cushion Pink, *Armeria Vulgaris, W.*; *ibid.*, "*Spaines Pelltorie*" — called in Latin *Pyrethrum, L.*, "by reason of his hot and fiery taste," Gerarde, *Anacyelus Pyrethrum, De Candole*; st. 4, l. 1, "*where as*" = whereat; l. 3, "*aches*" — disyllabic as in Shakespeare; l. 7. "*Agnus Castus*" — as before, st. 2, l. 4 — a fitting request by the 'Virgin-queen.'

Page 91, st. 1, l. 4, "*that bends*" = the hot inflamed spirite 'that bends' to Luxury is 'allaid' by *Agnus Castus*; st. 2, l. 1, "*Burn me*" — this way of speaking, not uncommon in Shakespeare, was also not uncommon in the colloquial speech of the time and later, and even now is not; *ibid.*, "*straw*" = strow; l. 2, "*Whereas*" = whereat, as before; l. 5, "*anaunt*" = begone — note again that as descriptive of *Paphos Ile* =

Ireland—all this is peculiarly appropriate; st. 3, l. 1, "*Clary or Cleare-eie*" = Oc. Christi, God's eye, Seebright, from M. Lat. sclarea, *Salvia sclarea*, L.; l. 2, "*Calues snout*" = Lion's Snap, Snap-dragon, *Antiirrhinum Majus*, L., but in old works given to ragged robin, *Lychnis flos cuculi*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Cukoe flowers*" = wilde water cresses, *cardamine* (Gerarde); *ibid.*, "*Cuckoes meate*" = C. Bread or Gowks Meat—blossoms at the season that the cuckoo is heard—*Oxalis acetosella*, L. Wood sorrell; l. 3, "*Calathian Violets*" = Autumn bells, Sing flower, *Gentiana Pneumonanthe*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Dewberrie*" = *Rubus chamæmoris*; l. 4, "*Leopards foote*"—can't find; l. 5, "*Indian Sunne*"—*ibid.*; l. 6, "*Valerian*" = capon's tail and ('improperly,' Parkinson) Setwal, *Valeriana Officinalis*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Withie wind*" = A.S. *Wid*, about, same as bindweed, *Convolvulus arvensis*, L., also 'Weedwind,' p. 90, st. 2; l. 7, "*Woodbind*"—given by Parkinson as the honeysuckle: but it must have been also used for a different plant. Cf. *Mids. N. D.*, iv, 1. Prior says it may be the bitter sweet, *Solanum Dulcamara*; also he gives it to the *Lonicera Periclymenum*, L. The 'honey-suckle' was not ague-curing. It is simply impossible that Shakespeare meant that the honeysuckle enwreathed the honeysuckle and called it by two different names. There is, however, no reason why the 'withwind' or 'bind-weed' (*i.e.*, *convolvulus*) should not have been called in Warwickshire or elsewhere the woodbine, the derivation being not a 'bine' found in woods, but a 'bine' that clings to a tree or other shrub; st. 4, l. 1, "*Coliander*" = Coriander *C. Sativum*, L.; l. 2, "*Galingal*" = aromatic root of the rush *cyperus longus*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Goldcups*" = meadow ranunculus = butter cups; *ibid.*, "*Buprestis*"—*Buprestis Theophrasti* referred by Parkinson to the hares-ears, genus *Bupleurum*, L.; l. 3, "*small honesties*" = Pinckes (pinks) in Parkinson; *ibid.*, "*Eye-bright*" = Ocul. Christi, *q.v.*; *ibid.*, "*Coculus Panter*"—can find nothing but *Coculus Indus* or *Indi*; l. 4, "*Double tongue*" = the plant horse-tongue; *ibid.*, "*Moly*" = Homer's plant—called by Parkinson Hungarian or Saracen's Garlic; *ibid.*, "*Anthillis*" = sea chickweed and sea ground pine according to Parkinson; but it seems to be a name of Dioscorides, on which no definite conclusion could be come to: p. 281 and at p. 569, he speaks of the ground pine as called by some *Anthyllis*; l. 5, "*Clauer*" = clover, also called *Mellilot*; *ibid.*, "*Æthiopsis*" = an Æthiopian plant which Parkinson first classed among the Mulleins (the *Verbascas*, L.) but afterwards put with the Clarys (the *Salvias*, L.); l. 6, "*Flora-more*" = fleur d' amour, Fr., from a mistaken etymology of

Amaranthus, Am. tricolor, L.; *ibid.*, "*Euphorbium*" = see on st. 3, l. 1; *ibid.*, "*Efula*" = some of the Tithimailes or Spurges (Euphorbia) (Parkinson, *s.v.*); l. 7, "*Caffia fistula*" = an Indian plant producing a pulp still used medicinally. It has preserved its name to this day.

- Page 92, st. 1, "*By the way*" — note this now familiar phrase; l. 2, "*Moly*" — as before; l. 5, "*laden*" = laden; st. 3, l. 1, "*Mugwort*" — said by Prior to be a form of Mothwort, also called Mothenwort *Artemisia Vulgaris*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Sena*" = senna, the well known drug; *ibid.*, "*Tithimailes*" = "Herbe à laict, Spurge, Tithimal, Milkweed (Milkwort, Parkinson), Wolves Milk." Cotgrave; l. 2, "*Oke of Ierusalem*" = (leaf supposed to resemble oak leaf) — Oak of Cappadocia *Chenopodium Ambrosioides*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Lyryconfaucie or Liriconfancy*" = corruption of *lilium convallium*, or lily of the valley, *Convallaria majalis*, L.; l. 3, "*Larkes spurre*" — so known at present, L. heel — toe or claw, Knights spurs *Delphinium*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Larkes claw*" — I find no such word, but Prior gives it as a synonym for Lark's spur, and Chester is no authority; l. 4, "*Garden Nigella*" = a Fennel flower, *Nigella damascena*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Mill*" — I can't find; *ibid.*, "*Pionie*" = peony; l. 5, "*Sentorie*" = centaury; l. 6, "*Sowbread*" — its tuber eaten by swine, *Cyclamen europæum*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Goates oregan*," or goat's organ, or goat's marjoram; l. 7, "*Pelemcum*" — I can't find; *ibid.*, "*Ofmond the Waterman*" = Osmund Fern, Os. royal, St. Christopher's Herb = *Osmunda regalis*, L.; st. 4, l. 1 — punctuate, after "*Mugwort*" — see before, p. 92, st. 3, l. 1.
- „ 93, st. 2, l. 3, "*Melampus*," l. 4, "*Proetus*" — see Myth. Dict., *s.v.*, the first mortal endued with prophetic powers and medical skill undertook to cure Proetus' daughters, king of Argos, and got two-thirds of kingdom and married one daughter (one account); st. 3, l. 1, "*Centrie*" — see p. 92, st. 1, l. 5; l. 6, "*aches*" — disyllabic, as before noted.
- „ 94, st. 1, l. 7, "*hath*" — another of the author's curious change of tenses; st. 2, l. 1, "*Ofmond balepate*" — I know not unless is = Osm. the Waterman, that being "singular for wounds, bruises and the like" — see p. 92, st. 3, l. 7; *ibid.*, "*Plebane*" — I can't find — might be error for Fleabane = *Inula Pulicaria*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Oculus Christi*" = Wild clary, God's eye, See-bright, *Salvia Sclarea*, L.; l. 2, "*Salomons seale*" = Solomon's, *i.e.*, Ladder to heaven, *Convallaria Polygonatum*, L., root stock cut across, being marked like two triangles reversed; *ibid.*, "*Sampire*" = samphire — every one knows Shakespeare's reference to it — "one that gathers *samphire*" (*Lear*, act iv, sc. 6); *Fr. St.*

Pierre, and so Sampire from its growing on sea cliffs; l. 3' "*Sage of Ierusalem*" = cowslips of Jerusalem, *Lingwort*, Bugloss cowslip, spotted Comfrey, *Pulmonaria officinalis*, L.; l. 4, "*Great Pilofella*" = Mouseear, *Hieracium Pilosella*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Sengreene*" — see note under 'Water Sengreene,' p. 96, st. 4, l. 2; *ibid.*, "*Alexander*" = horse-parsley, *Smyrnum Olus atrum*, L.; l. 5, "*Knights Milfoile*" — qu., the hooded Milfoil, Bladder-wort, *Utricularia vulgaris*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Maf-ticke*" = Masticke, gum from *Pistacia Lentiscus*, from Scio; *ibid.*, "*Stocke gilfofer*" = Our present 'stock,' *Matthiola incana*, L.; l. 6, "*herbe twopence*" = moneywort from its pairs of round leaves, *Lysimachia Nummularia*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Hermodactill*" = roots sold as medicine in Parkinson's time, but the plant unknown — '*Redflower Pimpernell*' *Anagallis arvensis*, L.; st. 4, l. 1, "*imperious*" — punctuate with , after; l. 2, "*crie disdaining*" = crie-disdaining; l. 6, "*lower*" = lowered; l. 7, "*neare*" = ne'er.

Page 95, st. 1, l. 6, "*Hard hearted*" = hard-hearted; st. 2, l. 2, "*morne excellig*" = morne-excellig; st. 1-2 — profoundly suggestive of the radiant, impulsive, passionate Essex. See our Introduction; st. 3, l. 5, "*refine*" — odd yet noticeable use of 'refine'; st. 4, l. 1, "*Carrets*" — see p. 96, st. 1; *ibid.*, "*Cheruile*" = *Chærophyllum sylvestre*, L., *χαίρεφυλλον*, *χαίρω*, I rejoice, *φυλλον*, leaf; *ibid.*, l. 2, "*Red Patiens*" = Patience or Monks rhubarb, dock, *Rumex Patientia*, L.; "*Purflane*" — see p. 96, st. 3; *ibid.*, "*Gingidium*" — Parkinson calls it strange chevрил, and says that all the varieties come from Syria, except one from Spain; l. 3, "*Oxe eie*" = the great daisy, from Lat. *bupthalmus*, *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*, L.; "*Penygraffes*" — The sheep-killing p-g. is = penny-rot, the white-rot — marsh pennywort, *Hydrocotyle vulgaris*, L. Cotgrave gives, "*Herbe qui tue les brebis*, Moneywort, herb two-penny, two-penny grass," and Parkinson the same; but these names seem to have been given rather confusedly to *Hydrocotyle vulg.*, *Pinguicula vulg.*, and *Lysimachia Nummularia*, L.; l. 4, "*Cuckoe pintell*" = *arum maculatum*, L. See wake-robin, p. 96; *ibid.*, "*Ladies feale*" = Sigill. S. Mariæ = *Bryonia nigra*. Prior, following some of our old herbalists, says that it and Solomon's seal are the same, *i.e.*, *Convallaria Polygonatum*, L.; but Parkinson differs and makes the S. S. Mariæ, black bryony, *Tamus communis*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Saga pinum*" = Sagapenum, a gum like Galbanum from Media; l. 5, "*Theophrastus violet*" = (old names) white violet or wallflower; *ibid.*, "*Vinctozzicum*" — Parkinson calls it *Gentianella minor verna*; l. 6, "*Saint Peters wort*" = cowslip, from resembling a bunch of keys, *Primula veris*, L.; *ibid.*,



“*Venus hair*” = Maiden hair fern, *Adiantum*, L.; l. 6, “*Squilla*” = squills. I saw huge shrub-like plants of it in Palestine. Page 96, st. 1, l. 6, “*Sad dreaming*” = Sad-dreaming; l. 7, “*honie working*” = honie-working; l. 5, “*But*” — They would sell, &c.: st. 2, l. 2, “*ravished*” = ravished infernal Pluto; st. 3, l. 1, “*Purflane*” — *Portulaca oleracea*, L., as before, p. 95, st. 3, l. 2; st. 4, l. 1, “*Rocket*” — corruption of diminutive of *eruca*, *Eruca sativa* Lam.; *ibid.*, “*Iack by the hedge*” = more properly ‘Jakes,’ from its offensive garlicky smell, Sauce alone, *Alliaria officinalis*, L.; *ibid.* “*Loue in idleneffe*” = [small] pansy: *Viola Tricolor*, L.; l. 2, “*Knights water Sengreene*” — Sengreene is the houseleek, sin (Sax.) ever, also aigreen, Jupiter’s eye, Bullock’s eye, Jupiter’s beard, *Sempervivum Tectorum*, L. Parkinson speaks of an Egyptian water plant looking like a houseleek which was called *Stratiotes*, and this or the *Stratiotes Aizoides* he calls in his Index Water Sengreen; l. 3, “*Paris Nauews*” — query, Herb Paris or Truelove, its four leaves resembling a truelove knot — but ‘Nauews’ are rapes, turnips, and sometimes it would seem radishes; *ibid.*, “*Tornefol*” = (sun-flower?) Wartwort, *Euphorbia helioscopia*, L.; l. 4, “*Starre thistle*” — so called from its spiny involucre, *Centaurea Solstitialis*, L.; l. 5, “*Seia*” — I can’t find this; l. 6, “*Wake-robbers*” = Cuckoo-Pint, Wake-Pintle, *Arum maculatum*, L., one among several repetitions, shewing that Chester repeated without knowledge: cf. ‘Cuckoe Pintle,’ p. 95, st. 1, l. 4, *et alibi*; *ibid.*, “*Hartichocke*” = artichoke.

„ 97, st. 1, l. 1, “*Hyacinthus*.” See *Apollod.*, i, 3, § 3, for the ancient myth. l. 5, “*sprinkled*” — a trisyllable here; l. 7, “*red white mingled*” = red-white mingled, or red-white-mingled; *ib.*, “*Gilli-flower*” = carnation. But Shakespeare distinguished between the carnation and gilliflower, *e.g.*

“The fairest flowers of the season,  
Are our Carnations and streaked Gillyflowers”

*Winter’s Tale*, iv, 3.

which is kindred with Spenser’s distinction between ‘Carnations’ (‘Coronations’ as he rightly spells — from coronæ = garlands) and Sops-in-wine, which, nevertheless, are only two of the numerous names of this one beautiful plant. I met with it wild on the plain of Esdraelon, at the foot of the mountains of Gilboa in Palestine — white, streaked with pale red. Cf. *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, act. ii, sc. 2, for an exquisite descriptive *bit*. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson — to whom, as throughout, I am extremely indebted for most painstaking researches on

Chester's flowers, &c.—thus writes me hereon: "The carnation and gilliflower seem to have been different species (or at least varieties) of the same genus. Parkinson (Paradisus Ter., p. 314) says, 'Most of our later writers call them by one general name, *Caryophyllum sativum* and *flos Caryophylleus*, adding thereunto *maximus*, when wee mean carnations, and *maior* when we would express gilloflowers, which name is taken from cloves, in that the sent of the ordinary red gilloflower (*quasi* July flower) especially doth resemble them.' I give this to clear up the difficulty that has always existed as to Shakespeare's and Spenser's lines. Even now I find a distinction made between carnations and pinks and gilloflowers, and I am much inclined from this to believe in the derivation from *carnis* and not from *corona*—the 'popular carnation' being, as I understand it, of a red colour with the barest mingling of a reddish white." St. 2—this and other contextual stanzas are to be read between the lines. 'Nature' is pleading with the 'Phoenix' (Elizabeth) for the 'Turtle dove' (Essex). St. 3, l. 2, "*siluer coloured Lillie*" = silver-coloured. Cf. p. 21, heading of 'A Prayer'—'a *silver coloured Dove*'; l. 6, "*Ai ai*" = the exclamation of woe by Apollo for the mortally wounded Hyacinthus or the letter  $\Upsilon$  of  $\Upsilon\acute{\alpha}\kappa\upsilon\theta\omicron\varsigma$ ; st. 4, l. 1, "*stift*" = trick; l. 4, "*Treauants*" = truants; l. 5, "*deepe reade*" = deepe-reade.

Page 98, st. 1, l. 1, "*Rocket*"—see on p. 96, st. 4, l. 1; l. 2, "*in your Maisters brow*" = frowns indicative of displeasure? l. 7, "*That what is seene without comes not within*," i.e., I suppose, the 'wheels' are there but no 'blood' drawn or pain caused; st. 2, l. 4, "*Artichocks*"—see p. 96, st. 4, l. 6; *ib.*, '*who*'—note this for which; l. 5, "*Sod*" = sodden or steeped; st. 3, ll. 1 & 3, put hyphen in 'Sommer-time and Winter-time'; st. 4, l. 1, "*Sowbread*"—see p. 99, sts. 1-3, and note p. 92, st. 3, l. 6—*Cyclamen Europæum*, L.; *ib.*, "*Stanzwort*"—qu. stonecrop? or as we have had stonecrop, qu. error for Stab-wort, *Oxalis acet.*, L., or Star-wort, *Aster Tripolium*, L.? *ib.* "*Starre of Hierusalem*"—qu. Star of Bethlehem? Prior makes the Star of Bethlehem to be *Ornithogalum umbellatum*, L., and the Star of Jerusalem or girasole, *Tragopogon porrifolium*; but Parkinson in his Index makes them the same, and gives as synonyms Goats-beard, Go-to-bed-at-noon, Joseph's flower, also a *Tragopogon* (*pratense*), L.; l. 2, "*Vervaine*" = vervain or vervine—anciently used in sacred rites and ceremonies—also called holy herb, pigeon's grass, Juno's tears, &c., *Verbena officinalis*, L.; *ib.*, "*Tanfie*"—a yellow ill-savoured wild plant, still so-named—*Tanacetum vulgare*; Fr., *tanaisé*—



'tansy' from Athanasia Gr. from a misinterpretation of Lucian (*Dial. of Gods*, iv); l. 3, "Go to bed at noone"—see 'Starre Hierusalem,' l. 1; *ib.*, "Titimalem"—see note on p. 92, st. 2, l. 1; l. 4, "Hundred headed thistle"—I imagine the reference is to the abundant 'thistle-down' that bears the seed in a 'hundred' directions; *ib.*, "Iuie"—see p. 98, st. 4. Shakespeare says—

"The female Ivy so  
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm."

*Midsummer Night's Dream*, act. iv, sc. 1.

One rarely or never sees it round the (traditional) 'vine.' Pliny tells us (*s.v.*) that the yellow berries of ivy drunk secure one from drunkenness, and Cato and Varro that there is such antipathy between the ivy and wine that if wine and water be put into an ivy cup, the water remains but the wine soaks through. Hence the appropriation of both to Bacchus might have arisen from the ivy being thought a preservative from all but the good effects of the grape. Milton sings of "the ivy never sear." l. 5, "Storks bill"—an herb still so named; *ib.*, "Stonecrop"—the *Sedum acre* of Linnæus; *ib.*, "Canary"—canary-seed—so known still; l. 6, "Dwarfe gentian"—see p. 100, st. 3; *ib.*, "Snakeweed"—adder's wort or bistort, *Polygonum Bistorta*; *ib.*, "Sauory." This plant gets its name from the Latin *Satureia* through the Italian *Savoreggia*. *Winter's Tale*, act. iv, sc. 3 (Ellacombe). l. 8, "Bell rags"—a kind of water-cress? *ib.*, "prickly Boxe"—either our buck-thorn *rhamnus catharticus*, L., "the buck being a misrendering of Germ. buxdorn = box-thorn *πυξικανθα*" Prior; or another plant called by Parkinson box-thorn (p. 1009) *Lycium* sive *Pyxacantha*, he having spoken of buck-thorn in the previous chapter; *ib.*, "Raspis of Couentry"—the 'raspberry.' Gerarde describes it by the name of 'Rubus idæus, the raspis bush, or hind-berry. He has this notice of it:—"The raspis is planted in gardens: it groweth not wilde that I know of, except in a field by a village in Lancashire, called Harwood, not far from Blackburn" (p. 1273). As resident in Blackburn I may state that the 'raspberry' abounds in the woods all around us. See Nares's *s.v.* for a full note.

Page 99, st. 1, l. 5, "Vnlesse too nuuch," &c., *i.e.*, unless they wish abortion or miscarriage; st. 2, l. 5, "When Mother Lullabie with ioy should sing" = Mother sing *Lullabie* with ioy; l. 6, "Yet wanton scaping Maides," &c. Cf. st. 1, l. 5, and relative note; also the next stanza here. St. 4, l. 4, "the maiden Ciffus" = *κισσος* ivy. There seems at p. 100, st. 1, ll. 1-5, a reminiscence of the story of Ariadne and Dionysus.

Page 100, st. 1, l. 3, "*infnared*" = drawn thither; but by stress of rhyme, and so too in l. 5. St. 3, l. 2, "*hot shining*" = hot-shining; l. 5, "*not shunne*" = not [otherwise]; st. 4, l. 1, "*Carduus benedictus* . . . . . *Blessed thistle*. So Shakespeare—

*Margaret*. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero*. There thou prickest her with a Thistle.

*Beatrice*. Benedictus! Why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.

*Margaret*. Moral! No by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain Holy Thistle."

(*Much Ado About Nothing*, ac. iii, sc. 4.)

The 'Holy Thistle' or 'Blessed Thistle' was long held to be a heal-all. See Steevens' Shakespeare *in loco*; l. 2, "*Nefwort*," see p. 101, st. 1 — Parkinson calls it White Hellebore. Prior, under sneeze-wort, says = *Achillæa Ptarmica*; *ibid.*, "*Peniroyall*" — (so called still) Latin *pulegium regium* and *L. Mentha pulegium* — supposed to destroy fleas — also called pudding grass, because used in 'stuffings'; *ibid.*, "*Astrolochia*" — cannot find anywhere; l. 3, "*Yellow Wolfs-bane*" = aconite — usually blue, but one kind has pale yellow flowers; *ibid.*, "*Bramble*." See a most interesting note on this familiar plant (or shrub) in Ellacombe's *Plant-Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare* (1878), s.v. l. 4, "*Our Ladies Bedstraw*" = the plant *Galium*; *ib.*, "*Brookelime*" = water-pimpernell, *Vormica Beccabringa*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Lunaria*" — see p. 101, st. 4; l. 5, "*Cinque foile*" = five-leaved grass, but Prior makes them different — *Typha latifolia* and *Phleum pratense* L.; *ib.*, "*Cats taile*" = the plant horse-tail? *Potentilla*, L.; *ib.*, "*Creffe Sciatica*" — so-called (I suppose) as good for alleviating sciatic and rheumatic pains — a kind of candytuft, *Ihoris amara*, L.; l. 6, "*Hollihockes*" = holly-hock — still well-known and admired; *ib.*, "*Moufeare*" = Latin, *myosotis*, *Hieracium Pilosella*, L. — appearance of chickweed, but the flower larger and the fruit ox-horn shape, open at the top and full of small round seeds. There is a mouse ear chickweed and a mouse ear scorpion grass, but they are both different. Holland's Pliny, however, gives as a synonym for mouse ear (*Myosotis*) chickweed. Prior gives mouse ear chickweed, *stellaria media*; *ib.*, "*Pety Morrell*" = garden night-shade, i.e., *solanum nigra*; l. 7, "*Sage*" — see p. 101, sts. 2-3; *ib.*, "*Scorpiades*" = scorpion-grass or caterpillers, though the word ought to be *Scorpioides*. It is the mouse ear scorpion grass, now called forget-me-not — *Myosotis palustus*, L., from its spike, says Prior, resembling a scorpion's

tail, it was supposed by the doctrine of signatures to be good against a scorpion's bite; *ib.*, "garden sorrell"—the wild 'wood' sorrell cultivated—a sallet.

- Page 101, st. 1, l. 3, "fod"=sodden or steeped. Cf. p. 98, st. 2, l. 5; st. 2, l. 3, "Ætius"=probably Aëtius of Amida, a physician and writer on medicine? He refers to Egyptian medicine in his Β 'ἱατρικὰ ἐκκαίδεκα; st. 4, l. 4, "horfloke"=a horse's fetter to prevent anything but a gentle pace and straying—qu.—get twisted among the leaves and stems and so un-locked?
- „ 102, st. 1, l. 1, "Standergras"—having double tubers, it was thought on the doctrine of signatures to have aphrodisiac powers, Prior, *Orchis mascula*, L. This and 'Hares ballocks' and 'great Orchis' are different names for one plant, as shown by description and name, and by the text 'provoketh' and 'procureth,' l. 2, and 'It,' ll. 3 and 5, *et seq.*; ll. 6-7=only to be used fresh or newly pulled; st. 3, l. 1, "Rosemarie"—See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note on this once wonderfully popular plant; *ib.*, "inflisfe"=uphold or state or make just; l. 6, "Conferues . . . . reflores"—plural nominative to verb singular; st. 4, l. 1, "Dwale or Nightshade"—the latter explains the former name. The 'Dwale-Bluth' of young Oliver Madox-Brown has revived the older name unforgetably; l. 4, "coile"=disturbance, tumult; l. 6, "Almaine"=Germany; l. 7, "nought"=naught, naughty, bad.

As this ends our Author's rapid naming and description of plants and flowers, I must semi-apologize for my attempt to give each its scientific name. I have ventured to do so (through Dr. Nicholson's ready aid) *first* from the tendency people then had to give the same name to different flowers, *second* that the then Botanists placed different species of different genera under one generic name. I would now introduce here a hitherto unprinted poem from a *MS.* in the Chetham Library, Manchester, wherein the most popular flowers are daintily introduced, as follows:

#### MUSA AMATORIA.

1. In funny fumers heatinge  
Cloffe in an arbour fittinge  
Under a mirtle shade;  
For my kinde loue the faireft  
W<sup>th</sup> flowers of the rareft,  
A Pofie thus I made.
2. The first of maidens fancie  
W<sup>th</sup> purple coloured pansy,  
The goold that fhutt at night;

- And then I platt a maidens bluth,  
A Tulupp and Narciffus,  
W<sup>th</sup> Campions red and white.
3. The violett and the Eglantine,  
W<sup>th</sup> Cowflips sweet and fops in wine,  
Sweete marjoram and ox eye ;  
The flowers of muske millions,  
Come blowe me downe, sweet Williams,  
Wall-flowers and favorye.
4. The cheifest flowers for pofes,  
Are pinks, gilliflowers and rofes ;  
I pluckt them in their prime.  
The Larkheele and the Lillie,  
The fragrant Daffa-dillie,  
W<sup>th</sup> Lauender and tyme.
5. The cheifest flowers for tastinge,  
The flower euerlastinge  
I puld it from the baye ;  
The blew and coloured collobine,  
The Dafie and the woodbine,  
And next, the flower of Maye.
6. These flowers beinge culled  
And from their branches pulled  
They yield a fragrant sent ;  
And I obserud their places  
And had them in bride-Laces,  
And to my Loue I went.
7. Where I perceiud her sportinge  
With other maides resortinge,  
Nigh by a riuier stode;  
When she had well perused  
My posie not refused  
Upon her arme she tyed.
8. With modest kind behaiour  
She thanks me for my fauor,  
And weares it for my sake;  
And with ten thousand kisses  
The rest remayne in wifhes  
Her Loveinge leaue she takes. Finis.  
(8010 Chetham Library, 8055 Farmer's Catal.)

St. 2, l. 2, "*Times increase.*" So Shakespeare 'earth's increase' (*Tempest*, act. iv, sc. 1 (Song) and *2 Henry VI*, act iii, sc. 2) and 'womb's increase' (*Coriol*, act i, sc. 1); l. 5, "*their*" = there, as *frequenter* contemporaneously; l. 6, "*sweete spread*" = *sweete-spread*; st. 3, l. 6, "*nominate*" = name, *r.g.*; st. 4, l. 3, "*loftie bearing*" = loftie-bearing; l. 5, "*Christs-thorne*" = Spina Christi—I found it in enormous growth near Jericho; l. 6, "*Tamariske*"—tamaris, Fr. and Sp.: tamarisco, It.: tamariscus, Latin—wood and fruit medicinal; st. 5, l. 1, "*most chaste tree, that Chastnesse doth betoken*"—no opportunity is 'let slip' of pleasing the 'Virgin-queen,' as she rejoiced to be called, by such references; l. 2, "*Hollyholme*" = a holm holly; l. 3, "*Corke*"—Gerarde and Parkinson describe this tree, though it was not planted in England until the latter part of the seventeenth century; *ib.*, "*Gooseberrie.*" It may be noted that Dr. Prior has shewn that this word is a corruption of 'Cross-berry,' and so has nothing to do with the 'goose'; l. 3 (page 104) "*shooken*" = shaken, *r.g.*; l. 4, "*Philbert*" = filbert; *ib.*, "*Barberie*" or Berberry = the piperidge-bush—a prickly shrub, bearing a long red tart 'berry'; l. 5, "*Masticke*"—lentisk tree—I saw it plentiful in Cyprus and Scio = gum from it.

Page 104, st. 1, l. 1, "*Judas tree*"—resembles the apricot—grows in hedges of Italy and Spain, but in England it was the *elder* of Shakespeare; st. 2, l. 1, "*Ash-tree.*" See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; *ib.*, "*Maple*"—a fine naturalized English tree, with odd-shaped winged seeds that when I was a boy used to be called 'cocks and hens'; *ib.*, "*Sycamore*"—*Acer pseudoplatanus*, L., of the maple genus; l. 2, "*Pomegranate*" = the kernelled apple (*pomum granatum*)—delicious in Palestine as I proved at Shunem, &c.; *ib.*, "*Apricockes.*" See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note (*s.v.*) hereon; *ib.*, "*Junipere*"—Latin, *juniperus*—the well known tree or shrub. It grows very large in the Sinaitic peninsula; l. 3, "*Turpentine*"—resinous clear gum from the pine, juniper, &c.; *ib.*, "*deplore*" = weep or pour out; *ib.*, "*Peare-tree*"—poire, French: pyrum, Latin—innumerable varieties; *ib.*, "*Medlar*"—*mespilum*, Latin—like the laurel; l. 5, "*Orange.*" See Ellacombe for a matterful note, *s.v.*; *ib.*, "*Lemmon*"; *Ibid.*, l. 6, "*Nutmeg*"—see Gerarde, *s.v.*, but it was not introduced into England for two centuries later; *ib.*, "*Plum-tree.*" See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; st. 3, l. 1, "*Mirtle*"—"Holy Writ," and the classical myths have immortalized it. See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; l. 2, "*gods*"—misprint for 'goddess'; l. 3, "*Mersin.*" Is this mythological story of Mersin a classical one? Or is it coined by Chester? I do not remember it, nor can I find it. Moreover, the 'myrtle' was

sacred to Aphrodite or Venus (Murcia or Murtea), and not to Athené or Pallas. I incline also to think it Chester's because he has made rather a mess of the name, *μυρσωνη* being a myrtle branch, and *μυρτος* the myrtle tree" (Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, to me). l. 4, the colon (:) certainly ought to have been deleted here; st. 4, l. 3, "*gouvernement*" = of set rule.

- Page 105, st. 1, l. 1, "*fore passed*" = fore-passed; l. 5, "*vanquisher*," i.e., the vanquished — a probable misprint; st. 3, l. 1, "*greene remaining*" = greene-remaining; *ib.*, "*Bay*." See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note, *s.v.*; ll. 5-6. See note on p. 97, st. 2; st. 5 (p. 106), l. 3, "*to his hearts delight*" = for the delight of his own heart.
- „ 106, st. 1, l. 1, "*opinion*" = good repute in knowledge; ll. 5-6 = Apollo as god of the sun. Cf. the preceding context; st. 2, l. 1, "*Mofe-tree*" — see on ll. 5-6; l. 4, "*Herborists*" = "one skilled in herbs" (Ash., *s.v.*) It occurs in its more correct form of Herbarist in Philemon Holland's *Pliny*, either in this sense, or as one who gathers herbs for medical purposes. ll. 5-6, unintelligible to the editor. It can't possibly mean that near or in Niniveh or the 'Aleph' (= first or foremost — as being the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet) cite some merchant-ship trading from 'Venetia' found this 'Mofe-tree' there. The next stanza only deepens the obscurity; st. 4, l. 4, "*Tellus glorie*" — Tellus' glorie; l. 5 (p. 107), put hyphen in "*white siluer'd*" and "*rich resembling*."
- „ 107, st. 3, l. 1, "*Prawne*" — a small crustaceous fish, like a shrimp, but larger; *ib.*, "*Pickerell*" = young pike; l. 3, "*Puffin*" = a kind of sea water-fowl then called 'feathered fish' (Rider, *s.v.*, 1640); *ib.*, "*Sole*" — the well-known flat marine fish, of the genus *Pleuronectes*, *P. solea* of Linnæus — so called probably from its keeping on or near the bottom ('sole') of the sea; *ib.*, "*Sommer louing*" = Sommer-louing; st. 4, l. 3, "*brimme*" = edge.
- „ 108, st. 1, l. 1, "*Ray*" — a genus of cartilaginous plagiostomous fishes, *e.g.*, sting ray, spotted torpedo, thornback, skate, &c.; *ib.*, "*Sea-calfe*" — the common seal, a species of *phoca vitulina* of Linnæus; *ib.*, "*Porpoise*" — from porco, a hog and pesce — a fish (Italian), hence called hog-fish and sea-hog — in zoology cetaceous mammals of the genus *Delphinus* of Linnæus; l. 3, "*Sea-horse*" — the morse, a species of *Trichechus* or walrus, the *T. rosmarus*; *ib.*, "*Sea-hound*." Cotgrave gives, 'Hound fish' = Fr., *sorrot*, Ash, 'name of a fish.' Rider gives, 'Hound fish' = *Galerus*; and under '*Galerum*,' a Dogge-fish, also a Sea-Calfe. *Ib.*, "*Plaice*" = flat fish of the 'sole' species; l. 4, "*Spitchcoke*" — was not as now, an eel broiled, &c., but 'a great



eel,' *Anguilla decumana* (Rider, and so Kersey)—possibly the conger. So 'stocke-fish' was not a salted fish as now, but was used as the name of the live fish (Rider). *Ib.*, "Pilcher"=pilchard; l. 6, "Aches"—disyllabic as usual; st. 2, l. 1, "Spitfifh"—sea-pike. Cf. for further description Cotgrave, *s.v.*, Spet. *Ib.*, "Spurling"—sparling or sperling? l. 2, "Thornebacke"—a kind of 'ray,' as before; l. 3, "Twine"—Rider has "A fish called a *twine* before it be a year old. Pelamys—and pelamys is a thunny or tunny. *Ib.*, "Scallop"—a fish in hollow and pectinated shell; l. 4, "pretie Wrinkle"—a welke; st. 3, l. 1, "Cuttle"—cuttle-fish; *ib.*, "Stocke-fifh"—already named *supra* (st. 1, l. 4); l. 4, "Ruffe"—a small fish, a species of *Perca*, *Perch*, *cernua*, native of England; *ib.*, "Piper"—pipe-fish—or Horn-back, or Horn or Gorn-fish—of the genus *Syngnathus*, so called from the length and slenderness of its body, which in its thickest part is only equal to a swan's quill; l. 5, "Barbell"—of the genus *Cyprinus*, of the order of Abdominals; st. 4, l. 5, "stubborne necked"—stubborne-necked; st. 5, l. 3—remove comma (,) certainly after "*unscene*."

Page 109, st. 1, l. 1, "Amatift"—amethyst—see p. 110, st. 2; *ib.*, "Abeftone"—asbestos? but see *infra*; l. 2, "Turches"—turquoise; l. 3, "Adamant"—see p. 109, st. 4; l. 3, "Dionife"—Dionisias—Batman (xvi, 35) calls it Dionyso, a stone, black or brown, having red spots. See Batman, as *supra*, and Isidore for more on it. *Ib.*, "Calcedon"—calcedony; l. 4, "Elutropia"—qu. heliotrope? l. 5, "Asterites"—a gem shining within like a star, mentioned by Isidore; l. 6, "Argirites"—a silver-like gem mentioned also by Isidore; l. 4, "Berill"—see p. 110, st. 5; l. 5, "Saphire"—see p. 114, st. 2-3; l. 6, "Iacinth"—see p. 113, st. 2; st. 2, l. 1, "Smaragd"—see p. 114, st. 4; *ib.*, "Alablafter"—so spelled contemporaneously, and onward. So too the Poet—Spenser's friend—had his name spelled; *ib.*, "Crufofaffe"—chrysoprase; l. 3, "sparkling Diamond"—see p. 111, st. 2-3. The most exquisite thing I ever have met with on the diamond was in a most unlikely place, viz., in James Arbuckle's poem of "Snuff." He describes the tapered, pink-nailed finger of Beauty, whereon "The diamond *spills* its drop of light." l. 4, "Margarite"—pearl; *ib.*, "bright-ey'd Chryfsall." This recalls Sir John Davies' splendid description of the sea, looking up with his 'great crystal eye' to the moon; l. 5, "Ligurius"—a species of carbuncle or the lynx stone, or jacinth, or amber; *ib.*, "Onix"—onyx; *ib.*, "Gagates"—see p. 112, st. 4—Minsheu and Cotgrave give it =agate, but Rider and Lovell as 'jeat' or agath stone, and so Pliny, xxxvi,



- 19; l. 6, "*Abystos*"—Batman gives Abeston for Asbestos, but Absciso from Isidore as a precious stone, "black heavie and streaked with redde veines," &c.; *ib.*, "*Amatites*"—see p. 110, st. 4; *ib.*, "*Achates*"—see p. 110, st. 3; st. 3, l. 5, "*Lipparia*" = Liparium or rock alum; l. 6, "*Enidros*"—see p. 112, st. 3. This gem, enhydros = *ἐνυδρος*, is now unknown. Pliny 37, 11, 73; Solin. 37, 67; st. 4, l. 1, "*Adamant*" = lode-stone.
- Page 110, st. 1, l. 1, "*liuely*" = living. Cf. "lively oracles" (Acts vii, 38), "lively hope" (1 Peter i, 3), "lively stones" (1 Peter ii, 5); st. 2, l. 1, "*purple coloured*" = purple-coloured; *ib.*, "*Amatist*" = amethyst—see p. 109, st. 1, l. 1; st. 4, l. 5, "*fers light*" = in the fire, *r.g.*
- „ 111, st. 1, l. 5, "*the house*" = life; st. 2-3. Cf. note p. 109, st. 2, l. 3, and note the feminine there as here; st. 4, l. 6, "*whereas*" = whereat.
- „ 112, st. 1, l. 1, "*Achites*"—*qu.* = cf. description p. 112, st. 1, l. 1, and p. 110, st. 3, l. 1. Minsheu gives as = Gagates; but Lovell, making Gagates or Agath one of the sulphurs = a black stony earth full of bitumen, gives Achates among the stones or jewels most precious, as like the jasper. Doubtless Chester meant the 'agate.' l. 6, "*rest*" = ease from pain; st. 2, l. 4, "*his humours is relasing*"—*sic*, and so another example of verb singular following a nominative plural; l. 6, "*forfake his meate*" = lose his appetite; st. 3, l. 1, "*Enidros*"—see p. 109, st. 3, l. 6; after st. 3, "*Perpetui*," &c., from Marbodæi Carmen de Gen. § 47: Franzias, Lips. 1791—Chester slightly different; st. 4, l. 1, "*Gagates*"—see p. 109, st. 2, l. 5; l. 2, "*whereas*" = whereat, as before; st. 5 (p. 113), l. 3, "*some men neuer thinke*" = will not believe.
- „ 113, st. 1, l. 1, "*Jacynth*." Cf. Batman upon Barthol., B xvi, c. 57. Our Poet has drawn on one or other; l. 3, "*cle*"—the original's misprint for 'clere' or 'cleare' through length of the line; l. 6, "*them*"—not misprint for 'them' but for 'to the m[inde]'—as revealed by the rhyme and scansion; st. 4, l. 1, "*Meade stone*"—see Batman upon Barthol. B xvi, c 67 Medo—whence this is fetched; l. 4, "*Mingled*," &c., *i.e.*, mingled with the milk of a woman having a male infant (not a female one).
- „ 114, st. 1, l. 1, "*Orites*"—see Batman, as before, B. xvi, c. 74; st. 2, l. 1, "*Skie colour'd*" = Skie-colour'd; *ib.*, "*Saphire*"—see Batman, as before, B xvi, c 87; l. 2, "*iudging*" = judicial, well-judging; st. 3, ll. 5-6. Whence this 'consecration' of the sapphire to Apollo? Batman, lxvi, c. 87, gives the story of the spider and says he has oft seen it proved. St. 4, l. 1, read—'fresh-greene-colour'd' or 'fresh grene-colour'd'; *ib.*, "*Smaragd*"—see Batman, as before, B. xvi, c 88.

- Page 115, st. 1, l. 1, "*valiant Caesar*," viz., Nero; l. 2, *Συαπωνς*, sic, but = *Συαπαγδος*, doubtless written contractedly by Chester *Συαπαγος*, r.g. See Batman, xvi. 88, from Isidore; l. 4, "*wards*" = acts of guard or guarding, fences; st. 2, l. 5, "*keepes*"—disyllabic; st. 3, l. 1, "*Turches*" = turquois. Mentioned in Batman, but no virtues given it nor in Pliny. I gathered a handful myself in the ancient turquois mines of the Sinaitic peninsula.
- „ 116, st. 1, l. 3, "*Bugle*" = Bugill or Buffell, Latin, Bubalus, i.e., the buffalo; l. 4, "*Onocentaure*"—a mythical animal compounded of ass (*ovos*) and man, as the hippocentaur was of horse and man. Even Batman has his doubts of its existence; l. 5, "*Dromidary*," i.e., standing for itself and the 'camel'; but see st. 3; l. 6, "*Bore*" = boar, see p. 115, st. 1; *ib.* "*Dragon*" = mythical serpent; st. 2, l. 1, "*strong neck'd*" = strong-neck'd; l. 4, "*Goatbucke*" = he-goat? Batman speaks of the he-goat as 'goat-bucke' (B xvij, c. 89); but in his index gives 'of the goat bucke' c. 101, where he treats of the hircocervus or tragelephus, but never calls it goat-bucke, contrariwise in explaining tragelephus calls tragos a goat-bucke. From p. 119 (st. 1, l. 1) it is quite clear that Chester intended the he-goat; l. 5, "*Camelopard*"—a fabulous Æthiopian beast, *not* the animal now so named; l. 6, "*Deare*" = deer; st. 3, ll. 3-4—a common and classical belief (e.g., *Juvenal*, xii, 3, 4)—he knowing himself to be hunted for them as being greatly esteemed in various diseases. It was similarly said of the 'hunted' elephant that he clashed and broke his tusks, knowing that was why he was hunted (Batman, xvij, 44); Richard Barnfield (Poems, p. 28, st. xliii—my edition for the Roxburghe Club), and Hump. Gifford (*Posie* (1580)—my edition) have the same myth; ll. 5-6, "*Stellio, Camelion, Vnicorne*." Either Chester has borrowed from Batman (or Bartholomew Glantville from whom he translated) or both have taken from a common source. Batman mentions under 'camelion' the 'stellio, a lizard' said by some to be one with the 'camelion.' Philemon Holland's Pliny, calls it the star-lizard stellion, and Holyoke's Rider, gives 'stellio' a beast like a lizard having spots on his neck, like stars. "*Vnicorne*," &c. Sir Thomas Browne, s.v., will interest and amuse with his quaint lore and as quaint credulity and incredulity (Works by Wilkin, 4 vols., 8vo., 1835.) The old Preachers abound in illustrations fetched from the 'unicorn' whereby to exalt our Lord; st. 4, "*Bearc*." See Batman, B. xviii, c. 112, where he quotes Avicenna for this. The virtue of bear's grease dates from Batman's days (1582) at least.

- Page 117, Latin line — from Isidore; *lib.* xii, cap, ii, but 'Sic' for 'Hic,' and 'cum' for 'quem'; st. 1, "*Bore*" = boar; l. 2, "*Tufhes*" = tusks — still in use for the tusks of boar and elephant, and in the nursery for infant's teeth — see also p. 118, st. 3, l. 1; l. 5, "*Marioram and Organie*" = marjoram and penny-royal — see Ellacombe, as before; st. 2, "*Bugle*" — see p. 116, st. 1, l. 3, and relative note; l. 6, "*thy*" — *sic* = they; st. 3, "*Camell*," st. 3-4. No one who has travelled on camel-back across a desert will refuse praise to the camel's long patience and liquid ever-onward-looking eye. Times over I have seen the camel go without water for more than the 'four days' here named. He has faults of temper and otherwise, and it is a kind of martyrdom to use him at all for one's self; yet with every deduction he is an admirable and extraordinary creature; st. 5, l. 1, "*Dragon*," &c. The mythical 'dragon' was supposed to love the elephant's blood (Batman); (p. 118); ll. 5-6 — the slayer is timely slain, says Batman.
- „ 118, st. 1, l. 1, "*bunch-backt*" — hunch-backed, or with protuberance; st. 2, "*Dogge*" — Baroness Coutts has raised a monument (combining a 'fountain') to a little Scotch terrier that broke its heart over its dead master, scraping its way down to the coffin-lid and there dying. It is one of the sights of Edinburgh; st. 3, l. 6, "*sau'd his life*" = his life sav'd; st. 4, l. 1, "*seene*" = skilled, knowing.
- 119, st. 1, l. 1, "*Gote-bucke*" = he-goat, as before; st. 2, l. 1, "*quicke*" = lively; l. 3, "*incontinent*" = instantly; l. 6, "*by kind*" = of his nature; l. 4, "*Ligarius*" — rather Ligurius. See Batman, as before, B xvi, 60 and B xviii, c. 69, and Pliny Lyncurium viii, 38. Cf. p. 111.
- „ 120, st. 4, l. 1, "*Onocentaur*." See relative note, p. 116, st. 1, l. 4 st. 5, l. 1, "*Stellio*." See *ib.*, p. 116, st. 3, ll. 5-6.
- „ 121, st. 1, ll. 5-6 — the 'Ile' being Ireland, as before; read l. 6, with hyphen, 'sweete-smelling'; st. 2, l. 2, "*moorish plot*" = one of the bogs for which Ireland was and is celebrated, and in which still, spite of St. Patrick, frogs if not serpents are found. Be it noted this held only of "a little corner" (l. 1); l. 6, "*poisonous ayre*" = two disyllables; st. 3, l. 2, "*Rinatrix*." See page 123, st. 3; l. 3, *ib.*, "*Appis*." See page 122, st. 1.
- „ 122, st. 1, l. 3, "*neare*" = ne'er; st. 2, "*This is*," &c. Chester would later read his friend Shakespeare's great celebration of it; st. 3, "*Lizard*" = anything prettier or more amusing than the swift-darting lizards of the desert (of Sinai) can scarcely be imagined. Their agility is very remarkable. Closely examined their jewel-like colouring is exquisite. In the loneliness of some of the Wadys it was a kind of living companionship

to have these interesting little creatures beside one. Some were very very large and hideous — as large as a good-sized kitten ; st. 4, l. 1, "*Ant or Emote is a labouring thing.*" Sir John Lubbock imagines that he has disproved the 'wisdom' of the 'ant' by his sets of experiments and by observations. A greater delusion I can scarcely conceive. Why, the very dis-regard of the 'ants' for the near roads provided and the humanly-con- trived plans for ingress and egress, and removal of difficulties, goes to confirm the little creature's quick 'wisdom.' If it could speak, it might retort on the great-eyed human monster stooping over and 'planning' for it, and say, 'I will take my own way— I will manage for myself— I don't know what of evil may be under all these nice arrangements.' Personally I have made scores of observations on the 'ant' both at home and in foreign countries, especially in the East ; and all confirm its 'wisdom'— as in the text ; l. 2, "*publike weale,*" *i.e.*, commonweath ; st. 5, l. 5 (p. 123) "*ciuill*" = living a common ordered and subordinate life, like ants and men.

- Page 123, st. 4, l. 5, "*cald of some the flattering worme*" Batman (B xvij, c. 98) says, "This maner scorpion commeth of *Scorte* that is sweet, and of *pogo*, is, that is to feine ; for before [stinging] he feineth pleafaunce."
- „ 124, st. 2, l. 4, "*Oliues*" = ol-i-ues — a trisyllable to rhyme with 'trees'— note 'some' verb singular (ll. 2-4), and in l. 7 with verb plural ; st. 4, l. 1, "*Caddes*" = *cadesse*, *i.e.*, jackdaw (Wright, *s.v.*)— from its place among birds cannot be the caddes, or caddis, or cadworme (Ash, Kersey, and Bailey) ; st. 5, l. 3, put hyphen thus, "*big-neck'd*" ; l. 5 (p. 125) "*Griffon*" = mythical bird ; l. 6, "*Puttocke*" = *greale*, *i.e.*, kite.
- 125, st. 1, l. 4, "*Hercin*"— "Hircania is a province in *Asia* . . . it is sharpe of woodes . . . There breedeth birdes that are called *Hircanie* ; their feathers shine by night, and such birdes are founde in Germany, as Isidore sayeth" (Batman, B xv, c. 74). I presume = the Hercinian forest, Germany ; *ib.*, put hyphen, "*swift-winged*" ; l. 5, "*Caladrius*." See next stanza — Batman (B xii, c. 22) speaks of Kaladrius in the same terms, and says it "hath no parte of blacknesse." If the man is to die he turns his face from him. His only authority is "as the Philosopher faith" ; st. 2, l. 2, "*prosperitie*" — *qu.* proprietie or propensitie? line is unscannable ; st. 3, "*Crane*"— curious old-fashioned lore, found everywhere.
- „ 126, st. 1, l. 1, "*The Winters enuious blast she neuer tasteth.*" Michael Bruce in that Ode to the Cuckoo, which John Logar so treacherously sought to rob him of, has very daintily put this :—

" Sweet bird ! thy bow'r is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear ;

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year."

(my edition, p. 124, 1865).

- l. 4, "for to"—so also st. 5, l. 2—rare in Shakespeare.  
Page 126, st. 2, l. 3, "*Croffe*" = ill-fate or luck; st. 4, l. 4, "*runne*" = ranne, *r.g.*  
,, 127, st. 1, l. 1, "*Griffon*"—fabulous bird, as before; st. 2, l. 2, "*Hircinie*"—see on p. 125, st. 1, l. 4.  
,, 128, st. 1, l. 1, "*Memnodides*"—the original's misprint for 'Memnonides'; st. 2, l. 3, "*Hunts-up*." Mr. J. Payne Collier has printed a curious song, from which it appears that 'hunts up' was known as early as 28 Henry VIII. Cf. Barnfield in his "Affectionate Shepheard":

"And euery Morne by dawning of the day,  
When *Phabus* riseth with a blushing face,  
Siluanus Chappel-Clarks shall chaunt a Lay,  
And play thee hunts-up in thy resting place."

(My edition of his complete Poems for the  
Roxburghe Club, p. 12, st. xix.)

- l. 3, "*doth delight her*," *i.e.*, his mate—for it is the male which alone sings. This Chester knew and so likens the male-bird to a 'Bridegroom' (l. 5); ll. 5-6—unskilful verse; but the meaning is that Greeks and Romans trained the 'nightingale'; st. 4, l. 2, "*Stefichorus*" = the Greek poet of Himeria in Sicily. For the fable see Christod. Ecphr. ap. Jacobs, *Anth. Græc.* i, p. 42: Pliny, H. N., x, 29; ll. 5-6, the well-known legend; st. 5, l. 1, "*daftard Owle*"—much too strong a word for this timid but not at all 'cowardly' bird.  
,, 129. Latin couplet— from Ovid, Met. v, 549, 550. l. 7, "*fluggifh*"—because he 'sleeps' all day, possibly; st. 2, l. 1, "*ill bedooming*" = ill-bedooming, *i.e.*, adjudging or pre-judging ill or evil; Cf. 3 *Henry VI*, v, 6, "cried, aboding luckless time"; st. 3, l. 5, "*They haue bene known to giue great Emperors wine*"—some now forgotten anecdote of trained parrots; st. 4, ll. 5-6. The old Puritans are never weary of pointing 'a moral' from the 'base blacke Feete' of the peacock, swan, &c., &c., in contrast with their plumage; and so too the elder Poets; st. 5 (p. 130), l. 4, "*In Indie spies a Peacocke*," &c., one of the many myths about this bird.  
,, 130, st. 1, "*The Pellican*"—this myth is met with in all the Fathers, &c. The pressure of the huge bill on its crop or pouch wherein is store of food, doubtless originated it. This mention of the 'Pellican' calls for special note of the curious and remarkable turn given to the fable, in that the 'Turtle dove' dies first, and

then the Phœnix. Also, be it observed, that the 'Turtle dove' — "cheerfully did die," &c., while the Phœnix "with a pale heavy countenance grieved for to see him first possesse the place." Only as of Essex and Elizabeth is this appropriate or explicable. I take the opportunity here to supplement preceding notes on the same lines as all this. 'Applied' (p. 9) appears to mean that 'The Complaint of Rosalin' is put into the mouth of Dame Nature; for Dame Nature's Complaint is a complaint in behalf of Rosalin or the Phœnix, or in other words Rosalin's own 'Complaint.' Again, at p. 21, the explanation is that like Raleigh he had spoken before of Elizabeth as 'the silver-coloured dove' as he calls her in st. 4 (and in 5, 6, 7). But as he is now speaking of her as the 'Phœnix' in his 'Love's Martyr,' he applies it (really to the same person) to her as to the 'Phœnix'. This is surely reduplicated proof that the 'silver-coloured Dove' (= sacred, holy) and the 'Phœnix' are one, and that both are Elizabeth. Note finally here, that in the 'Prayer' she is 'the' and 'thy' silver-coloured dove, but in the title 'a,' because he would avoid the very obvious absurdity that she was both *the* silver-coloured dove and *the* phœnix. She could be the 'Phœnix' and 'a' silver-coloured dove, *i.e.*, the 'Phœnix' with the properties of such a dove, though not the bird the dove itself; st. 2, "*vnfatiatē Sparrow.*" Dean Donne has quaintly celebrated the 'vnfatiatē' amorousness of this bird in his *Metempsychosis*; l. 4, "*animaduertion*" = perception. In this sense Glanville also uses it, and, spite of the Dictionary-makers, it is correct; ll. 5-6, "*A flight of Sparrowes,*"—the old myth and superstition; st. 3, l. 1, read rather, 'The artificiall-nest-composing'; l. 6, "*His*"—caught doubtless from previous line, should be 'He'; *ib.*, "*Calcedonies*"—is this a mistake of a gem for a flower ('herb')? st. 4, l. 1, "*Cecinna*" = Cæcina; *ib.*, "*Volateran*" = Cæcina of Volaterræ—Etruscan remains still extant preserve this once great family-name. Qu.—Has Chester confounded Cæcina and L. Cinna? l. 3, "*Sent letters,*" &c. Carrier-pigeons have been long so used and still are (*e.g.*, in the recent Germano-Franco war), but it is doubtful if the 'swallow' ever has been similarly trained).

Page 131, st. 1, l. 1, "*sweete recording*" = sweete-recording, *i.e.*, sweet-singing. Cf. *Two Gent. of Ver.*, act v, sc. 3. One is utterly at a loss to account for the everywhere-found notion of the swan's 'singing,' especially on the approach of death. As for the 'footed verse,' l. 3, it is of course mere credulity. Latin couplet—from Isidore, *Hisp. Episcop. Origines*, lib. xii, cap. vii, in *Gothofredi Auctores Linguae Latinae 1622*, who quotes it from an old



Poet Æmilius. Chester inadvertently prints 'Hoc' for 'Hanc' and 'undis' for 'undas.' st. 2, l. 5, "*mowt*" = moult; l. 6, put hyphen, "*hart-pining*"; st. 3, l. 1, "*the carefull* [= full-of-care] *bird the Turtle Doue*," be it noted, is designated by 'Phœnix' in preceding stanza "*drooping foule*," and again in st. 4, l. 5; ll. 3-4, "*And thus he wanders jeeking of his loue*." This goes right to the mark for Essex.

Page 132, st. 1, l. 1, "*lookes me in the face*." Another touch in Elizabeth for Essex; l. 4, "*gate*" = gait; l. 4, "*he eyes vs more and more*" — as in l. 1; l. 5, "*O shall I welcome him*." The oft-put question of the woman against the queen and of the queen against the woman in Essex's case. The context has no sense unless you bring to it the story of Elizabeth's love-passion — the passion, if not the love in its deepest and tenderest sense — for Essex, from her first sight of him in his young bloom onward; st. 3, l. 4, "*halfe pin'd*" = halfe-pin'd; st. 4 — The placing of 'Turtle' in the margin seems at first a mistake; but the 'Turtle' is addressing itself (*i.e.*, himself) in gazing on the 'eye-dazling Sunne' of the 'Phœnix's' 'excelling beauty.' This was the *mode*, to the last, of speaking of and to Elizabeth. See our Introduction for quotation from Coke. With all her brain-force, Elizabeth had not courage to refuse the idle flattery of her 'beauty,' or to recognise that she really was growing old and haggard. I know not that the following very striking *bit* in Nichols *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, from an *Harleian MS.* (contemporary) 6207, has been noticed — "Afterward, in the melancholy of her sickness, she desired to see a true looking glass, which in twenty years she had not sene, but of such a one as was made of purpose to deceiue her sight: which glasse being brought her, she fell presently into exclayming against [those] which had so much commended her; and took it so offensively, that some which before had flattered her, dourst not come into her sight" (vol ii, pp. 25-30 — end of the volume). Surely anything more tragical than the *italicized* words is inconceivable; l. 5, "*rariety*" = rarity. Cf. former note on this; l. 6, "*For wit*," &c., the bird is forgotten and the queen-woman remembered.

„ 133, st. 1, l. 1, "*Tur.*" seems wrongly placed here, being intended for the left margin in the words 'Haile map of sorrow' (see p. 124, st. 1, ll. 5-6); whilst 'Phœnix' in the right margin begins 'Welcome,' &c. st. 2, l. 4, "*presumptions foule offence*." Essex, on his departure for Portugal and elsewhere later, was again and again brought to his knees for his 'presumption' and kindred impulsive faults, as facts and letters superabundantly prove. See Devereux' *Lives*, &c. Meanwhile it is all-important



to note that the 'woosing' is dated by circumstances in Essex's early time — not later when he had married and when Elizabeth was old; st. 3, l. 1, "*Turtle*" = mate; l. 2, "*her want*" = her loss; l. 3, "*the soule that's fled*," &c. How natural all this was in the mouth of Essex on the death of his noble young brother who fell so miserably at Rouen. See Devereux, as before. st. 4, l. 3, "*for to*," as before, common contemporaneously, rare in Shakespeare: see p. 132, l. 4: p. 133, l. 12; st. 4, l. 4, "*aduance*" = lift up 'our fiery altar.' So Shakespeare, "the fringed curtains of thine eye advance" (*Tempest*, act i, sc. 2); l. 6, "*Solamen*," &c. The origin of this has long been sought for in vain. It is in most collections of Common-places; and was enquired about in *Notes and Queries*, iv, x, but not traced back to its source; st. 5, Elizabeth actually thus comforted Essex for his brother when he 'came over' at the queen's imperious summons. See Devereux, as before.

- Page 134, st. 2, punctuate l. 4 with semi-colon or period after 'labour,' and again, period after 'paine'; but except in misleading cases I shall not note the singular punctuation of the original. My part is to reproduce it. St. 3, punctuate period or semi-colon after 'leave' (l. 1); l. 6, "*fond*" = foolish, as *frequenter*.
- „ 135, st. 1, l. 4, "*emperizing*" — verb-form, as before; st. 3, l. 1, "*shalt not be no more*" — a double negative for emphasis; st. 3, Elizabeth's autograph letters fully warrant more than this; st. 4, l. 2, "*thy seruant*" — Essex's constant asseveration in his letters to Elizabeth; st. 5, Historically, it is a common-place that Elizabeth exercised a mother's watchfulness over Essex.
- „ 136, st. 1, l. 4, "*spright incarnate*" = Impurity (as in preceding stanza); l. 5, "*whight*" = white; st. 2, l. 6, put hyphen, 'earth-parching.' st. 3, l. 1, "*doome*" = sentence or judgment; l. 5, "*licorice*" — the sugar-cane perchance meant; l. 6, "*Sweete Iuniper*" — not the happiest adjective applied to 'Iuniper'; *ib.*, "*shaw*" = shew; st. 4, l. 3, "*nominate*" = name, as before; l. 4, "*wot*" = wit or know.
- „ 137, st. 3, l. 4, "*liuely*" = living; st. 4, l. 4, "*secretly*" — should be 'secretly.'
- „ 138, st. 4, l. 2, "*Dido mones*" — see 'To the Reader.' This reminds me to note on l. 4 of 'To the Reader' that Lucan was probably in Chester's mind on 'Cæsars victories.'
- „ 139, st. 1, l. 4, put hyphen, "*faire-fac'd*"; st. 3, l. 6, "*true story*." On all this symbolism veiling a real martyrdom, and so fulfilling the title, *Love's Martyr* — see our Introduction. *Pellican*: l. 5, "*He*" — note a man throughout.
- „ 140, l. 6 (from bottom), put hyphen, "*loue-wandring*."

Page 141, l. 7, "*fond*" = foolish; ll. 15-16, &c., *i.e.*, suggesting how Elizabeth sacrificed her 'true desire' to State-craft or expediency.

*Conclusion.* l. 1, put hyphen, "*true-meaning*"; l. 9, "*paine*" = painstaking.

„ 142, *Cantoes Alphabet-wife, &c.*, l. 2, the second 'will' no doubt a printer's mistake; l. 4, put comma after 'fauvour'; l. 6, put hyphen, "*lame-leg'd*"; ll. 9-18. See Introduction on these suggestive lines. James I. is evidently intended. He was the friend of all Essex's friends.

\* \* In the 'Cantoes Alphabet-wife' that follow, we must not look for ordinary construction or much sense. The self-imposed fetters hinder both.

„ 143, st. 1, l. 7, "*dares not giue to any.*" There lay the secret. It recurs and recurs. In l. 6, 'Blotted by things vnseene' = secretly spoken of by some of no fame. Most clearly Elizabeth here again. St. 2, l. 1, "*Chastnesse*" = virginity; *ib.*, "*the bed of Glorie*" = thoughts of the 'Queen' marrying a subject; st. 4, l. 1, "*Enuie is banifht.*" See Introduction on the 'Enuie' that beset Essex as recognized by other poets as well as Chester; l. 4, "*thing's*" = thing is.

„ 144, st. 1, l. 3 — verb singular to plural nominative; l. 7, "*Fetch from the ancient records of a Queene.*" Query — marrying a subject? St. 2, l. 5, "*map of beauty*" — Cf. p. 77, st. 4, l. 2, and relative note; st. 4, reflection of Elizabeth's would and would not.

„ 145, st. 1, l. 3, read 'greene-spred'; l. 5, "*when*" = whence; l. 7, "*dorter*" = dortour, *i.e.*, sleeping-place — here bed-room — audacious enough *certes*; but Essex knew to whom he was speaking, and Chester knew both. St. 2, l. 1, "*Aduotrix*" = advocate (feminine); st. 3, l. 1, "*nice Chastity*" = virginity, as before; l. 5, "*time is ouer spent*" — a perilous reminder to Elizabeth; l. 6, "*a kind of feare*" — admirable selection of words, revealing yet concealing; st. 4, l. 1, put hyphen, "*fresh-bloom'd*"; l. 2, "*Rose*" — fitting symbol of England's Queen ('Rosalin') in this faint anticipation of Herrick's delicious 'Gather the rosebuds while ye may.'

„ 146, st. 1, l. 7, read, 'all-disgrace'; st. 3, l. 3, "*Quit*" = requite or quite; st. 4, l. 2, "*Ract*" = racked or rakt.

„ 147, st. 2, l. 2, "*womanish*" — not a mere 'Phoenix' bird; l. 7, put hyphen, "*new-fram'd*"; st. 4, l. 4 (p. 148), "*vale*" = veil.

„ 148, st. 1, l. 1, "*Xantha*" = Xanthe, one of the daughters of Oceanus; l. 3, 'more-milder' — double comparative; l. 5, "*diseafe*" = disturb, make ill-at-ease; st. 2, l. 4, "*selfe-will*" — again the mark is hit. Read with hyphens, 'selfe-will-anguish.'

*Cantos Verbally written.*

\*.\* The headings of these stanzas seem to be posies out of rings. Cf. *As You Like It*, act iii, sc. 2. Be it kept in mind that Chester is not speaking in his own person, but is interpreting the 'truth of love' between Elizabeth and Essex.

- Page 149. 1. l. 4, "*Dies*"— used as causal; l. 6, "*woe*" = woo; 2. l. 5, punctuate ';' for comma; 3. l. 3, "*containing*" = contained.
- „ 150. 4. st. 2, l. 2, put hyphen, "*true-sworne*"; l. 6, "*Not in thy flowring youth*"— repeat 'do not smother' (in thought), and read [do] Not in thy flowring youth [smother]— else you turn a compliment into a jeer; 5. l. 1 (motto) 'u,' misprint for 'n'; l. 8, "*Knowne*"— to be read as 'knowen.'
- „ 151. 5. l. 4, "*fulfill*" = fill full *r.g.*; 6. motto, "*idolatrize*"— verb-form, *frequenter* in Chester; l. 3, put hyphen, "Heart-comfortable"— qu. comfortable? l. 7, "*surphet*" = surfeit; 7. st. 2, l. 3, "*rarietie*" = rarity, as before.
- „ 152. 8. l. 1, "*What*" = whatever, and put hyphen, "*thunder-flormes*"; l. 4, "*inexorable*" = unchangeable; l. 6, 'dayes,' disyllabic unless 'the' have been omitted, at [the] or [at] midnight; 9. l. 6, put hyphen, "*true-sworne*," as before; st. 2, l. 5, "*Of holy loue, Loue's Temple to aspire*" = the Church and marriage therein; st. 3, l. 4, delete comma after 'desire.'
- „ 153. Motto. This third repetition of this couplet shews skilful flattery of the kind that most pleased Elizabeth; 11. 2, punctuate ';' after will; l. 7, "*denayes*" = denials.
- „ 154. Motto, l. 2, "*empiring*" = over-queenly, stately— see st. 2, l. 3; l. 4, read 'happie-bleft'; l. 9— metre faulty— some word left out.
- „ 155. 14. l. 2, "*disgrasue*" = disgracing; l. 4, "*our*"— misprint for 'or'; 15. l. 1, "*For*" = through; l. 5, punctuate ';' after 'pride.'
- „ 156. 18. l. 4, put hyphen, "*night-waking*"; l. 5, read "*Hart-fore*"; 19. l. 1, "*O tongue*," &c., viz., by talking of her 'bright brow wrinkled with disdaine'— the wrinkles, not the 'disdaine,' being the ground of offence; l. 8— qu. 'Dear [I give] that to thee [to whom] I offered wrong.'
- „ 157. 21. l. 6, "*the*" = thee; 22. l. 3, "*aduotrix*"— see p. 145, st. 2, l. 1; 23. ll. 5-6— certainly at most a comma for ';' in l. 5, or, 'hower I may,' &c.
- „ 158. 25. l. 2, "*selfe-will*" = self-will or foolishnesse sprung of self-will— a constant word between Elizabeth and Essex in their Letters; 26. l. 3, put hyphen, "*harueft-labores*"; l. 4, put ';' after 'feene,' and delete comma in next line; l. 6, "*Should I be welcome ere thy beautie fade*"— another perilous reminder, but just the bold kind of speech fitting from Essex to Elizabeth— as witness their letters. See Devereux, as before.

- Page 159. 27. Motto, and l. 8, "*Nar*" = near; 28. l. 5, "*Cause*" = [Thou are] cause, and ';' for comma and comma after 'best,' l. 6; 29. st. 2, l. 1, "*Affections*" — qu. 'Affection' — cf. l. 2, 'her'; l. 3, "*foule bondage*" = slavery of 'selfe-will.'
- „ 160. 29. l. 1 — put (.) after 'courtesie' — required by change of person in next line ('Thou'); 31. l. 6, put hyphen, "*dwelling-place*."
- „ 161. 32. l. 6, "*Niobes cup*" = of tears; l. 7, "*My dutie yet remembred*" — Essex's ever-recurring phrase in letters to Elizabeth; 34. This should have been numbered '33' in order, it will be noticed. From this the numbering ceases without explanation. l. 3, "*Not one*" = No one; l. 4, punctuate ';' after cruelty; *Thoughts*, &c., l. 2, "*faining*" = fanning — but with a double sense; l. 3 (p. 162), "*fond*" = foolish, as before; l. 4, "*further*" = cast further or off.
- „ 162, st. 1, l. 4, "*Selfe-will*" — the thing in Elizabeth that needed overcoming; ll. 6–7 suggestive of Essex's consciousness of his royal Mistress's favour (to say the least); l. 6, "*tels*" — qu. 'tel'? st. 3 — the very things wherein Elizabeth was pre-eminently praised, and the very strain followed by all who essayed to recount her virtues and greatness.
- „ 163, l. 1, "*curelesse smart*" — so Shakespeare, 'cureless ruin' (*Merchant of Venice*, act iv, sc. 1); st. 1 — a reflection again of Elizabeth's capricious favour and as capricious angers and withdrawals; st. 2, l. 3, "*nominate*" = name, as before, qu. — punctuate ';'? st. 3, l. 2, put hyphen, "*sharpe-conceited*"; *ib.*, "*ner*" = e'er — double negative otherwise; l. 4, "*ignoble*" — courage of the author: specially note "*imperiall crowne*" — again no sense unless to Elizabeth or of Elizabeth; st. 4, Motto. Essex's letters to Elizabeth are full of the word and thing 'friendship.' See Devereux, as before. l. 2, "*Ebone*" = ebony or black?
- „ 164, l. 2, "*regreet*" = salute; st. 3, l. 5, "*I*" = aye; l. 6, read "*true-approved*."
- „ 165, st. 1, l. 1, "*Scene in all learned arts is my beloued*" — true as simple matter-of-fact of Elizabeth, who was of rare and unquestionable accomplishments as well as of natural intellectual capacity after the type of her prodigious father, 'King Hal.' 'Scene' = skilled, as in *Taming of the Shrew*, "It's a schoolmaster well seen in music" (act i, sc. ii); l. 4, "*Eye for eye*" — the first 'Eye' so spelt on account of the marginal 'eie,' is really the old 'I' = yea, *i.e.*, she not only moves the stony savage, but her eye indeed tempts chastity itself; ll. 5–6 — this is a very frequent contemporary tribute to Elizabeth. I have been surprized at the universality of belief in her poetical gifts; and I have a suspicion that much of her verse has perished; st. 2, l. 1, "*seeke*" — used as sometimes in that age without an objective

= try to find and does not—query semicolon (;) after 'seeke' and colon (:) after 'thee'; st. 3, l. 4, "*amazing*" = confused wonderment, as elsewhere; *ib.*, punctuate comma (,) after 'not' and nothing after 'amazing,' or at most a comma (,); l. 5, "*To*"—infinitive form used as in that age. We should write 'Do or [continue] to'; st. 4, motto—reflection of Essex's suspense and mingled hope and despair, expectation and weariness, as expressed in his poems and letters to Elizabeth; ll. 5-6—In this rather oddly-constructed sentence, the subject to 'In all things gracious' is his unnamed Mistress, *i.e.*, Elizabeth. For throughout these 'Cantoes,' as in *Love's Martyr*, Chester is interpreting *his* conception—based on close personal knowledge—of the 'feeling' between Elizabeth and Essex. All the known facts make it simply impossible that he could have been speaking for himself. Besides, in "The author's request to the Phoenix" he avows his purpose. There his pleading is—

"Accept MY home-writ praifes of THY LOUE  
And kind acceptance of THY TURTLE-DOUE (p. 5).

- l. 5, "*gracious*"—he means [thou art] gracious.
- Page 166, st. 1, l. 2, "*fairest faire*"—not objective after 'maintained,' but = O fairest faire; l. 5, "*Turtle-Doue*" = mate of himself *the* Turtle Doue. See note on st. 1, ll. 5-6, *supra*; st. 2, l. 1, "*Great Miftris*"—clearly applicable (and in those times most especially) to Elizabeth, and to no subject; st. 3, l. 4, "*Loue*"—being emphatic is counted as one foot, 'Loue | that eaf | eth minds | opprest | with neede |'; l. 6 = only to be relieved by thee that [always] yeeld'st relief. Again words only at that time to be applied to Elizabeth; st. 4, l. 5, "*yea so they say*"—is supposed to be her answer, and therefore her "*owne confession*"; st. 5, l. 2, "*for to*"—as before. See also p. 168, st. 4, l. 2; l. 4 (p. 167)—Of whom in the Court of Elizabeth could this be said but of Elizabeth? ll. 5-6—not intelligible to me; but qu.—faith-denying?
- „ 167, st. 1, l. 4, "*thee most admirable*" = O most admirable [one]; st. 2, l. 3, "*Me sometimes*," &c.—this line is made rather mysterious by the necessity of finding a rhyme to "*afraid*" = yet sometimes terrifying me that I am nevertheless given up to him, '*unless*,' &c.; st. 3, l. 1, "*Remorce . . . . . triumphantly*" = (as frequently at that time) pitifulness, albeit here tacitly implying penitence for past delays and cruelty. So in Shakespeare and in Parry, quoted in our Introduction. st. 4, l. 4 (p. 168, l. 1), "*not named*" = not [to be] named, unnameable.
- „ 168, st. 2, l. 1, "*Thine euer unremou'd and still kept word*"—most notice-



able as between Elizabeth and Essex. It seems to me more than ordinarily remarkable that Chester does throughout with such triumphant audacity give expression to the popular belief of Elizabeth's real sentiment toward Essex. The way in which he works into his pleadings personal traits seems to me declarative of dramatic ability of no mean type. I have no idea that Elizabeth herself ever made revelation of her 'love' for Essex to Chester. One can only guess whether Essex exchanged confidence with him. But *certes* from first to last our Poet shows perfect skill in his giving shape and colouring to what was in the air concerning the 'Phoenix' and her 'Turtle-doue.' These 'Cantos,' with Posies for ground-work that perchance were known in society as circulating in the Court, equally with *Love's Martyr*, bring Chester before us as consecrating all his gifts and knowledge and sympathy to celebrating this story, '*shadowing the truth of Loue*' between Elizabeth and Essex when the latter burst upon her in her still susceptible and passionate mid-age in all the brilliance and fascination of his young prime. I would also here notice what follows in the title-page (of 1601) "*in the constant fate of the Phoenix and Turtle,*" i.e., 'fate to be constant' to each other. Chester evidently believed that the 'love' awakened in Elizabeth for Essex lived on uneradicated even by his marriage and her advancing age. Save Sidney's and Stella's 'love' so tragically re-discovered when it was 'too late,' I know nothing more truly a 'Love martyrdom' than that of Elizabeth and Essex. The great Queen's closing melancholy and bursts of weeping with the name of Essex on her lips, and slow-drawn-out dying, reveal Chester's prescience of insight.

- Page 169, st. 1, l. 1, "*from*"—qu.—error for 'for.' The latter yields sense, the former scarcely; l. 6, "*By thy faire,*" &c.—again only applicable to Elizabeth in her Court. See Churchyard's Poems given in our Introduction; motto, l. 3, "*I*"=aye; st. 2, l. 3, "*he*," as in the margin and as required by the sense should be "*she*."
- „ 170, st. 2, l. 6, "*mountaine top of will aspires*"=ambition. In the Song (in *italics*) it is to be noted that the 2nd and 4th lines of each stanza (the alternate lines) are answers to the question or remark in 1st and 3rd. In st. 1, l. 2, the first 'loue' should be 'Loue' and have comma (,) after it.
- „ 171, st. 2, l. 4, "*I*"=aye; st. 3, l. 4, "*awaies*"=alwaies; st. 4, l. 1, read 'foules Life'=his Mistress; l. 2, delete comma (,) after "*villaine*"; st. 4, l. 8 (p. 172, l. 2), "*deare*" delete comma (,)—it is—'deare' shall, or 'deare' is the nominative to 'shall.'
- „ 172, st. 1, l. 4, read 'wind-oppressing.' I may as well note here that

- there are so many compounded words in Chester not marked by hyphen, that I could only call attention to the more important ; others the reader will fill in or not at his discretion ; st. 2, l. 8, "by my"—qu.—"by thy"—true Bird as I = true Bird as I [am]—see ll. 1-3, for these interpretations ; st. 3, l. 1, "Till that leane fleshles cripple, pale-fac'd Death"—so in *Old Fortunatus* "There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors."
- Page 173, l. 3, read 'spring[s], i.e., whence springs all these my 'passions' ; punctuate in l. 6, ; after 'sonne' ; "Most deuine," &c., l. 6, "I" = aye ; l. 8, put hyphen, "neuer-ceasing." The want, &c., l. 2, "want"—verb—its nominative 'day and night.'
- „ 174, st. 3, l. 1, "my affection" = [by the object of] my affection ; st. 3, l. 2, punctuate ' ; ' after 'disgrace.'
- „ 175, st. 2, l. 1, "Where two harts," &c. — a final impassioned appeal to Elizabeth to let 'Loue' be 'Soueraigne'—quite in accord with the style she was addressed to the end, as though she never could be other than 'young,' and with possibilities or impossibilities of result at her command ; l. 5, "dignified" = given dignity.
- „ 177, Title-page—The Latin motto is from Horace, Od. iv, 8, 28. In the original is a rude wood-cut of an anchor.
- „ 179, l. 6, "Bromius"—one of the varying names of Bacchus ; l. 9, "Ingles his cheeke" = treats his cheek as one does one's ingle or delight, or loved youth playfully pinches or strokes it ; l. 12, "sustend" = our present 'subtend' ; l. 14, "honorable friend," viz., Sir John Salisburie, as on title-page ; l. 15, "illustrate"—used as = illustrious or giving lustre, and by Ben Jonson on p. 182, last st. but one ; l. 19, "profuse" = pour forth. In olden days each did not as now drink the health from his own glass, but a large bowl being filled, it was passed to each successively, thus going the 'round.' (l. 21)
- „ 180, Heading—Sir John Salisburie. See our Introduction on this 'worthily honor'd Knight' ; l. 4, "exhaust" = drawn out ; l. 14, "Responsible" = answering. These 'Vatum Chorus' pieces are in good sooth poor enough. They have touches like Chapman at his worst.
- „ 181, l. 5, "But one sicke Phoebe"—an unmistakeable allusion to Elizabeth as 'sick'—such indeed as it was impossible to apply to any other at the time ; *ibid.*, "fever-shaking Light." "The influence of the moon on disease was so prevalent an opinion that this may have meant = 'causing fever-shaking' ; but it might also refer to the shaking glimmering light of the moon likened to the shivering in a fever. Possibly both meanings were intended to be understood by the reader." So Dr. Brinsley Nicholson to me ; but qu.—is not the latter half of the line an



ep-exegesis of the former, *i.e.*, 'one sicke *Phabe*' = 'Light feuer-shaking' by its sickness the nation? Men spoke even recently of England as in a 'feverish state of excitement and suspense' during the illness of the Prince of Wales. Note likewise that Shakespeare in his 'Phoenix and Turtle' introduces the 'feuer' — p. 182, st. 2, 'Augour of the *feuers end*.' Notice also that the '*vrne*' of "The Burning" (l. 7) reappears in 'Threnos,' st. 3, l. 1, 'To this *vrne*' — see on ll. 15-16; l. 6, "the world one *Phœnix*" — once more who would have then dared to sing of any save Elizabeth as the 'one Phoenix' of 'the world'? ll. 15-16, — these are purposely enigmatical — the words, "Her rare-dead ashes, fill a rare-*liue vrne*," evidently point at the fact that the Phoenix or Elizabeth was really living, although as 'Love's Martyr,' dead. The last line is obscure; l. 17, "*Ignoto*." — This was Raleigh's signature; but it is also contemporaneously found attached to pieces certainly not his. Everything forbids our regarding these Lines as by him.

Page 182, st. 1, l. 1, "*bird of lowdeft lay*" — Because the 'Phoenix' is the bird associated with the 'Turtle' in *Love's Martyr*, and throughout, it has been assumed, by apparently all the commentators on Shakespeare, that it is intended here. Surely this is a gross mistake, inasmuch as (1) It is the 'Phoenix's' death ('shadowing' Elizabeth) that the poem celebrates; and it were absurd to imagine it could be called on to 'sing' its own death. See 'Threnos' and st. 6 of this poem. (2) Nowhere — even supposing the 'Phoenix' possible — is this legendary bird represented as gifted with 'song.' I think it was left intentionally indefinite. I would suggest the 'Nightingale'; others may think of another. l. 2, "*On the sole Arabian tree*." Malone has excellently adduced a parallel passage in *The Tempest*:

" Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*  
There is *one tree*, the phoenix' throne: one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there " (act iii, sc. 3, p. 23).

He remarks: "This singular coincidence, likewise, serves to authenticate the present poem" (Variorum Shakespeare, vol. xx, p. 421, edition 1821). By the 'sole Arabian tree' the Palm is meant. In Greek *phoinix*, and meaning both phoenix and palm-tree (Dr. Cobham Brewer's *Dictionary*, *s.v.*) l. 3, "*trumpet*." Steevens addresses King John —

" Be thou the *trumpet* of our wrath  
And *sullen presage* of your own decay" (i, 1).

Variorum Shakespeare, as before; l. 4, "*chaste wings obey*"  
I have, myself, often watched the lifting and tremulous motion

of the 'singing' Nightingale's wings, and *chaste* was the exquisitely chosen word to describe the nightingale, in reminiscence of the classical story; st. 2. l. 1, "*shrinking harbinger*" = shriek or scritch-owl; l. 2, "*precurrer*" = fore-runner — scarcely 'procurer.' Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

" Now the wasted brands do glow,  
While the scritch-owl, scritch-ing loud;  
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,  
In remembrance of a shroud " (act v, sc. 2).

Steevens, as before; l. 3, "*Augour*" = augur, fore-teller; *ib.*, "*fever's end*" = death (by fever); l. 4, "*To this troupe come thou not neere.*" Steevens, as before, recalls another *bit* in *Midsummer Night's Dream* — "Ye spotted snakes, &c. . . come not near our fairy queen." St. 3, l. 3 — punctuate "feather'd King" — "So in Gray's Ode on the Progresses of Poetry :

— "thy magick lulls *the feather'd King*  
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing "  
(Steevens, as before).

St. 4, l. 2, "*defunctive Musicke can*" — "That understands funeral musick. To *can*, in Saxon, signifies to *know*" (Malone, as before). But query — Is it here used from the Latin 'cano'? (Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, to me.) St. 5, punctuate and read —

" And thou treble-dated Crow,—  
That thy fable gender mak'ft  
With the breath thou giu'ft and tak'ft;  
Mong'ft our mourners shalt thou goe."

Steevens, as before, on l. 1, 'treble dated Crow' aptly quotes *Lucretius* [5, 1053]:

— "cornicum ut secla vetusta.  
Ter tres ætates humanas garrula vincit  
Cornix."

l. 2, "*that thy fable gender mak'ft,*" &c. It is a 'Vulgar Error' still, that the 'Crow' can change its 'gender' at will. My friend Mr. E. W. Gosse puts it — 'thou Crow that makest [change in] thy sable gender, with the mere exhalation and inhalation of thy breath' (letter to me). l. 3, "*With the breath,*" &c. — query, Is there a sub-reference to the (mythical) belief that the crow re-clothes its aged parents with feathers and feeds them? As being 'sable' it is well fitted to be a 'mourner.' It is so introduced in our child-hood favorite of the 'Death and Burial of Cock Robin.' Cf. Batman upon Barth., B 12, C 9.

Sir Thomas Browne has a note on 'White Crows' (=the aged). St. 6, This, as *supra*, makes it impossible that the 'bird of lowdest lay' could be the 'phoenix'; st. 7, ll. 1-2. Query—punctuate comma (,) after 'loured,' and delete comma (,) after 'twaire'? It is to be remembered that the compositor of *Love's Martyr* was especially fond of a comma at the end of a verse line. We have an exactly similar instance in p. 183, st. 1, as *infra*.

Page 183, st. 1, l. 1, punctuate comma for (;); l. 2, punctuate comma after 'Distance' and delete it after 'feene,' as *supra*; l. 4, "But in them it were a wonder"—Except—another Elizabeth sign; for only of the 'Queene' as placing no 'distance and no space' betwixt herself and 'this *Turtle*,' could it have been said 'it were a wonder'; *ib.*, punctuate comma after 'them'; st. 2, l. 2, "his right," &c.—It is merely a variant mode of expressing seeing love-babies (or one's self imaged) in the other's eyes. This gives the true sense to the 'mine' of l. 4; st. 3, l. 1, "Property was thus appall'd," &c.= great proprietors, or the nobility. I imagine there is an enigmatical hitting at the jealousy of Essex among the nobility of England, in the possibility of marriage between him and Elizabeth. Malone, *in loco*, muddles the matter (*meo judicio*); l. 2—qu.—delete comma after 'together,' and put comma after 'themselves'—making the whole from 'saw' to 'themselves' one clause; l. 4, "simple," &c.= were so well compounded into a simple, *i.e.*, into one. Punctuate comma for period; st. 5—as in *Loves Martyr*, I detect here, and throughout, Shakespeare's feeling, that Elizabeth's and Essex's relations meant infinitely more than 'friendship'; st. 6, l. 1, "Whereupon," &c. 'This funeral song.' So in Kendal's poems, 1577:

"Of verses, *threnes* and epitaphs,  
Full fraught with tears of *teene*."

A book entitled David's *Threanes*, by J. Heywood, was published in 1620. Two years afterwards, it was reprinted under the title of David's *Tears*; the former title probably was discarded as obsolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer (Malone, as before).

„ 184—*Thenos*—st. 2, l. 3, "refl." Punctuate with comma; st. 3, l. 1, punctuate; or : for comma.

On the significance of these Poems by Shakespeare, in relation to Elizabeth and Essex, see our Introduction.

„ 185, l. 9, "Dians tier"—Dian's tyre; l. 3 (from bottom)—read 'all'[,] and delete comma after 'thoughts' in next line. Perhaps comma should also be deleted after 'Woman' in l. 3 (from bottom).

☞ Note, that though in the heading it is out of the 'ashes' of both, the 'wondrous creature' arises, in the poem (l. 17) he only speaks of what arises from 'the Turtle's ashes'—all this natural, for Essex really was dead, but the 'Phoenix,' or Elizabeth, only allegorically so. And so is it throughout, the real peeps through the 'allegorical,' and the 'allegorical' loses itself in the actual.

ll. 23-4, That whilst my labouring thoughts [do] sing with, &c., of this, &c. [nor] God [nor] Man, nor, &c.

- Page 186, l. 2 — qu. — delete comma after 'prefume,' the sense being 'Prefume [to] define,' *rithmi causa*; l. 4 = vouchsafe that my Muse may greet; l. 7, "*slightest*," *i.e.*, [the] slightest [of the perfections] that adorn'd, &c. Query — lightest, *i.e.*, most light, the 's' being caught from 'was?'; l. 10, "*Perfection had no meane*" = was limitless; l. 12, "*instructed*" — which 'even instructed vertue, clothed [inuested]' and therefore substantial; l. 17, remove comma after 'Hyperbolicall'; st. 4, l. 1, "*meane*" = was limitless or had no equal; st. 5, l. 1, "*deck'd and stained*" = decked and adorned, or were lively coloured as an adornment.
- „ 187, st. 1, l. 3, "*Masks*" — verb singular, nominative plural, through intervention of 'that,' as *frequenter*. Punctuate 'Maskes [,] fo choicely sheltred'; st. 2, l. 2, "*wanted*" — used as neuter = were or have been wanting; l. 10, "*penny-showes*," *i.e.*, made-up shows, as at penny shows at a fair. Perfectioni Hymnus, l. 3, "*feature*" = making, or thing made; used also in the following verses by Ben Jonson: Cf. p. 193, l. 22, and p. 194, l. 14; and also, some think, by Touchstone to Audrey in the sense of 'the verses he has made.' Punctuate 'excellence, . . . confin'd.' This excellence, [that is] confined within all that is best; l. 7, "*I*" = Aye; l. 10, "*nomination*" = naming; *ib.*, "*straight*" = narrow; l. 12, "*giue*" — may be = 'giues' delete period and supply comma.
- „ 188, l. 1, punctuate comma after "*Suberbes*"; l. 2, "*Has*" = as, with the unlucky 'H'; the signature "*John Marston*" includes Perfectioni Hymni and preceding poems from p. 183; "*Perifsteros*," &c., l. 4, "*Sights*" = eyes, or mode of view; l. 8 = 'staid Iudgemēts blow Loues fires, but humorous Passions only blow false fires whose Loues, &c., and quench,' &c.; l. 11, "*contend*" — in Latinate sense = aim at or stretch forward to; l. 18, "*alluded*" — another Latinate word = had reference to, with perhaps a sub-reference to 'favoured'; l. 19, "*Excesse*," &c. It would be a little more intelligible if we read Excesse[d]; but all is in Chapman's most forced manner; l. 23, "*Excesse of all things*" = [He that was], &c.; l. 24, "*But*" = except; l. 25,

"change me from" = [her] that is. Specially note the change to 'me,' showing that the Phoenix is not only a living person but a present person. So that albeit *Love's Martyr* necessitated an 'allegorical' death, the 'Phoenix' really was alive while the 'Turtle Doue' was dead. All this has no motif, much less significance, unless Elizabeth were meant. See our Introduction. Last line, "*forme*" seems to be a word in vogue (probably from the philosophy of the day) and = pattern, mould, or ideal thought on which I act. Cf. p. 192, l. 10.

- Page 189, "*Praeludium*." As noticed in our Introduction, Gifford—to put it mildly—prints this most corruptly. He deliberately changes all the we's to I's, and our's to my's; l. 6, "*Let's*"—in Gifford, 'I'l'; st. 5, l. 1, "*Mankind*" = masculine; st. 6, l. 1—construction is, Light Venus go cramp, &c.; l. 2, "*Tribade*"—one may hope he used this word as = artful only. See Latin Dictionary and Martial; st. 7, l. 2, "*old Boy*," i.e., Let Cupid turn to lie, &c., alluding to the custom exemplified by Moth in *Love's Labour Lost*.
- „ 190, st. 1, l. 1, "*cannot*"—'shall not' in Gifford; l. 3, "*Petafus*" = broad-leaved hat or cap; st. 3, l. 3—note the words 'deep eares'; last line, "*taste*" = discover.
- „ 191, l. 8, "*shal*"—'should' in Gifford; l. 20, "*their*"—'the' in Gifford; l. 3 (from bottom) "*gentile*"—Latinate, whence 'genteel' = one of good or honourable family. In Gifford, 'far more gentle, fine.'
- „ 192, l. 22, "*Luxurie*" = lasciviousness or lust; l. 5 (from bottom), "*our selfe*"—in Gifford 'ourselves.'
- „ 193, l. 1, "*or*," in Gifford 'and'; l. 22, "*Feature*" = making. So in 'The Phoenix Analyfde,' st. 2, l. 3. In connection with this word it is to be noted that Shakespeare uses it curiously in verb form, e.g., "a glass that *feated* them" (*Cymbeline*, act i, sc. 1) = featured; 'Defeat thy favour with an usurped beard' (*Othello*, act i. sc. 3) = defeature or disfeature.
- „ 194, l. 5, "*Man may securely sinne. but safely neuer*." Note the distinction between 'securely' and 'safely'; note the spelling 'Iohnfon' always used by 'rare Ben' prior to 1604. *The Phoenix Analyfde*. St. 2, l. 1, "our *Turtles* Augure" = Robert Chester's augury; l. 3, "*Feature*" = making, as before. Ode 'ενθουσιαστική, l. 3, "illustrate"—illustrious in Gifford.

A. B. G.



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The following Publications will be issued for 1878 :

- Series I.** *Transactions.* 5. Part I. for 1877-9 containing Papers by Mr Spedding, Mr Rose, Mr T. Alfred Spalding, &c.
- Series IV.** *Allusion-Books.* 2. *Shakspeare's Centurie of Praise*, the 2nd edition, by C. M. Ingleby, LL.D. and Miss L. Toulmin Smith. (*Presented mainly by Dr Ingleby.*)
- Series VI.** *Shakspeare's England.* 5. Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577, 1587, Part II.; ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., with a Map of Shakspeare's *Roads to London*, a large view of the North of *Cheapside* 22 years after Shakspeare's death (the procession of the Mother of Charles I.'s Queen in 1638), and an Appendix by W. Rendle, Esq., on the Bankside, Southwark, fixing the site of the *Globe Theatre*, now included in Barclay's Brewery.
- Series VIII.** *Miscellanies.* 2. Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*—from which Shakspeare's lines to the 'Phoenix and Turtle' were first published—edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, LL.D. (*Presented partly by the Editor.*)

The following Publications of the *New Shakspeare Society* are in the Press :

- Series II.** *Plays.* *Henry V*: *c.* a revised edition of the Play, by Walter D. Stone, Esq.  
*The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher; *c.* An Introduction, and Glossarial Index of all the words, distinguishing Shakspeare's from Fletcher's, by Harold Littledale, Esq., B.A., Trinity College, Dublin. (*Presented by Richard Johnson, Esq.*)  
*Cymbeline*: *a.* A Reprint of the Folio of 1623; *b.* a revised Edition with Introduction and Notes, by Prof. W. J. Craig, M.A., University College, Aberystwith, Wales.
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7. Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577-87, Part III.; ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A.
- Series VII.** *Mysteries, &c.* *Three 15th-century Mysteries, with a Morality*, from the Digby MS. 133, re-edited from the unique MS. by F. J. Furnivall, M.A.

The following works are in preparation for the Society :—

- Series II.** *Plays.* Reprints and Parallel-Texts of the First Quarto and Folio of *Richard III.*, edited by T. Alfred Spalding, Esq., LL.B. Reprints and Parallel-Texts of the *Contention and True Tragedy*, and 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, edited by Miss Jane Lee. Reprints and Parallel-Texts of the two earliest Quartos of *Midsommer Nights Dream*, by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, M.A.
- Series III.** *Originals and Analogues.* A *Shakspeare Holinshed*: the Chronicle and the Historical Plays compar'd: by Walter D. Stone, Esq.
- Series V.** *Contemporary Drama.* *Edward III.*, *a.* a Reprint of the first Quarto, 1596, with a collation of the 2nd Quarto, 1599; *b.* a revised edition, with Introduction and Notes; *c.* the Sources of the Play, from Froissart, and Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; edited by Walter D. Stone, Esq., and F. J. Furnivall, M.A.
- Series VI.** *Shakspeare's England.* Wills of the Actors and Authors of Elizabeth's and James I's times, edited, with Notes, by Colonel J. Lemuel Chester.

The following works have been suggested for publication :—

- Series II.** *Plays.* 1. Parallel Texts of the imperfect sketches of *b.* Hamlet, and its Quarto *a* (with the Folio and a revised Text); *c.* Merry Wives of Windsor, and Folio *r*.
2. Parallel Texts of the following Quarto Plays and their versions in the First Folio, with collations: 2 *Henry IV.*, Q1; *Troilus and Cressida*, Q1; *Lear*, Q1: to show the relations of the Folio text to that of the previous editions. Of *Othello*, four Texts, Q1, Q2, F1, and a revised Text.
3. Parallel Texts of the two earliest Quartos of the *Merchant of Venice*.
4. The First Quartos of *Much Ado about Nothing*; *Loues Labour's Lost*; *Richard II.*; *1 Henry IV.*; from which the copies in the Folio were printed.  
Reprints in Quarto of the remaining Folio Plays, with collations.
- Series V.** *The Contemporary Drama.* Works suggested by the late Mr Richard Simpson (see *The Academy*, Jan. 31, 1874, p. 120-1):—
- a.* The Works of Robert Greene, Thomas Nash (with a selection from Gabriel Harvey's), Thomas Lodge, and Henry Chettle.
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- d.* Dr Wm. Gager's *Meleager*, a tragedy, printed Oct. 1592, with the correspondence relating to it (Univ. Coll. Oxf. MS. J. 18; and at Corpus), &c.

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