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English Reprints.

BARNABE GOOGE.

Eglogs, Epitaphes, & Sonettes.

1563.

THREE COPIES ONLY AT PRESENT KNOWN.

FROM THE COPY IN THE POSSESSION OF HENRY HUTH, ESQRE.

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,

Associate, King's College, London, A.K.C., F.R.G.S., &c.



LONDON:

5 QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

Ent. Stat. Hall.]

1 December 1871.

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By Barnabe Googe.

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NOTES of the LIFE and WRITINGS

of

BARNABE GOOGE.

His furname is also variously spelt *Goche, Goghe, Gouche, &c.*

There was printed at Venice an undated Latin satirical poem in twelve books named after the signs of the Zodiac. *Zodiacus* [? 1535—1539] *Vitæ pulcherrimmo opus atque utilissimum, Marcelli Palingenii stellati Poetæ ad illustrissimum Ferrariæ Ducem Hercules secundem feliciter incipit.* The dedication to Hercules II. d'Este, who was Duke of Ferrara between 1 Nov. 1534—3 Oct. 1559, fixes the date of the impression, to which Thomas Scauranus prefaced a few verses. Marcellus Palingenius is believed to be an anagram for Pietro Angelo Manzolli, an Italian, respecting whose life very little is known. We have printed Googe's own account of him at p. 13. Despite its being put on the Index by the Council of Trent; more than twenty editions of this celebrated Invective have been published in Latin and other languages: including two Latin editions at Basle in 1552 and 1557, which Googe may have used in his translation and another at London in 1579.

1553. FEB. 20. Thomas Kirchmeyer or Naogeorgus [*b.* 1511—*d.* 29 Dec. 1563] was the author of another anti-Papist invective in verse, entitled *Regni Papistici*, the preface of which is dated 20 Feb., and the imprint June 1553.

JUNE.

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth succeeds to the throne.

1559. SEPT. A second edition of *Regni Papistici* is published at Basle.
 NOV. 24. The date of Gasper Heywood's poetical preface to his translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, the printing of which was finished on 25 March 1560. In this preface, he supposes himself to meet Seneca, while in a dream, whom he thus addresses. [The allusions are important as showing the rage for translating then prevailing; and also as virtually announcing Googe's translation, no portion of which had as yet appeared.]

*A labour long (quoth I) it is that riper age doothe craue
 And who shall trauaile in thy bookes, more iudgement ought to haue
 Then I: whose greener yeares therby no thanks may hope to wyne.
 Thou seest dame Nature yet hath sette no heares vppon my chynne
 Craue this therefore of grauer age, and men of greater skill
 Full many be that better can, and some perhappes that will.
 But yf thy will be rather bent a yong mans witt to proue,
 And thinkst that elder lerned men perhaps it shall behoue,
 In woorks of waight to spende theyr tyme, goe where Mineruaes men,
 And finest witts doe swarme: whome she hath taught to passe with pen,
 In Lyncolnes Inne and Temples twayne, Grayes Inne and other mo,
 I hou shalt them fynde whose paynfull pen thy verse shall flourishe so,
 That Melpomen thou wouldst well weene had taught them for to wright,
 And all their woorks with stately style, and goodly grace t'endite,
 There shalt thou see the selfe same Northe, whose woorke his witte displayes,
 And Dyall dothe of Princes paynte, and preache abroad his prayse.
 There Sackuyldes Sonetts sweetely sauste, and featly fyned bee,
 There Norton's ditties do delight, there Yeluertons doo flee
 Well perwde with pen: suche yong men three, as weene thou mightest agayne,
 To be begotte as Pallas was, of mightie Ioue his brayne.
 Then heare thou shalt a great reporte of Baldwyns worthie name
 Whose Myrrour doth of Magistrates, proclayme eteruall fame.
 And there the gentle Blunduille is by name and eke by kynde,*

6 NOTES OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF B. GOOGE.

*Of whome we learne by Plutarches lore, what frute by Foes to fynde,
There Bauande bydes, that turnde his toyle a Common welthe to frame,
And greater grace in Englyshe genes, to woorthy authors name,
There Googe a gratefull gaynes hath gotte, reporte that runneth ryse
Who crooked Compasse dothe describe, and Zodiake of lyse.
And yet great nombre more, whose names yf I shoulde now resight,
A ten tymes greater woorke then thine, I should be forste to wright.*

BARNABY GOOGE, son of Robert Googe, esq. recorder of Lincoln, by Margaret his wife, daughter of Sir John Mantell, was born in or about 1540, at Alvingham, Lincolnshire. He was some time a member of Christ's College in this university, but does not appear to have graduated here. He was also of New College, Oxford. Upon leaving college, he travelled through France to Spain. . . . By his wife he had issue Matthew; Thomas; Robert, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; Barnaby, master of Magdalen College, Cambridge; Francis; William; Anne; Mary. *Cooper. Athen. Cantab.* ii. 39. *Ed.* 1858.

1559. The first of the translations of Seneca; *Troas*, by T. Heywood, published.

1560. APR. OR MAY. There is the following entry in the Stationer's Registers "Recevyd of Raufe newbery, for his lycense for printing of a boke called pallengenius, and he geveth to the howse . . . iij^d" J. P. Collier. *Extracts. &c.* i. 26. *Ed.* 1848.

This was *The First thre Bokes of the most Christian poet Marcellus Palingenius called THE ZODIAKE OF LIFE Newly translated out of Latin into Englysh.* This edition, which we have been unable to see, Mr. Collier states, in *Bibliographical Catalogue*, "This is one of the rarest poetical works in our language: we never had an opportunity of seeing more than the exemplar before us, and our belief is that only one other copy is in existence." ii. 88. *Ed.* 1865. Mr. Collier also states that it is dedicated to his grandmother lady Hales, and also to William Cromer, Thomas Honeywood and Ralph Heimund Esquires. Herbert states that he styles this piece, 'the first frutes of his study.' p. 767. It likewise contains the following initial poems [which we here print from the next edition of 1561]:

The Preface.

When as syr Phebe with backward course, the horned gote had caught,
And had the place from whence he turnes his lofty face out sought:
Amid the entraunce of the grades of Capricorne he stode,
And distant far from him away was Marce with fiery mode,
He lacked th[e]aspect of mighty Ioue and Venus pleasaunt loke
with beames he could not broile from hie for heat his Globe forsoke.
Old Saturne then aloft did lie, with lusty rineled face:
And with a backward course he ranne from out the twinnes apace,
And towards the Bull he gan to driue intending there to rest,
His coked crabbed cankerd limmes in louely Venus nest.
With frosen face about he loked and vile deformed hewe,
And downe the boysterous Boreas sent in euery coste that blewe,
Who spoylde the pleasant trees of leafe, byrest the ground of grene,
That life in springing springs or plants might no where now be sene:
The liuely sappe forsoke the bowgh and depe the rote it held
And spoyling frutes the flakey snowes on tender bowes they dweld.
When down amongst my bokes I sate and close I crouched for cold,
Fayre Ladies nyne with stately steps alofe I might behold,
In mantels gyrt of comely grace, and bokes in hand they bare,
With Laurell leafe theyr heades were crownd, a sight to me but rare.
I saw them come and vp I rose, as dewty moued to meete
These learned Nymphes, and down I fall before theyr comely feete.
With rosey lippes and shining face and Melpomen her name,
This lady fyrst began to speake, and thus her wordes to frame.
Stand vp yong man, quoth she, dispatch, and take thy pen in hand,
Wryte thou the ciuil warres and broyle in auncient Latines land.

*Reduce to English sence she said, the lofty Lucanes verse
 The cruel chaunce and dolfull end of Cesars state rehearse.
 Maddam (quoth Vraney) with that, in this you do me wrong
 To moue my man to serue your turne that hath profesd of long,
 And vowed his yeares with me to serue in secreat motions hie,
 To beat his brain in searching forth the rowlinges of the sky.
 Nay rather take in hand quod she, (and on me ful she lokes)
 With English rime to bring to light Aratus worthy bokes.
 Describe the whirling spheares aboue and mouinges euery one,
 How forced about from East to West from West to East they gone:
 Aratus verse wil shew the plain how Circles al they run
 How glides ye course thorow coked line of Phebe the shining sun.
 Whereas the fixed Poles do stay, and where the snake doth crepe,
 In heauens hie among the North where beares theyr course do kepe
 By this (quoth she) thou shalt receiue immortal fame at last,
 Much more then if thou shouldst declare those bloudy bankets past.
 These wordes declard wyth pleasaunt voyce, this Lady held her peace,
 And forth before them all I saw the loueliest Lady prease:
 Of stature tal, and Venus face, she semde me thought to haue
 And Calliope she called was with verse that wrytes so graue,
 Sisters quod she and Ladies all of Ioue his mighty line,
 To whom no art doth lie vnknowne that heare we may define:
 Chiefe patrons of the Poets pore, and aiders of their verse,
 Without whose help their simple heds would nothyng well rehearse,
 I am become a suter here to you my Ladies all,
 For him that heare before you standes as vnto learning thrall,
 A Poet late I had whose pen, did tread the crabbed wayes,
 Of vertuous life, declaring how that men shoulde spend theyr daies.
 In Romish lande he liued longe, and Palingen his name
 It was. Whereby he got himselfe an euerlasting fame
 Of them that learned be. But of the meane and ruder sorte
 He liues vnknowne and lackes therby his iuste and right reporte.
 Wherefore my sute is to you all graunte me this wyght a while,
 That standeth heare that he may turne my Poetes stately style,
 To Vulgar speche in natiue tounge: that all may vnderstande.
 To this they all agreed and sayed, take thou that worcke in hande.
 Amased then I answered thus good ladies al (quoth I)
 Whose Clientes same, for euer flies and name can neuer dye
 Returne your sentence late pronounced call back your wordes agayne,
 And let not me take that in hande that I can not attayne.
 In Englande here a hundred heddes more able nowe therebe,
 Thys same to doe: then chose the beste and let the worste go free.
 Best you doe so then that my verse receaue immortall shame,
 When I shall paye the price of paynes with hasarde of my name.
 With this they all began to frowne and wholly with on[e] voice.
 Take thou this same in hande thei crie, thou hast none other choyse.
 And fast away from me thei sling, as halfe in angry moode
 Thei lefte me thus in wofull case: whereas a while I stooode,
 And mused what I best might do, at last my pen I tooke
 Commaunded thus to English heare, this famous Poets booke.
 Now since that I haue thus begunne, you (learned) I requyre:
 With your dispraise or great dysdaine quenche not this kyndled fyre:
 But geue me rather cause to ende, this worke so late begonne,
 So shall I thinke and well bestowde my paynes when all is done.*

¶ The booke to the reader.

WHo sekes to shun ye shattring sails of mighty Momus mast,
 Must not attempt ye sugred seas, where muses ancour cast.
 For Momus there doth ryde at stote, with scornefull tonges yfraght:
 With cancred cracks of wrathfull words he keeps the passage strayght.
 That none without disdaine may passe where muses nauic lies,
 But straight on them with ireful mode the scornful God he flies.

*Since none may scape, I am not he, that can my self assure :
Through surging seas of deepe disdain my passage to procure.
But am content for to receiue reproche at Momus hand :
Syth none there is, that may the nose of Rhynocere withstand.
The learned wyttes I heare requyre with rigour not to iudge
The common sort I nought esteeme vnskilful though they grudge.
Nor few of them can hold theyr peace but finde them selues a doe,
In vewing workes as he that sought, to mende Appelles shoe.
Both sortes I wish if that they would contented to remaine,
And beare the weaknes of my wit and not therat disdaine.*

1561. In this year there appeared the second edition of Googe's translation of the *Zodiacus Vitæ*, containing the first six books, see *p.* 90. and also the following poem, which Mr. Collier states is not in the first edition.

I F Chaucer nowe shoulde liue, whose eloquence deuine,
Hath paste ye poets al that came of auncient Brutus lyne,
If Homere here might dwell, whose praise the Grekes resounde
If Vergile might his yeares renewe, if Ouide myght be founde :
All these myght well be sure theyr matches here to fynde.
So much dothe England florishe now with men of Muses kynde.
Synce these might find their mates, what shame shall this my ryme
Receaeue, that thus I publishe here in such a perlous tyme ?
A Poet ones there lyued, and Cherill was hys name :
Who thought of Alexanders actes to make immortal fame.
Bredde vp in Pegase house, of Poetes aunciente bloude :
A thousande verses yll he made, and none but seuen good.
Sythe Homer, Virgile, and the rest maye here theyr matches see :
Lett Cherill not thereat disdayne, he shall be matched with me.
For eche good verse he dyd receyue a peece of golde (I trowe)
For eche yll verse the kynge did bydde his eare shoulde fele a blowe.
Though I presume with him as mate coequall to remaine :
Yet seake I not herein to be copartner of his gayne.

FINIS.

The above three poems are omitted in all subsequent editions.

The Epitaph on Phaer was probably written before Googe went abroad.

* WINTER. It is apparent from the allusions on *p.* 29, that Googe went towards Spain about this time, leaving these *Eglogs, &c.* in the hands of his friend Blundeston.

1562. PENTECOST [MAY 17 &c.] Blundeston writes his poetical preface.— See *pp.* 28-30.

MAY 27. He writes his prose preface at *pp.* 26, 27, and leaves all with the printer.

1562-3? WINTER. Googe reaches home from Spain, while Blundeston is away from London. *p.* 25; on whose return, he is astonished to learn that his poems are in the printers' hands, and the paper provided for the impression. Yielding at length to his friend's persuasion he suffers them to appear: finishing *Cupido's conquered* as he states at *p.*

1563. MAR. 15. 25. The printing is therefore finished on 15 March 1563, as stated on the Title at *p.* 19, and Colophon at *p.* 128.

APR. 28. A. Neville's translation of Seneca's *Ædipus*, is finished by T. Colwell, who also printed these *Eglogs, &c.*

We now come to the story of Googe's love, troublous courtship and marriage. There are traces at *pp.* 87, 99 of an earlier and unrequited attachment to Mistress A., previous to his voyage to Spain, but it is his winning of Mary Darrell with which we have now to do. Some preliminary facts must be first touched upon.

What had occurred prior we are unable to say. Only one short poem to Maystresse D[arrell] occurs in this collection (*i.e.* before March 1563): and that is marked by the most delicate respectfulness: but the strange struggle of the two Kentish families with Cecil and Archbishop Parker came about

in this way. John Lennard, Esq. [*b.* 1509—*d.* 12. Mar. 1590. æt. 81] of Chevening, (N.E. of Tunbridge Wells), was a rich prosperous man of 54 years of age, Prothonotary of the Common Pleas, and possessed of many lands and manors in four other counties besides Kent. [Hasted's *Kent.* 359-360. *Ed.* 1778.] His eldest of two sons, Sampson Lennard [*b.* 1545—*d.* 20 Sept. 1615] aged 18, was head over ears in love with Mary Darrell. Now the Darrell family, originally from Yorkshire, lived at Scotney, a manor house in Lamberhurst parish, which is the southernmost parish of that county and adjoins Sussex. They were of lesser note and wealth than the Lennards. Thomas Darrell had married twice. By his first wife, he had a daughter: by his second, Mary Roydon, daughter of — Roydon Esq^{re} of East Peckham, he had one son, Henry: and four daughters, Mary, Googe's sweetheart; Eleanor; Frances; and Margaret. [Hasted's *Kent.* ii. 380. *Ed.* 1782]

Googe had been a long time a visitor at Scotney, certainly before the publication of this work, as the poem above referred to witnesses: but he does not seem to have betrothed himself till the summer of this year. The curious correspondence on this subject opens first with the two following letters from Sir William Cecil, the drafts of which corrected by him, are in the State Paper Office.

1563. OCT. 1. *Mem. of my Master's letters to Mr Lennard for Bar. Googe.*

Mr Lennard I haue ben certifyed by Googe who being my servant is also my kinsman that whereas there hath of late passed an agreement between him and the daughter of Mr Thomas Darrell in Kent as concerning marriage having her friends consent herein as I understand by her fathers letters written vnto him which I have read and being thoroughly at a poynt for all things between them He hath of late by your means been hindered to his great grief as also against all due order of well using whereby he hath declared vnto me that minding to do vnto him so great an iniury your opinion is that he is vtterly destitute of friends and that I make no other account of him but as of one of my men. Whereas I esteeme him as my near kinsman and so he shalbe sure to find me in any reasonable case Wherefore I pray you herrin to vse him no otherwise than one whom I well esteem. I haue seen the letters that haue passed between her father and him as also her own letters whereby the matter is made clear vnto me that she hath fully assured herself vnto him."

Knowing what we do of Sir William Cecil's soundness of judgment: the circumstances must have been very strong in favour of Googe before he could have thus written: and as also in the following letter to Mr Darrell.

"After my very hearty commendations. Where as I understand that Googe my servant hath been a sutor to your daughter moved chiefly as I take it by the virtuous report of her and the friendly entertainment that he found at your hands, as both by his information and certain your letters written to him I understand since he hath so far provided that there hath assurance passed between them evidently to be proved by his allegation and her own letters. These shall be to require you not to go about to break the bond so perfectly knit between them, whereof you have been so long a favorer. Considering that you knew as well his estate for living at the first as at any time since and although his living be not great ye shall not need to fear that he lacketh friends and wellwishers. Being both my kinsman and my servant. Thus I require you to show him such friendship as you have done before as you would require any frendship at my hands. I haue thought to haue written to my Lord of Canterbury to have made an end of the matter but I trust my letters to you in this case shall be sufficient."

Mr Lennard's own reply to the Secretary of State's request, is now *Lansdowne MS.* 7. p. 79-83.

1563. Nov. 10. My duety done vnto your honor. Your lettre directed to me touching master Googe was delyvered a moneth after the date thereof to a boye of my howse by a ploughe boy. The cause not yours but master Googes. I hasted the lesse to sende the answer for lacke of his messenger: The matter not worth my sending saving to

satisfie you The effect of your lettre is that master Googe hath enformed you that he is hindred by my meanes concerning his mariage with master Darrell his daughter and that my opinion is that he is destitute of frendes and that you accompte not of him but as of one of your men. Ye write further that the matter is made plaine to you by the maides lettres and her fathers which you haue sene and redde that she hath assured her selfe to master Googe: and in asmuche as it hath pleased you so to put the one side, it occasioneth me to offer to you th[e]other to that ende which els I woulde not for the tedyousnes thereof, which may not be shortened.

I praie you doubt not that I haue good will to pleasure any man of yours muche more your honest kyndesman. There is cause why I shoulde, you being my good Master. But for this marrage I myght and must haue done with honesty as I did, with reuerence I speake it, though it had touched your sonne or the best subiecte in this Realme.

I knowe not master Googe who as he hath sclaundered me to you for your accompting of him being hidden to me, so vntruely and scornefully he as one that seemeth to haue a whotte hedde and a sicke braine wrote to me this somer past that by the extreme highte of my promysed mountaines master Darrell had altered his mynde from him and for riches sake ment to matche his daughter with my sonne and that frendes of the best which shoulde be able to beare strooke with the best of his aduersaries shoulde do and write in the cause. He hath also mysused me in an other lettre the copy is here inclosed. They that knowe him and my sonne thyncke aswell or better of my sonne as of him to all respectes. And there were not cause why I would wyshe my son buried. Mountaynes be lyke I promysed none, for master Darrell will confesse that he and his wyfe before master Googes sute, were earnest suters to me and that their daughter was as forwarde in desire as woman hedde would geue leue to matche my sonne: and that I never commended but still disabled my sonne to them all thre and they all thre as fast habiled and commended my sonne.

Master Darrell telleth me that vppon your lettre sent to him for master Googe he wrote to you that his promyse his wifes and daughters were past them to me for my sonne before master Googes sute and that the talke which he had with master Googe thereof happened by his mystaking of a lettre of myne. He wrote truely to you therein which clereth me.

I had diuers talkes with the maide for my sonne in his absence and yet no mo then she was glad of and then delyvered me by her parents. And hereto I call god to witness that not withstanding my obieccions (as of purpose to trye her I moued many to longe to be recyted here) that myght haue stayed her from matching with my sonne; so farre was she from a nay that she neuer offred any delay to be my sonnes wif but was most desirous of it in worde and gesture: so that at our last talke, hearynge her mylde and loving answers will full consent to haue my sonne who I know loved her entierly and therefore I hauing good lyking in me that he shoulde be her husband, nature wrought in me for her to lay my ryght hande on her brest and to speake thus in effecte *then I see that with gods helpe the frute that shall come of this body shall possesse all that I haue, and therevpon I will kyss you.* And so in dede I kyssed her. I gaue her after this, silke for a gowne (she neuer wore none so good), and she in token of her good will gave my sonne a handkercher and in affirmance of this her father wrote a letter to me by her consent he saith and that he redde the lettre to her, the copy is here inclosed that declareth her full consent to be my sonnes wife.

Master Darrell dwelleth from me nere xx myles a way that I never vsed but for this purpose and then in somer and at my comyng thither at Bartholomewetide last I tolde the parents and maide that I hearde say she shoulde haue a husband wherat I merveiled considering the talke that had past betweene vs. They all thre answered me and others for me very often that it was not so and that master Googe was but a suter To prove that to be true the parents sent me afterward a copy herinclosed of the maides lettre sent to master Googe of late wherein she termeth him to be but a suter and prayeth him to leue his sute and the parents still say that he hath

no holde of her except that by secrete intyement ageinst their wills he hath caught some worde of her, a thyng eodious to god and not to be favoured by man.

Now if the talke that she had with me had beene to my sonne it had ben a full contracte but my sonne being absent it is not soo. Yet is it suche matter as therevpon he myght the rather be a suter as master Googe is for it is no rare thyng for one woman to haue dyuers suters at ones.

Thus haue I made you a true discourse of all my doings, which I trust you in whose iudgement I durst put all my lande, lyving, and lyfe can not iudge to be ageine any due order of well vsing thoughte by master Googes false informacion ye write in your lettre to me to be ageinst all due order of well vsing.

I shoulde be no geyner by this my sonnes matching but should haue forgone a M marks with matching in as good a stocke in the countrey where I dwell, and sithens suche encumbrance is wrought as I perceyue there ys on the maides part who as I here wavereth in this case I and my sonne may with honestie geue vp our sute therein for I were to madde to matche my eldest sonne where any entangling is and no stedfastnes at all I pray you thyncke not that I woulde so do as surely I wold not for any treasure in this worlde And so I knytte vpp that thoughte she woulde my sonne surely he will not haue her and I say that he shall not haue her.

Master Googe by fyrst talke with me vppon good cause showed might haue staied my sonnes sute soner then by sawsy lettres some sent by ruffians Yf I sought to marry a beggers daughter I wolde therein offer her father no despite. Master Darrell sayeth that master Googe vseth him so evell seking aide at his ennemyes hande in the countrey about him and hath faced him that he wolde tell the Quene of him and that a seriaunt at armes shoulde fetche his daughter from him and that you shoulde fetche her within a month with a number of other straunge dealings which haue troubled the gentleman muche.

And so I leave to trouble you Wishinge you increase of honor At Chevening the xth of November 1563.

Your seruaunt assuredly to command I. Lennard.

ENDORSED.—*To the right honourable and his very good Master Sir William Cecil knyght chefe Secretary to the Quenes maiestie.*

Lansdowne MSS. 7. p. 79-83.

The three enclosures of Mr. Lennard's letter are as follows:—

ENCLOSURE A. *The effect of one of master darrells letters sent to master Lennard, which as master Darrell yet sayethe he wrate by his daughters consent. And dyd read yt to her and so sent yt to master Lennard.*

After my ryght hartly commendations etc. presumynge of youre good wyll and goodnes towardes my daughter mary: althoughe that before yat I moued ye mariage, betwene youre sonne and her I knewe ryght well yat it was my daughters goodwyll and desire to haue it to come to passe: and so moued it by her consent and desire. Yet accordinge to youre godly admonition in youre letter, I haue agayne fully trauayled with her therein: and fynde her moste wylling and desirouse to matche with youre sonne, so yat she is truly master Sampsonnes: who shalbe sure to haue of her a louynge and obedient wife, and you and mastres Lennarde an obedient daughter. And although nature myghte moue my tonge and penne, to say and write muche in fauour of my daughter, yet as god shall iudge me in this case, if I knewe any spotte in her I would expresse it to you: she is truly gods seruaunt, and I trust yat he wyll so preserue her. &c. &c.

Your louynge friend T. Darrell.

ENDORSED.—*A copy of ye effect of one of master Darrelles letters, sent to master Lennard.*

ENCLOSURE B.—*A copy of Marye Darelles letter sent to master Goge.*

After my hartly commendations gentle master Googe where you haue binne and yet do continue a Sutor to me in ye waye of maryage whereunto nether presentlye I haue nor I am well assured shall haue, ye good wyll or consent of father nor mother to whome I am both by ye lawe of god and nature bound

to geue honoure and obedyence, and in no wyse wyllyngly to greue or offend them. And do well consider yat my chefe obediencie and dutye towards them, is to be bestowed in maryage by there consentes, and to there good contentation Assurynge my selfe in meditation and thinkynge hereof. hereof yat beyng there obedient chyldre and to them most bounden in disobayenge them therein, I shall not only be depriued from yat blessinge, which god hath promised to suche as truly honor there parentes, but allso shalbe assured to fynde and haue ye like disobedience of my chyldren: yf euer god shall geue me any: which by godes grace I wyll eschue. Wherefore I hartely beseche you ientle master Googe, if euer any true loue or goodwyll you haue borne towarde me, cease and leave of from all further sute or meanes to me in this matter, lettynge you to wete yat knowynge my parentes myndes to ye contrarye hereof, I wyll in no wyse match with you in any case. And thus wisshynge to you, in other place to matche accordynge to your own hartes desire, and to youre farre greter aduancemente, I bid you farewell. From my fathers house at Scotney this thursday the. xxth of octobre. Marye Darell.

ENDORSED.—*A copy of marye Darrells but sent to master Goge, verye latelye.*

ENCLOSURE C.

Ryght worshipfull and my louynge frindes I haue receaued youre letters wherein you write yat you perfectly understand ye hole state of ye case yat hath passed betwene master lennard and youre cosinne mary before my acquayntaunce with her, even so haue I binne certyfyed of a pretye laffynge toy as touchynge a precontracte declarynge at full ye sharp inuencyon of master lennards graue hedde, whereat if old Democritus were now alyue, I would thynke yat he should haue iuster cause ta laffe then at his contrymens folly. Ye seame to wyll a meatynge to be had betwene vs, whereunto I with all my hart consent, althoughe a number consydering my case would not doe, consyderynge the martiall furniture yat hath benne prepared ageynst me, and ye Italyon inuentyons yat haue binne menaced towards me, which when ye counsell shal vnderstande, I trust they will not altogether commend. For all this, takynge you to be my verye fryndes, I reioyse to meate you, neither if my aduersaryes should be in commission, would I feare to see them. Of one thyng I must craue pardonne, for not beyng able to meate you on sundaye because I haue sent my manne to ye courte, who wyll retorne on munday as I trust, but whether he do or not, I wyll with godes leaue wayte vpon you at yat daye in hast from Dongeon [or Done gone, a manor house close to Canterbury, at this time the residence of his grandmother Margaret, now a widow of her *third* husband, Sir James Hales, who died in 1558], the xvth of octobre. Your louynge frynd Barnabe Goge.

ENDORSED.—*A copy of a scornefull letter written by master Goge, to master George Darrell and master Edward Darrell.*

From all this it is clear that the Darrell parents were basely striving their very utmost to make their daughter Mary give up her true love and to match for money. Here was the girl in grief and dismay withstanding the alternate solicitations and threats of her own parents and the attempted hold on her of John Lennard. The matter did not, however, stop with his correspondence. It went before Archbishop Parker, who refers to it in the following letter to Cecil, dated 'thys Saturdaye at night beyng the xxth of Nouembre.'

1563. Nov. 19. "Yt may please your honor to vnderstand that I haue grete cause most humblye to gyue the Queens Maiesty thanks, for the fauor showed toward my request for the preferment of my chaplen and so like wise I hartely thanke your instancye therein as by your letters I vnderstand. Wherein ye wryght for your cosyn and seruaunt Barnaby Goge to haue his matter heard accordynge to Lawe and equitye) which matter as yesterdaye I haue examined a[d]visedly, having not only the yong Gentlewoman before me to vnderstand of her self the state of the cause, who remayneth fyrme and stable to

stood to that contract which she hath made, as also her father and mother: whom I find, the most earnest parents against the bargain as I could see.

In fyne I haue sequestered her out of both their handes into the custodie of one Mr. *Tufton* a right honest gentleman. vntyl, the precontract, which is by hir parents alleged for one Leonards son, a protonotary be induced But this maye giue occasion to bryng it in to the Arches to spend moneye how be yt I meane to dull that expectation and to go *plane et summarie* to worke, to spare expences, which Mr Leonard and the wilful parents wuld fayne incur to wery the yong Gentleman, paraventure not superfluously monyed so to sayle the seas with them." *Lands. MS. 6. p. 130.*

It is thoroughly satisfactory to find that the parental combination broke down, and that at last, though in 1564 or 1565, two such constant lovers became man and wife.

1565. JAN. Googe's final and complete translation of Manzolli's poem appeared. From the *Epistle Dedicatorie* to Sir W. Cecil, we extract the following:—

"The fauorable accepting of my simple trauayles lately dedicated vnto your honor, hath so much boldened and thorowelye encouraged me, that mawgre the despite of most reprochfull tongs, I haue not feared to finish the course of my long pretended race: with no lesse profite as I trust, vnto a number, than paynefull trauayle vnto my selfe. Wherein if I had knowen at the firste, as much as since I haue perfectly vnderstode, neyther had I as then taken vpon me so great an enterprise, nor since so rudely finished, the translation of so eloquent a Poet. For when I fyrste began to employ some part of my leysure aboute it, making dilligente inquirie, I could learne of no man that euer had attempted to english the same. So that perceyuing my labour to be no hindraunce to any other mans prayse, and lamenting to see so Christian a writer to lie hyd and vnknownen to the ignoraunt sorte, I thought I should not do amisse, if al that in me lay I bestowed, in the albeit simple and slender, yet faythfull and true translation, of so vertuous a worke. But since I haue certaynely vnderstoode, that when I firste began to fall in hand wythall, three bookes thereof were both eloquently and excellently englished, by Master Smith, clark vnto the most honorable of the Queenes Maiesties counsell. Whose doings, as in other matters I haue wyth admiration behelde, so in thys I am well assured I should with an amased minde haue seene: I would that eyther I had latelier begonne it, or else that he had fallen in hand sooner with it, whereby my grosse and homely style might haue bene no hindrance to the fruites of so pure a penne. But since it was my fortune, so blindely to venture vpon it, I truste my trauayle shall neuer the more be enuid. I could not (when I had long debated ye matter with my selfe) finde out a Poet more meete for the teaching of a Christian life (an ^{any} state in these oure dayes most miserably decayed) than this no lesse learned man famous Italion: *Marcellus Pallingenius*, a man of such excellent learning and Godly life, that neither ye vnquietnesse of his time (Italie in those dayes raging wyth most cruell and bloody warres), ne yet the furious tyranny of the Antichristian Prelate (vnder whose ambitious and Tirannicall gouernaunce he continually liued) coulede once amase the *Muse*, or hinder the zealous and vertuous spirit of so Christian a Souldiour. I haue many times much mused wyth my self, howe (liuing in so daungerous a place) he durst take vpon him so boldely to controll the corrupte and vnchristian lives of the whole Colledge of contemptuous Cardinals, the vngracious ouerseeings of bloudthyrsty Bishops, the Panchplying practises of pelting Priours, the manifold madnesse of mischeuous Monkes, wyth the filthy faterntie of flattering Friers. Which surely he durst neuer haue done, but onely that he was heartened wyth a happy and heauenly spirite. Which notable audacitie of his was wonderfully reuenged by the malicious hands of such as felt themselues fretted with his spiritual corsey. For when they had no power to execute their tyrannie vpon his innocent body in time of his life, their mischeuous malice was no whit ashamed to consume with fyre the blamelesse bones of so vertuous a man: yea and that a great while after his death. Besides the reprouing of the leud liues of the Clergie, he boldly inueyed agaynst

14 NOTES OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF B. GOOGE.

the gracelesse gouernance of proud pompous Princes, ye licencious liuing of the riottous nobilitie, the couetous catchings of greedy Lawyers, the vngodly gaynes of foolish Physitians, and the corrupted consciences of deceytfull Artificers: affirming playnly, that if they did not better beautify their christian names with a more christian life, of so many thousands as haue in vaine receiued that most holy sacrament of sacred Baptisme, there should scarce three aspire vnto the enheritance of Heauenly ioyes. What doth your honor suppose this man would haue written? Vnto how great a volume doe you thinke his works would haue amounted, if so that GOD had appoynted him to florish at this present time in England, wheras pitifully raigneth such monstrous and horrible pride, such cancred and spiteful malice, such false and fayned friendships, such lack of loue and charity, such professing of God in words, and denying him in works, as doubtlesse is not to be found among the faythlesse Turks, miscreant Sarazens, or superstitious lewes? . . .

I would therefore wish that we should not to much presume of the securitie obtayned by a Christian name, but that we should wyth our endeuour apply our selues to shew such fruits as duetie requireth in the followers of Christe. Whereby we shoulde not onely preuayle agaynst our enemies, and stoppe the mouths of our slaunderous aduersaries, but also enjoy a blessed and happy tranquility in this worlde, and be assured to obtayne the promised pleasures in the worlde to come. For the teachinge whereof, I know no man that hath so much trauayled and perfectly profyted, as hath this Poet, which here present vnto your honor.

1570. Googe's translation of Kirchmeyer's poem appears dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, under the title of *The Popish Kingdome or reigne of Antichrist*.

1572. OCT. 18. Dame Hales, Googe's maternal grandmother dies.

There are no less than twenty autograph letters of Googe between these years in the State Paper Office calendered under S. P. Domestic. *Ireland*. Googe—who held the patent of Provost Marshal to the Court of Connaught—was sent over by Lord Burleigh to watch Irish affairs. Most of these letters will be found in the life of Googe contributed by Mr. Pinkerton to *Notes and Queries*. 3rd S. iii.

1576. He published a revised text of his translation of the *Zodiacus vite*.

1577. He published a translation from the Latin of the *Four Bokes of Husbandrie* of Conrad Heresbachius. The preface is dated Kingston [upon Hull?] January 1577.

1578. A second edition of this book appeared.

1579. He supplied a prose address to B. Rich's *Allarme in England*.

1579. He published a translation from the Spanish of *The Proverbes* of Inez Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana.

1586. A third edition of his revision of Heresbachius appears.

1588. A second edition of his revised text of his translation of Palingenius appeared.

T. Warton, *Hist. of E. P.* states on authority of the Coxeter MSS. that Googe also translated Aristotle's *Categories*.

I am indebted to Mr. C. Bridger, Hon. Member of the Soc. of Ant. of Newcastle, for the following information respecting Googe's death.

1594. FEB. Barnabee Goche of Alvingham, co. Lincoln. Esq. Inq. post. mort. taken at Lowth 6 Oct. 36. Eliz: died circa 7 Feb. 36. Eliz: Matthew Goche his son and heir then 28 years old.

FEB. 16. Barnabas Goche of Alvingham, co. Lincoln. Administration granted to Mary Goche his relict. *Perog. Ct. of Cant.*

INTRODUCTION.

THe continuity of the Art of Poesy in this country has been unbroken from the time of Chaucer to our own day. Not that great or even considerable Poets have overlapped one another in a continuous succession: but there have never wanted those who, according to the gift that was in them, have perpetually represented by their Song, beauty of expression, refinement of ideas, ethereality of fancy, vigour of satire, or the passion and merriment of human life. During no portion of this time has England been wholly destitute of true Poetry, or barren of real 'makers.'

2. In comparison with the literary splendour and glory that crowned the last days of Elizabeth, the early years of her reign might seem poor and stunted in mind. But it is only with *such* a comparison; one which also dwarfs not only earlier but later ages. Actually, the first two decades of this reign are a general advance in this branch of literature on the two previous reigns, and more especially exhibit a sharp rebound from the oppressiveness of the government of Philip and Mary.

Therefore, just as we delight to search out the fountain head, and to trace the early streamlets of a mighty river which, in its full strength, may carry on its bosom world of wealth for the use and pleasure of man; so it behoves us closely to scan these first buddings of a free literature in the genial spring-tide of the new Queen's reign; now that the furious storms of religious and intellectual oppression had passed away: and so to trace out the works of that race of writers who were the heralds, the forerunners, the teachers of Spenser,

Shakespeare, and Johnson, and their glorious phalanx of contemporary poets.

We have said 'general' advance, because Tottel's *Miscellany* of 1557 is, in its varied excellence, the substantive beginning of modern English verse. Yet that collection represents the poetical gleanings of three entire reigns, and is exceptional from the general literature of the time in which it was printed. But with the new Queen poesy came into fashion, and almost all the young gentlemen of the Inns of Court tried their prentice hands at it.

3. As in spring-tide we gather flowers rather than fruits, so in this earlier literature we must look for imperfect Assays rather than finished Masterpieces. Most modern literatures have commenced with translations, imitations, and the like. At this time there was quite a rage for translating. The riches of old classical thought and style; the charms of Italian and Spanish fiction; history, morals, tragedies, romances both in prose and verse; with translated poems, constituted the staple of English polite literature at this time. With this there was the constant accretion of *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, and also, though not to any large extent, original lighter verse, as in the present work and also George Turberville's *Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets*, of which there are believed to have been three editions by 1570; of the earliest of which no copy is at present known.

4. Associating with many of these translators, himself distinguished for his English version of Manzolli's *Zodiacus Vitæ*, Barnabe Googe, a young gentleman of 20 to 23 years of age, fresh from college, wrote for his private delectation most of the contents of this Reprint. How his friend Blundeston sent what he had written to the 'poor printer,' with two prefaces of his own, about

Whitfuntide 1562, and how Googe in 1563 came at length to acquiesce in their completion and publication, is sufficiently told by themselves in the prefaces, and need not be here repeated.

5. It is noteworthy that there was a general habit about this time of cutting the long twelve or fourteen syllable line into two, so that the rhyme only occurs on the second and fourth lines. This is noticeable in the early translations of Seneca between 1500-1560, by Jasper Heywood, Alexander Neville (a contributor also to this volume), John Studley, Thomas Nuce, and Thomas Newton, as also in the poetical works of George Turberville and others. The sole reason for this would seem to have been to print on a small page of paper; for in some of these works poems do occasionally occur in smaller type with such lines at full length.

6. In the story of English literature this most rare volume occupies an important place from its epitaphs of Phaer and Grimaold, both of them translators; and its Sonnets to Dean Nowell, Bishop Bale, and Richard Edwards 'of the Chappel.' Some of these have been printed by Mr. Collier in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*; but the work, as a whole, has never been printed since 15th March 1563. Cordial thanks are due and tendered to Mr. Huth for the loan of his copy for this edition.

7. This small Collection is also interesting as being to a large extent native verse, though on the Italian model. It was undoubtedly in much superinduced by Tottel's *Miscellany*, to which it is in nature and quality the next in time; being itself succeeded by Turberville's *Epitaphs, Epigrams, &c.*, and that by a succession of similar works, until the appearance of Francis Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* of 1602.

8. One very noticeable feature of Googe's compositions in this volume is his earnest Protestantism. He had known some good Shepherds Daphnes or Alexis, that had flamed in the fire of the Maryan persecution. Almost all his publications are strongly anti-Romanist. Taught by the Reformers of Edward VI.'s time, horrified at the cruelties of Mary's reign; Googe represents both the intellectual and moral hatred of the young educated Englishmen of that time of the entire Papal system.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I.—As a separate publication.

1. 1563. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 88 leaves.

There appear to have been printed two title-pages to this work.

Of the three copies known, two are those in the collection of Mr. Huth, and in the Capel collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, have the title as on the opposite page; while Mr. W. C. Hazlitt describes, in his *Handbook of Pop. Lit., Ed. 1867*, the title of Mr. Heber's copy, now in the collection of Mr. S. Christie-Miller, at Britwell, thus:

Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes by Barnabe Googe. COL. Imprynted at London in S. Brydes-Churchyarde, by Thomas Colwell, for Raufe Newbery; and are to be sold at his shop in Fletestreet, a little above the conduit 1563. 15 die Mensis March.

It is also to be noted that the first two also vary between themselves at the beginning of *Egloga septima*: see p. 56.

Issues since the Author's death.

I. As a separate publication.

2. 1871. DEC. 1. *English Reprints*: see title on p. 1.

Eglogs

Epytaphes, and Sonettes.

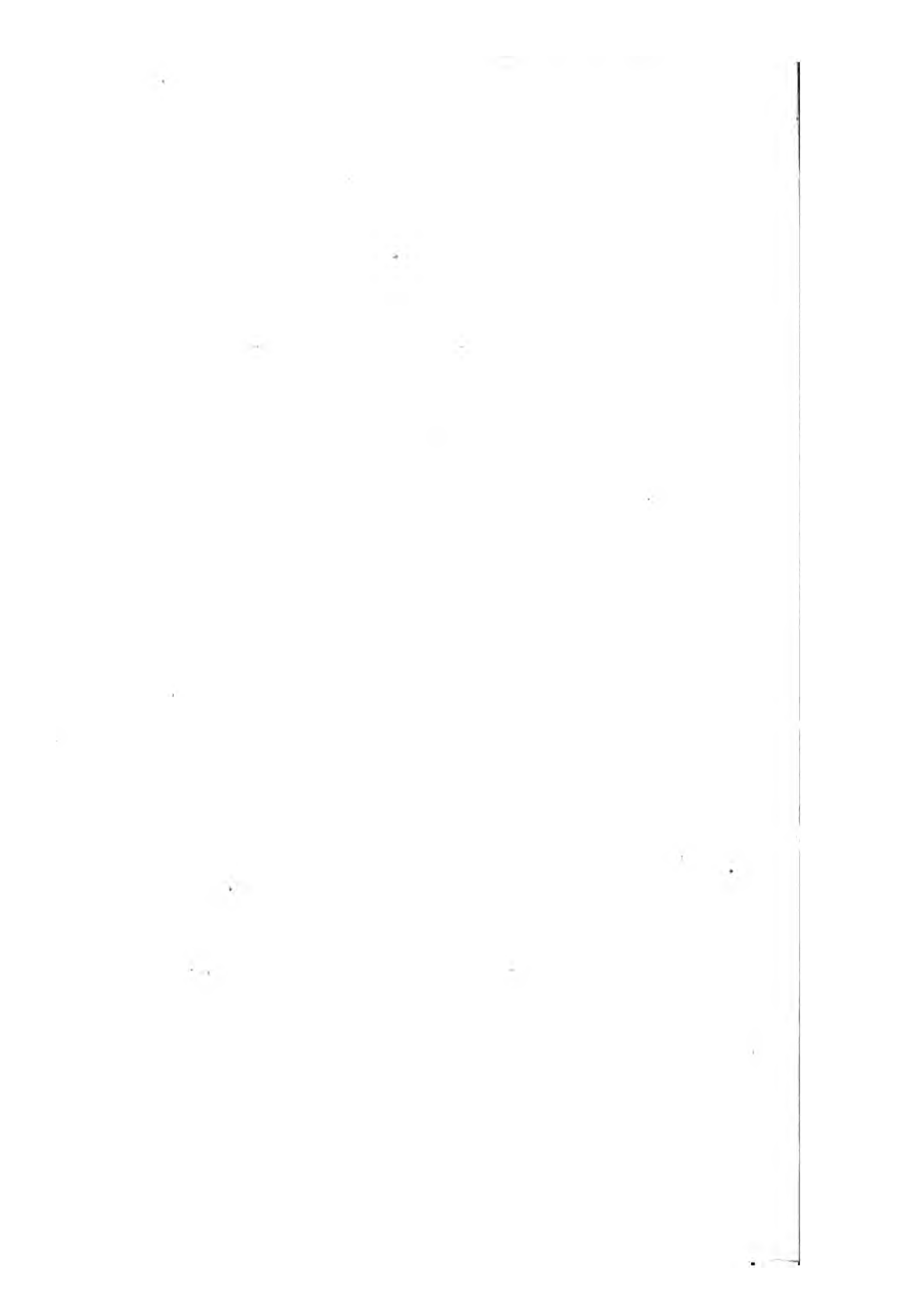
Newly written by

Barnabe Googe:

1563.

15. Marche.

Imprynted at London, by
Thomas Colwell, for Raffe
Newbery, dwelyng in
Fleetstrete a litle a-
boue the Conduit
in the late shop
of Thomas
Bartelet.



¶ *Alexander Newyll.*



He Mountaines hie the bluftryng winds
 The fluds : ye Rocks withftand
 The Cities ftrong, the Cannons shot,
 and threatning Cheiftains hand.
 The Cafrels houghe by longe befeyge,
 and dredfull battrye brooke, [thumps
 Bothe fyre, and flames, and thundrynge
 and euery deadly ftroke,
 With feruent broylyng furious rage,
 doth beate, and dryue to groun
 The long defenced wals by force,
 and throughly them confound.
 Ryght fo thy Mufe (O worthy *Googe.*)
 thy pleafaunt framed ftyle
 Difcouerd lyes to momifh Mouthes
 Reprochfull tonges and vyle
 Diffaming minds. Regard them not.
 preas thou for hygher prayfe.
 Submit thy felfe to perfons graue,
 whose Iudgement ryght alwayes
 By Reafon rulde doth ryghtly iudge,
 whom Fancies none can charme,
 Which in the moft Inconstant brains,
 are chyefly wont to fwarme.
 Whom no defyre of fylthy gayne,
 whom lucre none can moue
 From truth to ftray. Such men efteam,
 Such fuch embrace and loue.
 On fuch men ftay thy tender years,
 fuch Patrons feeke to chufe.
 Which taught by Tyme, and practifde Prooffe
 vprighteft iudgement vfe.
 But as for thofe Crabfnowted beftes
 thofe ragyng feends of Hell.
 Whofe vile, malicious, hatefull mindes,
 with boylyng Rancour swell.

Which pufe with Pryde, enflamd with fpight,
 and drownd in deape difdain :
 Lyke *Momus* monftrous broode outright
 euen of a ielows Brayn
 With curious, canckard, carping mouthes,
 moft famous dedes diffame,
 Defacing thofe whose labours great,
 Deferue immortall name.
 Such crabfaced, cankerd, carliſh chuffs
 within whose hatefull breſtes,
 Suche Malice bydes, fuche Rancour broyles,
 fuch endles Enuy reſts
 Eſleame thou not. No preiudice
 to thee : nor yet oprest,
 Thy famous wrytynges are by them.
 Thou lyueſt and euer ſhalt.
 Not all the flaundryng tonges aliue,
 may purchaſe blame or fault
 Vnto to thy name (O worthy *Googe.*)
 No tyme, no fyrre flame
 Not all the furies frettyng Force,
 Thy doyngeſ may dyffame.
 Let them in broyle of burning fpight,
 continuall Toyle ſuſtayne
 Let them fele ſcourging Plags of mind
 Let euer duryng payne,
 Spred through their poiſoned vaines.
 with payſe of dedly waight : Let Care
 Oppreſſe theyr vyle infected Harts,
 with ſtynging Malyce fraight.
 Let them deſtroy them ſelvs in Time.
 In Rancour let them boyle.
 Let mortall hate, let pynching gryefe,
 let flamyng torments broyle,
 Within theyr greuouſ vexed breſts,
 for euermore to dwell
 Let them fele Enuies curſed force,
 (conſumyng Feend of Hell.)

Defye them all. *μισάνθρωποι*
 and squyntheyd Monsters ryght
 They are. In fyne leue Sow to swill
 and Chuff to cankerd Spyght.
 But thou procede in vertuous dedes,
 and as thou haste begon,
 Go forward styll to aduaunce thy fame
 Lyfes Race halfe ryghtly ron
 Farre easyer tis for to obtain,
 the Type of true Renowne.
 Like Labours haue been recompenst
 with an immortall Crowne.
 By this doth famous *Chaucer* lyue,
 by this a thousande moore
 Of later yeares. By this alone
 the olde renowned Stoore
 Of Auncient Poets lyue. By this
 theyr Praise, aloft doth mownt.
 Vnto the Skyes: and equall is
 with Stars aboue. Accownt
 Thy selfe then worthy of the lyke,
 yf that thou doste proceade
 By famous deds thy Fame to enhaunce
 and name abroad to spreade.
 With Courage stout than through the thickest
 thou needst not for to feare.
 Nor he that sayth, but he that doth,
 ought *Glories* Garlande weare.
 Thus shalt you styll augment thy name,
 and wyn the hyghe Renowne,
 And present Prayse, in present Lyfe,
 and after Death a Crowne
 Of Honour, that for euer lasts.
 immortall *Fame* in fyne.
 To whose reward, thy faithfull Frend
 doth wholly the resygne.

¶ *Finis.*

[On the next page in the original Edition, are the arms of Barnabe Googe.]

*To the ryght worship=
full M. William Louelace
Esquier, Reader of Grayes
Inne: (Barnabe Googe)
wyssheth health.*



Owe lothe I haue ben, beyng of long tyme earnestlye requyred, to suffer these tryfles of mine to come to light: It is not vnknown to a greate nombre of my famyliar acquaintaunce. Who both dayly and hourelly moued me therunto, and lytell of long tyme preuayled therin. For I both confydered and wayed with my selfe, the grosenes of my Style: whiche thus commytted to the gafynge shewe of euery eye shuld forth with disclose yemanifest foly of the Writer, and also I feared and mistrusted the disdaynfull myndes of a nombre both scornfull and carpyng Correctours, whose Heades are euer bufyed in tauntynge Iudgementes. Least they shuld otherwyse interprete my doyngs than in deade I meant them. These two so great mischiefes vtterly diswaded me from the folowynge of my frendes perswasions, and wylled me rather to condem them to continuall darkenes, wherby no Inconuenience could happen: than to endaunger my selfe in gyuyng them to lyght, to the disdaynfull doome of any offended mynde. Notwithstandynge all the dylygence that I could vse in the Suppression therof coulde not suffise for I my selfe beyng at that tyme oute of the Realme, lytell fearynge any suche thyng to happen. A very Frende of myne, bearyng as it semed better wyll to my doynges than respectyng the hazarde of my name, commytted them all togyther vnpolyshed to the

¶ handes of the Prynter. In whose handes duryng his absence from the Cytie, tyll his returne of late they remayned. At whiche tyme, he declared the matter wholly vnto me: shewyng me, that beyng so farre past, and Paper prouyded for the Impression therof: It coude not withoute great hynderaunce of the poore Printer be nowe reuoked. His sodayne tale made me at ye fyrst, vtterly amazed, and doubting a great while, what was best to be done: at the lengthe agreyng both with Necessytie and his Counsell, I sayde with *Martiall. iam sed poteris tutior esse domi.* And calling to mynde to whom I myght chieflye commyt the fruytes of my smiling muse: sodaynly was cast before my eyes the perfect vewe of your frendly mynd (gentle Maister Louelace) Vnto whom for the nombred heapes of fundrye Friendshipys, accountyng my selfe as bounde, I haue thought best to gyue them, (not doubtyng) but that they shalbe as well taken, as I do presently meane them.

Desyryng you herein, as all suche as shall reade them especiallye to beare with the vnpleasaunt forme of my to hastely fynyshed Dreame, the greater part wherof with lytle aduyse I lately ended, because the beginnyng of it, as a senseles head separated from the body was gyuen with the rest to be prynted. And thus desyryng but for recompence the frendly receuyng of my slender Gyfte, I ende: wyshyng vnto you good Mayster Louelace in this life the happye enioyng of prosperous yeares: and hereafter the blessed estate of neuer ceasyng Ioye.

¶ yours assuredly
Barnabe Googe.

[Hereafter follows on the next page the original Edition, a rough woodcut of *Daphnes* and *Amintas*.]

¶ L. Blundeston *to the Reader.*

TO creepe into thy fauoure (good Reader) with a longe paynted Preamble in prayse of this Auctor, I account it as vain. The Sonne Beames gyues light sufficient. To moue thy Affection with forepromysed pleasure in reading the volume, I think it as Booteles. Gold is of self force and vertue to draw the desire. But with flowers of Rethorique fyrst to delyght the, or with Pythy Reasons to wynne thy good wyll and frendlye Reporte for this my attempte: yf suche tropes and signes were flowing in me to perswade wel thy fauour or so muche Discrefcion wantynge in the to neglechte my good meanyng, I would eyther enforce my self to vse a better kynde of perswasion or els withdrawe my good wyll from the Sentence of so carpyng and slender a Iudgement: but as I haue felte no fluddes of the one, so likewyse I see no Ebbes of the other, that if I weare no more barraygne of the fyrste, then fearefull of the laste: I woulde be then no more sparynge to horde vp my Treasure from the: then I trust to fynd the vnthankfull now in takyng this Present from me, which not onely to shewe my good wyll, (as my Preface discourseth more largely) by preferuyng the worthy Fame, and Memorye of my deare frende M. Googe in his abience I haue presumed more bouldely to hazard ye pryntyng heareof, though this maye suffyce to excuse well my enterpryse, but also to styrre vp thy Pleasure

and further thy proffit by readyng these his workes, whiche here I haue Pupyshed [*? Publyshed*]: openly vnto thee. And so (beyng vnstored my selffe) I seake to fateffie thy learned or willyng desyre with other mens trauaeiles. But wheare the power fayleth the will may suffice, the gyuer, not the gyft is to be regarded: preferre Colonus Radyfhe roote before the Courtiers barbed horse.

Accept my goodwyll and way not the valew, so shalt thou bynd me if power (as it is vnlikely, maye aunswere hereafter my meanyng, to gratefie thee with the whole fruits of myne owne indeuour and so shalt thou encourage others to make the partaker of the like or farre greater Iewels who yet doubtyng thy vnthankfull receyte nigardly keape them to their own vse and priuat commoditie, wher as beyng assured of the contrarye by thy frendly report of other mens trauayles, they coulde parhappes be easely entreated more frely to lend them abroad to thy greater auayle and furtheraunce. Thus therfore to thy good or euill taking I put foorth this paterne for others to follow in weightyer matters or els to beware by other mens harms, in keeping their names vnreproued by fylence.

¶ From my Chambre,
the. xxvii. of Maye.

1562.

¶ *The Preface of L. Blundeston.*



HE Sences dull of my appalled muse
 Foreweryed with the trauayle of my brayne
 In scannyng of the argued Bookes diffuse,
 And darke for me the glimeryng fyght
 to gayne,
 Debated long what exerfyce to vse,
 To fyle the edgeles partes of Wit agayne
 To clenfe the Heade from fleapy humours
 flyme.

To rouse the Hart from drowfye Dreames
 in time.

The mind defyres to brek from thoughtful denne
 And time requyres the painted felds to vewe.
 The Eye procures to please the Fancie then
 With fieldish fights of diuers colours newe.
 The smelling likes the fauour fwete of them.
 The Eare agrees the pleasaunt laye anewe
 Of Byrds to here. Thus these do all contryue,
 With this disporte the Spirits to reuyue.

But Fancie then, by ferche of felfe deuyse,
 Renouncyng thus to spende the pleasaunt Maye
 So vainly out with sport of fruteles Pryce
 Found out at length, this practyse for my playe,
 To penne in Verse, the toyes of her deuise,
 To pas this tyme of Pentecoste awaye
 Whose ydle dayes, she wyld me thus to spende.
 And publish forth her doings in the ende.

Quod Reason no, (and brake her tale begon,
 Wilt thou presume, lyke Bayarde blynd to presse,
 Into the throng of all the lookers on
 Whose vewyng eyes, will wey thy wifdom lesse.

To se the threde of all thy workes yll spon
 Drawen out at length, vnto the comon gesse,
 Then if thou shuldst keepe to thy selfe thy clewe
 Where none thy works beydes thy self may vew

With this rose vp, from oute her Seate behynde,
 Dame Memorye, and Reason thus befought.
 Since Lady chiefe of vs thou art assygnde
 To rule and temper all my secrete thought
 And to restrane affections Fancie blynde,
 Let me entreate if I may perce the ought,
 For to present a Solace very fytt
 Our Sences dull with chaunged Muse to whet,

Lo here the Eye a Paper buntche doth se
 Of fylde worke of Googes flowing Heade,
 Leste here behynde, when hence he past from me,
 In all the stormes that Winter blastes bespreade
 Through swellyng Seas and lofye mountains hye
 Of Pyrenei the pathes vnknownen to treade.
 Whose great good wyll I kepe, and in his place
 His Verses craue to represent his face.

Vnfolde the truffe therefore and yf the Muse
 Be fotted so with this graue Study past
 In so short space, or if we seke to chuse
 To prynt our actes in safetie at the last
 Cease of a whyle this Labor and peruse
 These Papers left of suche delyghting taste
 And put in prynt these workes of worthy Skyl
 So shall we shoue the fruytes of our good wyll.

This Fancie lykte, imagynyng aryght
 Of her owne Ioye in hearyng of his Verse
 And pleasaunt Style, most pythyly endyght
 whose Fame forth blowen, his deds could wel reherse
 But for to paynt my name in open fight
 with others Stuffe, this wold she fayne reuerse,
 And thinkes I should in others Plumes so show
 My selfe, to be a seconde Esops Crowe.

But after when the Eye had vewed eche Lyne.
 That Googe had pend and left behynde with me,
 when Memorye could all the effect refygne,
 To Reafons Skyll, to weye them as they lye.
 with long reherfe of tryed Fayth by tyme
 Then Fancie foone her Pryde, began to plye
 And all receyued muche pleafure to the Mynde
 More profytte farre then Fancye had affygnde.

And Fancie thus her felfe with blufhyng face,
 Condemned by Dame Reafons dome deuyne
 To fe th[e]alluryng Style the cumly grace,
 The fappye Sence of this his paffyng Ryme,
 So farre furmoutynge her Inuention bafe,
 And hearyng of his frendlynes in fyne
 whiche Memorye her Storehoufe held full fafte
 Allowed well theyr Iudgements at the lafte.

Since euerye Sence did wonted ftrengh renue,
 The Blud conged, recourfed to his place
 The wyts benomd brought to their proper que
 The Hart opprest with old delighting grace,
 Vnburdend nowe and puft with pleafure newe
 By takyng of this Booke the vewyng gafe.
 They all at ons Good wyll nowe calde vpon,
 To wrefte her felfe to quyght thefe works anon.

Thus puftte I forth ftrayghte to the Printers hande
 Thefe Eglogs, Sonets, Epytaphes of men
 Vnto the Readers Eyes for to be fkande,
 with Prayfes fuche as is due vnto them
 who abfent nowe theyr Mafter may commende,
 And feade his Fame what foeuer fayleth him,
 Gyue Googe therfore his owne deferued Fame,
 Giue Blundeston leaue to wyfh wel to his name :

¶ *Finis.*

Egloga prima.

Daphnes.

Amintas.



Yth *Phebus* now begins to flame,
O frende *Amintas* deare:
And placed hath his gorgeous *globe*
in midste of all the Spheare
And from ye place doth cast his Beames,
where (they that starres defyne)
Lyes poynt (doo saye) that termed is,
ryght Equinoctial lyne.
wheras the Ram doth caufe to spring,
eche herbe and floure in fylde
And forceth ground (yat spoyld of grene
Did lye,) newe grene to yelde.
Let shepherds vs yelde also tales,
as best becommes the tyme:
Such tales as Winter stormes haue stayde
in countrey Poets Ryme.
Begyn to synge *Amintas* thou,
for why? thy wyt is best:
And many a faged sawe lies hyd
within thine aged brest.
Ofte haue I heard, of Shephards old,
thy fame reported true,
No Herdman liues: but knowes the praise,
to olde *Amintas* due:
Begyn therefore, and I gyue eare,
for talke doth me delyght,
Go Boye: go dryue the Beastes to fede
whyle he his mynde refyght.

Amin. Thy prayfes *Daphnes* are to great,
 and more for me than meete :
 Nor euer I, fuche faged fawes,
 could fynge in Verfes sweete.
 And now, to talke of spring time tales
 my heares to hoare, do growe,
 Suche tales as thefe, I tolde in tyme,
 when youthfull yeares dyd flowe.
 But fynce, I can not the denye,
 thy Fathers loue doth bynde :
 In fymple Songe I wyll adrefse
 my felfe, to showe my minde.
 Longe haft thou *Daphnes* me requyred
 the ftate of Loue to tell,
 For in my youth, I knewe the force,
 and paffions all, full well.
 Nowe Loue therefore I wyll define,
 and what it is declare,
 which way poore fouls it doth entrap
 and howe it them doth fnare.
 My Boie, remoue my beafts from hens
 and dryue them farther downe,
 Vpon the Hylles, let them go feade,
 that ioyne to yender towne,
 O Cupyde kynge of fyerye Loue,
 ayde thou my fyngyng Verfe,
 And teache me heare the caufe and cafe,
 Of Louers to reherfe,
 Direct my tong, in trothe to treade,
 with Furye fyll my brayne,
 That I may able be to tell,
 the caufe of Louers payne.
 Opinions diuers coulde I showe,
 but chiefest of them all,
 I wyll declare : and for the reft,
 with filence leaue I fhall.
 A feruent Humour, (some do iudge)
 within the Head doth lye,

Plato.

Which yffuyng forth with poyfoned beames
doth ron from eye to eye :
And taking place abroad in heads,
a while doth fymely reft :
Till Phrensie framde in Fancie fond,
discends from hed, to brest.
And poison strong, from eies outdrawn
doth perce the wretched harte,
And all infectes the bloud aboute,
and boyles in euery parte :
Thus: when the beames, infected hath,
the wofull Louers blud :
Then Sences al, do strayght decaye,
opprest with Furies flud.
Then Lybertie withdrawes her self,
and Bondage beares the fwaye,
Affection blynd then leades the hart,
and Wyt, is wownde awaye.
O *Daphnes* then, the paines appeare,
and tormentes all of hell.
Then fokes, the felye wounded foule,
the flames for to expell.
But all to late, alas he ftryues,
for Fancie beares the froke
And he, must toyle (no helpe there is)
in flauyffhe feruyle yoke.
His blud corrupted all within,
doth boyle in euery vayne,
Than fokes he howe to fewe for falue
that maye redrefse his payne.
And when the face, he doth beholde
by whiche he fhulde haue ayde,
And fees no helpe, then lookes he long,
and trembleth all afrayde.
And mufeth at the framed fhape,
that hath his lyfe in handes :
Nowe fast he flies, aboute the flames,
nowe ftyll amafed ftandes:

Egloga

Yet Hope relieues, his hurtful Heate
 and Wyll doth Payne make lyght,
 And al the griefes, that then he feeles
 doth Prefence styll requyght.
 But when the Lyght absented is,
 and Beames in hart remayne,
 Then flames the Fyre fresh agayne,
 and newe begyns his Payne.
 Then longe he lookes, his losse to fe,
 then sobbes, and fyghes abounde,
 Then mourneth he, to mys the marke
 that erst to soone he founde.
 Then shadefull places oute he lookes,
 and all alone he lyues,
 Exylynge Ioye, and myrth from him,
 hymselfe to waylynge gyues,
 And styll his minde theron doth muse
 and styll, therof he prates,
 O *Daphnes* here I swere to the,
 no grieffe to Louers state.
 Yf he but ones beholde the place,
 where he was wont to mete,
 The pleasaunt forme yat hym enflamd,
 and ioyfull Countnaunce fwete.
 The place (a wonderous thing I tell)
 his gryefe augmenteth newe,
 Yet styll he sekes the place to fe,
 that moſte he shulde eschewe.
 Yf but the name rehearfed be
 (a thyng more straunge to heare)
 Then Colour commes and goes in haſt
 then quaketh he for feare,
 The verye name, hath ſuch a force,
 that it can daſe the mynde,
 And make the man amaſde to ſtande,
 what force hath Loue to bynde?
 Affection none to this is lyke,
 it doth furmownt them all,

Of greiffes, the greateſt greif no doubt
is to be *Venus* thrall,

And therefore, *Daphnes* nowe beware,
for thou art yonge, and fre,
Take heade of vewynge faces longe,
for loſſe of Lybertye,

I ſhall not nede (I thynke) to byd
the, to deteſt the Cryme,

Jupiter. Of wycked loue, that *Ioue* did uſe,
In *Ganimedes* tyme,

For rather wolde I (thoo it be muche)
that thou ſhuldeſt ſeake the fyre,

Of lawfull Loue, that I haue tolde,
than burne wyth fuche deſyre,

And thus an end, I weryed am,
my wynde is olde, and faynt,

Suche matters I, do leaue to fuche,
as finer farre can paint,

Fetche in the Gote: that goes aſtraye,
and dryue hym to the folde,

My yeares be great I wyl be gone,
for ſpryngtyme nyghts be colde.

Daphnes. Great thanks to the, for this thy tale,
Amintas here I gyue :

But neuer can I make amendes
to the whilſte I do lyue.

Yet for thy paynes (no recompence)
a ſmall rewarde haue here.

A whiſtle framed longe ago,
wherwith my father deare

His ioyfull beaſts, was wont to kepe.

No Pype for tune ſo fwete
Might ſhepharde euer yet poſſeſ.
(a thyng for the full mete.)

Egloga secunda.

Dametas.

MY beafts, go fede vpon ye plaine,
and let your herdman lye,
Thou feeft her mind, and fearft you nowe,
Dametas for to dye?
Why stayeft you thus? why doft you ftay
thy lyfe to longe doth lafte:
Accounte this flud, thy fatall graue,
fyth time of hope is pafte.
What meanft thou thus to linger on?
thy life wolde fayne departe,
Alas: the wounde doth fefter ftyll,
of curfed Cupids darte.
No falue but this, can helpe thy fore,
no thyng can moue her minde
She hath decreed, that thou fhalt dye,
no helpe there is to finde.
Nowe fyth there is, no other helpe,
nor ought but this to trye,
Thou feeft her mind: why fearfte thou than?
Dametas for to dye.
Long haft thou ferued, and ferued true,
but all alas, in vayne,
For fhe thy feruyce, nought eftemes,
but deales the grieve for gayne.
For thy good wyll, (a gaye rewarde)
Disdayne, for Loue fhe gyues,
Thou loueft her while thy life doth laft,
fhe hates the, w[h]ile fhe liues.
Thou flamfte, when as you feeft her face
with Heate of hye defyre,
She flames agayne, but how? (alas)
with depe difdaynfull Ire.
The greateft pleafure is to the,
to fe her voyde of Payne,

The greatest gryefe to her agayne,
to se thy Health remayne.
Thou couetste euer her to fynde,
she seked from the to flye,
Thou seest her mynd, why fearst thou than?
Dametas for to dye?
Dost thou accounte it best to kepe,
thy lyfe in sorrowes styll?
Or thynkste thou best it now to lyue,
Contrarye to her wyll?
Thynkste thou thy lyfe for to retaine?
when she is not content,
Canste thou addicte: thy selfe to lyue?
and she to murder bent.
Dost thou entende agayne, to sewe
for mercye at her handes?
As soone thou mayst go plow ye rocks,
and reape vpon the Sandes.
Draw nere O mighty Herd of beasts
syth no man els is bye,
Your Herdman longe that hathe you kept,
Dametas now must dye.
Resolue your Brutishe eies to teares
and all togyther crye,
Bewayle the wofull ende of Loue,
Dametas nowe must dye.
My pleasaunt Songs, nowe shall you here
no more on Mountaines hye,
I leaue you all, I must be gone.
Dametas nowe must dye:
To *Titirus* I you resyne,
in Pasture good to lye,
For *Titirus* shall kepe you thoughe,
Dametas nowe must dye.
O cursed Cause, that hath me slayne,
My trothe alas to trye,
O Shephardes all, be Wytneffes,
Dametas here doth dye.

Finis Eglogæ secundæ.

Egloga tertia.

Menalcas. ! **Coridon.**



Pleasaunt wether *Coridon*,
and fyttē to kepe the fylde,
This moone hath brought, hearst you the birds
what ioyfull tunes they yeld?
Loe: how the lustie lambes do course,
whom spring time heate doth pricke
Beholde againe, the aged Yewes,
with bouncing leapes do kicke,
Amon[g]st them all, what ayles thy ramme,
to halte so muche behynde,
Some fore mischaunce, hath him befalln
or els some grieffe of minde,
For wonte he was, of stomacke stoute
and courage hye to be,
And looked proude, amongst ye flocke,
and none so stout as he.

Cor.

A great mishap, and grieffe of mynde,
is him befallne of late,
Which causeth him, against his wyll,
to lose his olde estate.
A lustie flocke hath *Titirus*,
that him *Dametas* gaue,
Dametas he, that Martir died,
whose foule the heaue[n]s haue,
And in this flocke, full many Yewes
of pleasaunte forme do goe,
with them a mighty Ramme doth ronne,
that workes all Woers woe.
My Ramme, when he the pleasaunt dames.
had vewed rounde aboute,

Chose grounde of battayle, with his foe
and thought to fyght it oute.
But all to weake, (alas) he was,
althoughe his harte was good,
For when his enemye him espied,
he ranne with cruell moode.
And with his croked weapon smote,
hym fore vpon the fyde,
A blowe of force, that flayde not there
but to the legges dyd glyde.
And almoſte laamd the woer quyte.
(ſuche happes in loue there be :)
This is the cauſe, of all his grieſe
and waylynge that you ſe.

Men.

Well *Coridon* let hym go halte,
and let vs both go lye,
In yonder buſſhe of Iuniper,
the Beaſts ſhall fede hereby.
A pleaſaunt place here is to talke:
good *Coridon* begyn,
And let vs knowe the Townes eſtate,
that thou remayneſt in.

Cor.

The Townes eſtate? *Menalcas* oh
thou maſte my harte to grone,
For Vice hath euery place poſſeſte,
and Vertue thence is flowne.
Pryde beares her ſelfe, as Goddeſſe chiefe
and boaſtes aboue ye Skye,
And Lowlynes an abiecte lyes,
with Gentlenes her bye,
Wyt is not ioynde with Symplenes,
as ſhe was wont to be,
But ſekes the ayde of Arrogance,
and craftye Polycie.
Nobylitie begyns to fade,
and Carters vp do ſprynge,
Then whiche, no greater plague can hap,
nor more pernicious thyng.

Egloga

Menalcas I haue knowen my selfe,
 within this thyrtye yeare,
 Of Lordes and Auncient Gentelmen
 a hundreth dwellynge theare,
 Of whom we Shephardes had reliefe
 suche Gentlenes of mynde,
 Was placed in theyr noble Hartes,
 as none is nowe to fynde.
 But Hawtynes and proude Disdayne
 hath nowe the chiefe Estate,
 For fyr Iohn Straw, and fyr Iohn Cur,
 wyll not degenerate.
 And yet, they dare account them selues
 to be of Noble bludde.
 But Fiffhc bred vp, in durty Pooles,
 wyll euer stynke of mudde.
 I promyse the *Menalcas* here,
 I wolde not them enuye.
 Yf any spot of Gentlenes
 in them I myght espye.
 For yf theyr Natures gentell be,
 thoughe byrth be neuer so base,
 Of Gentelmen (for mete it is)
 they ought haue name and place:
 But when by byrth, they base are bred,
 and churliffhe harte retaine,
 Though place of gentlemen thei haue
 yet churles they do remayne.
 A prouerbe olde, hath ofte ben harde
 and now full true is tryed:
 An Ape, wyll euer be an Ape,
 thoughe purple garments hyde.
 For feldom, wyll the maftye course,
 the Hare or els the Deare:
 But styll, accordynge to his kynde.
 wyll holde, the hogge by th[e]eare.
 Vnfitte are dunghill knights to serue
 the towne, with Speare in felde:

Nor strange it femes, (a sudain Chop)
 to leape from whyp, to shielde.
 The chieftest man, in all our towne,
 that beares the greateft fwaye,
 Is *Coridon* no kynne to me,
 a Neteherd th[e]other daye.
 This *Coridon* come from the Carte,
 In honour chiefe doth fyttē,
 And gouernes vs: because he hath
 a Crabbed, Clownish wyttē.
 Nowe se the Churlysh Crueltye,
 that in hys harte remayns.
 The felye Sheape yat Shephards good,
 haue fosterd vp wyth Paynes,
 And brought awaye, from Stynkyng dales
 on pleafant Hylles to feade:
 O Cruell Clownish *Coridon*
 O curfed Carlifh Seade:
 The fimple Shepe, conft rayned he,
 theyr Pasture fwete to leaue,
 And to theyr old corrupted Grasse,
 enforceth them to cleaue.
 Such Shepe, as would not them obaye
 but in theyr Pasture byde,
 with (cruell flames,) they did confume
 and vex on euery fyde.
 And with the shepe, ye Shephardes good,
 (O hate full Hounds of Hell,)
 They did torment, and dryue them out,
 in Places farre to dwell.
 There dyed *Daphnes* for his Shepe,
 the chieftest of them all.
 And fayre *Alexis* flamde in Fyre,
 who neuer peryffhe shall.
 O Shephards wayle, for *Daphnes* deth,
Alexis hap lament,
 And curs the force of cruell hartes,
 that them to death haue fent.

Egloga tertia.

I, fynce I fawe fuche fynfull fyghts,
 dyd neuer lyke the Townte,
 But thought it best to take my sheepe,
 and dwell vpon the downe.
 Wheras I lyue, a pleasaunt lyfe,
 and free from cruell handes,
 I wolde not leaue, the pleasaunt fyelde
 for all the Townysh Landes.
 For fyth that Pryde, is placed thus,
 and Vice fet vp so hye:
 And Crueltie doth rage so fore,
 and men lyue all awrye:
 Thynkfte you? yat God, will long forbere,
 his scourge, and plague to fende?
 To fuche as hym do styll despyse,
 and neuer seke to mende?
 Let them be fure he wyll reuenge,
 when they thynke leaste vpon.
 But looke a stormy showre doth ryse,
 whiche wyll fall heare anone,
Menalcas best we nowe departe,
 my Cottage vs shall keepe,
 For there is rowme for the, and me,
 and eke for all our sheepe:
 Som Chestnuts haue I there in store
 with Cheefe and pleasaunt whaye,
 God fends me Vittayles for my nede,
 and I fynge Care awaye.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ tertiæ.*

Egloga quarta.

Melibens.

Palemon.



God, that guyds ye golden *Globe*,
wher shinyng shapes do dwel
O thou yat throwest the thunder thumps
from Heauens hye, to Hell,
what wonders workes thy worthynes
what meruayles doste thou frame?
What secrete fyghts be Subiect fene
vnto thy holy name?
A sypmle Shepharde flayne of late,
by foolyshe force of Loue,
That had not Grace such fancies fond
and Flames for to remoue,
Appeared late, before myne eies,
(Alas I feare to speake,)
Not as he here was wont to lyue,
whyle Gryefe hym none did breake.
But all in Blacke, he clothed came
an vgly fyght to se:
As they that for theyr due Defartes,
with Paynes tormented be,
My shepe for feare amased ran,
and fled from Hyll to Dale,
And I alone remayned there,
with countenance wan and pale.
O Lorde (quoth I) what meanes this thyng
is this *Alexis* spryght?
Or is it *Daphnes* soule that showes?
to me this dredfull fyght,
Or comes some Feend of Hell abroad?
with feare men to torment?
Megera this? or *Tisiphon*?
Or is *Alecto* sent?

Egloga

what foeuer thou art, yat thou dost com?
 Ghoost, Hagge, or Fende of Hell:
 I the commaunde by hym that lyues,
 thy name and case to tell.
 With this, a stynkyng fmoke I sawe,
 from out his mouth to flye,
 And with that same, his voyce did found,
 None of them all am I.
 But ons thy frende (*O Melibei*)
Dametas was my name,
Dametas I, that flewe my selfe,
 by force of foolyshe flame.
Dametas I, that dotynge dyed,
 In fyre of vnkynde Loue:
Dametas I, whom *Deiopey*
 dyd cause fuche ende to proue,
 The same *Dametas* here I com,
 by lycens vnto the:
 For to declare the wofull state,
 that happens now to me.
 (*O Melibei*) take hede of Loue,
 of me Example take,
 That flewe my selfe, and liue in Hell,
 for *Deiopeias* sake.
 I thought that Deth shuld me release
 from paynes and dolefull woe,
 But nowe (alas) the trothe is tryed,
 I fynde it nothyng foe,
 For looke what Payne and gryefe I felt
 when I lyued heare afore:
 With those I nowe tormented am,
 and with ten thousand more.
 I meane not that I burne in loue,
 fuche foolyshe toyes begon,
 But Gryefes in nombre haue I lyke
 and manye more vpon.
 O curfed Loue, (what shulde I saye,)
 that brought me fyrste to Payne,

Well, myght I ones despyfe thy lore,
but nowe (alas) in vayne.
With fond Affection, I dyd flame,
whiche nowe I moſte repent,
But all to late (alas) I wayle,
fyth hope of Grace is ſpent.
The fickle fadyng forme, and face,
that ones ſo muche I ſowght,
Hath made me loſe the Skyes aboue,
and me to Hell hath browght.
Why had I Reason delt to me?
and coulde not Reason vſe.
Why gaue I Brydle to my wyll?
when I myght well refuſe.
A wycked Wyll, in dede it was,
that blynded ſo my fyght,
That made me on ſuch fadyng Duſte,
to ſet my whole Delyght,
A fonde Affection lead me then,
When I for God dyd place,
A Creature, cauſe of all my Care,
a fleſshye fletyng face,
A woman Waue of Wretchednes,
a Paterne pylde of Pryde,
A Mate of Myſchiefe and Diſtreſſe,
for whom (a Foole) I dyed.
Thus whyle he ſpake, I ſawe me thought
of Hell an vglye Fende,
With lothſome Clawes, hym for to cloſe
and forced him there to ende.
And with this ſame, (O *Melibey*,)
farewell, farewell, (quoth he)
Eſchewe the Blaſe of feruent flames,
Example take of me.
My Harte with this began to rent,
and all amaſde I ſtoode.
O lord (quoth I) what flames be theſe
what Rage, what Furyes woode?

Egloga quarta.

Doth Loue procure, to wretched men
 what Bondage doth it brynge?
 Paine here: and Payne in life to come.
 (O dolefull, dredefull thyng.)

[**Palemon**] I quake to heare, this Storye tolde,
 and *Melibei* I fainte,
 For fure I thought *Dametas* had,
 been placed lyke a Saynte.
 I thought that cruel *Charons* Boate,
 had myfte of hym her frayght.
 And through his deth, he mounted had
 to starres and Heauens strayght.
 Howe valiantly dyd he despyse,
 his lyfe in Bondage ledde?
 And sekyng Deth with courage hye,
 from Loue and Ladye fledde.
 And is he thus rewarded nowe?
 The ground be curfed than,
 That fosterde vp, so fayre a face
 that losfe so good a Man.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ quarta.*

Egloga quinta.

Mopsus.

Egon.



Egon.

Om doleful thing there is at hand
thy countenance doth declare,
Thy face good *Egon* voide of blud
thine eies amafed stare :
I fe thy teares, howe they do still,
difclose thy fecret mynde,
Hath Fortune frowned late on the?
Hath Cupide ben vnkinde.

A pyteous thinge to be bewalyde
a desperate Acte of Loue,
(O Deftenies) fuche cruell broyles
How haue you power to moue ?
Here lyued a Ladye fayre of late,
that *Claudia* men dyd call :
Of goodly forme, yea fuche a one,
as farre furmounted all.
The stately Dames, yat in this Courte,
to shoue them felues do lye,
There was not one in all the Crewe :
that could come *Claudia* nye.
A worthy Knyght dyd loue her longe,
and for her fake did feale,
The panges of Loue, that happen styl
by frownyng Fortunes wheale,
He had a Page, *Valerius* named,
whom so muche he dyd truste,
That all the secrets of his Hart,
to hym declare he muste.
And made hym all the onely meanes,
to sue for his redresse,
And to entreate for grace to her,
that caufed his distresse.

Egloga

She whan as fyrst she saw his page
 was strayght with hym in Loue,
 That nothyng could *Valerius* face,
 from *Claudias* mynde remoue.
 By hym was *Faustus* often harde,
 by hym his futes toke place,
 By hym he often dyd aspyre,
 to se his Ladyes face.
 This passed well, tyll at the length,
Valerius fore dyd fewe,
 With many teares besechynge her,
 his Maysters gryefe to rewe.
 And tolde her that yf she wolde not
 release, his Maysters payne,
 He neuer wolde attempte her more,
 nor se her ones agayne.
 She then with mased countnaunce there
 and teares yat gushing fell,
 Astonyed answerde thus, loe nowe,
 alas I se to well.
 Howe longe I haue deceyued ben,
 by the *Valerius* heare,
 I neuer yet beleued before,
 nor tyll this tyme dyd feare,
 That thou dydste for thy Mayster sue
 but onely for my sake.
 And for my fyght, I euer thought,
 thou dydste thy trauayle take.
 But nowe I se the contrarye,
 thou nothyng carste tor me,
 Synce fyrst thou knewste, the fyerye flames
 that I haue felte by the.
 O Lorde howe yll, thou doste requyte
 that I for the haue done,
 I curse the time, that frendshyp fyrst,
 to showe, I haue begon.
 O lorde I the besече let me,
 in tyme reuenged be :

And let hym knowe that he hate fynd,
 in this misfynge me,
 I can not thynke, but Fortune once,
 shall the rewarde for all,
 And vengeance due for thy deserts,
 in tyme shall on the fall.
 And tell thy maister *Faustus* nowe,
 yf he wolde haue me lyue :
 That neuer more he sewe to me,
 this aunfwere laste I gyue :
 And thou o Traytour vyle,
 and enmye to my lyfe,
 Absent thy selfe from out my fyght,
 procure not greater stryfe,
 Synce yat these teares, had neuer force
 to moue thy stoneye harte,
 Let neuer these my weryed eyes,
 se the no more. Departe.
 This sayde, in haste she hieth in,
 and there doth vengeance call,
 And strake her self, with cruel knyfe,
 and bluddye downe doth fall.
 This dolfull chaunce, whan *Faustus* heard
 lamentynge lowde he cryes,
 And teares his heare and doth accuse,
 the vniust and cruell Skies.
 And in this ragynge moode awaye,
 he stealeth oute alone,
 And gone he is : no man knowes where
 eche man doth for hym mone.
Valerius whan he doth perceyue,
 his Mayster to be gone :
 He weepes and wailes, in piteous plight
 and forth he ronnes anone.
 No Man knowes where, he is becom,
 some saye the wooddes he tooke,

Egloga quinta.

Intendynge there to ende his lyfe,
on no Man more to looke :
The Courte laments, the Princeffe eke
her felfe doth weepe for woe,
Loe, *Faustus* fled, and *Claudia* deade.
Valerius vanyffhed too.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ quintæ.*

Egloga sexta.

Felix.

Faustus.



Felix.

Faustus, whom aboue the rest,
of Shephardes here that kepe,
Vpon these holts, ye nombre great
of waightye fleefed shepe:
I euer haue esteemed: and counted eke,
the chiefest Frende of all,
What great mishap, what scourge of
minde

or grieffe hath the befall?

That hath the brought in such a plight
farre from thy wonted guyse?

What meanes this countenance all besprent
with teres? these wretched eies

This mournynge looke, this Vesture fad
this wrethe of Wyllow tree,

(Vnhappy man) why doste thou wepe
what chaunce hath altered the?

Tell tell, me soone, I am thy frende,

Disclose to me thy gryefe,

Be not afrayde, for frendes do serue,
to gyue theyr Frendes relyefe.

Faustus. The wofull cause of all my hurte,
good *Felix* longe agoe,

Thou knewst full well: I nede not now
by wordes to double woe,

Synce that (alas) all hope is past
synce gryefe, and I am one,

And synce the Ladye of my lyfe,
(my faute) I haue forgone,

What woldst you haue me do (oh frend?)
to Ioye? in such dystres?

Egloga

Naye pleasures quyte I banish here,
 and yelde to Heuynes,
 Let gryefes torment me euermore,
 let neuer Cares awaye.
 Let neuer Fortune turne her wheale
 to gyue me blyffull daye.
 Loue hath me scourged: I am content
 lament not thou my state,
 Let spyght on me take vengeaunce nowe
 let me be torne with hate.
 Let her enioye, her happye lyfe,
 a Flowre of golden hewe,
 That clofeth when the Son doth fet,
 and spreads with Phebus newe.
 Syth from my Garlande now is falne,
 this famouse Flowre fwete:
 Let Wyllocs wynde aboute my hed,
 (a Wrethe for Wretches mete)
 Fye *Faustus*, let not Fancie fonde,
 in the beare fuche a fwaye,
 Expell Affections from thy mynde,
 and dryue them quyght awaye.
 Embrace thine Auncient Lybertie,
 let Bondage vyle be fled:
 Let Reason rule, thy crased Brayne,
 place Wyt, in Folies steade.
 Synce she is gone, what remedye?
 why shuldest thou so lament?
 Wilt thou destroy thy self with tears
 and she to pleasures bent?
 Gyue eare to me, and I wyll showe
 the remedies for Loue
 That I haue learned longe agoe:
 and in my youth dyd proue.
 Such remedies as soone shall quenche
 the flames of Cupids Fyre,
 Suche remedies as shall delaye,
 the Rage of fonde Defyre.

*A Mary-
golde.*

Felix.

For *Faustus* yf thou folow styll,
the blynded God to please,
And wylt not feke, by Reasons Rule,
to purchase thyne owne ease,
Long canst thou not thy frends enioy
but byd them all farewell.
And leaue thy lyfe, and giue thy soule
to depest fluds of Hell.
Leaue of therefore, betymes and let
Affection beare no swayne,
And now at fyrst the Fyre quench
before it further straye,
Eche thyng is easely made to obaye,
whyle it is yong and grene,
The tender twyg, that now doth bend
at length refuseth cleane.
The feruent Fyre, that flamyng fyrst,
may lytell water drenche,
When as it hath obtayned tyme,
whole Ryuers can not quenche:
Forfake the Town, (my *Faustus* deare)
and dwell, vpon this playne,
And tyme shall heale, thy festryng wound
and Absence banysh Payne.
Aboue all thynges fly Idlenes,
For this doth dowble strength,
To Louers flams, and makes them rage,
tyl all be lost at length,
Here in thes felds, are pleasaunt things
to occupye thy brayn,
Be hold: how spryng reuyues agayn,
that winter late had flayne,
Behold: the pleasaunt Hylles adournd,
with dyuers colours fayre,
Geue eare to *Scillas* lusty songes,
reioysynge in the ayr,
What pleasure canst thou more desyre,
then here is for to se:

Egloga

Thy lusty yewes, with many a lam,
 Lo: whear they wayt on the,
 Thynke not vpon that cursed face,
 that makes the thus her flaue
 But well regard the pleasaunt lyfe,
 that here thou feest me haue,
 Whan I long tyme a go, did feale,
 the flames of *Cupids* fyre,
 These meanes Lo thou I practised,
 to cure my fond desyre.
 I fyrst wayed with my selfe,
 How fond a thyng it seamd,
 To let my heart lye there in chaynes,
 where I was nought esteamd.
 And how with flames I burnt for her,
 that passed nought for me,
 And how, these eyes encreast my harmes
 that fyrst her face did se,
 With penyfe heart full fraight with thoughts,
 I fled from thence away,
 And though that Loue bad tourne my steppes.
 yet wold I neuer stay,
 But from that foule infectyue ayer,
 wher first I tooke my fore,
 I hyed in hast, and shund the place,
 to se for euer more.
 Eache letter that I had receyued
 from her, I cast away,
 And tokens all, I threw them down,
 to my no small dyfmay.
 Then busyed I my selfe in thyngs
 that myght me mošte delyght,
 And fought the chieffst means I could,
 to helpe my weryed spryght.
 Somtyme I wold behold the fyelds,
 and Hylles that thou doste se,
 Somtime I wold betraye the Byrds,
 that lyght on lymed tree,
 Especially in Shepstare tyme,
 when thicke in flockes they flye,

One wold I take, and to her Leg,
a lymed Lyne wold tye,
And where ye flock flew thickest, there
I wold her cast awaye,
She strayght vnto the rest wold hye,
amongst her Mates to playe.
And preasyng in the mydfte of them,
with Lyne and Lyme, and all,
With cleuyng wyngs, entangled fast.
they downe togyther fall.
Somtyme I wold the lytel Fyfh:
with bayted Hooke beguyle :
Somtyme the craftye Foxe I wold,
deceyue for all his wyle:
Somtyme the Wolfe, I wold pursue,
somtyme the fomyng Boore :
And whan with labour all the daye,
my weryed Lymes were soore.
Than rest and slepe I straightway fought
no Dreames dyd me afraye :
Tormented nought with care, I past
the lymgryng nyght awaye.
And thus I cleane forgot : in tyme,
the dotyng Dayes I sawe,
And freed my self, to my great Ioye,
from Yoke of Louers Lawe.
More of this fame, I wyll the tell,
the next tyme here we mete,
And stronger Medycines wyll I gyue,
to purge that Venym swete.
Beholde the Daye is slypt awaye,
and Starres do fast appeare,
Loe where *Calisto* Virgin ones,
doth shyne in Skies so cleare.
Loe where olde *Cepheus* walks about,
with twynyng Serpent bye,
We wyll no lenger heare abyde,
But hence wyll homwarde hye.

Finis Eglogæ sextæ.

Egloga septima.

Siluanus.

Sirenus.

Selvagia.



Sirenus shephard good and thou,
that hast yll lucke in loue,
The cause of al my hurt by whom
my futes could neuer proue.
God neuer let that I shuld seeke,
to be reuenged of the,
For whan I might haue ben with ease,
yet wold not suffer me
The Loue that I, *Diana* bare,
on the to showe my Spyte :
On the in whom my Ladye fayre,
had once her whole delyght,
If thy myshaps do not me greue,
My mischieefs neuer ende.
Thynke not *sirenus* that bycause,
Diana was thy frend,
I beare the worfer wyl assure thy self
so bafe my loue neuer semde
That onely I shuld fauour her.
but all that she esteemde.

Siren.

Thou eyther art *siluanus* borne,
Example for to gyue,
To vs that know not how,
whan Fortune frownes to lyue,
Or els hath Nature placed in the
so strong and floute a mynde.
Suffysynge not, thyne yls alone
to beare, but meanes to fynde,

In Mr. Huth's copy—though the signatures are regular—the first *two* pages of the final original impression down to, *she kyld a faythfull frende*, on the next page are omitted: being represented by a blank page. They have been supplied by the kindness of W. A. Wright, Esq., M.A., from the copy in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge

That may the Griefes of others help,
I fe thou art fo bent,
That Fortune can the not amafe,
For all her mysciefes ment,
I promys the *filuanus* heare,
tyme playne in the doth show,
How dayly she discouers things,
that erst dyd men not know.

I can not beare the Gryefes I feale,
my force is all to faynt,
I neuer could as thou canst stynt,
the teares of my complaynt.

Diana hath procured the paynes,
that I shall neuer ende,
When fyrst she falst her troth to me,
she kyld a faythfull frende.

Siluan. I meruayle how she could so soone,
put the out of her mind,
I well remembre synce thou wentste
alone I dyd her fynd.
In place that forow semde to shape,
where no man stood her nye,
But onely (I vnhappy wretche,)
that herd her wofull crye,
And this with teares alowde she sayd,
O wretche in yll tyme borne.
What chaunce hast thou? that thus thou hast
Sirenus fwete forlorne.

Gyue ouer pleasures now,
Let neuer Ioye the please,
Seke all the cruell meanes thou canst
that may thy hart dysease.
Whan thou doste hym forget I wysh,
all mischifes on the lyght,
And after death, the Fendes of Hell,
torment thy lyuyng spryght.

Siren. What man wold here beleue?
that she that thus could speake,

In so shorte tyme as I haue bene
 awaye, wolde promys breake.
 O stedfastnes and Constancy,
 how feldome are you founde:
 In womens harts to haue your seats,
 Or long abydyng ground?
 Who looke how much more earnest they,
 at fyrst theyr hearts do set,
 So much more fooner euer more,
 where late they loued, forget :
 Full well could euer I beleue,
 all women gyilty of this :
 Saue her alone, in whom I iudge,
 neuer nature wrought amis :
 But fins her maryage how she speeds
Siluan I pray the tell?

Siluan.

Some say she lykes it very ill,
 and I beleue it well :
 For *Delius* he that hath her now,
 although he welthy be,
 Is but a lout and hath in hym,
 no hanfome qualytie :
 For as for all, fuche thynges wherin,
 we Shepehardes haue delyght,
 As in Quaiting, Leaping, Singing or
 to found a Bagpype ryght :
 In all these thinges he is but an Affe,
 and nothyng do he can,
 They faye tys quallities but tush,
 Its ryches makes a man :

Siren.

What woman is that yat commeth here,
Siluan canst thou tell?

Siluan.

Its one hath sped as well in Loue,
 as we, I knowe her well :
 She is one of fayre *Dianas* frendes,
 who keeps her beafts below,
 Not far from hence bi her thou maist
Dianas State wel know.

She loued hear a Shepheard cald,
Alanius longe a go :

Who fauers one *yfmenia* now,
 the caufe of al her wo :

Silvag. No place fo fyt for the as this,
 Lo heare *Siluanus* ftands,
 Who hath receaued lyke luck to thine
 at cruel Fortunes hands,
 This company befemes the well,
 Fayr Shepheards both good deane,

Siluan. To the *Seluagia* eke of Hope,
 Whom Loue hath fpoyled cleane :
 A thoufande better dayes I wyfh,
 than thou haft had before,

Selvag. At length may better Fortune fall,
 For worfe can not be more.
 To trufte the fayned words of men,
 Loe, thus poore women fpeeds.

Siluan. And men do fmarte not through your words
 but your vnconstant deeds.

For you when earnestlyeft you loue,
 no thyng can chaunce fo lyght.

But yf a toye com in your Brayne,
 your mynde is altered quyght.

If we but ones, abfent our felues,
 the fhorteft tyme we maye,

So mucche vnconstant is your minde
 Loue foreth ftrayght awaye,

Example take *Sirenus* here
 whom once *Diana* lou'd,

As all we know, and looke how foone
 her mynd is now removd :

No, no, there is not one of you,
 that constant can remayne :

Silvag. You iudge but of malicious hart,
 and of a Ialoufe brayne.

All thyngs you do your felues efteme,
 and men muft beare no blame.

Egloga

Of your difsemblyng noughty deeds,
we women beare the fhame.

Siren.

Fayre Damefell yf you can perceyue
Siluanus true doth faye

There is not one amongft you all,
but doth from reason ftraye.

What is the caufe that women thus?
in theyr vnconftancye,

Do caft a man from hieft hap,
to deepeft myferye?

Its nothyng els, I you affure,
but that you know not well,

What thing is loue, and what you haue,
in hand you can not tell.

Your fymple wyts are all to weake,
Vnfayned loue to know,

And therof doth forgetfulnes,
in you fo fhortly grow.

Seluag.

Sirenius iudge not fo of vs,
our wyts be not fo bafe,

But that we know as well as you,
whats what in euery cafe.

And women eke, there are ynow
that could yf they were brought

Teache men to lyue, and more to loue,
yf loue myght well be tought,

And for all this, yet do I thynke,
No thyng can worfer be.

Than womens ftate, it is the worft,
I thynke of eche degree.

For yf they fhew but gentle words
you thynke for loue they dye.

And yf they fpeake not when you lift,
than ftrayght you fay, they are hye.

And that they ar, difdainfull Dames.
and if they chaunce to talke.

Than cownt you them for chatring Pies
whofe tongs muft alwayes walke.

And yf perhaps they do forbear,
and Sylence chaunce to keepe,
Than tush, she is not for company,
she is but a sypmple sheepe.
And yf they beare good wyll to one,
then strayght they are iudged nought.
And yf yll name to shun they leaue,
Vnconstant they are thought.
Who nowe can please these Ialoufe heads,
the faute is all in you,
For women neuer wold chaunge their minds
yf men wold styll be true.

Siren. To this, I well could answere you,
but tyme doth byd me staye,
And women must the last worde haue
no man may fay them naye.
Passe ouer this, and let vs here,
what lucke you haue had in loue,
And showe yf euer loue of man,
your constaunt hart could moue.
No fyttter place can be than this,
here maye you safely rest,
Thus sytting here, declare at large,
the secretes of your brest.

Silvag. Naye : lenger here we maye not byde,
but home we mvst awaye,
Loe how the Son denies his Beames
depriuynge vs of daye.

Finis Eglogæ septimæ.

Egloga octaua.

Coridon.

Cornix.



Ow ragethe *Titan* fyerce aboue
his Beames on earth do beate.
Whose hote reflection maks vs feale
an ouer feruent heate:
Wyth fyery Dog, he forward flames
hote Agues vp he dryues:
And fends them downe, with boylyng blud
to shorten Myfers lyues.
Loe, how the beasts, lyes vnder trees
how all thynge seekes the shade,
O blessed God, that some defence,
for euery hurte hast made,
Beholde this pleasaunte Brodeleaued Beech
and springing fountain cleare,
Heare shade ynough, here water cold
com *Cornix* rest we here,
And let vs songs begyn to syng,
our purs and harts be lyght.
We fere not we, the tomblyng world
we breake no fleaps by nyght.
Cornix. Both place and tyme my *Coridon*
exhorteth me to syng,
Not of the wretched Louers lyues,
but of the immortall kynge.
Who gyues vs pasture for our beasts
and bleffeth our encrease:
By whom, while other cark and toyle
we lyue at home with ease.
Who keeps vs down, from climyng hye
wher honour breeds debate,

And here hath graunted vs to lyue
in fymple Shephards ftate,
A lyfe that fure doth fare exceade,
eche other kynd of lyfe :
O happy ftate, that doth content,
How farre be we from ftryfe?
Of hym therfore, me lyft to fynge,
and of no wanton toyes,
For hym to loue, and hym to prayfe,
furmounds all other Ioyes.
O Shephards leaue *Cupidoes* Camp,
the ende wherof is vyle,
Remoue Dame *Venus* from your eies
and harken here a whyle.
A God there is, that guyds the Globe,
and framde the fyckle Spheare,
And placed hath, the Starres aboue,
that we do gafe on here,
By whom we lyue, (vnthankful beafts)
by whom we haue our health,
By whom we gayne our happy ftates
by whom we get our wealth.
A God : that fends vs that we nede,
a God : that vs defends.
A God : from whom the Angels hye,
on mortall men attends.
A God : of fuche a Clemencie,
that who fo hym doth loue
Shall here be fure to reft a whyle,
and alwayes reft aboue.
But we, for hym do lytell care,
His Heafts we nought efteme,
But hunt for thyngs that he doth hate
moft pleafaunt thofe do feme,
(Vnthankfull myfers) what do we ?
what meane we thus to ftraye?
From fuche a God, fo mercyfull,
to walke a worfer waye ?

Egloga

Maye nought his benefyts procure?
 maye nought his mercyes moue?
 Maye nothyng bynde, but nedes we must?
 gyue hate to hym for loue?

O happy (ten tymes) is the man,
 (a Byrde full rare to fynde)
 That loueth God with all his hart,
 and kepes his lawes in mynde.

He shalbe blest in all his works,
 and safe in euery tyme,
 He shall fwete quietnes enioye,
 whyle other smarte for Cryme.

The threatnyng chaunces of the world
 shall neuer hym annoye.

When Fortune frowns on foolish men
 he shalbe sure to ioye.

For why? the Aungels of the Lorde,
 shall hym defende alwayes,
 And set hym free, at euery harmes,
 and hurts at all affayes.

Dauid.
 [? *Daniel.*]

Euen he that kept the Prophet safe,
 from mouthes of Lyons wylde,

Moses.

And he that once preferued in Flags,
 the fely suckyng Chylde,

Elias.

The God that fed, by Rauens Byll,
 the Teacher of his worde,
 Shall hym (no doubt) in safetie keepe,
 from Famyn, Fyre, aud Sworde.

Not he, whom Poets old haue faynd,
 to lyue in Heauen hye,

Iupiter.

Embracyng Boyes : (O fylthy thyng)
 in beastly Lecherye.

Iuno.

Nor *Iuno* she : (that wrinkled Iade,)
 that Quene of Skyes is calde,

Saturn.

Nor soleyn *Saturn* Churlysh Chuffe,
 with Scalpe of Cancre bald.

Mars.

Nor fumyng Foole, with fyery face,
 that moues the fyghters mynd.

Venus

Nor Venus she : (that wanton wench)
that guyds the Shoter blynd.

Cupid.

Can the defende : as God wyll do,
for they were fynfull fooles,

Homerus.

Whom fyrst ye blynd hye witted Greke
brought in to wyfe mens Scooles.

No none of these, but God alone,
ought worshyp for to haue,

For they for all theyr Honour ones,
rest yet in stynkyng Graue.

Heare hast thou heard, the happy state
of them that lyue in feare,

Of God : and loue hym best : now lyst,
his foes reward to heare,

And fyrst know thou that euery man,
that from this God doe goe,

And folows lust, hym he aountes,
to be his deadly foe,

This myghty Kyng of whom we talk,
as he is mercyfull,

And suffers long, reuengyng flow,
So when we be thus dull,

That we wyl not perceaue in tyme,
the goodnes of his grace,

His fauour straight, he doth withdraw
and tournes a way his face.

And to him selfe then doth he say,
How long shall I permit

These stubburne beastes, for to rebell?
and shall I loue them yet,

That hate me thus? or haue I nede
theyr louynge mynds to craue?

I aske no more but onely loue,
and that I can not haue.

Well, wel I wil not care for them,
that thus do me dyspyse,

Let them go lyue, euen as they lyst,
I turne away myne eyes.

Egloga

When God hath thus fayd to him self
 Then doth the braynleffe foole,
 Cast Brydle of, and out he runnes,
 neglectynge vertues Scoole,
 Then doth the Deuyll geue him lyne,
 and let him rune at large,
 And Pleasure makes his Mariner,
 to row in vyces Barge,
 Then vp the Sayles of wilfulnes.
 he hoyfes hie in haft,
 And fond Affection blowes hym forth,
 a wynd that *Pluto* plaft,
 Then cuttes he swyft, the seas of fin,
 and through the Chanell deape,
 With Ioyful mynd, he fleets a pace,
 whom Pleasure bryngs a fleape,
 Then who so happy thinks hym selfe?
 who dreames of ioy but he?
 Tush, tush, fayeth he: to thynk of God,
 In age fuffiseth me.
 Now wil I passe my pleasaunt youth,
 Such toyes becomes this age,
 And God shall followe me sayth he,
 I wyll not be his page,
 I wyll be proud, and looke a loft,
 I wyll my bodye decke,
 With costly clothes, a boue my state
 who then dare gyue me checke?
Coridon. Garments som time, so gard a knaue,
 that he dare mate a Knyght,
 Yet haue I sene a *Nec* in hemp,
 For Checking often lyght.
Cornix. The Peacocks plume shal not me pas
 that nature finely framde
 For coulord fylkes shal set me fourth,
 that nature shalbe shamde,
 My Sworde shal get me valiant fame,
 I wyll be *Mars* out ryght,

And *Mars* you know, must *Venus* haue,
 to recreate his spryght.
 I wyll oppresse the fymple knaue,
 shall Slaues be sawfy now?
 Nay: I wyll teache the nedy Dogges,
 with Cappe to crowche, and bow.
 Thus fareth he, and thus he lyues,
 No whyt estymyng God,
 In health, in ioy, and lustynes,
 free from the smartyng Rod,
 But in the midft of all his myrth,
 whyle he suspecteth leaft,
 His happy chaunce, begyns to chaunge
 and eke his fleetyng feast,
 For death (that old deuouryng Wolf)
 whom goodmen nothyng feare,
 Coms faylyng fast, in Galley blacke,
 and whan he spyes hym neare,
 Doth boorde hym strayght, and grapels fast
 And than begyns the fyght,
 In ryot leapes, as Captayne chiefe,
 and from the Maynmast ryght,
 He downward coms, and surfet than
 affayleth by and by,
 Then vyle deseases forward shoues,
 with paynes and gryefe therby,
 Lyfe stands aloft, and fyghteth hard,
 but pleasure all agaste.
 Doth leaue his ore, and out he flyes,
 then death approacheth fast.
 And giues the charge so fore, yat needs
 must lyfe begyn to flye,
 Then farewell all. The wretched man
 with Caryen Corfe doth lye,
 Whom Deth hymself flyngs ouer bord,
 amynd the Seas of syn,
 The place wher late, he swetly swam,
 now lyes he drowned in.

Egloga octaua

Contynuall torment hym awaytes,
 (a Monfter vyle to tell)
 That was begot of Due Defert,
 and raygneth now in Hell,
 With gredy mouth he alwayes feeds
 vpon the Syndrownd foule,
 Whose gredy Pawes, do neuer ceas,
 in fynfull fluds to prowle.
 Loe. This the ende, of euery fuche
 as here lyues lustylye
 Neglectyng God thou feest, in vyce.
 do lyue. in fyn do dye.
 What shuld I speke of al theyr harms
 that happens them in lyfe?
 Theyr Conscience prickt, theyr barren blud
 theyr toyle, their grief, theyr stryfe,
 With mischiefes heaped many a one,
 which they do neuer trye.
 That Loue and Feare the myghty God,
 that rules and raynes on hye,
 To long it weare, to make discourse,
 and *Phebus* downe descends,
 And in the Clowdes his beams doth hyde
 which tempest fure portends,
 Looke how the beastes begin to fling,
 and cast theys heades on hye,
 The Hearonshew mountes aboue the clouds
 ye Crowes ech wher do cry
 All this shoues rayn, tyme byds vs go
 com *Coridon* awaye,
 Take vp thy Staffe, fetch in thy beasts
 let vs go whyle we maye.
Coridon. *Cornix* agreed, go thou before,
 yon cursed Bull of myne
 I must go dryue: he neuer bydes,
 among my Fathers Kyne.

Finis Eglogæ octauæ.

E P Y T A P H E S.

¶ *An Epytaphe of the Lorde Sheffeldes death.*



When Brutysh broyle, and rage of war
in Clownysh harts began
When Tigres stoute, in Tanners bonde
vnmuffled all they ran,
The Noble Sheffeyld Lord by byrth
and of a courage good,
By clubbish hands, of crabbed Clowns
there spent his Noble blud.
His noble byrth auayled not,
his honor all was vayne,
Amyd the preafe, of Mastye Curres,
the valyant Lorde was slayne.
And after suche a forte (O ruth,)
that who can teares suppressse.
To thynke yat Dunghyll Dogs shuld dawnt
the Floure of worthynes.
Whyle as the rauenyng Wolues he prayed
his gylteles lyfe to faue.
A bluddy Butcher byg and blunt,
a vyle vnweldy knaue
With beastly blow of boyfterous byll
at hym (O Lorde) let dryue,
And cleft his head, and sayd therwith
shalt thou be lefte alyue?
O Lorde that I had present ben,
and Hectors force withall,
Before that from his Carlysh hands,
the cruell Byll dyd fall.
Then shulde that peasaunt vyle haue felt
the clap vpon his Crowne,
Then shuld haue dazed his dogged hart
from dryuyng Lordes adowne.

Epytaphes.

Then shuld my hands haue faued th y lyfe
 good Lord whom deare I loued
 Then shuld my hart in doutfull case,
 full well to the ben proued,
 But all in vayne thy death I wayle,
 thy Corps in earth doth lye.
 Thy kyng and Countrey for to serue
 thou dydste not feare to dye.
 Farewel good Lord, thy deth bewayle
 all fuche as well the knewe,
 And euerye man laments thy case:
 and *Googe* thy death doth rewe.

¶ *An Epytaphe of M. Shelley
 slayne at Musselbroughe.*

V Van Mars had moued mortall hate
 and forced fummysh heate
 And hye *Bellona* had decreed,
 to fyt with Sworde in Seate,
 The Scottes vntrue with fyghtynge hande,
 theyr promys to denye,
 Affembled fast, and England thought,
 the trothe with them to trye.
 Chose *Musclebroughe* theyr fyghtynge place
 amynd those barrayne fyelds
 Theyr breche of fayth, there not to try
 with trothe, but trotheles Shyeldes
 In battayle braue, and Armye strong
 Encamped sure they laye,
 Ten Scottes to one (a dredeful thyng
 a dolfull fyghtyng daye.)
 That Englysh men were all agaste,
 with quakyng staues in hande.
 To se theyr enemyes lye so neare,
 and death with them to stande.

No other remedye there was,
but fyght it out or flye.
And who shuld fyrst the Onfet gyue,
was sure therin to dye.
Thus al dismayde, and wrapt in feare
with doutfull mynde they stande,
If best it be, with flyght of foote,
to stryue or fyght of hande.
Tyll at the length, a Captayn stoute.
with hawtye mynde gan speake.
O Cowards all, and maydly men
of Courage faynt and weake,
Vnworthye com of Brutus race,
to this your manhode gon,
And is there none you Daftardes all,
that dare them set vpon.
Then Shelly all inflamed with heate
with heate of valyaunt mynde,
No Cowardes we, nor maydly men,
ne yet of Daftards kynde,
I wold you wyfte dyd euer com,
but dare be bolde to trye,
Our manhode heare, thoughe nought appeare
but deth to all mens eye
And with these wordes (O noble hart)
no longer there he stayde,
But forth before them all he sprang
as one no whyt dismayed
With charged staffe on fomyng horse
his Spurres with heeles he strykes,
And forewarde ronnes with swiftye race,
among the mortall Pykes
And in this race with famous ende,
to do his Countrey good,
Gauē Onfet fyrst vpon his Foes,
and lost his vitall blud.

¶ *Finis.*

❧ *An Epytaph of Maister
Thomas Phayre.*

He hawtye verfe, yat *Maro* wrote
 made Rome to wonder muche
 And meruayle none for why the Style
 and waightynes was fuche,
 That all men iudged *Parnaffus* Mownt
 had clefte her felfe in twayne.
 And brought forth one, that feemd to drop
 from out *Mineruaes* brayne.
 But wonder more, maye Bryttayne great
 wher *Phayre* dyd florysh late,
 And barreyne tong with fwete accord
 reduced to fuche eftate :
 That *Virgils* verfe hath greater grace
 in forrayne foote obtaynde,
 Than in his own, who whilft he lyued
 eche other Poets ftaynde.
 The Noble H. *Hawarde* once,
 that raught eternall fame,
 With mighty Style, did bryng a pece
 Of *Virgils* worke in frame,
 And *Grimaold* gaue the lyke attempt,
 and *Douglas* wan the Ball,
 whose famoufe wyt in Scottyfh ryme
 had made an ende of all.
 But all thefe fame did *Phayre* excell,
 I dare preſume to wryte,
 As muche as doth *Appolloes* Beames.
 the dymmeſt Starre in lyght.
 The enuyous fates (O pytie great,
 had great difdayne to fe,
 That vs amongſt there ſhuld remain
 ſo fyne a wyt as he,

And in the mydst of all his toyle,
dyd force hym hence to wende,
And leaue a Worke vnperfyd fo,
that neuer man shall ende.

❧ *An Epytaphe of the Death
of Nicolas Grimaold.*

BEholde this fle-
tyng world how al things fade
Howe euery thyng
doth passe and weare awaye,
Eche state of lyfe,
by comon course and trade,
Abydes no tyme,
but hath a passyng daye.
For looke as lyfe,
that pleasaunt Dame hath brought,
The pleasaunt yeares,
and dayes of lustynes,
So Death our Foe,
consumeth all to nought,
Enuyeng these,
with Darte doth vs oppresse,
And that whiche is,
the greatest gryfe of all,
The gredye Grype,
doth no estate respect,
But wher he comes,
he makes them down to fall,
Ne slayes he at,
the hie sharpe wytted sect.
For if that wytt,
or worthy Eloquens,
Or learnyng deape,
coude moue hym to forbear,


Epytaphes.

O *Grimaold* then,
 thou hadste not yet gon hence
 But heare hadest sene,
 full many an aged yeare.
 Ne had the *Mu-*
ses losse so fyne a Floure,
 Nor had *Miner-*
ua wept to leaue the so,
 If wyfdome myght
 haue fled the fatall howre,
 Thou hadste not yet
 ben suffred for to go,
 A thousande doltysh
 Geese we myght haue sparde,
 A thousande wytles
 heads, death might haue found
 And taken them,
 for whom no man had carde,
 And layde them lowe,
 in deepe obliuious grounde,
 But Fortune fa=
 ours Fooles as old men saye
 And lets them lyue,
 and take the wyfe awaye.

¶ *Finis.*

SONETTES.

¶ *To Mayster Alexander Nowell.*

 He Muses ioye,
and well they may to fe,
So well theyr la=
boure com to good successe,
That they sustay=
ned long agoe in the,
Minerua smyles,
Phebus can do no lesse,
But ouer all,
they chyefly do reioyse,

That leauyng thyngs,
which are but fond and vayne,
Thou dyddest chuse,
(O good and happy choyse)
In sacred Scoles,
thy luckye yeares to trayne,
By whiche thou hast
obtaynde (O happy thyng)
To learne to lyue,
whyle other wander wyde,
And by thy lyfe,
to please the immortall kyng,
Then whiche so good,
nothyng can be applyed,
Lawe gyues the gayne,
and Physycke fyls the Purse,
Promotions hye,
gyues Artes to many one,
But this is it,
by whiche we scape the Curse,

And haue the blys
of God, when we be gone.
Is this but one=
ly Scriptures for to reade?
No, no. Not talke,
but lyfe gyues this in deade.

¶ *To Doctor Bale.*

Good aged *Bale*:
that with thy hoary heares
Dofte yet perfyfte,
to turne the paynefull Booke,
O happye man,
that haft obtaynde fuche yeares,
And leavft not yet,
on Papers pale to looke,
Gyue ouer now
to beate thy weryed brayne,
And reft thy Pen
that long hath laboured foore
For aged men
vnfyf fure is fuche paine,
And the befeems
to laboure now no more,
But thou I thynke
Don Platoes part will playe
With Booke in hand,
to haue thy dyeng daye.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ To M. Edwarde Cobham.

Olde *Socrates*,
 whose wyfdome dyd excell,
 And past the reache,
 of wyfest in his tyme,
 Surmounted all,
 that on the earth dyd dwell,
 That Craggye Hyls,
 of vertue hye dyd clyme,
 That *Socrates*,
 my *Cobham* dyde allowe,
 Eche man in youth,
 hym selfe in Glasse to vew,
 And wyld them oft,
 to vse the same, but how ?
 Not to delyght,
 in forme of fadyng hew.
 Nor to be proude
 therof, as many be,
 But for to stryue,
 by beautie of the mynde,
 For to adourne,
 the beautie he doth se.
 If warlyke forme,
 Dame Nature hym assygnde,
 By vertuous lyfe,
 than countenaunce for to get,
 That shall deface,
 the fayrest of them all,
 Suche Beautie as
 no age nor yeares wyll fret :
 That flyes with fame,
 whan fyckle forme doth fayle,
 Thus muche I faye,
 that here to the present,

My wordes a Glaffe
 for the to looke vpon.
 To the whom God,
 in tender yeares hath lent,
 A towardenes,
 that maye be mused vpon,
 Suche towardenes,
 as in more grauer yeares,
 Doth fure a hope,
 of greater thyngs pretende,
 Thy noble mynde,
 that to thy frendes appeare,
 Doth shoue the blud,
 wherof thou doste descende,
 The gentlenes,
 thou vvest vnto all fuche,
 As smallye haue
 deserued good wyll of the,
 Doth shoue the grace,
 thou hast that fure is muche,
 As euer yet,
 in any I dyd se,
 That wyt as rype,
 as Nature well can gyue,
 Declares a grea-
 ter hope than all the rest,
 That shall remayne,
 to the whilst thou doste lyue,
 In desperate yls,
 a Medycyne euer prest.
 Thy good behauour,
 of thy felse in place
 Wherfoeuer that
 thou chauncest for to lyght,
 So much both beautie,
 mynde and wyt doth grace
 As well can be
 requyred of any wyght.

What resteth now?
 but onely God to prayse,
 Of whom thou hast
 receaued these Gyftes of thyne,
 So shalt thou long,
 lyue heare with happye dayes,
 And after Death,
 the starrye Skyes shall clyme,
 Let noughtye men,
 saye what they lyst to the,
 Trade thou thy selfe,
 in seruyng hym aboue,
 No fweter ser-
 uyce can deuyfed be,
 Whom yf thou fearst,
 and faythfully doste loue,
 Be sure no thyng,
 on earth shall the annoye,
 Be sure he wyll,
 the from eche harme defende,
 Be sure thou shalt,
 long tyme thy lyfe enioye,
 And after ma-
 ny yeares to haue a blessed ende.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ *Of Edwardes of the Chappell.*

D Euyne *Camenes*
 that with your sacred food,
 Haue fed and fo-
 sterde vp from tender yeares,
 A happye man,
 that in your fauour stode
Edwards in Courte
 that can not fynde his feares

Your names be blest,
 that in this present age
 So fyne a head,
 by Arte haue framed out
 Whom some hereaf=
 ter helpt by Poets rage,
 Perchaunce maye matche,
 but none shall passe (no doubt)
 O *Plautus* yf
 thou wert alyue agayne,
 That Comedies
 so fynely dydste endyte.
 Or *Terence* thou
 that with thy plefaunt brayne,
 The hearers mynde
 on stage dydst much delyght.
 What wold you fay
 fyrs if you should beholde,
 As I haue done
 the doyngs of this man?
 No word at all
 to sweare I durst be bolde,
 But burne with teares,
 that which with myrth began,
 I meane your bookes,
 by which you gate your name,
 To be forgot,
 you wolde commit to flame.
 Alas I wolde
Edwards more tell thy prayse,
 But at thy name
 my muse amafed stayes.

To L. Blundeston.

Some men be coun=
 styd wyfe that well can talke :
 And some because

they can eche man begyle.
Some forbecaufe
they know well chese from chalke,
And can be sure,
weepe who so lyst to smyle.
But (Blundston) hym
I call the wyfest wyght,
Whom God gyues grace
to rule affections ryght.

*The Aunswere of L. Blundeston
to the same.*

Affections seekes
hygh honours frayle estate,
Affections doth
the golden meane reprove.
Affections tourns
the frendly hart to hate,
Affections breedes
without discretion Loue,
Both wyfe and
happye (*Googe*) he maye be hyght,
Whom God gyues grace,
to rule affections ryght.

¶ *To Alexander Neuell.*

THe lytell Fysh,
that in the streame doth fleet
With brode forth stret-
ched Fyns for his disporte
When as he spyes,
the Fysshes bayte so swete,
In haste he hyes,
fearynge to com to shorte,

But all to foone
 (alas) his gredy mynde,
 By rash attempt,
 doth bryng hym to his bane,
 for where he thought
 a great relyefe to fynde,
 By hydden hooke,
 the fymple fole is tane.
 So fareth man,
 that wanders here and theare,
 Thynkyng no hurt
 to happen hym therbye,
 He ronnes amayne,
 to gafe on Beauties cheare,
 Takes all for golde
 that glyfters in the eye,
 And neuer leaues
 to feade by lookyng long,
 On Beauties Bayte,
 where Bondage lyes enwrapt,
 Bondage that makes
 hym to fynge an other fong,
 And makes hym curfe
 the bayte that hym entrapte.
Neuell to the,
 that loueft their wanton lookes,
 Feade on the bayte,
 but yet beware the Hookes.

Alexander Neuells *Answere to the same.*

IT is not curfed *Cupids* Dart :
 Nor *Venus* cancred Spyght,
 It is not vengeaunce of the Gods
 That wretched harts doth fmyght,
 With restleffe rage of carefull Loue.
 No, No, thy Force alone

Affection fond, doth flyr these flames.
 Thou caufest vs to mone
 And waile, and curs our wretched flats.
 Our thryfe vnhappy plights,
 Our fighes, and powdred fobs with tears,
 Our greuous gronyng Sprights,
 Thy hateful Malice doth procure :
 O Fancye flamyng Feend
 Of Hel. For thou in outwarde fhape,
 And colour of a frende
 Dost by thy Snares and flymed Hooks
 entrap the wounded Harts :
 From whence these Hellike torments fpryng,
 and euer greauyng Smarts.
 Whence Gripe of minde, with chaunged chere
 Whence face befmeard with teares.
 Whence thoufand mischiefs more, wherwith
 fuche Myfers liues outweares.
 Our gafyng eyes on Bewties bayt
 do worke our endles bane.
 Our eyes I fay doo worke our woo,
 Our eyes procure our paine.
 These are the Traps to vexed myndes
 Here Gyns and Snares do lye.
 Here fyre and flames by Fancie framde,
 In brest doo broyle and frye.
 O *Googe* the Bayte fone fpyed is.
 Soone vewd their wanton lookes.
 Wheron to feede, and yet to fhun,
 The priuy lurkyng hookes,
 Their pain, Their toile, Their labour is
 There There lyes endles strife.
 O happy than that Man account,
 Whofe well directed Lyfe
 Can flye thofe yls, which fancy ftirs,
 And lyue from Bondage free.
 A *Phænix* ryght on yearth (no doubt)
 A Byrde full rare to fee.

¶ *To M. Henrye Cobham, of the
most blessed state of Lyfe.*

THe happyest lyfe
 that here we haue,
 My *Cobham* yf
 I shall defyne,
 The goodlyest state,
 twyخته byrth and graue,
 Most gracious
 dayes and fwetefst tyme,
 The fayrefst face,
 of fadynge Lyfe,
 Race ryghtlyest ronne
 in ruthfull wayes,
 The fafefst meanes
 to fhun all ftryfe :
 The fureft Staffe,
 in fyckle Dayes :
 I take not I
 as fome do take,
 To gape and gawne,
 for Honours hye,
 But Court and
Cayfer to forfake,
 And lyue at home,
 full quyetye,
 Remembrefst thou ?
 what he once fayde,
 Who bad, Courte not
 in any cafe,
 For Vertue is,
 in Courtes decayed,
 And Vyce with States,
 hath chyefefst place,

Not Courte but Countreye
 I do iudge,
 Is it wheare lyes,
 the happyest lyfe,
 In Countreye growes,
 no gratynge grudge,
 In Countreye standes
 not sturdye stryfe,
 In Countreye,
Bacchus hath no place,
 In Countreye
Venus hath defecte,
 In Countreye
Thrafo hath no grace,
 In Countreye
 fewe of *Gnatoes* Secte.
 But these iame foure
 and many more,
 In Courte,
 thou shalt be sure to fynde,
 For they haue vowed,
 not thence to goe,
 Bycause in Courte,
 dwels ydle mynde.
 In Countreye
 mayste thou safelye rest,
 And flye all these,
 yf that thou lyste,
 The Countrey therfore,
 iudge I best,
 Where godly lyfe,
 doth vyce resyfte,
 Where vertuous
 exercyse with ioye,
 Doth spende the yeares
 that are to run,
 Where Vyces fewe,
 maye the annoye,
 This lyfe is best
 whan all is done.

¶ *To Alexander Neuell of the
blessed State of him that
feeles not the force of
Cupids flames.*

AS ofte as I
remembre with my self,
The Fancies fonde,
that flame by foolysh Loue,
And marke the Furyes
fell, the blynded elfe
And Venus she
that raynes so fore aboue,
As ofte as I
do se the wofull state,
Of Louers all,
and eake their myferye,
The ones desy=
ryng mynde the others hate,
Trothe with the one,
with the other Trecherye,
So ofte say I,
that blessed in the wyght,
Yea *Neuell* blest,
and double blest agayne,
That can by rea=
son rule hys mynde a ryght,
And take fuche foo=
lysh fadynge toyes for vayne.

¶ *Alexander Neuells Awnswere
to the same.*

He plunged mind in fluds of griefs
The Sences drowned quyght,
The Hart opprest. The flesh consumed
The chaunged state outright.

The Body dryed by broylyng blafe,
 Of preuy fchorchyng Flame.
 The doulfull Face. The countnaunce fad
 The drowping Courage tame.
 The Scaldyng fyghes. The greeuous groones
 The burning rage of fyre
 The ernest fute. The fruitles Toyle.
 The deepe and hot Defyre,
 The Braynes quight brufd and cruft with Cares.
 The euer duryng foore.
 The very paynes of Hell it felf,
 with thoufande mischyefes moore,
 Which wounded Harts enflamed with Loue
 with Gryefe do ouerflow,
 And works theyr endles plage and fpight
 Tyll Death from thence do growe.
 All thefe conclude him bleft (my *Googe*)
 And trible bleft agayne,
 That taught bi tract of Time can take
 Such fadyng Toyes for vayne.

¶ *To Mayftrefse A.*

¶ Ynce I fo long haue lyved in pain
 and burnt for loue of the,
 (O cruel hart) dofte thou no more
 esteame the Loue of me,
 Regardft thou not, the health of hym ?
 that the, aboue the reft
 Of Creatures all, and next to God
 hath deareft in his brest.
 Is pytie placed from the fo farre
 is gentlenes exylde ?
 Haft thou ben fostred in the Caues,
 of Wolues or Lyons wylde ?
 Haft thou ben fo ? why then no force,
 the leffe I meruayle I,
 Such as the Damme, fuche is the yong
 experyence trewe doth trye.

Syth thou art of so fyerce a mynde,
 why dyd not God then place
 In the, with suche a Tygers Harte,
 a fowle yll fauerde face?
 Sure for no other ende but that,
 he lyketh no Louers trade,
 And the therefore a ragynge Fende,
 an Angels face hath made.
 Suche one as thou, was *Gorgon* ones
 as auncient Poets tell,
 Who with her Beautie mazed men,
 and nowe doth raygne in Hell,
 But mercye yet, of the I craue,
 yf ought in the remayne,
 And let me not so long the force,
 of flamyng fyre sustayne,
 Let pytie ioynde with beautie be,
 so shall I not dyfdayne,
 My blud, my hart, my lyfe to spende
 with toyle, with stryfe, and payne,
 To do the good, my breath to loofe,
 yf nede shall so requyre,
 But for my seruyce and my paynes,
 thou gyuest me hate for hyre.
 Well now take this for ende of all,
 I loue and thou doste hate,
 Thou lyuest in pleasures happely.
 and I in wretched state.
 Paynes can not last for euermore,
 but tyme and ende wyll trye,
 And tyme shall tell me in my age,
 How youth led me awrye.
 Thy face that me tormented, so,
 in tyme shall sure decaye,
 And all that I do lyke or loue,
 shall vanysh quyte awaye,
 Thy face in tyme shall wrynckled be,
 at whiche I shall be glad,

To see thy forme transformed thus,
 that made me once so fad,
 Than shall I blame my folly moch
 and thanke the mightyest kyng
 That hath me faued tyll such a daye,
 to see so fonde a thyng.
 And tyll that tyme I wyll keepe close
 my flames and let them blase,
 All secretly within my brest,
 no man on me shall gase.
 I wyll not trespassse synfully,
 for God shall geue me grace
 To see the tyme wherin I shall
 neglecte thy folysh face,
 And tyll that tyme adieu to thee,
 God keepe thee far from me,
 And fende thee in that place to dwell,
 that I shall neuer see.

¶ *To George Holmeden of a
 ronnyng Heade.*

THe greatest vyce
 that happens vnto men,
 And yet a vyce,
 that many comon haue,
 As auncient Wryters
 waye with sobre Pen,
 Who gaue theyr doome,
 by force of wysdom graue,
 The forest mayme,
 the greatest euill sure,
 The vylest plague
 that Students can sustayne,
 And that whiche moste
 doth ygnoraunce procure.
 My *Holmeden* is
 to haue a ronnyng Brayne,

For who is he
 that leades more restles lyfe,
 Or who can euer
 lyue more yll bestead?
 In fyne who lyues,
 in greater Care and stryfe,
 Then he that hath,
 suche an vnstedfast hedde:
 But what is this?
 me thynkes I heare the fay,
 Physition take,
 thine owne disease away.

¶ *To the Translation of Pallingen.*

THe labour swete,
 that I sustaynde in the,
 (O *Pallingen*)
 when I tooke Pen in hande,
 Doth greue me now,
 as ofte as I the se,
 But halfe hewd out
 before myne eyes to stande,
 For I must needes
 (no helpe) a whyle go toyle,
 In Studyes, that
 no kynde of muse delyght.
 And put my Plow,
 in grosse vntylled foyle,
 And labour thus,
 with ouer weryed Spryght,
 But yf that God,
 do graunt me greater yeares.
 And take me not
 from hence, before my tyme,
 The Muses nyne,
 the pleasaunt synging feares

Shall fo enflame
 my mynde with luft to ryme,
 That *Palingen*
 I wyll not leaue the fo,
 But fynyſh the
 accordyng to my mynd.
 And yf it be
 my chaunce away to go,
 Let ſome the ende,
 that heare remayne behynde.

¶ *The Harte abſent.*

Wete muſe tell me,
 wher is my hart becom,
 For well I feele,
 it is from hence a way,
 My Sences all,
 doth forrow ſo benumme:
 That abſent thus,
 I can not lyue a Day.
 I know for troth,
 there is a ſpecyall Place,
 Wher as it moſt,
 deſyreth for to bee:
 For Oft it leaues,
 me thus in Dolfull caſe,
 And hether commes,
 at length a gayne to me?
 Woldeſt thou ſo fayne,
 be tolde where is thy Harte
 Sir Foole in place,
 wher as it ſhuld not be:
 Tyed vp ſo faſt,
 that it can neuer ſtarte?
 Tyll Wyſdom get,
 agayne thy Lybertye:
 In place wher thou,

as fafe maift dwel fwet daw?
 As may the harte,
 ly by the Lyons paw:
 And wher for thee,
 as much be fure they paffe:
 As dyd the mafter
 ons for *Ejops* Affe.

¶ *To Alexander Neuell.*

IF thou canst banish Idle nes,
Cupidoes Bowe is broke, *Ouid.*
 And well thou mayst dyspyfe his bronds
 cleane void of flame and smoke
 What moued the Kynge *Agistus* ons,
 to Loue with vyle exceffe:
 The cause at hand doth streight appeare
 he lyued in Idlenes.

Finis.

¶ *The Aunfwere of A. Neuell to the same.*

THe lack of labour mayms ye mind,
 And wyt and Reason quyght exiles.
 And Reason fled. Flames Fancy blind.
 And Fancy she forthwith beguyles
 The Senfles wight: that swiftly fails
 Through deepest fluds of vyle exces.
 Thus vice abounds. Thus vertu quails
 By meanes of drowfy Idlenes.

¶ *To Maystresse D.*

NOt from the hye *Cytherion* Hyll
 nor from that Ladies throne
 From whens flies forth ye winged boy

yat makes some fore to grone.
 But nearer hence this token coms,
 from out the Dongeon deepe,
 Where neuer Plutto yet dyd raygne
 nor Proferpyne dyd fleepe.
 Wheras thy faithful Seruaunt liues.
 whom duetie moues aryght,
 To wayle that he so long doth lacke,
 his owne deare Maystres fyght.

¶ *Out of an olde Poet.*

FYe Fye, I lothe
 to speake wylt thou my lust,
 Compell me nowe,
 to doo so foule an acte.
 Nay rather God
 with Flame consume to dust.
 My carryon vyle,
 then I perfourme this facte
 Let rather thoughtes,
 that long, haue weryed me :
 Or sycknes suche
 as Fancye fonde hath brought,
 O gapyng Hell,
 dryne me now downe to the,
 Let boylyng fyghes,
 consume me all to nought.

ONs musynge as I sat,
 and Candle burnynge bye,
 When all were husht I myght discern
 a symple felye Flye.

¶ That flewe before myne eyes,
 with free reioysynge Hart,
 And here and there, with wings did play
 as voyde of payne and smart,

¶ Somtyme by me she fat,
 when she had playde her fyll,
 And euer when she rested had
 aboute she flyttered styll.
 ¶ When I perceyued her well,
 reioyfyng in her place,
 O happye Flye quoth I, and eake,
 O worme in happy case.
 ¶ Whiche two of vs is best?
 I that haue reason? no:
 But thou that reason art without
 and therwith voyde of woe.
 ¶ I lyue and so doste thou,
 but I lyue all in payne,
 And Subiect am to her alas,
 that makes my Gryefe her gayne.

[The following lines are added to this Poem, in the *Faultes escaped, &c.* at the end of the original Edition.]

¶ Thou lyuest, but feelst no gryefe,
 no Loue doth the torment,
 A happye thyng for me it were,
 If God were so content.
 That thou with Pen, wert placed here
 and I fat in thy place,
 Then I shuld Ioye as thou dost nowe
 and thou shuldst wayle thy case.

¶ **W**hen I do heare thy name,
 alas my hart doth ryse:
 And seekes fourthwith to se the false
 that most contentes myne eys.
 But when I se thy Face,
 that hath procured my payne,

Then boyles my blud in euery part,
and beates in euery vayne?
Thy voice when I do heare,
then collour comes and goes,
Some tyme as pale as Earth I looke,
some tyme as red as Rose.
If thy sweete Face do smyle,
then who so well as I?
If thou but cast a scornefull looke,
then out alas I dye.
But styll I lyue in payne,
my fortune wylleth so,
That I shuld burne and thou yet know,
no whytt of all my wo.

VNhappye tonge
why dydste thou not consent
When fyrst myne eyes
dyd vewe that Princely face,
To show good wyll,
that hart opprest than ment.
And whylst tyme was,
to fewe for present grace.
O fayntyng Hart,
why dydst thou then conceale?
Thyne inwarde Fyers,
that flamde in euery vayne,
Whan pytie and
gentlenes, were bent to heale.
Why dydst thou not,
declare thy ragyng payne?
When well thou mightst
haue moued her gentle mynde,
Why dydste thou than,
kepe backe thy wofull playn?

Thou knewste full well,
 redres is hard to fynde,
 Whan in thy owne
 affayres, thy corage faynts.
 But fynce she is
 gon, bewaile thy grief no moore
 Synce thou thy felfe,
 wart Caufer of the Soore.

¶ *Oculi augent dolorem.*

Out of fyght, out of mynd.

THe oftener fene, the more I lust,
 The more I lust, the more I smart
 The more I smart, the more I trust,
 The more I trust, the heauyer hart,
 The heuy hart, breedes myne vnrest,
 Thy absence therefore, lyke I best.

The rarer fene, the lesse in mynde,
 The lesse in mynde, the lesser payne,
 The lesser payne, lesse gryefe I fynd,
 The lesser gryefe, the greater gayne,
 The greater gayne, the meryer I,
 Therefore I wysh thy fyght to flye.

The further of, the more I ioye.
 The more I ioye, the happyer lyfe,
 The happyer lyfe, lesse hurts annoye
 The lesser hurts, pleasure most ryfe,
 Suche pleasures ryfe, shall I obtayne
 When Distauce doth depart vs twaine.

¶ *Finis.*

Accuse not God, yf fancie fond,
do moue thy foolyſh brayne,
To wayle for loue, for thou thy ſelfe,
art cauſe of all thy payne.

¶ *Finis.*

Two Lynes ſhall tell the Gryefe
that I by Loue fuſtayne.
I burne, I flame, I faynt, I fryſe,
of Hell I feele the payne.

¶ *Of the vnfortunate choiſe
of his Valentyne.*

The Paynes that all the Furies fell
can caſt from Lyμπο lake,
Eche Torment of thoſe Hellifh brains
wher crawleth mani a ſnake,
Eche miſchiefe that therin doth lye
eche ſmart that may be founde,
Flye from thoſe feendiſh clawes a whyle
with flames breake vp the grounde,
Lyght here vpon this curſed hand,
make here your dwellyng place,
And plague the part, yat durſt preſume
his Mayſter to diſgrace.
Which thruſt amonge a nombre of:
ſo many princely names,
And wher thy Maiſtres had her place
amongſt the chiefſt Dames,
Durſte thus preſume to leue her there
and drawe a ſtraunger wyght,
And by thyne owne vnhappy draught
torment my pauled Spryght.

¶ *The vncertayntie of Lyfe.*

NO vayner thing ther can be found
 amyd this vale of stryfe,
 As Auncient men reporte haue made
 then truste vncertayne lyfe.
 This tr[e]we we dayly fynde,
 by proofes of many yeares,
 And many tymes the trothe is tryed,
 by losse of frendly fears,
 Hope who so lyst in lyfe
 hath but vncertayne stay.
 As taylor of Ele that harder held,
 doth sooner flyde away.
 When least we thynk therof,
 most neare approacheth it.
 And sodaynly posses the place,
 wher lyfe before did fytt :
 How many haue byn seen,
 in Helth to go to rest,
 And yet eare mornyng tyde haue ben,
 with Cruell Death opprest,
 How many in their meales,
 Haue Ioyfully ben sett,
 That sodaynly in all their Feaste,
 hath yealded Earth theyr dett.
 Syth thus the lyfe is nought,
 that in this world we trust,
 And that for all the pompe and Pryde,
 the Bodie tournes to dust :
 Hope for the lyfe a boue,
 whiche far surmounteth all.
 With vertuous mind await the time
 When God, for vs doth call.

¶ *A Refusall.*

Syth Fortune fauoures not
 and al thynges backward go,
 And syth your mynd, hath so decreed,
 to make an end of woe.
 Syth now is no redresse,
 but hence I must a way,
 Farwele I wast no vayner wordes,
 I Hope for better day.

¶ *Of Maistres D S.*

Thy fyled wordes,
 yat from thy mouth did flow
 Thy modest looke
 with gesture of *Diane*.
 Thy curteous mynde,
 and althynges framed so.
 As answered well,
 vnto thy vertuous fame,
 The gentlenes
 that at thy handes I founde
 In straungers hou[*f*]e,
 all vnaquaynted I,
 Good S. hath
 my Hart to the so bounde,
 That from the can
 it not be forced to flye,
 In pledge wherof,
 my seruyce here I gyue
 Yf thou so wylte
 to serue the whylst I lyue.

¶ *Of Money.*

Give Money me, take
 Friendship who so lyst,
 For Friends are gon
 come once Aduerfytie,
 When Money yet
 remayneth safe in Chest,
 That quickly can the
 bryng from myferye,
 Fayre face showe frendes,
 whan ryches do habounde,
 Come tyme of prooffe,
 farewell they must awaye,
 Beleue me well,
 they are not to be founde.
 If God but fende
 the once a lowrynge daye.
 Golde neuer starts
 asyde, but in dyftres,
 Fyndes wayes enoughe,
 to ease thyne heuynes.

¶ *Goyng towardes Spayne.*

Farewell thou fertyll soyle,
 that *Brutus* fyrst out founde,
 When he poore soule, was driuen clean
 from out his Countrey ground.
 That Northward layst thy lusty fides
 amynd the ragyng Seas.
 Whose welthy Land doth foster vpp,
 thy people all in ease,
 While others scrape and carke abroad,
 theyr symple foode to gett.

Sonettes.

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And felye Soules toke all for good,
that commeth to the Net.
Which they with painfull paynes do py[n]ch.
in barrain burning Realmes :
While we haue all with out restreint
a mong thy welthy streames.
O blest of God thou Pleasaunt Ile,
where welth her self doth dwell:
Wherin my tender yeares I past
I byd thee now farewell.
For Fancy dryues me forth abrode,
and byds me take delyght,
In leuyng thee and raungyng far,
to see some straunger fyght.
And sayth I was not framed heare
to lyue at home with eas:
But passyng forth for knowledge sake
to cut the fomyng feas.

¶ *At Bonyuall in Fraunce.*

O Fond affectyon
wounder of my Hart,
When wylt thou Cease,
to breed my restles payne,
When comes the end,
of this my Cruell smart:
When shall my force,
beate backe thy force agayne.
When shall I faye,
this restles rage of myne:
By Reason ruld,
is banyshd quyght a way,
And I escaped,
these cruell bondes of thyne:
O flamynge feend,
that seakest my decaye.

Safe thynkyng I,
Charibdis Rage to flye,
 On *Scylla* Rocke,
 in *Bonyuall* I dye.

¶ *Commynge home warde out of Spayne.*

Ragyng Seas,
 and myghty *Neptunes* rayne,
 In monstrous *Hylles*,
 that throwest thy selfe so hye,
 That wyth thy fludes,
 doest beate the shores of *Spayne* :
 And breake the *Clyues*,
 that dare thy force enuie.
 Cease now thy rage,
 and laye thyne *Ire* a fyde,
 And thou that hast,
 the gouernaunce of all,
 O myghty *God*,
 grant *Wether Wynd* and *Tyde*,
 Tyll on my *Coun-*
treye Coast, our *Anker* fall.

¶ *To L. Blundeston of Ingratitude.*

THe lytell *Byrde*,
 the tender *Marlyon*,
 That vseth ofte
 vpon the *Larke* to praye,
 With great *reproche*,
 doth stayne the mynde of man
 If all be true,
 that *Wryters* of her saye.
 For she a *Creature*,
 maymde of *Reasons* parte,
 And framde to lyue
 accordyng to her kynde,

Doth seme to foster
Reason in her Hart
And to aspyre
vnto Deuyner mynde.
when Hungers rage
she hath exyled quyte,
And supped well
as falleth for her state.
The felye Larke,
doth take by force of flyght,
And hyes to tree,
where as she lodged late,
And on the trem-
blyng Byrde all nyght she flondes,
To keepe her feete,
from force of nyppyng colde,
The amazed Wretche,
within her ennemyes handes,
And closed fast,
within the claspyng holde.
Awayteth Death,
with drowfye drowpyng Hart,
And all the nyght
with feare drawes on her lyfe,
The gentle Byrde,
whan darkenes doth departe
Doth not depryue,
the felye foule of lyfe,
Nor fylles with her
her hungred egre brest
But wayeng well,
the feruyce she hath done.
To spyll the Blud,
her Nature doth detest,
And from so great
a Cryme, her selfe doth shun.
She lets her go
and more with stedfast eyes.
Beholds whiche way

she takes with mazed flight,
 And in those partes
 that Daye she neuer flyes
 Least on that Byrde
 agayne she chaunce to lyght.
 Loe, *Blundston* heare
 how kyndenes doth habounde,
 In felye Soules
 where Reason is exylde,
 This Byrde alone
 suffyseth to confounde,
 The Brutysh myndes
 of men that are defyled,
 With that great Vice,
 that vyle and haynous Cryme
 Ingratitude
 (whiche some vnkyndenes call.)
 That Poyson strong
 that spryngeth styll with tyme,
 Tyll at the length,
 it hath infected all.

¶ *The Aunfwere of L. Blundeston
 to the same.*

His Mirroure left
 of this thy Byrde I fynde,
 Hath not suche force,
 to enter in the Hert,
 To roote away
 Vnthankefulnes of minde,
 As others haue,
 the Vertues to peruert,
 (so prone we are to Vice :)
 The Tenche by kynd
 hath Salue for euery Soore,
 And heales the may-
 med Pike in his dystresse,

The Churlysh Pike
 for gentlenes therfore,
 In his rewarde,
 doth cruellye expresse.
 His murdring mynde,
 his fylthy spotted fayth,
 When hungre prickes
 to fyll his gredye Iawes,
 He grypes his poore
 Chyrurgion vnto death.
 Who late to hym
 of lyfe was onely cause.
 Thy Merlians haue
 fewe Ayryes in our ground
 But Pikes haue Spawnes
 good floore in euery Pound.

¶ *To the Tune of Appelles.*

THe rushyng Ryuers that do run
 The valeys sweet adourned new
 That leans their sides against ye Sun
 with Flours fresh of fundry hew,
 Both Ashe and Elme, and Oke so hye,
 Do all lament my wofull crye.

while winter blak, with hydious stormes
 Doth spoil ye ground of Sommers grene,
 while springtime sweet ye leaf returns
 That late on tree could not be fene,
 while somer burns while haruest rains
 Stil styl do rage my restles paynes.

No ende I find in all my smart,
 But endles torment I sustayne
 Synce fyrst alas, my wofull Hart
 By sight of the was forst to playne,
 Synce that I lost my Lybertie,
 Synce that thou madste a Slaue of me

My Hart that once abroad was free
 Thy Beautie hath in durance brought
 Ons reason rulde and guyded me,
 And how is wyt consumde with thought
 Ons I reioyfed aboute the Skye,
 And now for the I alas I dye.

Ons I reioyfed in Companye,
 And now my chief and whole delyght
 Is from my frendes awaye to flye
 And keepe alone my weryed spryght
 Thy face deuyne and my desyre,
 From flesh hath me transformed to fyre.

O Nature thou that fyrst dyd frame,
 My Ladyes heare of purest Golde
 Her face of Crystall to the fame.
 Her lippes of precious Rubyes molde
 Her necke of Alablafter whyte
 Surmountyng far eche other Wight

Why dydst thou not that tyme deuife
 Why dydst thou not forese before?
 The mischyefe that therof doth ryse;
 And grief on grief doth heap with stor
 To make her Hart of Wax alone,
 And not of Flynt and Marble Stone.

O Lady showe thy fauour yet,
 Let not thy Seruaunt dye for the
 Where Rygour rulde, let Mercy fyt
 Let Pytie Conquere Crueltie
 Let not Disdain, a Feend of Hell,
 Posses the place, wher Grace should dwell.

❏ CUPIDO CONQUERED.



He sweetest time of al the yeare
it was when as the Sonne,
Had newly entred *Gemini*,
and warmynge heate begun :
Whan euery tre was clothed greene, Sunny
and flowers fayre dyd shew,
And when the whyt and blowmynge
on Hawthorns thicke did grow,
Whan fore I longd to seeke a broade,
to se some Pleasaunt fyght,

A mid my woes and heauye happes,
that myght my Mynde delyght,
Care wold not let me byde within
but forst me foorth to go :
And bad me seeke fume present helpe,
for to relyue my wo.
Than forward went I foorth in haste,
to vew the garnysht trees?
What tyme the Son was mounted vp,
twixt nyne and ten degrees.
From Flowers flew sweete ayers abroad,
delighting much my brayn,
With fyght and smels gan forow fade,
and Ioy returne agayne.
So that in mynde I much reioyce,
to feele my self so lyght:
For gorgyous fyghtes and odours sweet
had new reuyued my spryght.
Befyde the pleasaunt Harmonye,
that syngyng Byrdes did make:
Bad me pul vpp my Hart agayne,
and sorrow sone forsake.
For though (quoth *Reason*.) she be gon
on whom thy Lyfe dependes,

Yet fond it is to carke and care
 where there is none amendes.
 Thus foorth I went, and in the grooues
 I raunged heare and theare,
 Wheras I hard fuche pleasaunt tunes
 as Heauen had ben neare.
 I thynke that if *Amphion* hadde,
 ben present ther to playe,
 Or if Sir *Orpheus* myght haue held,
 his Harp, that present day.
 Or if *Apollo* with his Lute,
 had stryuen to excell,
 None of them all, by Mufycke sholde,
 haue borne away the Bell.
 I rather iudge the thracian wold,
 his Harpe wherwith he played,
 Haue cast a way as one whom Ire,
 had vtterly dismayed.
 Such passyng tunes of fundry Byrds,
 I neuer herd before,
 The further I went in the Woods.
 the noyse refounded more.
 O happy Byrdes quoth I what lyfe,
 is this that you do leade,
 How far from Care and myiery,
 how far from Feare and dread:
 With what reioyfynge melodie,
 passe you this fadyng Lyfe,
 While Man vnhappiest creatur liues
 In wretched toyle and stryfe.
 Styll foorth I went and wonderd at,
 this pleasaunt Harmony.
 And gafed at these lytle Fooles,
 that made fuche Melody:
 Tyll at the length I gan to spye,
 a stately Lawrell tree,
 So plaft and sett in such a guye,
 That as it seamed to me,

Dame Nature stroue to shew her self
in plantyng such a thyng,
For Euen out besyde the rocke,
a fountayne cleane did spryng,
Where in the water I beheld,
refembled wonderous trew,
The Whyte and Greene of al the trees,
adournd late of new.
And how in order eake they stood,
a goodly fyght to se,
And there I might discerne the Byrds
that songe in euery tree.
To moue the Byll and shake the wings
in vteryng Muficke sweete
And heare and thear, to flye to feade,
and estefones theare to meete.
Great pleasure had I there to byde,
and stare vpon the Spryng,
For why me thought it dyd surmount,
eache other kynde of thyng.
Now was the Son got vp aloft,
and raught the mydle Lyne,
And in the Well, the Golden Gloobe,
with flamyng Beames dyd shyne,
Wherof the Bryghtnes was so great.
that I might not endure,
Lenger to looke within the Spryng,
whose waters were so pure.
Vnwylllyng went I thence away,
and vnderneath the tree,
I laid me down whose braunches brode
dyd keepe the Son from me.
Thynkyng to rest me there a whyle,
tyll fallyng some degrees
Syr Phebus shuld haue hyd hym self,
behynde the shadowyng trees,
And then for to haue vewd the Spring,
and marked euery place,

Cupido

And feene yf there I could haue fpied
 the weepyng *Biblis* face.
 For fure I thynke, it was the place,
 wherein *Narciffus* dyed,
 Or els the Well, to which was turnd
 poore *Biblis* whyle ſhe cryed.
 But whether it was werynes,
 with labour that I tooke,
 Or Fume yat from the Spryng dyd ryſe,
 wherin I late dyd looke.
 Or yf it were the ſweete accorde
 that fyingng Byrdes dyd keepe,
 Or what it was, I knowe no whit
 but I fell faſt a ſleepe.
 I thynke the woddy Nimphes agreed
 that I ſhuld haue this chaunce,
 And that it was theyr pleaſure ſo,
 to ſhowe me thyngs in traunce.
 Whilſte I lay thus in ſlumbre deepe,
 I myght perceyue to ſtande,
 A Perſon clothed all in whyte,
 that held a Rod in hande.
 Whiche was me thought of Maſſey Golde.
 I knew it very weale,
 For that was it, made *Argos* ſleepe,
 whyle he dyd *Io* ſteale.
 When I perceaued by his attyre,
 that it was *Mercuri*.
 My Hart at fyrſt began to faynt,
 yet at the length quoth I
 Thou Goddeſſe Son, why ſtandſte you there
 what buſines now with thee,
 What meanſt you in thy flying weed,
 For to appeare to me,
 And therwithall my thought I ſtaied,
 and could no farther ſpeake,
 For Feare did force my ſpeech to fayle,
 and Courage waxed weake.

Which whan the fone of *Maia* sawe,
 he tooke me by the hand,
 Looke vp quoth he be not affrayed:
 but boldly by me stand.
 The Muses all of *Helicon*,
 haue sent me now to thee:
 Whom thou doest serue and whose you seekst
 For euer more to be.
 And thanks to the by me they sende,
 Bycause thou tookest payne,
 In theyr Affaires (a thankeles thyng)
 to occupie thy Brayne.
 Defyring thee not for to staye,
 for *Momus* ill report,
 But endyng that thou hast begun,
 to spyte the Canckred forte.
 And thynk not thou, that thou art he,
 that canst escape Disdayne,
 The day shall come when thankfull men,
 shall well accept thy Paine,
 But rather lay before thyne eyes,
 the hie attemptes of those,
 Whose statly style with painfull prooffe,
 theyr worthy wytes disclose,
 Marke him that thundred out ye deeds
 Of olde *Anchises* fun,
 Whose English verse gyues *Maroes* grace,
 In all that he hath done,
 Whose death the *Muses* sorrow much,
 that lacke of aged dayes,
 Amongest the common Brytons old,
 should hynder *Virgils* prayse.
 Mark him yat hath wel framde a Glasse
 for states to looke vpon,
 Whose labour shews the ends oi them
 that lyued long a gone.
 Marke hym that showes ye Tragedies
 thyne owne famylyar Frende,

Cupido

By whom ye Spaniards hawty Style
 in Englysh Verse is pende.
 Marke these fame three, and other moe,
 whose doyngs well are knowne,
 Whose fayre attempts in euey place
 The flying fame hath blowne,
 Hast thou not harde, thyself in place
 full ofte and many a tyme,
 Lo here the Auctor loseth grace,
 Loe here a doltysh Ryme,
 Now fyth that they haue this reward
 who passe the euen as farre,
 As in the nyght *Diana* doth,
 Excell the dimmest Starre.
 Take thou no scorne at euyll tongs,
 what needst thou to disdayne?
 Syth they whom none can well amend
 haue lyke fruyte of theyr payne.
 Moreouer yet the Ladyes nyne,
 haue all commaunded me,
 Bycause they know, the blynded God
 hath some thyng pearced the.
 To leade the foorth, a thyng to see,
 yf all thyngs happen ryght,
 Whiche shall gyue the occasion good,
 with ioyfull mynde to wryght.
 To this, I wold haue answered fayne
 and theare began to speake,
 But as my words were commyng forth
 my purpose he dyd breake.
 Come on (quoth he) none Aunfwere now
 we maye no lenger staye.
 But frame thy selfe, to flye abroade,
 for hence we must awaye.
 And here withall, on both my fydes,
 two wyngs me thought dyd growe,
 Of mighty breadth, away went he,
 and after hym I flowe.

And euer as we mounted vp,
 I lookte vpon my wyngs,
 And prowde I was, me thought to see
 fuche vnaacquaynted thyngs.
 Tyll foorth we flewe, my Guyde and I,
 with mowntyng flyght apace,
 Beholdyng Ryuers, woods, and Hylles
 and many a goodly place.
 Till at the length methought I might
 a Gorgyous Castell spye,
 Thear downe began my guyd to fall,
 and downward eake fell I,
 Lo heare the place where you must light
 Gan *Mercury* to saye,
 Farwell and note what thou doost se,
 for I must hence away.
 And with this fame a way flewe he,
 and lefte me there alone,
 Wher as with Feare a masde I stood,
 and thus began to mone.
 Alas where am I now become,
 what Curfed Chaunce hath blown,
 Me from the place where I was bred,
 to Countreis heare vnkown,
 What ment that fell vnhappy Feend,
 that *Maia* brought to lyght,
 To bring me from my Hartes desyre,
 to see thys dolefull fyght.
 Vnhappy Wretche, I wolde I hadde,
 his Person heare in hand,
 Then shuld I wreak mine Ire of him.
 that brought me to this Land.
 But all to late alas I wysh,
 for words auayle not nowe,
 Tis best to learne. what place it is,
 and yet I knowe not howe.
 Alas that here were *Ptholome*,
 with Compasse Globe in hande,

Whose Arte shuld shewe me true the place,
 and Clymate where I stande,
 Well yet what foeuer chaunce theron
 what foeuer Realme it be,
 Yon Castell wyll I vvyfite sure,
 hap what hap wyll to me.
 Thus much me thought alone I spoke
 and then I forewarde went,
 And curfed eke an hundred folde,
 them that me thyther sent.
 Thus to the Castell, strayght I came,
 whiche when I vewde aboute,
 And sawe the workmanshyps therof
 full gorgeouslye fet oute.
 I entred in, with fearefull Harte,
 mucche doutyng howe to speede,
 But euer hope of happye chaunce,
 my heauye Hart dyd feede.
 Wyde was the Courte and large within
 the walles were rayfed hye,
 And all engraued with Storyes fayre
 of costlye Imagrye.
 There myght I se, with wondrous Arte,
 the Picture porturde playne,
 Of olde *Orion* Hunter good,
 whom Scorpions vyle had slayne.
 And by hym stoode his Borspeare and
 his other Instruments,
 His Net, his Darte, his Courfar, and
 his Hunters restyng Tents.
 And vnder hym was wrytten fayre.
 in Letters all of Golde,
 Here lies he slain, with Scorpions sting,
 vnhappy wretche that wolde,
 Haue forced the Ladye of this forte
 with slayne of Royaltie.
 To haue consented to his wyll,
 in fylthye Lecherye.

Wherefore beware that enters here,
 what foeuer man thou art?
 Accounte thy selfe but lost, yf that
 thou bearste a lecherous Hart.
 When I had vewd these wrytten lines
 and markde the Storye well,
 I ioyed muche, for why I knew,
Diana there dyd dwell.
Diana she that Goddesse is,
 of Virgyns sacred mynde,
 By whom *Orion* Hunter wylde,
 his Fatall ende dyd fynde.
 Next vnto hym, I myght beholde,
Acteon wofull wyght,
 In what a manner, all to torne.
 his cruell Dogs hym dyght.
 There might be seene, theyr gredeye mouths
 with Maisters blud embrued,
 And all his owne vnhappye men,
 that fast theyr Lorde pursued.
 And many Storyes more there war
 engraued: to long to tell
 What fearefull haps to many men,
 for lust vncleane befell.
 Thus as I stoode with musyng mind
 beholdyng all thyngs theare,
 In rusheth at the Gate behynde
 a Post with heauy cheare.
 Into the Hall with haste he hyes
 and after folowed I,
 To here what kynde of Newes he brought
 or what he ment therby.
 He passyng through the Hall in haste,
 at entraunce neuer stayed,
 But blowyng fast for want of breath,
 as one almoste dismayed.
 Approcht in Prefence to the fyght
 of chaste *Dianaes* face,

That all encompassed rounde aboute
 with Virgins in that place,
 In lofty Chayre of hye estate
 dyd syt, all clothde in whyte,
 Of Syluer hewe, that shynyng gaue,
 me thought, a gorgeous syght.
 There dyd I se, fayre *Dido* Queene
 and fayre *Hisphele*,
 And next to them *Lucretia* fat,
 and chaste *Penelope*.
 But these same foure, no Bowes dyd beare
 for Virgins sacred state,
 They had forsaken long ago,
 and ioynde with faythfull Mate.
 On the other syde, sat all the sorte
 of fayre *Dianaes* trayne,
 Whose trade with toyle amongst the woods
 was euer bent to payne.
 Whose sacred minds, were ner defyld
 with any wanton lust,
 Whiche neuer could the fyckle state,
 of Louers fancye truste.
 The chyefe of them was *Ifmenis*,
 Whom best *Diana* loued,
 And next in place sat *Hyale*,
 whom neuer Fancye moued,
 Next vnto them sat *Nipha* fayre,
 a Gemme of Chastyte,
 And next to her sat *Phyale*,
 not basest in degree,
 Behynde them all, of passyng forme,
 fayre *Rhanis* held her place,
 And nye to her I myght discerne
 Dame *Plecas* shynyng face,
 These Pryncely Nymphes accompanied
Diana in her Baynes,
 Whyle as in shape of Stagge poore wretche
Acteon had his paynes,

Aboue them all I myght beholde,
 as placed before the rest,
Hipolitus whom *Phedraes* spyte?
 most Cruelly had drest.
Hipolitus the vnspotted Pearle:
 of pure Virginitie,
 Whose noble Hart culd not agre,
 to stepdames vyllany.
 Next vnto hym sat Continnence,
 and next was Labour placed?
 Of bodie bygge and strong he was,
 and fomwhat Crabtre faced.
 Next hym was placed Abstinnence,
 a leane vnwyldy wyght,
 Whose Diet thyn had banisht cleane,
 all fond and vayne delyght.
 A Thousand more me thought ther war
 whose names I dyd not know,
 And yf I did to longe it were,
 in Verses them to show.
 Down of his knees the messenger
 before them al doth fall,
 And vnto chaste *Diana* thear,
 for succour thus doth call.
 O Goddesse chiefe of Chastitie,
 and Sacred Virgins mynd:
 Let Pitie from your noble Hart:
 redresse for Misers fynd.
 Let not our weryed Hartes sustaine,
 suche wrongfull Tyranye?
 Quench quickly now the fyrie flames
 of open Iniurye.
 This sayd for Feare he staid awhyle,
 and than began agayne,
 A mighty Prynce (quoth he) is com,
 with great vnruely trayne.
 All armed well at euery poynt.
 (a dredefull fyght to se :)

And euery man in feates of armes,
 ryght skylfull all they be.
 The Captaine chyfe in Charyot ryde
 with pompe and stately Pryde :
 With Bow in hand of glistering gold,
 and Quyuer by his fyde.
 Wher many a shaft full sharp doth ly:
 and many a mortall Darte,
 That hath with poysoned force destroid,
 Full many a yealdyng Harte.
 He entred hath within your Realme,
 and taken many a Forte,
 Hath fakte them all, and spoylde them quyte
 and flayne a wondrous forte.
 In straungest guyse, for where he shoots
 the wounde doth fester styll
 And all the Surgians that we haue
 can not remoue the yll,
 In lytell tyme the gryefe so fore,
 doth growe in euery parte,
 Destraynyng through the venomed vaines
 doth so torment the Hart.
 That some to ryd them selues therof
 in fluds full deepe they leape,
 And drown them selues som downward falles
 from Houses hye by heape,
 Some Anker cast on crossed Beames
 to ryd them selues from stryfe,
 And hang them selues full thicke on trees
 to ende a wretched lyfe.
 And they whose fearefull myndes dare not
 thus make an ende of wo,
 With greuous flames, consumynge long
 theyr lyfe at length forgo.
 Loe here the Somme of all I haue,
 this Tygre vs anoyes,
 And cruellve nath spoyled vs,
 of all our wonted ioyes.

Whom yf your Grace do not repuls,
 and fynde some present flaye,
 Vndoubtedly he wyll wyn this Realme,
 and take vs all awaye.
 At this, the Ladyes all amazde
 for feare dyd looke full pale,
 And all beheld with mazed eyes,
 the Wretche that tolde the tale.
 Tyll at the length *Hipolitus*
 of Hart and courage hye,
 Nothyng abashde, with sodain newes
 began thus to replye.
 Caste fere away, faire Dames (quoth he)
 dismaye your selues no more,
 I know by whom this mischief spryngs
 and know a helpe therfore.
 It is not fuche a dredefull Wyght,
 as he doth here reporte,
 That entred is within these partes,
 and plagues the fymple forte.
 Nor is his force so great to feare,
 I know it I full well :
 It is the scornfull blynded Boy,
 that neare to vs doth dwell.
 Whom *Mars* long tyme a go begott,
 of that Lasciuious dame :
 That Linckt in Chaines for Lechery,
 receaued an open shame.
 A difobedient blynded Foole,
 that durst presume to turne :
 His dartes agaynst his mother ons,
 and cauld her fore to burne.
 An auncient foo : to all this Court,
 Of long tyme he hath ben :
 And hath attempted euermore,
 by this : Renowne to wyn.
 His cruell Hart, of Pitie voyed,
 doth spare no kynd of age :

But tender youth and dotyng age,
 he fstrykes in furyous rage.
 And lauges to fcorne the fely foules
 that he hath wounded fo,
 No Fine appoynted of theyr ils,
 no end of al theyr wo.
 But fyns he hath prefumed thus,
 to entre heare in Place,
 And heare to threten Conquests thus,
 agaynst *Dianaes* Grace,
 Let him be fure his loftie Mynde,
 this deade fhall foone repent,
 If that your grace do here agre,
 with Fre and full concent.
 To make me Cheftain of this Charge
 and whom I lyst to chofe,
 If Prifoner heare I bryng hym not,
 Let me myne Honour lofe.
 And there he ceafde with ioyfull looks
 the Ladyes fmyled all,
 And thorough his wordes they hoaped foone
 to fe *Cupidoes* fall.
 With heavenly voice *Diana* thear,
 as chyefe aboue the reft :
 This wife her words began to frame,
 From out her facred brest.
 My good *Hipolitus* quoth fhe,
 whose true and faythfull mynd :
 In ðoubtfull daunger often I,
 do alwayes redy fynd.
 For to reuenge the cankred rage,
 of all my fpytfull foes,
 Thou he from whose vnspotted hart,
 the fluddes of vertue flowes.
 whose feruife long hath ben aproued,
 within this court of myne,
 Reftrayne this boyes vnruly rage,
 by valyant means of thyne,

I geue the leaue and thee appoint,
 my cheyf Lieutenant here,
 Chuse whom you wilt take whom you lyst,
 thou nedest no whit to feare.
 With this he rose from out his place,
 and lokynge round a bout :
 Chose *Abstinence* and *Continence*,
 with *Labour* Captayne stout.
 And with these thre he tooke his leaue
 of all the Ladyes there,
 Who doubtyng of his safe returne,
 let fall full many a teare.
 He lefte them theare in heauynes,
 and made no more delaye,
 But outward went and toward ye Campe,
 he tooke the nearest way.
 With this the Queenes commysson straight
 was sent abroad in haste,
 To rayse vp souldiars round about,
 and with theyr Captayne plaste.
 To bring them forth and marching on,
Hipolitus to meet,
 Than founded Trumpetes al a broad,
 and Drumes in euery streat.
 And souldiears good lyke swarmes of Bees
 theyr Captains prease about
 All armed braue in Corsetes white,
 they march with courage stout.
 And forward shoue, till at the length
 where as theyr marshall lyes,
 They fynd the place the ioifull founds,
 Do mount about the skyes.
Hipolitus receaued them all,
 with woordes of plesaunt cheare,
 And placith them in good aray,
 bycause the camp was neare.
 Three Battails big of them he frams,
 and of the Rereward [*? Vanguard*] strong,

Hath Labour charge who steppeth foorth,
 before the statlye thronge :
 And Captayn of the reare ward next,
 was placed abstinens,
 And Ioind to him for Policie,
 was Captayne Continnence :
 The Battayle mayne *Hipolitus*,
 him selfe did chuse to guyd.
 And in the formeft front therof,
 on Courfer fayre doth ryde :
 The *Trumpets* found march on apace,
 and Dromes the fame do ftryke.
 Then forward moues ye Army great,
 In order Martiall lyke.
 I cam behynde (me thought) and best,
 it feamed then to me :
 To vew the dynt of dreedfull sword,
 and feyghter none to be.
 Thie Spies were sent abroad to vew,
 the place where *Cupide* lay :
 A longest a Ryuer fayre and broad,
 they spye a pleasaunt way,
 Which waye they tooke and passyng foorth,
 at length apeares a plaine :
 Both large and vast wher lyes ye rowt,
 of Cruell *Cupides* trayne.
 Thus told the spyes we onward hye,
 and strayght in fyght we haue,
 The ferfull show of all our Foes,
 and dredfull army braue,
 The first yat marched from *Cupides* Camp
 was drowfy *Idlenes*.
 The chyefest frend that loue had then,
 the next was vyle *Exces*.
 A Lubbour great, mishapen most,
 of all that thear I saw,
 As much I thynk in quantitie,
 as horses fyxe can draw.

A myghty face both broad and flat,
and all with Rubies fet:
Muche nosed lyke a Turkey Cocke,
with teth as blacke as Get.
A Belye byg, full trust with guts,
and Pestels two, lyke Postes,
A knaue full square in euery poynt,
A Prynce of dronken Ooltes.
Vpon a Camell couched hye,
for Horse coulde none hym beare,
A mighty Staffe in hande he had,
his Foes a farre to feare.
Behynde them all, the blynded God,
doth com in Charyot fayre,
With ragyng flames flong rounde about
he pestres all the ayre.
And after hym, for tryumphe leades
a thousande wounded Harts,
That gush abrode hot streams of blud
new perfed with his Dartes,
The army redy for to meete
and all at poynt to fyght,
Hipolitus with lusty cheare
and with a noble Spryght.
His Souldiers to encourage. Thus
his wordes begyns to place.
My valyaunt frends and Subiects all
of Chaft *Dianaes* Grace.
whose noble Harts were neuer staind
with spot of Dastards mynd,
Behold our enemyes here at hande,
behold yon coward blynd.
Of lytle force, comparde with you,
howe in a fond araye,
They stragle out no ordre dewe,
obserued in theyr waye.
Behold what goodly Guyds they haue
to gouerne them withall,

Cupido

That neuer knew what fighting ment
 but lyue to Venus thrall.
 Marke hym that guyds the rerewarde there
 that vyle deformed Churle,
 Whose foggy Mates, with paunches fyde
 do thycke aboute him whurle.
 And he that formost hether coms
 loe what a handsome Squyre,
 Sure full vnapt to kepe the felde,
 more fyt to fyt by the fyre.
 In fyne lo Victorye at hande
 with hye tryumphant Crowne,
 Bent for to spoyle our Foes of Fame,
 and cast theyr Glorye downe.
 Fyght therefore now courageouslye,
 and ryd your frendes of feare,
 Declare your Manhod valyauntly,
 and let your Harts appeare.
 With this the founde begyns to mount
 and noyse hye to ryse,
 And warlyke tunes begyn to dafh,
 them selues agaynst the Skyes.
 The Canons Cracke, begins to roore
 and Darts full thycke they flye
 And couerd thycke, the armyes both,
 and framde a Counter Skye.
 And now the Battayls both be ioynde
 with stroke of Hande to trye.
 The quarrell iust and for to fynde,
 where *Victorye* doth lye,
 The Souldyers all of *Idlenes*
 where *Labour* coms, do fall,
 And wounded fore, by force of hym,
 all bathde in blud, they sprall.
 Hym selfe alone with *Idlenes*
 nowe hande to hande doth fyght
 And after many a mortall wounde,
 destroyes the felye wyght.

Then ioynes with him Syr *Abstinence*
 with ayde and succours newe,
 And both vpon the grefye Hoaste,
 of Glottonye they flewe.
 The Captayn doth aduaunce hymself
 with *Abstinence* to meete,
 The vnweldy Creature smitten there
 is tumbled vnder feete.
 Then *Fancie* flyes *Incontinence*
 and all *Cupidoes* frendes,
 Beholdynge Fortune thus to frowne,
 by flyght them selfe defendes.
Cupido whan he sees hymselfe,
 thus spoylde of all his ayde,
 The chyef Supporters of his Courte,
 so sodaynly decayde.
 Bad turne his Charyottes than with haste
 and fast away he flyes,
 Amongst the chaste *Hipolitus*
 on swyftye Courser hyes,
 Than all with Ioye they after run,
 downe thycke the enemyes fall,
 The blinded boy, for succour straight
 to *Venus* hie doth call,
 But all his cryes auayleth not,
 his Foes hym fast pursewe,
 The dryuer of his Charyot soone,
Hipolitus there flewe.
 And down from Horse, the wretche doth fall.
 The horses ipoyld of guyde,
 A Souldier stoute of *Reasons* bande,
 is wylled there to ryde.
 Who tur[n]yng Raynes another waye
 restrayns hym of his flyght,
 His Honours lost and taken thus,
Cupide in dolfull plyght.
 These wordes with tremblyng voyce began
 syth Fortune thus quoth he,

Hath giuen her doome from doubtfull brest
 and turnd her Grace from me.
 Syth that the most misfortune nowe,
 that euer I could fynd,
 Hath chaunced to me and Myfer I,
 by Desteny's affygnde.
 Am Captiue heare, confydre yet,
 what Fortune myght haue wrought
 And made a Conquerer of me,
 and you in Bondage brought.
 Confydre yet the wofull plyght,
 wherin you had remaynd,
 If that the Gods my happy state,
 had not so fore disdaynd,
 And by your Gryef, than mesure mine
 shoue mercye in this case,
 That Conquerour commended is,
 who gyues to pytie place.
 The cruell mynd disprayed is,
 In euery kynd of state,
 No man so hauty lyues on earth,
 but ons may fynd his mate.
 These wordes *Hipolitus* I speake,
 to bread no farther stryfe,
 I speake not this of malyce heare,
 my fute is for my lyfe,
 Syth Fortune thus hath fauord you,
 graunt this my small request,
 And let me lyue yf mercy dwell,
 within your Noble brest,
 By this tyme *Morpheus* had disperst
 the drowfy Cloud of sleape,
 And from my braynes the quyete traunce,
 began full fast to Creape.
 And downward fell. I waked therwith
 and lokyng round a bout,
 Long tyme I mused where I was,
 my mynd was styl in doubt.

Till at the length I vewde the tree,
and place where as I fat,
And well beheld the pleasaunt Spryng
* that late I wondred at.
I fawe beyde the Golden Globe,
of *Phebus* shynyng bryght,
That Westwarde halfe, dyd hyde his face
approchyng fast the nyght.
Eche Byrde began to shrowd hymself
in tree to take his rest
And ceaste the pleasaunt tunes yat late
proceeded from theyr Breaste.
I homewarde went, and left them all,
and restles all that nyght,
I mufynge laye, tormented thus,
with fond lamentyng spryght.
When *Phebus* rose to passe the tyme,
and passe my gryefe awaye
I toke my Pen and pend the Dreame
that made my Muses staye.

❧ F I N I S.

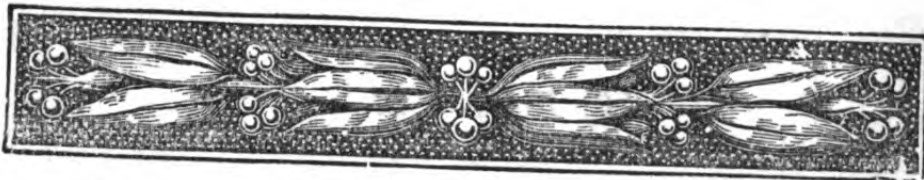
[* This line is repeated. Appearing at the bottom of one page, and also at the top of the next.]

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And are to be sold at his shop
 in Fleetestrete, a lptle
 aboute the Conduit.

1 5 6 3.

15. *Die Mensis March.*



¶ Faultes escaped in the Pryntyng.

[The whole of these corrections have been embodied in the Text.]

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