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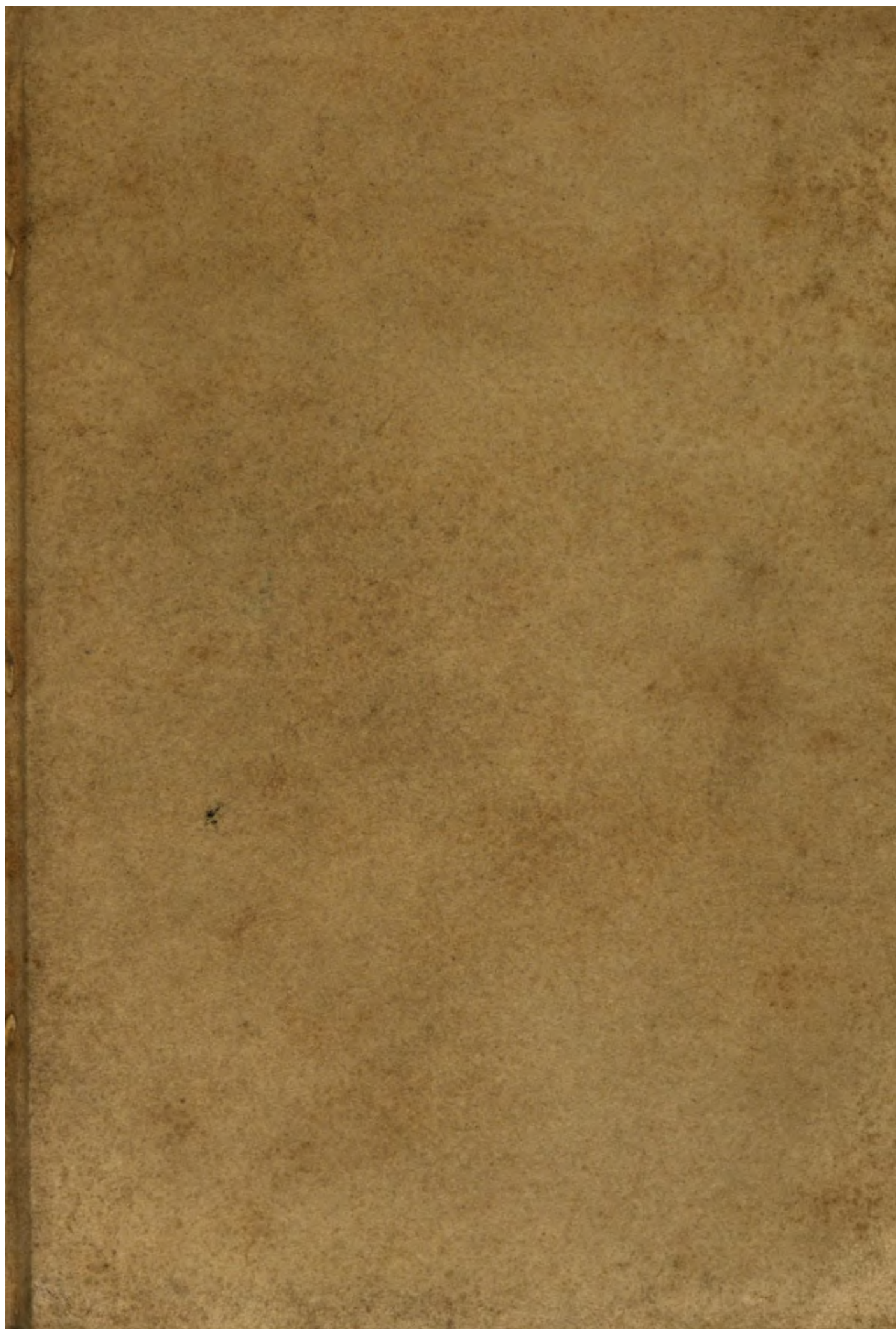
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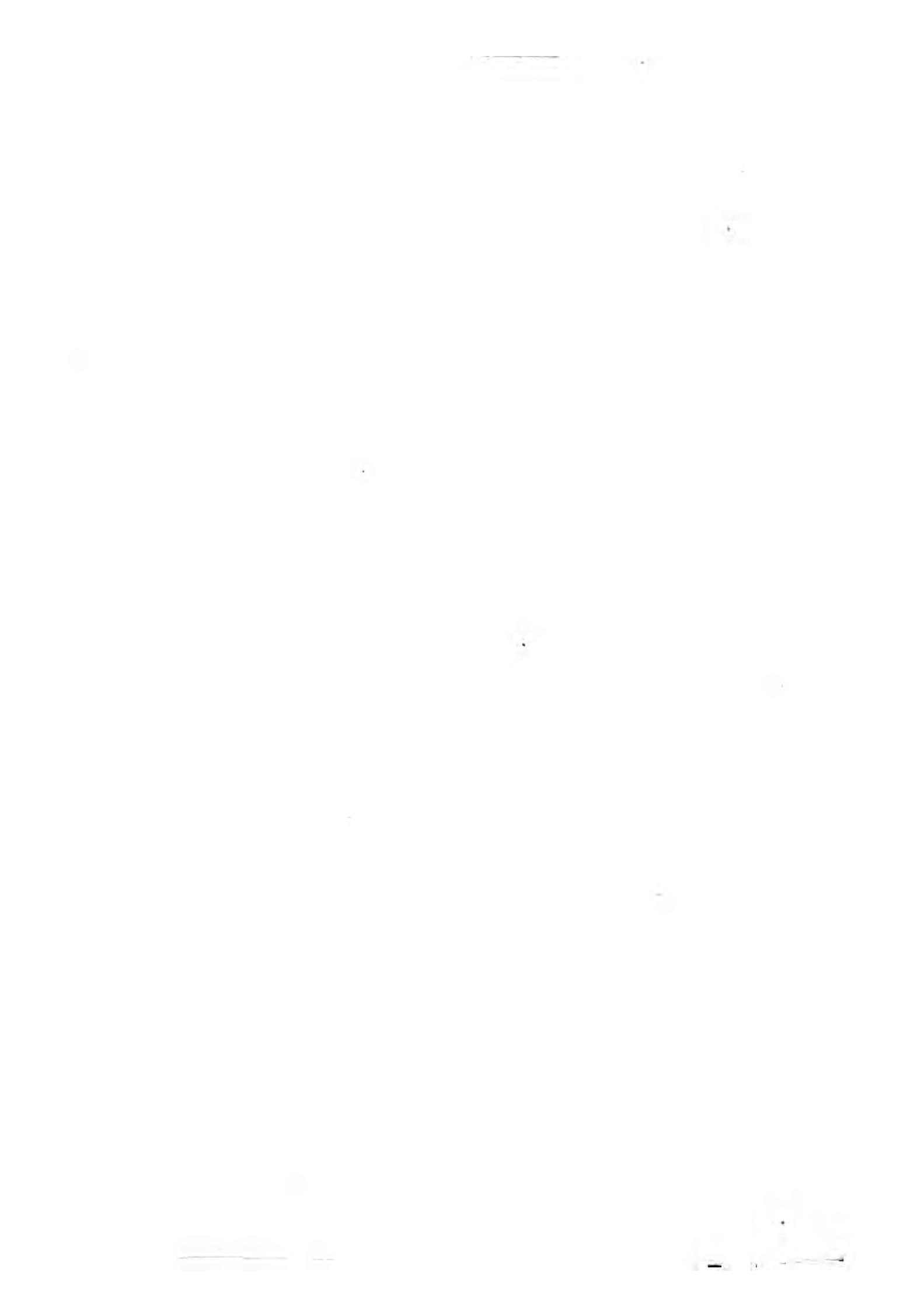
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THE ISHAM REPRINTS.



SHAKESPEARE'S VENUS
AND ADONIS.

1599.

This work is printed for the subscribers only, and the impression strictly limited to one hundred and thirty-one copies, twenty-five being on large paper, and six on vellum. Every copy is numbered and signed by the editor.

Small Paper. No. 73.

Charles Edmonds.

23 April 1870.

VENUS AND ADONIS,

FROM THE HITHERTO UNKNOWN

EDITION OF 1599;

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME,

FROM THE FIRST EDITION OF 1599; OF

WHICH ONLY TWO COPIES

ARE KNOWN;

EPIGRAMMES,

WRITTEN BY SIR JOHN DAVIES,

AND

CERTAIN OF OVID'S ELEGIES,

TRANSLATED BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE,

FROM A RARE EARLY EDITION.

EDITED BY CHARLES EDMONDS,

EDITOR OF THE POETRY OF THE

ANTI-JACOBIN.



LONDON:

HENRY SOTHERAN AND CO., 136, STRAND.

1870.

CHISWICK PRESS :—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.



EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE present volume contains accurate reprints of three very rare and important works, which I had the good fortune to discover while examining the large collection of old books accumulated during a period of nearly one hundred and fifty years by successive members of the ancient family of Isham.

But this was far from being the only curious volume found on the same auspicious occasion, for, in addition to a large number of Poetical Works of the Elizabethan era, of the greatest rarity and value, there were brought to light upwards of a dozen contemporary works, chiefly poetical, hitherto utterly unknown to literature. All these volumes, with but slight exceptions, were in perfect and most desirable condition, both inside and out, being either in the vellum binding of the period, or what was more remarkable, and almost unexampled in the case of tracts of that age, in the pamphlet form, with the edges entirely uncut.

The scene of this singular discovery, which has been

correctly described as "unprecedented in literature," was an upper lumber-room, far away from the general library (also containing many valuable and rare old works), at Lamport Hall, near Northampton, a large and well-preserved mansion, remarkable within for its beautiful old Italian cabinets, Palissy ware, paintings, and other precious works of art; and without, for its delightful gardens and splendid rockery, which make it one of the glories of the county. The house, after being for more than three centuries the property of the Truffels, was through a daughter's marriage transferred to the family of Vere, Earl of Oxford, by whom it was sold to Sir William Cecil, and afterwards to two brothers, Robert and John Isham, whose progenitors had been extensive landowners in Northamptonshire even before the time of William the Conqueror. This John Isham, Esq., a mercer, who became sole possessor about the year 1560, was the fourth son of Euseby Isham, of Pytchley, and the founder of the Lamport branch of the family. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Barker, citizen of London, and had by her several children, of whom Thomas, his eldest son, married Elizabeth, daughter of Christopher Nicholson, and dying in December, 1605, left issue one son, John, who was knighted by King James I.

This Thomas Isham appears, from the family records, to have been a man of considerable literary acquirements, as well as an enlightened bibliomaniac. His grandfather, Nicholas Barker, was, there is reason to suppose, one of the great family of Queen's printers of that name, who even before entering that profession, were persons of rank and opulence. These circumstances led, in all probability, to Thomas Isham's affo-

ciating with many of the literary characters and printers of his day, and thus enabled him to acquire the many curious and rare books accumulated at Lamport. They were obtained most likely immediately on publication, and deposited in this country-seat, where they were kept secure from depredation and ill-usage, as well as from such public calamities as the Fire of London and the Civil Wars, which wrecked irretrievably many fine collections, both in town and country.

The first collector and preserver of these curious books, therefore, was Thomas Isham, and his name and handwriting appear in some of the tracts. Great additions, however, were subsequently made to the collection by his successors, particularly by Sir Justinian Isham, the fifth baronet, who built the library and altered the house to its present form in the time of King George I. It had, however, undergone various alterations and improvements in the time of Charles I., from a design by John Webb, the son-in-law of Inigo Jones. The library becoming too small for the accumulations, a large quantity of the commoner works, with many other very old, and, to an inexperienced eye, comparatively worthless ones, mostly in an unbound condition, were removed to a garret. This room was for many years kept carefully locked up, and was never allowed to be entered, Sir Justinian Isham, D.C.L., who died in 1818, prohibiting to every one but the butler the use of the key, and that only after the Baronet had become too infirm to walk upstairs himself. He was equally averse to any use being made of the books in the large library below stairs. Since his time, however, the garret in question has been thrown open and used for various purposes, the books

still remaining in it as before; but no knowledge was extant of their peculiar value. In this state they remained till September, 1867, when Sir Charles Isham requested me, as the representative of the publishers of this work, to report upon his library generally, and I was thus so fortunate as to bring to light a collection, in its special features unequalled in extent, value, and importance, and which, but for this circumstance, might have remained for many succeeding years unknown, "unhonour'd, and unsung."

The interest excited by the discovery of these books has led to the reprint of that volume, which is, on several accounts, the most precious of them all; the first tract in it being a hitherto unknown edition of the earliest production of him whose name has been characterised as "the greatest in our literature—as the greatest in all literature," for whatever doubts may exist as to the dates of the composition and the publication of other works of Shakespeare, one thing seems certain, namely, that his "Venus and Adonis" was not only his first-published but his first-written work, partially, if not entirely, composed before he left Warwickshire, and kept by him till an opportunity occurred of giving it to the world.

And, as my discovery of the edition of 1599 has altered the received chronology of the various early impressions, incidentally leading to the finding of another unknown edition; and, as my researches on the subject have enabled me to correct some errors in previous accounts of them, I purpose to preface the present reprint by a short description of each edition. Those preserved in the British Museum I have myself examined, and for careful accounts of the others I am indebted to Mr. H. S. Harper, of the Bodleian Library.

LIST OF EDITIONS.

I.

VENVS AND ADONIS *Vilia miretur vulgus :
mibi flauus Apollo Pocula Castalia plena ministret
aqua.* LONDON Imprinted by Richard Field, and
are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound
in Paules Church-yard. 1593. [4to. 27 leaves.]

This is the First Edition, printed with remarkable accuracy, doubtless from the author's own manuscript, by an excellent printer, Richard Field, a native of Stratford, and the son of the Henry Field, whose goods John Shakespeare was employed to value in 1592. To the circumstance of the printer being the fellow-townsmen and probably the friend and associate of the poet, may be attributed the honour of his being entrusted with the publication of the first work of the bard.

The printer's device is an anchor, with the motto, "Anchora Spei," which were adopted, with a slight alteration in the anchor, in consequence of their having been used by his father-in-law, Thomas Vautrollier, a celebrated and learned printer, who resided in Black Friars, and to whose business, at his death in 1589, Field succeeded and continued in till after 1600.

This poem was licensed by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Whitgift), and entered in the Stationers' Register the 18th April, 1593. It is dedicated, like the succeeding editions, to Henrie Wriothesley, Earle of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield. This dedication, and that of the "Rape of Lucrece," which was published in the next year, to the same patron, are the only prose compositions of Shakespeare not in a dramatic form which have come down to us.

Only one copy of this First Edition of the "Venus and Adonis" is known, forming part of the Malone collection, in the Bodleian Library, and for which that eminent critic gave £25. He had long been in search of it, for in his preface, 1790, he regrets his not having been able to procure the "First impression." In 1866 a lithographic fac-simile edition was made by E. W. Ashbee, at the expense of Mr. J. O. Halliwell : only 50 copies were printed, of which 19 were destroyed, and the impressions removed from the stones.

This unique copy measures $7\frac{3}{8}$ by $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

II.

VENUS AND ADONIS. *Vilia miretur vulgus, &c.*
1594.

The Second Edition, also in quarto, consisting of the same number of leaves as the First, and likewise printed by Richard Field. The title-page also is exactly similar, except in the alteration of the date.

This edition "followed hard upon" the preceding one, for it must have been printed early in 1594, as the transfer of the copyright from Field to Harison is recorded at Stationers' Hall as having taken place the 25th June, 1594. This rapid succession is a sufficient proof of the immediate popularity of the poem.

The text of this edition generally coincides with that of the First; but the occasional deviations are always improvements, which seems to show that this impression, like the First, had the benefit of the author's revision—a fact interesting on several accounts. In this opinion I am confirmed by the authority of a most competent judge, Mr. J. P. Collier, who, after declaring his mature conviction, that in no instance did Shakespeare authorize the publication of a play, but allowed most mangled and deformed copies of several of his greatest works to be circulated for many years, without exposing the fraud—an indifference shared by many, if not by most, of his contemporaries—feels quite as strongly convinced with respect to the poems, especially "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece," that Shakespeare, being instrumental in their publication, and more anxious about their correctness, did see, at least, the first editions through the press. These alterations are perpetuated in the succeeding impressions. Among them I may notice the following:—Sign. A v. *rev.* (line 123), where *be* is advantageously substituted for *are*, apparently on account of the collocation of three words of similar sound, *where, there, are*; sign. A vi. *rev.* (line 186), *face, I* instead of *face I*; sign. A viii. *rev.* (line 266), *girtbs* for *girtbes*; sign. B ii. (line 353), where *tender* seems, on a little consideration, an improvement on *tenderer*; sign. B ii. *rev.* (line 363) *alablaster* for *allablaster*; sign. B v. (line 484), *world* for *earth*; sign. C viii. *rev.* (line 1041), *ugly* for *ougly*; sign. D. iii. (line 1168), *sprung* for *sproong*, etc. The patron's name is here spelled Wriothesly, instead of Wriothesley, as in the first edition. In some other impressions it appears as Wriotheslie—another proof of the unsettled orthography of that age.

This impression was unknown to Malone, who erroneously supposed that of 1596 to be the second edition. In Mr. Davies' valuable "Memoir of the York Prefs," (1 vol. 8vo. Nichols, 1868) it is stated that in the catalogue of the books belonging to John Foster, bookseller there, who died in 1616, an edition of the "Venus and Adonis" is valued at *three pence*, and "The Passionate Pilgrime," at *five pence*: unfortunately to neither of these items is the date of the edition attached.

Only three copies of this edition are known—I. The one in the Grenville collection in the British Museum, which formerly belonged to the eminent collector, Mr. Jolley, who had purchased it in Lancashire for a mere trifle: unfortunately it is cut close and mended. It measures $6\frac{3}{16}$ by $4\frac{7}{8}$ in., and is richly bound in olive morocco. It realized at his sale in 1844 the sum of £116. II. Mr. H. Huth's, a fair copy, very superior to the preceding one, measuring $7\frac{1}{4}$ by $4\frac{3}{8}$ in. It formerly belonged to Mr. G. Daniel, at whose sale, in 1864, it produced £240. III. The copy in the Bodleian Library, bequeathed by Mr. Caldecott, measuring $6\frac{3}{4}$ by $4\frac{3}{8}$ in.

III.

VENUS AND ADONIS. *Vilia miretur vulgus, &c.*

Imprinted at London by R. F. for Iohn Harison, 1596. [Sm. 8vo. 27 leaves.]

This edition, like the preceding ones, issued from the press of Richard Field, who, though he had parted with his property in it, was still employed to print it. It bears his device of the anchor, but a smaller and less elaborately executed one than that on the "Lucrece" of 1594. It must have been published early in the year 1596, for Harison transferred the copyright to Leake in June, after having possessed it only two years. The text closely follows that of the preceding impression. I have noticed, however, at least a dozen fresh errors; but there are, on the other hand, a few alterations, which are sometimes improvements—both of which changes are doubtless due to the printer.

Only two copies are known—I. The one in the Malone collection in the Bodleian Library, measuring $4\frac{1}{4}$ by 3 inches. The other, which is a very fine one, measuring $4\frac{7}{8}$ inches, and half bound, after being sold at Mr. Bolland's sale at Evans's in 1840, for £91, to Mr. B. H. Bright, was purchased at his sale in 1845, by Mr. G.

Daniel for £91 10s. At the sale of the library of this latter distinguished collector, in 1864, it was secured by the British Museum for the sum of £336. In the beginning of the volume is a manuscript note from the eminent bookseller, Thomas Rodd, written in the auction-room during the sale, warning Mr. Daniel that there was no likelihood of his obtaining it under £100: also another in the handwriting of Mr. Daniel.

IV.

VENVS AND ADONIS. *Vilia miretur vulgus, &c.*

Imprinted at London for William Leake, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of the Greyhound. 1599. [Sm. 8vo. 27 leaves.]

A HITHERTO-UNDESCRIBED EDITION, AND FROM THE ONLY COPY OF IT KNOWN TO EXIST, THE PRESENT REPRINT HAS BEEN MADE. It is, consequently, in every sense of the word, UNIQUE.

This most precious volume I had the good fortune to discover in a lumber-room at Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire, the seat of Sir Charles Isham, Bart. in September, 1867. Bound in the same vellum cover, are "The Passionate Pilgrime," of the same date; presumed to be the first edition, and of which only one other copy is known; and the suppressed "Epigrammes and Elegies" of Davies and Marlowe, and the latter's versions of "Ovid's Elegies;" all of which I have likewise reprinted. The volume throughout is wonderfully clean and fresh, bound in the wrapping vellum of the period, with strings, and with no outward indication of its contents. It measures $4\frac{5}{8}$ by $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

The text is evidently a copy of that of previous editions; but while a few corrections are introduced, they bear no proportion to the misprints, which are such as could have arisen only from the absence of that indispensable supervision which is now exercised by the corrector of the press. When this edition was discovered, it was imagined that it might be identical with the one mentioned below (No. V.), preserved in the Bodleian, which, being without a title-page, had had attached to it the supposititious date of 1600, in consequence of its being bound up with the unique copy of the "Lucrece" of that date, "printed by I. H. for John Harrison," which had been given by Dr. Farmer to Malone.

Not only does a comparative examination prove that these are different impressions, but as the text of this edition of 1599 agrees generally with that of 1596, it may reasonably be supposed that the former preceded the edition with the presumed date of 1600.

On the discovery of this edition, a limited reprint was suggested for the purpose of perpetuating a curiosity in literature; and as the great interest consists in an accurate reproduction of the text as it appears in the volume, the most scrupulous pains have been taken by the editor to prevent any deviation from the original; consequently no attempts have been made to correct even palpable errors. The type has been imitated as closely as possible, and occupies the same length of page as in the original; while the title-page, ornamental letters, and head and tail-pieces, have been cut in fac-simile.

Though this poem achieved such sudden popularity that the edition of 1593 was succeeded by another early in 1594, we know of no re-impression till that of 1596; but it is hardly likely that the new proprietor, John Harison, was not called upon for a new one before this. Early in the latter year he published what was doubtless intended as a popular edition, in small octavo size, the previous ones being in quarto; and then, after having possessed the copyright only two years, he disposed of it to William Leake, who, according to present appearances, produced no edition till three years afterwards, in 1599, and the same interval elapsed before his edition of 1602 was published. I lay no stress on the supposititious edition of 1600, for this was evidently, from the state of the text, subsequent to that of 1599. But the most remarkable circumstance is that no editions between those of 1602 and 1617, at which latter date Leake parted with the copyright to William Barrett, are known to exist.

There are grounds, therefore, for believing that several editions of this poem disappeared soon after the first publication of it. It is scarcely possible that impressions of a work of such splendour, and so suited to the public taste—so superior to every production of the kind that had preceded it—in fact, a work that had created in the minds of readers a new sensation—should not have followed each other with greater rapidity than would be evidenced by the few which have come down to our time. When we consider that of the first edition only one copy has survived; of the second only three; of that of 1596 only two; of our present edition only one; of the supposititious edition of 1600 only one;

of that of 1602 only two; of the Edinburgh edition by John Wreittoun, 1627, only two; and when we reflect that of many other popular contemporary works not one copy is now known to exist, there is nothing unreasonable in the supposition that more editions of the "Venus and Adonis,"—a poem of all others which would be read with avidity both by the learned and the unlearned, and consequently more liable to speedy destruction—were printed than has been hitherto suspected.

For the disappearance of so many works obvious reasons may be assigned, such as their popularity among all classes, their continual use, and the natural carelessness of common readers, the limited number printed, and their small size; while the copies in the possession of a higher order of society no doubt shared the fate of many other valuable objects in the Fire of London, the Civil Wars, etc.

But another cause was likewise in operation, and this was the frequent seizure of books by the Privy Council. The power of the court in those days to inflict vengeance on its victims was evidenced in various ways, and in printing and publishing matters was provided by that most arbitrary decree of the Star Chamber, dated 23rd June, 1585, which in addition to other regulations, gave unlimited authority to the ecclesiastical authorities to seize and destroy whatever books they thought proper. A notable instance of this interference with books already printed took place in this very year, 1599, at Stationers' Hall, when a number of objectionable works were condemned to the flames, and special admonitions given then and there to the printers, among whom were some of the most eminent of the time, including Adam Islip, Edmund Bollifant, Valentine Simmes, John Windet, Richard Field, the original printer of the "Venus and Adonis," and others.

Although only one such comprehensive literary *auto da fè* is recorded, seizures of books so constantly took place, that the authorities would think it unnecessary to register them, and the difficulty of arriving at the truth of even recorded facts is illustrated by the circumstance that Warton and his copyists uniformly assert that in the aforesaid conflagration Hall's "Satires" and Cutwode's "Caltha Poetarum" were included; but in the "Order" for this burning, signed by Archbishop Whitgift and Bishop Bancroft, preserved in Stationers' Hall, and which I for the first time printed verbatim, in "Notes and Queries," 3rd Ser. vol. xii. it is expressly stated that these two works were reprieved ("staid"); and Willobie's "Avifa," not previously included in the warrant, was

directed "to bee called in." But this same order reveals two other important facts, the first of which is that among other arbitrary powers granted by the aforementioned decree of the Star Chamber, of 23rd June, 1585, the Privy Council, represented by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, claimed the absolute right not only of seizing any book they chose, even after its having been licensed, but of prohibiting its reprint altogether, as in the case of the works of Tom Nash and Gabriel Harvey, all of which were to "be taken wheresoever they maye be found, and none of their bookes bee ever printed hereafter." The second relates to a practice we should have little suspected, namely, the obtaining of licenses to print under false pretences. This is plainly evidenced by the following clause in the said order: "That though any booke of the nature of these heretofore expressed shalbe broughte unto you under the hands of the Lo. Archebishop of Canterbury, or the Lo. B. of London, that the said booke shall not bee printed untill the Mr. or wardens have acquainted the said Lo. Arp. or the Lo. B. with the same to knowe whether it be their hand or no."

Without, however, laying any stress on the probability of this or any other edition of "Venus and Adonis" having been seized for its licentiousness, we have reason from other sources to suppose it was never favourably regarded by the ecclesiastical authorities, although they had duly licensed it. But it had been brought out under the protection of a powerful patron, who was then a favourite at court: no slight advantage in those times; as is hinted at in his "Account of Marlowe and his Writings," by Mr. Dyce, who says, "We may wonder at the inconsistency of the book-inquisitors of those days, who condemned to the flames Marlowe's 'Ovid's Elegies,' Marston's 'Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image,' nay, even Hall's 'Satires,' and yet spared Harington's 'Orlando Furioso,' which equals the original in licentiousness, and is occasionally so gross in expression that it would have shocked Ariosto. The truth may be, that 'the authorities' did not choose to meddle with a translation which was not only dedicated to the Virgin Queen, but had been executed at her desire."

But curiously enough in this same year, 1599, it was the misfortune of Lord Southampton to feel the stings of court disgrace. He had married the year previously, without the consent of the Queen, Elizabeth Vernon, a cousin of Lord Essex. Under any circumstances this would have been a grave offence in the

eyes of a sovereign who was unreasonably jealous of any free-will in matrimonial matters on the part of her favourite courtiers. But in this case the royal displeasure was aggravated by the ill-judged conduct of Lord Essex who, instead of realizing the expectations of his friends in his conduct of the expedition against the Irish rebels, came back dishonoured. In the chorus to the fifth act of "Henry V." Shakespeare, the friend of both Essex and Southampton, thus anticipates his triumphant return :—

" But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working house of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens !
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :
 As, by a lower, but by loving likelihood,
 Were now the general of our gracious empress
 (As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
 How many would the peaceful city quit
 To welcome him ?"

But his reception was very different ! His unauthorized truce with those he had been sent to subdue and his unexpected return from Ireland, brought down upon himself the censures of the court, and what was worse, those of a sovereign then surrounded by his personal enemies. Southampton was peremptorily dismissed by Elizabeth from the command to which Essex had appointed him in that country, and he felt no inclination to show himself at court. It was at this period, as appears by a letter from Rowland Whyte to Sir Robert Sydney, preserved in the Sydney Papers, that " My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland came not to the court ; the one doth but very seldom : they pass away the time in London merely in going to plays every day." Rutland also was connected with Essex by family ties, having married the daughter of Lady Essex by her first husband, the accomplished Sir Philip Sydney.

Under these untoward circumstances, it is possible that a printer might deem it advisable to defer publishing a work which, though licensed some years before, had always been viewed with ungracious eyes by the dispensers of authority ; which was dedicated to a conspicuous courtier now under a cloud and exposed to the malice of

powerful enemies, and written by a poet, who though protected by popular favour and by admirers in high places, must have offended the foes of Essex by his loudly proclaimed praise. These are mere conjectures, but everything connected with our bard is so interesting that no fact at all bearing upon his works should pass unnoticed even though it be put forth by so humble a worker and admirer as the penner of the present lines.

v.

VENVS AND ADONIS. (1600?)

In the Bodleian Library is an edition in small 8vo. with a manuscript title-page, purporting that the volume was "printed by I. H. for Iohn Harrison. 1600." This date, as mentioned in the preceding article, was probably selected on account of this impression being bound up with the "Lucrece" of that year. But Mr. Halliwell, in his folio Shakespeare, had already pointed out that no edition of 1600 with such an imprint could have existed, for Harrison had assigned the copyright to Leake four years previously.

"This edition," says the Cambridge editor (the Rev. W. G. Clark), "was printed from that of 1596," a conclusion from which I presume to differ. From a comparison of the two, I am of opinion that the newly discovered edition of 1599 is copied from the impression of 1596, and is prior to the one in question. The first four editions generally agree, but with this impression of 1600 begins a fresh series of readings, which are copied in the subsequent ones; a fact confirmed by the Cambridge editor, as he says, "It contains many erroneous readings, due, it would seem, partly to carelessness and partly to wilful alteration, which were repeated in later copies."

This volume measures $4\frac{9}{16}$ by $2\frac{9}{10}$ inches, and contains 27 leaves, as do the other editions.

vi.

VENVS AND ADONIS. *Vilia miretur vulgus, &c.*

Imprinted at London for *William Leake*, dwelling at the signe of the Holy Ghost, in Paules Church-yard. 1602. [Sm. 8vo. 27 leaves.]

Of this edition it has been discovered by one of the editors of the "Cambridge Shakespeare," (the Rev. W. G. Clark), that two

distinct impressions were made, of each of which only a single copy exists; one preserved in the British Museum, and the other in the Bodleian Library. I will give the account of them in his own words.

“The imprint of the former is as follows :

“Imprinted at London for *William Leake*,
“dwelling at the signe of the Holy Ghost, in
“Paules Church-yard. 1602.”

“The title-page of the Bodleian copy is the same as that of the Museum copy, excepting that it has ‘*vulgus : mihi*’ for ‘*vulgus, mihi*,’ and ‘Pauls Churchyard’ for ‘Paules Church-yard,’ and the printer’s device is different. The similarity of title-page and identity of date have led to the supposition that these were copies of the same edition, but a comparison of the two proves to demonstration that they were different editions. The Bodleian copy is very inferior to the Museum copy in typography, in the quality of the paper, and in accuracy. The Museum copy formerly belonged to the late Mr. George Daniel, who has written in a fly-leaf the following note: ‘No other copy of this excessively rare edition is known. Mr. Evans was wrong in stating that a copy is in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian Library. No copy is mentioned in the catalogue, nor is there one to be found there.’ Mr. Daniel had overlooked the existence of the Bodleian copy of 1602; but, as it turns out, his own copy is unique after all. That in the Bodleian has the autograph of R. Burton, author of the “Anatomy of Melancholy.” Neither was printed from the other, but both from the supposititious edition of 1600.”

The copy in the British Museum measures $5\frac{3}{16}$ by $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches. It was formerly George Steevens’s, and has, in addition to a MS. note on the base of the title-page, the following in his handwriting, together with others by Mr. Jas. Bindley and Mr. G. Daniel. It is printed on thick paper, and is in good condition, with the exception of four leaves, which are mended, and is bound in yellow morocco.

“Bought at the Auction of Dr. Chauncy’s library April 15. 1790. 1745. for 0 8s. 0d. Of this edition of Shakspeare’s *Venus & Adonis* I have met with no other copy. G. S.” “Bought at Mr. Steevens’s Sale, May 21st, 1800 for £1 11s. 6d, No. 1361. J. E.” “Bought at Mr. Strettle’s Sale 13 May 1841 at Evans’s : Lot 350: for £40 8s. 6d. At Mr. Bindley’s Sale this Copy was

fold for more than £40. George Daniel. Canonbury." The fact, however, is that at Bindley's sale in 1819 it was purchased by Mr. Strettell for £42; and at his sale in 1841 it was bought in for £26 5s., and afterwards sold for £40 to Mr. Daniel, who parted with it to the British Museum.

The Bodleian copy measures $5\frac{9}{16}$ by $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches. Another is preserved at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire, the seat of the Earl of Macclesfield.

VII.

VENUS AND ADONIS. *Vilia miretur vulgus, &c.*
LONDON, Printed for W.B. 1617. [Small 8vo.
27 leaves.]

"A copy of this edition," says Bohn's Lowndes, "is in the Bodleian Library. (Mr. Dyce mentions an edition of 1616, but he is the only authority for it.)" It would appear from Lowndes that no copy has been sold by auction; a proof of its extreme rarity. In March, 1620, William Barrett assigned the copyright to John Parker.

VIII.

VENVS AND ADONIS. *Vilia miretur vulgus, &c.*
LONDON, Printed for I.P. 1620. [Small 8vo.
27 leaves.]

Of this edition, of which Lowndes cannot indicate the sale of a single copy, the Cambridge editor says, "A copy exists in the Capell collection. Dr. Bandinel also purchased one for the Bodleian, but it cannot now be found."

The Capell copy is bound up with "The Passionate Pilgrime" of 1599; and formerly belonged to the antiquary, Tom Martin, of Palgrave, the historian of Thetford, whose autograph it bears. A previous possessor purchased the volume for three halfpence. It measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

John Parker held the copyright until May 7, 1626, when he parted with it to John Haviland and John Wright, sen.

IX.

VENVS AND ADONIS. *Vilia miretur vulgus, &c.*
 EDINBURGH, Printed by *John Wreittoun*, and
 are to bee sold in his Shop a litle be-neath the Salt
 Trone. 1627. [Small 8vo. 22 leaves.]

Of this edition only two copies are known, one of which is preserved in the British Museum. The Cambridge editor "believes that it was printed from a manuscript which the writer had copied from the Bodleian copy of the impression of 1602, but in which he had introduced, probably by happy conjecture, several emendations agreeing with the text of the three earliest editions." Beloe, in his "Anecdotes of Literature," erroneously gives the date as 1607.

The Museum copy belonged to George Chalmers, at whose sale in March, 1842, it was purchased by Mr. B. H. Bright for £37 10s. At the latter's sale, in 1845, it was secured by the British Museum for the sum of £35. Its shape is peculiar, being an elongated small 8vo. measuring $5\frac{5}{16}$ by $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches. The title-page is mounted and a few leaves are mended. Page 13 is misprinted; 32 is misprinted 23; and the last page, 46, is misprinted 47. It has Geo. Chalmers's book-plate, and is bound in modern calf.

The other copy, which, strange to say, is in an uncut state, was sold at Sotheby's, in 1864, for £115. It had been found by a country bookfeller in a lot of worthless books at a sale.

X.

VENVS AND ADONIS *Vilia miretur vulgus, &c.*
 LONDON, Printed by J. H. and are to be sold by
Francis Coules in the *Old Baily* without Newgate
 1630. [Small 8vo. 27 leaves.]

This is apparently an unique copy of a hitherto doubtful edition, preserved among Anthony à Wood's books, which were recently removed from the Ashmolean Museum to the Bodleian Library. It was discovered by Mr. H. S. Harper, to whom I am indebted for an account of it.

The tradition that an edition had been really printed in 1630, was therefore founded on fact. Mr. Halliwell, in his folio *Shakespeare*,

observes, "Another edition is said to have appeared at London in 1630, the only authority for which is a statement in some copies of Lintot's reprints of 1711, copies of those reprints varying in the separate titles, that he copied the Venus and Adonis from an edition printed at London in 1630."

The title-page, including the figure of a Cupid, so exactly resembles that in the impression of 1636 by the same printer, with the exception of the date, which is unequivocally 1630, that at first sight the date and the initials of the printer, which are J. H. instead of I. H., might be considered misprints, but a comparative examination of the two books proves them to be distinct editions. The text also differs in various places from that of the copy with manuscript title-page mentioned below.

This volume measures $4\frac{5}{8}$ by $3\frac{5}{16}$ inches.

XI.

VENVS AND ADONIS. *Vilia miretur vulgus, &c.*
[Small 8vo. 27 leaves.] (1630?)

In the Bodleian Library is an edition wanting the printed title-page, which has been supplied by one in manuscript, purporting that the book was printed in London in the year 1630, and it has accordingly been catalogued as if printed in that year. It might have been supposed that this is identical with the recently-discovered edition of 1630, but Mr. Harper, on comparing them, finds them to be different impressions.

"Whatever be the true date," says the Rev. W. G. Clark (who was not aware, when he printed the invaluable Cambridge Shakespeare in 1866, of the existence of the edition of Coules, 1630), it is certainly earlier than that of Coules, 1636."

This volume measures $4\frac{11}{16}$ by $2\frac{5}{16}$ inches.

XII.

VENVS AND ADONIS. *Vilia miretur vulgus, &c.*
LONDON, Printed by I. H. and are to be sold by
Francis Coules in the *Old Baily* without Newgate.
1636. [Sm. 8vo. 27 leaves.]

The title-page of this edition bears some resemblance to that dated 1630 by the same printer, described by me as No. X., with

the exception of the date, &c. Minute differences also exist in the text, which prove them to be distinct impressions.

It is a tolerably printed and very rare edition. Though Hibbert's copy produced only £1 14s. by public auction in 1829, one was purchased at Sotheby's in May, 1856, for £49 10s. by Mr. H. Stevens, at whose sale, in August, 1857, it brought the sum of £56, having then been bound in morocco by Bedford.

Hibbert's copy, now in the British Museum, bears the appearance of having been well read: it is stained, and a few leaves are mended, but generally it is in good condition. It measures $4\frac{1}{4}$ by $3\frac{3}{16}$ inches, and is bound in russia.

XIII.

VENVS AND ADONIS. 1675. [8vo.]

In the Bodleian catalogue, says the Cambridge editor, a copy is mentioned of the date 1675, but none such exists in the library itself. It may be the edition described by Mr. Halliwell as "a chap-book impression, 'Printed by Elizabeth Hodgkinsonne, for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark,' a quaint-looking diminutive volume of extreme rarity." According to Bohn's Lowndes, a copy was sold at Nassau's sale, in 1824, bound in russia, for £2 5s.

Some time previous to the year 1655, the copyright passed into the hands of Edward Wright, who assigned it to William Gilbertson, the 4th April, 1655. No edition, however, between those of 1636 and 1675 is known to have survived, which strengthens my opinion already expressed that several impressions have disappeared without "leaving a wrack behind."





VENVS
AND ADONIS.

*Vilia miretur vulgus : mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*



Imprinted at London for William Leake, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of the Greyhound. 1599.





TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE HEN-
RY WRIOTHESLIE, EARLE
of Southampton, and Baron of
Titchfield.



*Right Honourable, I know not howe I
shall offend in dedicating my vnpo-
lished lines to your Lordship, nor howe
the worlde will censure me for choo-
sing so stronge a prop to support so
weake a burthen, onely if your Honour seeme
but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised,
& vow to take aduantage of all idle houres, til I
haue honored you with some grauer labor. But
if the first heire of my inuētiō proue deformed,
I shall be sorie it had so noble a godfather, and
*Aij. neuer**

The Epistle.

*neuer after eare so barren a land, for feare it
yeelde mee still so bad a haruest, I leaue it to
your Honourable suruey, and your Honour to
your hearts content, which I wish may alwaies
answere your own wish and the worlds hopefull
expectation.*

Your Honors in all duty,

William Shakespeare.

VE-





VENVS AND ADONIS

EVEN as the sunne with purple-coloured face,
Had tane his last leaue of the weeping morne,
Rose cheekt *Adonis* hied him to the chase:
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to scorne,
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amaine vnto him,
And like a bold fac't suter gins to woo him.

Thrise fairer then my selfe, (thus she began)
The fields chiefe flower, sweete aboue compare,
Staine to all Nimphs, more louely then a man,
More white and red, then doues, or roses are.
Nature that made thee with her selfe at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steede,
And raine his proud head to the faddle bow:
If thou wilt daine this fauor, for thy meede
A thousand hony secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where neuer serpent hisses,
And being set, Ile smother thee with kisses.
A i i i. And

VENVS AND ADONIS.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd facietie,
But rather famish them amid their plentie,
Making them red, and pale, with fresh varictie:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twentie.

A summers day will seeme an houre but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palme,
The president of pith and liuelihood,
And trembling in her passion calls it balme,
Earths soueraigne salve, to do a goddesse good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Couragiously to plucke him from his horse.

Ouer one arme the lustie courfers raine,
Vnder her other was the tender boy,
Who blusht and powted in a dull disdaine,
With leaden appetite, vnapt to toy:
She red and hot, as coles of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimbly she fastens, (O how quicke is loue!)
The steed is stalled vp, and euen now
To tie the rider she begins to proue:
Backward she pusht him, as she would be thrust,
And governd him in strēgth, though not in lust.

So

VENVS AND ADONIS.

So soone was she along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips,
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown
And gins to chide, but soone she stops his lips,
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
 If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall neuer open.

He burnes with bashfull shame, she with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes
Then with her windy sighs, and golden heares,
To fan and blow them drie againe she seekes.
 He faith, she is immodest, blames her misse,
 What followes more, she murthers with a kisse.

Euen as an emptie Eagle sharpe by fast,
Tires with her beake on feather, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in hast,
Til either gorge be stuft, or prey be gone :
 Euen so she kist his brow, his cheek, his chin,
 And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forst to content, but neuer to obay,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her tace ;
Shee feedeth on the steame, as on a pray,
And cals it heauenly moysture, aire of grace,
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowres,
 So they were dew'd with such distilling showres.

A iiii.

Looke

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,
So fastned in her armes *Adonis* lyes,
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beautie in his angrie eyes :
 Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,
 Perforce will force it ouerflow the banke.

Still she intreats, and pretily entreats,
For to a pretie eare she tunes her tale,
Still is he sullen, still she lowres and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale ;
 Being red she loues him best, and being white,
 Her best is betterd with a more delight.

Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but loue,
And by her faire immortall hand she sweares,
From his soft bosome neuer to remoue,
Till he takes truce with her contending teares,
 Which lōg haue rained, making her cheeks al wet,
 And one sweet kisse shal pay this comptles debt.

Vpon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a diuedapper peering through a waue,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quicklie in:
So offers he to giue what she did craue,
 But when her lips were readie for his pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Neuer

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Neuer did passenger in summers heat
More thirst for drinke, then she for this good turne.
Her helpe she sees, but helpe she cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burne :
 Oh pitie gan she crie, flint-harted boy,
 Tis but a kisse I beg, why art thou coy ?

I haue beene woo'd as I intreat thee now,
Euen by the sterne and direfull God of war,
Whose finnowie necke in battel nere did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in euerie iar :
 Yet hath he beene my captiue and my slaue,
 And begd for that which thou vnaskt shalt haue.

Ouer my Altars hath he hung his launce,
His battred shield, his vncontrolled creft,
And for my sake hath learnd to sport and daunce,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and iest,
 Scorning his churlish drum, and ensigne red,
 Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-ruld, I ouerfwaied,
Leading him prifoner in a red rose chaine,
Strong tempred steele his ströger strength obeied,
Yet was he seruile to my coy disdaine.

 Oh be not proude, nor brag not of thy might,
 For maiftring her that foild the God of fight.

Touch

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
though mine be not so faire, yet are they red,
The kisse shall be thine owne as well as mine,
What seeft thou in the ground? hold vp thy head :
 Looke in mine eie-balls where thy beauty lies,
 then why not lips on lips, since eies in eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kisse? then winke againe,
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night,
Loue keeps his reuels where there be but twain :
Be bold to play, our sport is not in fight.
 These blew-veind violets whereon we leane,
 Neuer can blab, nor know not what we meane.

the tender spring vpon thy tempting lip,
Shewes thee vnripe, yet maist thou well be tasted,
Make vse of time, let not aduantage slip,
Beautie within it selfe should not be wasted :
 Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,
 Rot and consume themselues in little time.

Were I hard faouored, foule, or wrinckled old,
Ill nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voyce,
Oreworne, despised, reumatique and cold,
Thick fighted, barren, leane, and lacking iuyce,
 Thē mightst y^u pause, for then I were not for thee,
 But hauing no defects, why doest abhor mee?

Thou

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Thou canst not see one wrinckle in my brow,
Mine eies are grey and bright, & quick in turning,
My beautie as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plumbe, my marrow burning,
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hād felt,
Would in thy palme dissolue or seeme to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will inchant thine eare,
Or like a fairy, trip vpon the greene,
Or like a nimph, with long disheueled heare
Dance on the sandes, and yet no footing seene:
Loue is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not grosse to sinke, but light, and will aspire.

Witnessse this Primrose banke whereon I lie, (me:
These forcelesse floures like sturdy trees support
Two strengthles doues will draw me through y^e sky
From morn til night, euen where I list to sport me:
Is loue so light sweete boy, and may it be,
That thou shouldst thinke it heauy vnto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand seize loue vpon thy left?
Then wooe thy selfe, be of thy selfe reiected:
Steale thine own freedome, & complain of theft.
Narcissus so himselfe, himselfe forsooke,
And died to kisse his shadow in the brooke.

Torches

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Torches are made to light, iewels to weare,
Dainties to tast, fresh beautie for the vse,
Hearbs for their smel, and sappy plants to beare,
Things growing to themselues are growths abuse,
Seeds spring frō feeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Vpon the earths increase why shouldst thou feed,
Vnlesse the earth with thy increase be fed ?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue, when thou thy selfe art dead :
And so in spight of death thou dost suruiue,
In that thy likenesse still is left aliue.

By this the loue ficke Queene began to sweate,
For where they lay the shadow had forsooke them,
And *Tytan* tired in the midday heat,
With burning eye did hotly ouerlooke them,
Wishing *Adonis* had his teame to guide,
So he were like him, and by *Venus* fide.

And now *Adonis* with a lazie sprite,
and with a heauy, darke, disliking eie,
His lowring browes orewhelming his faire fight,
Like mistie vapours when they blot the skie,
Sowring his cheekes, cries fie, no more of loue,
The sun doth burne my face, I must remoue.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Ay me (quoth *Venus*) yong, and so vnkind,
What bare excuses mak'ft thou to be gon?
Ile figh ceftiall breath, whose gentle wind,
Shall coole the heart of this descending fun:
Ile make a fhadow for thee of my heares,
If they burne too, Ile quench thẽ with my teares.

The fun that fhines from heauen, fhines but warm,
And loe I lie betweene that funne and thee:
The heate I haue from thence doth little harme,
Thine eie darts foorth the fire that burneth mee,
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Betweene this heauenly and earthly funne.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as Steele?
Nay more then flint, for ftone at raine relenteth:
art thou a womans fonne, and canft not feele
What tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne fo bad a mind,
She had not broght forth thee, but died vnkind.

What am I that thou shouldft contemne me this?
Or what great danger dwels vpon my fute?
What were thy lips the worfe for one poore kiffe?
Speak faire, but speake faire words, or els be mute
Giue me one kiffe, ile giue it thee againe,
and one for intrest, if thou wilt haue twaine.

Fie

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Fie, liueles picture, cold and fencelesse stone,
Well painted idol, image, dul and dead,
Statue contemning but the eie alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bread :
 Thou art no man, though of a mans complexiō,
 For men will kifse euen by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tong,
And swelling pafsion doth prouoke a pause,
Red cheekes and firie eies blafe forth her wrong,
Being iudge in loue, she cannot right her cause.
 And now she weeps, & now she fain wold speak.
 And now her sobs do her intendments breake.

Sometimes she shakes her head, & then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground :
Sometimes her armes infold him like a band,
She would, he will not in her armes bee bound,
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I haue hemd thee heere
Within the circuite of this iuory pale,
Ile be the parke, and thou shalt be my deere,
Feede where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale ;
 Graze on my lips, and if those hilles be drie,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fonutains lie.

Within

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Within this limit is reliefe inough,
Sweete bottom grasse, and high delightful plaine,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from raine,
Then be my deare, since I am such a parke,
No dog shall rouze thee, thogh a thousand bark.

At this *Adonis* smiles, as in disdaine,
That in each cheeke appears a prettie dimple,
Loue made those hollowes, if himselfe were flain,
He might be buried in a tombe so simple?
Foreknowing well if there hee came to lie,
Why there loue liu'd, & there he could not die.

These louely caues, these round enchanting pits,
Opend their mouthes to swallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before; how doth she now for wits?
Strukt dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poore Queen of loue, in thine owne law forlorn,
To loue a cheeke that smiles at thee in scorne.

Now which way shall she turne? what shal we say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her obiect will away,
And from her twining armes doth vrge releasing:
Pittie she cries, some fauour, some remorse,
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But

VENVS AND ADONIS.

But loe from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding Iennet, lustie, yong and proud,
Adonis trampling courser doth espie :

And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs alowd.

The strong-neckt steede being tide vnto a tree,
Breaketh his reine, & to her straight goes hee.

Imperiously he leapes, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his wouen girts he breakes afunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he wounds,
Whose hollow wōb resounds like heauens thūder :

The iron bit he crusheth tweene his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging mane,
Vpon his compast crest now stand on end,
His nostrils drinke the aire, and foorth againe
As from a furnace, vapors doth he send :

His eie which scornefully glisters like fire,
Shewes his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle maiesty, and modest pride,
Anon he reares vp right, curuets, and leapes,
As who should say, lo thus my strength is tride.

And thus I do to captiuate the eie,
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

What

VENVS AND ADONIS.

What recketh he his riders angry ftur,
His flattering holla, or his ftand I fay,
What cares he now, for curbe, or pricking spur,
For rich caparifons, or trapping gay ?

He fees his loue, and nothing else hee fees,
For nothing else with his proud fight agrees.

Looke when a Painter would furpaffe the life,
In limming out a well proportioned ftede,
His Arte with Natures workmanfhip at ftife,
As if the dead the liuing fhould excede :

So did this horfe excel a common one,
In fhape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hooft, fhort iointed, fetlocks fhag & long,
Broad breaft, ful eie, fmall head, and noftrill wide,
High creft, fhort ears, ftaight legs, & paffing ftrog :
Thin mane, thick taile, broad buttock, tender hide,
Looke what a horfe fhould haue, he did not lack,
Saue a proude rider on fo proud a back.

Sometime he fcuds far off, and there hee ftares,
Anon he ftarts at ftirring of a fether :
To bid the wind a bafe he now prepares,
And where he run or flie, they know not whether :
For thogh his mane & taile, the high wind, fings,
Fanning the haire, who waue like fethred wings,

B He

VENVS AND ADONIS.

He looks vppon his loue, and neighs vnto her,
She answeres him as if she knew his mind,
Being proude, as females are, to see him wooe her;
She puts on outward strangenes, seemes vnkind:
 Spurns at his loue, & scornes the heat he feeles,
 Beating his kind embracements with hir heeles

Then like a melancholy male content,
He vailes his taile, that like a falling plume,
Coole shadow to his melting buttocks lent,
He stamper and bites the poore flies in his fume:
 His loue perceiuing how he is enrag'd,
 Grew kinder, and his furie was aswag'd.

His testie maister goeth about to take him,
When lo, the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horie, and left *Adonis* there;
 As they were mad vnto the wood they hie thē,
 Out stripping crows, that striue to ouer flie them.

All swolne with chafing, downe *Adonis* fits,
Banning his boystrous and vnruely beast;
And now the happie season once more fits,
That loue-sicke *Loue*, by pleading may be blest;
 For louers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
 When it is bard the aidance of the toong.

An

VENVS AND ADONIS.

An Ouen that is stopt, or riuer staid,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage,
So of concealed sorrow may be said,
Free vent of words loues fire doth aswage,
But when the hearts attorney once is mute,
The client breakes, as desperate in his sute.

He sees her comming, and begins to glow ;
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with disturbed mind :
Taking no notich that she is so nie,
For all askance he holds her in his eie.

O what a sight it was wistly to view ?
How she came stealing to the wayward boy ,
To Note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red each other did destroy :
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by,
It flasht forth fire, as lightning from the skie.

Now was she iust before him as he sat,
And like a slowly louer downe she kneeles,
With one faire hand she heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheeke feeles :
His tender cheeks reuiues her soft hands print,
As apt as new false snow, takes any dint.

B.ii.

Oh

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Oh what a war of looks was then between them,
Her eies petitioners to his eies suing,
His eies saw her eies, as they had not seene them,
Her eies wooed still, his eies disdained y^e wooing:
 And all this dumbe play had his acts made plain,
 With teares which *Chorus*-like her eies did raine.

Ful gently now she takes him by the hand,
A Lillie prisond in a gaile of snow,
Or Iuory in an alablaster band,
So white a friend ingirts so white a fo:
 This beautious combat wilfull, and willing,
 Shew'd like to filuer doues that fit a billing.

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,
O fairest moouer on this mortall round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My hart all whole as thine, thy hart my wound.
 For one sweet looke thy help I wold afsure thee,
 Thogh nothing but my bodies bane wold cure thee

Giue me my hand (faith he) why dost thou feele it?
Giue me my hart (faith she) and thou shalt haue it;
O giue it me, leaft thy hard hart do steele it,
And being steeld, soft sighs can neuer graue it:
 Then loues deepe groanes I neuer shall regard,
 Because *Adonis* heart hath made mine hard.

For

VENVS AND ADONIS.

For shame he cries, let go, and let me goe,
My daies delight is past, my horse is gone,
And tis your fault, I am bereft him so,
I pray you hence, and leaue me heere alone,
For all my minde, my thought, my busie care,
Is how to get my Palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies, thy palfrey as he should,
Welcoms the warme approach of sweet desire,
Affection is a cole that must be coold,
Else sufferd it vvill fet the heart on fire ;
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no maruel though thy horse be gone.

How like a iade hee stood tide to the tree,
Seruily maistred with a letherne raine,
But when he saw his loue, his youths faire fee,
He held such pettie bondage in disdaine :
Throwing the base thong frō his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his backe, his breast.

VVho seekes his true loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheetes a whiter hew then white,
But when his glutton eie so full hath fed,
His other agents ayme at like delight ?
VVho is so faint that dares not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

B iii.

Let

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Let me excuse thy courser gentle boy,
And learne of him I heartily beseech thee,
To take aduantage on presented ioy, (thee,
Though I were dumbe, yet his proceedings teach
O learne to loue, the lesso n is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer lost againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
vnlesse it be a boare, and then I chafe it,
ris much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My loue to loue, is loue but to disgrace it :
For I haue heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, & al but with a breath.

Who weares a garment shapelesse and vnfinisht ?
Who plucks the budde before one leafe put forth ?
If springing things be any iot diminisht,
they wither in their prime, proue nothing worth :
The colt that's backt and hurthend being yong,
Loofeth his pride, and neuer waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this bootelesse chat,
Remooue your siege from my vnyeelding heart,
To louses alarum it will not ope the gate :
Dismiss your vows, your fained tears, your flattry,
For where a heart is hard they make no battry.
What

VENUS AND ADONIS.

What, canst thou talk (quoth she) hast thou a tong,
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing,
Thy mermaids voyce hath done me double wrōg:
I had my load before, now prest with bearing,
 Melodious discord, heauenly tune harsh sōding,
 Earths deepe sweet musicke, and hearts deep fore
 (wounding.)

Had I no eies but eares, my eares would loue,
That inward beautie and inuisible,
Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would mooue
Each part in me, that were but sensible,
 Though neither eies, nor eares, to heare nor see,
 Yet should I be in loue by touching thee.

Say that the fence of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor heare, nor touch,
And nothing but the verie smell were left mee,
Yet would my loue to thee be still as much,
 For from the stillitorie of thy face excelling,
 Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth loue by
 (smelling.)

But oh what banquet wert thou to the tast,
Being nurse and feeder of the other foure,
Would they not wish the feast should euer last,
And bid suspition double locke the doore?
 Least iealousie that foure vnwelcome guest,
 Should by his stealing in, disturbe the feast.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Once more the ruby-coloured portall open,
Which to his speech did hony passage yeeld,
Like a red morne that euer yet betokend
Wracke to the sea-man, tempest to the field :
Sorrow to the shepheards, woe vnto the birdes,
Gufts & foule flawes to heardmen & to heards.

This ill presage aduisedly she marketh,
Euen as the wind is husht before it raineth,
Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berrie breakes before it straineth :
Or like the deadly bullet of a gunne,
His meaning strucke her ere his words begunne

And at his looke she flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kils loue, and loue by lookes reuiueth :
A smile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But blessed bankrout that by loue so thriueth :
The filly boy beleeuing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheeke, til clapping makes it red.

And all in a maze brake off his late intent,
For sharpely he did thinke to reprehend her,
Which cunning loue did wittily preuent,
Faire-fall the wit that can so well defend her :
For on the grasse she lies as she were slaine,
Til his breath breatheth life in her again.

He

VENVS AND ADONIS.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheekes
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand waies he seekes,
To mend the hurt that his vnkindnes mard :

He kisses her, and she by her good will,
Will neuer rise, so he will kisse her still.

The night of sorrow now is turnd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly she vpheaueth,
Like the faire sunne when in his fresh aray,
He cheeres the morne, & all the world releueth.

And as the bright sunne glorifies the skie,
So is her face illumind with her eie.

Whose beames vpon his hairelesse face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine,
Were neuer foure such lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded, with his browes repine.

But hers, which through y^e christal tears gaue light,
Shone like the Moone in water seene by night.

O where am I (quoth she) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What houre is this, or morne, or weary euen?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?

But now I liu'd, and life was deaths annoy,
But now I di'd, and death was liuely ioy.

○

VENVS AND ADONIS.

O thou didst kill me, kill me once againe,
The eies shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, & such disdain,
That they haue murdred this poore heart of mine,
 And these mine eies true leaders to their queen,
 But for thy pittious lips no more had seene.

Long may they kisse each other for this cure,
Oh neither let their crimson lieries weare,
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To driue infection from the dangerous yeare,
 That the stars-gazers hauing writ on death,
 May say the plague is banisht by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweete seales, in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargaines may I make still to be sealing?
To sell my selfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buie, and paie, and vse good dealing:
 Which purchase if thou make for feare of slips,
 Set thy seale manuell on my waxe-red lips.

A thousand kisses buies my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leysure one by one,
What is ten hundred touches vnto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
 Say for non paimēt, that the debt should double,
 Is twentie thousand kisses such a trouble?

Faire

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Faire Queene (quoth he) if any loue you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my vnripe yeares,
Before I knowe my selfe, seeke not to know mee,
No fisher but the vngrowne frie forbeares,
 The mellow plum doth fall, the greene sticks fast,
 Or being early pluckt, is sowre to tast.

Looke, the worlds comforter with weary gate,
His daies hot taske hath ended in the West,
The owle (nights herald) shreekes, tis verie late,
The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
 The cole-black clouds that shadow heauens light,
 Do summon vs to part and bid Good night.

Now let me say good night, and so say you,
If you will say so, you shal haue a kisse.
Good night (quoth she) and ere he saies adue,
The hony fee of parting tendred is;
 Her armes do lend his necke a sweete embrace,
 Incorporate thē they seeme, face growes to face.

Till breathlesse he disioynd, & backward drew,
the heauenly moysture that sweete coral mouth,
Whose precious taste, her thirstie lips wel knew,
Whereon they surfet, yet complaine on drough,
 He with her plentie prest, she faint with dearth,
 Their lippes together glew'd, fall to the earth.

Now

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Now quicke desire hath caught his yeelding pray,
And glutton like shee feedes, yet neuer filleth,
Her lippes are conquerers, his lips obey,
Paying what ransome the insu ter willeth :
Whose vultur thought doth pitch y^e price so hie,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure drie.

And hauing felt the sweetenes of the spoyle,
With blindfolde furie shee beginnes to forrage,
Her face doth reek & smoke, her bloud doth boile,
And carelesse lust stirres vp a desperate courage :
Planting obliuion, beating reason backe,
Forgetting shames pure blush, and honors wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird, being tam'd with to much hādling
Or as the fleet foot Roe that's ty'rd with chafing,
Or like the froward infant stild with dandling,
He now obeyes, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolues with tempring,
And yeelds at last to euery light impressiō?
Things out of hope, are compast oft with ventring,
Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceeds commission :
Affecton faints not like a pale fa'ct coward,
But then woes best, whē most his choise is froward.
When

VENVS AND ADONIS.

When he did frown, ô had she then gaue ouer,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suckt,
Foule words and frownes must not repel a loue,
What though the rose haue prickles, yet tis pluckt:
 Were beautie vnder twentie locks kept fast,
 Yet loue breaks through, & picks them al at last.

For pittie now, she can no more detaine him,
The Poore foole praies her that he may depart,
She is resolu'd no longer to restraine him,
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her heart,
 The which by *Cupids* bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy she saies, this night ile waft in sorrow,
For my sicke heart commands mine eies to watch,
Tel me loues maister, shall wee meete to morrow?
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
 He tels her no, to morrow he intendes,
 To hunt the boare with certaine of his friendes

The boare (quoth she) whereat a sudder pale,
Like lawne being spread vpon the blushing rose,
Vsurps her cheekes, she trembles at his tale,
And on his necke her yoking armes she throwes,
 She sinketh downe still hanging on his necke,
 He on her belly falles, she on her backe.

Now

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Now is she in the very lifts of loue,
Her champion mounted for the hot incounter,
All is imaginarie she doth prooue,
He will not manage he, although he mount her,
That worse then *Tantalus* is her annoy,
To clip *Elizium*, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen so poore birds deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Do surfet by the eie, and pine the maw,
Euen so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poore birdes, that helpelesse berries saw :
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

But all in vaine, good *Queene*, it will not be,
She hath afsai'd as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee,
Shee's loue, she loues, and yet she is not lou'd,
Fie, fie, he saies, you crush me, let me go,
You haue no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this
But that thou toldst me, thou woldst hunt y^e boare,
O be aduisde, thou knowst not what it is,
With iaelins point, a churlish swine to goare,
Whose tushes neuer sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On

VENVS AND ADONIS.

On his bow backe, he hath a battell set,
Of brisfly pikes, that euer threat his foes,
His eies like glow-worms shine whē he doth fret,
His snout digs sepulchers where ere he goes,
 Being mou'd, he strikes, what ere is in his way,
 And whom he strikes, his crooked tusshes slay.

His brawny sides with hairy bristles armed,
Are better prooffe then thy speares point cā enter,
His short thicke necke cannot be easly harmed,
Being irefull, on the Lion he will venter,
 The thornie brambles and embracing bushes,
 As fearefull of him, part, through whō he rushes.

Alas, he nought esteemes that face of thine,
To which loues eies paies tributarie gazes,
Nor thie soft hands, sweete lips, and cristal eie,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes,
 But hauing thee at vantage (wonderous dread !)
 Would root these beauties, as he roots y^e mead.

O let him keepe his lothsome cabbिन still,
Beautie hath naught to do with such foule fiends,
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thriue wel, take counsel of their friends,
 Whe thou didst name the boare, not to disēble,
 I feard thy fortune, and my ioints did tremble.
Didst

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Didst thou not marke my face? was it not white?
Sawest thou not signes of feare lurke in mine eies
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downe right?
Within my bosome, whereon thou dost lie:

My boding heart, pants, beates, & takes no rest,
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my brest

For where loue raignes, disturbing ieaousie,
Doth call himselfe affections centinell,
Giues false alarms, suggesteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kil.

Distempering gentle loue with his desire,
As aire and water doth abate the fire.

This foure informer, this bare-breeding spie,
This canker that eates vp loues tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious ieaousie,
That somtimes true news, sometime false doth bring
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine eare,
That if I loue thee, I thy death should feare.

And more then so, presenteth to mine eie,
The picture of an angry chafing boare,
Vnder whose sharpe fangs, on his back doth lie,
An image like thy selfe, all stainde with gore,
Whose bloud vpon the fresh flowres being shed,
Doth make thē droop with grief, & hāg the hed
What

VENVS AND ADONIS.

What should I doe, seeing thee so indeede,
That trembling at th' imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint hart bleede,
And feare doth teach it diuination;

I prophecie thy death, my liuing sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Vncouple at the timerous flying Hare,
Or at the Foxe which liues by subiltie,
Or at the Roe, which no incounter dare,
Pursue these fearfull creatures o're the downes,
And on thy wel breathd horse keepe with thy
(hounds,

And when thou hast on foot the purblind Hare,
Make the Poore wretch to ouershut his troubles,
How he out-runs the winde, and with what care,
He crankes and crosses with a thousand doubles,
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runnes among the flock of sheepe,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-deluing conies keepe,
To stop the loude pursuers in their yell,
And sometime forteth with a heard of deare,
Danger deuifeth shifts, wit waites on feare.

C

For

VENVS AND ADONIS.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot sent snuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, til they haue singled,
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they spend their mouths, eccho replies,
As if another chafe were in the skies.

By this poore Wat far off vppon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listning eare,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still,
Anon with loude alarums he doth heare,
And now his grieffe may be compared well,
To one fore sick, that heares the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch,
Turne and returne, intending with the way,
Each enuious brier his wearie legges doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay,
For miserie is troden on by many,
And being low, neuer relceu'd by any.

Lie quietly, and heare a little more,
Nay do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise,
To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,
Vnlike thy selfe thou hearst me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so,
For loue can comment vpon euerie wo.

Where

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Where did I leaue? no matter where (quoth hee)
Leaue mee, and then the storie aptly endes,
The night is spent, why what of that (quoth shee?)
I am (quoth hee) expected of my friends,
 And now tis darke, and going I shall fall,
 In night (quoth she) desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
The earth in loue with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kisse :
Rich preyes make rich men theeues : so do thy lips
 Make modest *Dyan* cloudy and forlorne,
 Least she should steale a kisse & die forsworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reason,
Cynthia for shame obscures her siluer shine,
Till forging *Nature* be condemnde of treason,
For stealing moulds frō heauen that were diuine,
 Wherin she fram'd thee in hie heauens despight,
 To shame the sunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies,
To crosse the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
 Making it subiect to the tyranny
 Of mad mischances, and much miserie.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

As burning feauers, agues, pale and faint,
Life-poifning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating ficknes, whose attaint
Disorder breedes by heating of the bloud :
 Surfets, impostumes, grieffe & damnd despaire,
 Sweare natures death for framing thee so faire.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minutes fight brings beautie vnder,
Both fauor, sauor, hew, and qualities,
Whereat th' imperiall gazer late did wonder :
 Are on the sudden wasted, thawd and done,
 As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

Therefore despight of fruitlesse chafitic,
Loue-lacking vestals, and selfe louing Nuns,
That on the earth would breede a scarcitie,
And barren death of daughters and of sonnes,
 Be prodigall, the lampe that burnes by night,
 Dries vp his oile, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing graue,
Seeming to burie that posteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs must haue,
If thou destroy them not in their obscuritie?
 If so, the world will hold thee in disdaine.
 Sith in thy pride, so faire a hope is flaine.

So

VENVS AND ADONIS.

What haue you vrg'd that I cannot reprocue?
The path is smoothe that leadeth vnto danger,
I hate not loue, but your deuise in loue,
That lends embracements vnto euerie stranger,
 You do it for increase, ò strange excuse!
 When reason is the bawd to lusts abuse.

Cal it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth vsurpe his name,
Vnder whose simple semblance he hath fed,
Vpon fresh beautie, blotting it with blame;
 Which the hot tyrant staines, & soone bereaues
 As catterpillers doe the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like sunshine after raine,
But lusts effect is tempest after sunne.
Loues gentle spring doth alwaies fresh remaine,
Lusts winter comes, ere summer halfe be done;
 Loue surfets not, lust like a glutton dies,
 Loue is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say,
The text is old, the Orator too greene,
Therefore in sadnes now, I will away,
My faee is full of shame, my heart of teene:
 Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,
 Do burne themselues for hauing so offended.

With

VENUS AND ADONIS.

VWith this he breaketh from the sweete embrace,
Of those faire arms which bound him to her brest,
And homeward through the dark lawnes runs a-
Leaves loue vpon hir back deeply distrest: (pace,
 Looke how a bright starre shooteth from the skie,
 So glides he in the night from *Venus* cie.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore,
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Til the wild waues will haue him seene no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting cloudes contend:
 So did the mercilesse and pitchy night,
 Fold in the obiect that did feede her fight.

VWhereat amaz'd, as one that vnaware,
Hath dropt a precious iewell in the flood,
Or stonisht, as night wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in some mistrustfull wood;
 Euen so confounded in the darke she lay,
 Hauing lost the faire discouerie of her way.

And now she beates her heart, whereat it grones,
That all the neighbour caues as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her mones,
Passion on passion deepely is redoubled,
 Ay mee shee cries, and twentie times woe, wo,
 And twentie ecchoes, twentie times crie so.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

She Marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemprally a wofull dittie,
How loue makes yong men thrall, & old men dote,
How loue is wise in folly, foolish wittie :
Her heaueie antheme still concludes in wo,
And still the quier of ecchoes answere so.

Her song was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For louers houres are long, though seeming short,
If pleasde themselues, others they thinke delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport :
Their copious stories oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are neuer done.

For who hath she to spend the night withall,
But idle foundes resembling parasites,
Like shrild tongu'd Tapsters answering euery call,
Soothing the humour of fantastique wits,
She said, tis so, they answere all tis so,
And would say after her, if she said no.

Loe here the gentle Larke wearie of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning, frō whose siluer breast
The sunne ariseth in his maiestie,
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That Cedar tops and hils seeme burnisht gold.

Venus

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow,
O thou cleere God, and Patron of all light,
Frō whom each lamp & shining star doth borrow
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
Their liues a son that suckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a mirtle groue,
Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,
And yet she heares no tidings of her loue;
She hearkens for hounds, and for his horne,
Anon she heares them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the crie.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,
Some twinde about her thigh to make her stay,
Shee wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feede her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she heares the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder,
Wreath'd vp in fatall foldes iust in his way,
The feare wherof doth make him shake & shudder,
Euen so the timerous yelping of the houndes,
Appales her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For

VENVS AND ADONIS.

For now she knowes it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lion proude,
Because the crie remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloude,
 Finding their enemy to be so curst, (first.
 They all straine curt'sie who shall cope him

This dismall crie rings sadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to surprisè her heart,
Who ouercome by doubt and bloudlesse feare,
With cold-pale weaknes numbs each feeling part,
 Like souldiers whē their captain once doth
 They basely fly, & dare not stay the field. (yeeld,

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
Til cheering vp her senses fore dismaide,
She tels them tis a causelesse phantasie,
And childish error that they are afraide: (more,
 Bids them leaue quaking, bids them feare no
 And with that word she spide the hunted bore.

whose frothie mouth be painted all with red,
Like milk and bloud being mingled both together,
A second feare through all her sinewes spread,
Which madly hurries her, she knowes not whither:
 This way she runs, and nowe she will no further,
 But back retires, to rate the bore for murder.

A

VENVS AND ADONIS.

A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand waies,
She treads the path that she vntreads againe,
Her more then hast, is mated with delaies,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the wearie caitife for his maister,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainst venomd sores, the only soueraigne plaister :
And here she meets another sadly scouling,
to whom she speaks, & he replies with howling.

When he hath ceast his ill refounding noise,
Another flapmouthd mourner blacke and grim
Against the welkin, volies out his voice,
Another, and another answere him,
Clapping their proude tailes to the groūd below,
Shaking their scratcht-ears, bleeding as they
(goe.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed
At apparitions, signes, and prodigies,
Wheron with fearefull eies they long haue gazed,
Infusing them with dreadfull prophecies ;
So she at these sad signes drawes vp her breath,
And fighting it againe, exclames on death,
Hard

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Hard faouered tyrant, ougly meagre leane,
(Hatefull diuorce of loue) (thus chides she death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earths worm what dost thou
To stifle beautie, & to steale his breath? (meane?
Who when he liu'd, his breath and beautie set
Glosse on the rose, smell to the violet.

If he be dead, ô no, it cannot be:
Seeing his beautie thou shouldst strike at it,
O yes, it may, thou hast no eies to see,
But hatefully at randon dost thou hit,
Thy marke is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aime, and cleauës an infants hart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power,
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckst a flower;
Loues golden arrow at him should haue fled,
And not deaths ebon dart to strike him dead.
(weeping?)

Dost thou drinke teares, that thou prouok'st such
What may a heauie grone aduantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternall sleeping,
Those eies that taught all other eies to see?
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour?
Her

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Here ouercome, as one ful of dīspaire,
She vaild her eie-lids, who like sluces stopt
The christall tide, that from her two cheeks faire,
In the sweete channel of her bosome dropt,
 But through the flud-gates breaks y^e siluer raine,
 And with his strong course opens them againe.

O how her eies and teares, did lend and borrow,
Her eie seene in the teares, teares in her eie,
Both cristals, where they viewd each others forow:
Sorrow, that friendly fighs fought still to drie,
 But like a stormie day, now wind now raine,
 Sighs drie hir cheeks, tears make thē wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant wo,
As striuing who should best become her grieſe,
All entertainde, each passions labour so,
That euerie present sorrow seemeth chiefe,
 But none is best, then ioyne they altogether,
 Like many cloudes cōsulting for foule weather.

By this far off, she heares some huntsmā hollow,
A nurses song nere pleasde her babe so well,
The drie imagination she did follow,
This sound of hope doth labor to expell:
 For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioyce,
 And flatters her, it is *Adonis* voyce.

Whereat

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being prisond in her eie like pearles in glasse,
Yet sometimes falles an orient drop beside,
which her cheeke melts, as scorning it shuld passe,
 To wash the foule face of the fluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard beleeuing loue, how strange it seemes !
Not to beleue, and yet too credulous,
Thy weale and woe, are both of them extreames,
Despaire and hope makes thee ridiculous.
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikelie,
 The likely thoughts the other kills thee quicklie.

Now she vnweaues the web that she hath wrought,
Adonis liues, and death is not too blame :
It was not she that cald him all to nought,
Now she ads honors to his hatefull name.
 She clepes him king of graues, & graue for kings,
 Imperious supream of al mortall things.

No, no, quoth she, sweete death, I did but iest,
Yet pardon mee, I felt a kind of feare,
When as I met the boare that bloody beast,
Which knowes no pittie, but is still seuer :
 Then gentle shadow (truth I must confesse)
 I raild on thee, fearing thy loues decesse.

Tis

VENVS AND ADONIS.

'Tis not my fault, the boare prouokt my toong,
Bewreakt on him (inuifible commander)
'Tis he foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy slander :
 Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
 Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is aliue,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate,
And that his beautie may the better thriue,
With death she humbly doth insinuate ;
 Tels him of trophies, statües, tombes & stories,
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O *Ioue* quoth she, how much a foole was I,
To be of such a weake and filly mind,
To waile his death who liues and must not die,
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kinde ?
 For he being dead, with him is beautie slaine,
 And beautie dead, blacke *Chaos* comes againe.

Fie, fie, fond loue, thou art so full of fcare,
As one with treasure laden, hemd with theeues,
Trifles vnwitnessed with eie, or eare,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking greeues :
 Euen at this word she heares a merrie horne,
 Whereat she leapes, that was but late forlorne.

As

VENVS AND ADONIS.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies,
The graffe stoopes not, she treads on it so light,
And in her haft vnfortunately spies
The foule boares conquest on her faire delight,
Which seen, her eies as murdred with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselues withdrew.

Or as the snaile, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly caue with paine,
And there all smothered vp in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloody view her eies are fled,
Into the deepe darke cabbins of her head.

Where they resigne their office and their light,
To the disposing of her troubled braine,
Who bids them still confort with vgly night,
And neuer wound the heart with looks againe,
Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion, giues a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributarie subiect quakes,
As when the wind imprisond in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earths foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth mēs minds cōfound.
This mutinie each part doth so surprise,
That frō their dark beds once more leape her eies,
And

VENVS AND ADONIS.

And being opend, threw vnwilling night
Vpon the wide wound that the boare had drencht
In his soft flanke, whose woonted lillie white,
With purple teares y^t his wound wept had drencht :
No floure was nigh, no grasse, herb, leafe or weed,
But stole his bloud, and seemd with him to bleed.

This solemne sympathy, poore *Venus* noteth,
Ouer one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth,
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead :
Her voice is stopt, her ioints forget to bow,
Her eies are mad, that they haue wept til now.

Vpon his hurt she lookes so stedfastly,
That her sight dazling makes y^e wound seem three,
And then she reprehends her mangling eie, (be
That makes more gashes, where no breach should
His face seems twain, each feueral lim is doubled,
For oft the eie mistakes, the brain being troubled

My tongue cannot expresse my grieffe for one,
And yet (quoth she) behold two *Adons* dead,
My sighs are blowne away, my salt teares gone,
Mine eies are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,
Heauy harts lead melt at mine eies as red as fire,
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

D

Alas

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Alas poore world what treasure haft thou loft,
What face remains alieue that's worth y^e viewing?
Whose toong is mufick now? what canft thou boast
Of things long fince, or any thing enfuing?

The floures are fweet, their colours fresh & trim,
But true fweete beautie liu'd, and di'd in him.

Bonnet, nor vaile, hencefoorth no creature weare,
Nor funne nor wind will euer ftrive to kifse you,
Hauing no faire to loofe, you neede not feare,
The fun doth fcorn you, & the wind doth hifse you:

But when *Adonis* liu'd, funne and fharp aire,
Lurkt like two theeves, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whose brim the gaudy funne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his locks, then would *Adonis* weepe:

And ftraight in pittie of his tender yeares,
They both would ftrive who firft should drie his
(teares.

To fee his face the Lion walkt along,
Behind fome hedge, becaufe he would not feare
To recreate himfelfe when he hath fong: (him,
The Tiger would be tame, and gently heare him
If he had fpoke, the wolfe would leaue his pray,
And neuer fright the fillie lambe that day.

When

VENVS AND ADONIS.

When he beheld the shadow in the brooke,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills,
When he was by, the birds such pleasure tooke,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
 Would bring him mulberies, & ripe red cherries,
 He fed them with his fight, they him with berries.

But this foule, grim, and vrchin-snouted boare,
Whose downward eie still looketh for a graue:
Ne're saw the beautious liuery that he wore,
Witnesse the entertainment that he gaue:
 If he did see his face, why then I know,
 He thought to kisse him, & hath kild him so.

Tis true, tis true, thus was *Adonis* flaine,
He ran vpon the boare with his sharpe speare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kisse thought to perswade him there.
 And nouling in his flanke, the louing swine
 Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his soft groine.

Had I beene tooth'd like him I must confesse,
With kissing him I should haue kild him first,
But he is dead, and neuer did he blesse
My youth with his, the more I am accurst,
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And staines her face with his congealed bloud.

D ii. She

VENVS AND ADONIS.

She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whispers in his eare a heauie tale,
As if they heard the wofull words she told,
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eies,
 Where lo two lamps burnt out, in darknes lies.

Two glases where her selfe, her selfe beheld,
A thousand times, and now no more reflect,
Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,
And euerie beautie robd of his effect;
 Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,
 That you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
Sorrow in loue hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with ieaousie,
Find sweete beginning, but vnsauorie end,
 Nere setled equally, but hie or low,
 That al loues pleasure shal not match his wo.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing while,
The bottome poison, and the top ore-straw,
With sweets, that shal the sharpest sight beguile,
 The strongest bodie shal it make most weake,
 Strike the wise dumbe, & teach the foole to speak.

It

VENVS AND ADONIS.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to treade the measures,
The staring Ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poore with trea-
It shall be raging mad, and fillie mild, (sures
Make the yong old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,
It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,
It shall be mercifull, and too seueare,
And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust :
Peruerse it shall be, where it shews most toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shal be cause of war, and dire euent,
And set dissenfion twixt the sun and fire,
Subiect and seruile to all discontents,
As drie combustious matter is to fire,
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,
They that loue best, their loue shall not enioy.

By this the boy that by her side lay kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his bloud that on the ground lay spild,
A purpul'd flower sprong vp checkred with white,
Resembling well his pale cheekes & the bloud,
which in round drops vpō their whitenes stood.
She

VENVS AND ADONIS.

She bowes hir head, the new-sprong flowre to smel,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath,
And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,
Since he himselfe is rest from her by death,
 She crops the stalke, and in the breach appears
 Green-dropping sap, which she cōpares to teares

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise,
Sweet issue of a more sweete swelling fire,
For euerie little grieffe to wet his eies,
To grow vnto himselfe was his desire,
 And so tis thine, but know it is as good,
 To wither in my breast, as in his bloud.

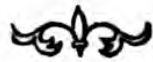
Here was thy fathers bed, here is my breast,
Thou art the next of bloud, and tis thy right,
Low in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rocke thee day & night,
 There shall not be one minute in an houre,
 Wherin I wil not kisse my sweet loues flower.

thus wearie of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her siluer doues, by whose swift aide,
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies,
In her light chariot quickly is conuaide,
Holding their course to *Paphos* where their queen
 Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seene.

F I N I S.



THE ISHAM REPRINTS.



THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME.

1599.

This work is printed for the subscribers only, and the impression strictly limited to one hundred and thirty-one copies, of which twenty-five are on large paper, and six on vellum. Every copy is numbered and signed by the editor.

Small Paper. No. 73.

Charles Edmonds.

23 April 1870.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME,

A COLLECTION OF FUGITIVE POETRY PUBLISHED

UNDER THE NAME OF SHAKESPEARE.

NEW EDITION,

ACCURATELY REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL

IMPRESSION OF 1599, IN THE

POSSESSION OF

SIR CHARLES ISHAM, BART.

WITH A PREFACE,

IN WHICH THE CLAIMS OF RICHARD BARNFIELD TO THE

AUTHORSHIP OF TWO OF THE PIECES ARE

VINDICATED FROM THE OBJECTIONS

OF MR. J. PAYNE COLLIER,

BY CHARLES EDMONDS,

EDITOR OF THE POETRY OF THE

ANTI-JACOBIN.



LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1870.





EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THIS remarkable collection of fugitive pieces, published under a fanciful title to distinguish it from similar miscellanies, as well as probably to induce the public to suppose that the whole was a new poem by Shakespeare, although purporting to be solely his production, really consists of poems by various contemporary writers. In the words of Mr. Dyce, in the Memoir prefixed to Shakespeare's Sonnets, lxxvii. ed. Pickering, 1832: " 'The Passionate Pilgrime' appears to have been given to the press without his consent or even his knowledge, and how much of it proceeded from his pen cannot be distinctly ascertained." But the object of the publisher, William Jaggard, in thus attributing the whole to Shakespeare is sufficiently apparent;—the poet's great popularity would be likely to make the publication a successful venture, while his known indifference to the fate of his works would render his calling attention to the fraud extremely improbable.

That William Jaggard was generally unscrupulous in his business transactions is shown by his conduct in the publication of another edition of this work, called on the title-page "the third," printed in 1612. The

“second” edition seems to have disappeared altogether, no copy being known to exist. This third impression contains all the poems that appeared in that of 1599, and here again all are attributed to Shakespeare, notwithstanding it must have been known by this time that the whole could not have been his production. But Jaggard, not content with his first deception on the public, has here, with an effrontery almost ludicrous, ventured to add to the original title the expression,—“or, Certaine Amorous Sonnets between Venus and Adonis;” although only four of them bear upon those personages; his intention evidently being to take advantage of the celebrity of the poem bearing their names. He, however, soon met with his match, in consequence of having without authority inserted in the same volume two of Ovid’s Epistles, which, from the ambiguous wording of the title-page, might also be supposed to have been from the pen of Shakespeare. These had really been translated by Thomas Heywood, as was no doubt known to Jaggard, he having been the printer of the work in which they appeared, and which was published with Heywood’s name in 1609, under the title of “Troia Britannica, or Great Britaines Troy; a Poem, etc. London, printed by W. Jaggard:” folio. What steps Heywood, who was more sensitive than Shakespeare on the score of his publications, took in the matter, will appear further on.

I am the more particular in thus calling attention to the natural laxity of Jaggard’s principles, as it will enable us to judge how he would act in any other instance in which his interest was concerned: as to the present publication, unfortunately, his equivocal proceedings have been the means of involving an interesting literary

subject in considerable doubt, and of throwing obloquy on parties little deserving of it.

That we may understand the peculiar bearings of the case, I will give a complete list of the various pieces of which "The Passionate Pilgrime" consists, with references to the work in which each first appeared, followed by a few observations on Barnfield's share in it.

[I.]

"*When my Loue sweares that she is made of truth.*" This, with some verbal variations, is the same as No. 138 of Shakespeare's Sonnets.

[II.]

"*Two Loues I haue, of Comfort, and Despaire.*" This poem, also, with some slight variations, is the same as Sonnet 144.

[III.]

"*Did not the beauenly Rhetorike of thine eie.*" With some trifling variations this occurs in "Love's Labour's Lost," 1598.

[IV.]

"*Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a Brooke.*" Is found only in "The Passionate Pilgrime."

[V.]

"*If Loue make me forsworn, how shal I swere to loue.*" Printed, with slight variations, in "Love's Labour's Lost," 1598.

[VI.]

"*Scarfe had the Sunne dride up the dewy morne.*" Occurs only in "The Passionate Pilgrime."

[VII.]

"*Faire is my loue, but not so faire as fickle.*" Found only in "The Passionate Pilgrime."

[VIII.]

“*If Musicke and sweet Poetrie agree.*” This Sonnet is taken from a small collection of poems by Richard Barnfield, entitled “*The Encomion of Lady Pecunia,*” printed in 1598. It occurs in the latter portion, called “*Poems: in diuers humors,*” with the following heading: “*To his friend Maister R. L. In praise of Musique and Poetrie,*” but is omitted in the second edition in 1605, entitled “*Lady Pecunia.*”

[IX.]

“*Faire was the morne, when the faire Queene of loue.*” Occurs only in “*The Passionate Pilgrime.*”

[X.]

“*Sweet Rose, faire flower, vntimely pluckt, soon vaded.*” This likewise occurs only in “*The Passionate Pilgrime.*”

[IX.]

“*Venus, with Adonis sitting by her.*” This sonnet, with some variations, including the following lines (9 to 14) which are substituted for those in “*The Passionate Pilgrime,*” occurs in B. Griffin’s rare collection of seventy-two sonnets, printed under the title of “*Fideffa,*” in 1596:—

“But he a wayward boy refusde her offer,
And ran away, the beautious Queene neglecting:
Shewing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex of cowardise detecting.
Oh that I had my mistris at that bay,
To kisse and clippe me till I ranne away!”

But the Rev. R. Greene, of Lichfield, in a communication to “*Notes and Queries,*” vol. x. 1st ser. contends, with much plausibility, that the authorship should be given to Shakespeare.

[XII.]

“*Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.*” Although the version in “*The Passionate Pilgrime*” is the first with which we are acquainted, yet it is probable that it made its appearance earlier, in Deloney’s “*Garland of Good Will*,” which was printed in or about 1596; but as no edition of so early a date is extant, it is impossible to speak with certainty. At any rate, it is included, with variations, in several subsequent impressions of that popular work.

[XIII.]

“*Beauty is but a vaine and doubtfull good.*” Occurs only in “*The Passionate Pilgrime.*”

[XIV.]

“*Good night, good rest, ah neither be my share.*” Occurs only in “*The Passionate Pilgrime.*”

[XV.]

“*Lord howe mine eies throw gazes to the east.*” Occurs only in “*The Passionate Pilgrime.*”

[XVI.]

“*It was a lording’s daughter, the fairest one of three.*” Occurs only in “*The Passionate Pilgrime.*”

[XVII.]

“*On a day alack the day.*” This poem is printed in “*Love’s Labour’s Loft*,” 1598. It occurs also in “*England’s Helicon*,” (a miscellany of poetry, first published in 1600,) with Shakespeare’s name appended to it. Both in the latter and in “*The Passionate Pilgrime*,” the following two lines, forming the last couplet but one, are omitted:—

“Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were.”

[XVIII.]

"*My flocks feed not.*" This poem had, two years before, in 1597, with slight variations, appeared anonymously, with the music, in a collection of Madrigals, by Thomas Weelkes. It is printed also, with corrections,—such as *moan* for *woe* in the last line but three,—in "England's Helicon," 1600, being there entitled "The unknowne Shepheard's Complaint," and subscribed *Ignoto*, a proof that Bodenham, the editor, was then unacquainted with the name of the author, but disinclined to attribute it to Shakespeare, as had been done in "The Passionate Pilgrime," the year before, or to Weelkes, in whose collection it first appeared.

[XIX.]

"*When as thine eie hath chose the dame.*" Occurs only in "The Passionate Pilgrime." But Mr. Halliwell, in his folio Shakespeare, vol. 16, p. 466-7, says, "A very early manuscript copy of this poem, with many variations, is preserved in a poetical miscellany, compiled, I believe, some years before the appearance of 'The Passionate Pilgrime.'"

[XX.]

"*Live with me and be my love.*" This poem is assigned by name to Christopher Marlowe in "England's Helicon," 1600, and what is called "Love's Answere" appears in the same collection, under the name of *Ignoto*, a signature sometimes adopted by Sir Walter Raleigh. They are, besides, attributed to these authors in Walton's "Angler," under the titles of "The Milk-maid's Song," and "The Milk-maid's Mother's Answer." Both, however, as printed in "The Passionate Pilgrime," and in "England's Helicon," are incomplete, but they are printed at length in Percy's "Reliques."

[XXI.]

“*As it fell upon a day.*” This ode, like No. 8, is printed as Barnfield’s, among his “Poems: in diuers humors,” 1598. It also appears in “England’s Helicon,” 1600, following “My flocks feed not,” and is entitled “Another of the same Sheeheardes.” From this latter observation, and his signing both *Ignoto*, the editor, Bodenham, not only avows his inability to point out the real authors, but disallows the claims equally of Barnfield, Shakespeare, and Weelkes, under whose respective names they had been published so short a time before; another proof of the laxity of editing and publishing in those days.

[XXI*.]

“*Whilst as fickle fortune smiled.*” Mr. Collier, in his first edition of Shakespeare, 1843, vol. 8, note, pp. 577-8, thus remarks on this poem: “It is a separate production, both in subject and place, with a division between it and Barnfield’s poem which precedes it; nevertheless they have been incautiously coupled in some modern editions.” In his second edition, 1858, vol. 6, p. 692, note, published after he had changed his previous opinion that Barnfield was the rightful owner, he thus varies his dictum: “It is a separate production, both in subject and place, with a slight division (but no heading) between it and the poem which precedes it: nevertheless they have been coupled in some modern editions, most likely because they are found erroneously united in Barnfield’s ‘Encomion,’ 1598.”

So far from these being two separate productions, my impression is that they were originally intended for one,

and cannot otherwise be considered without a direct violation of propriety. If we refer to Barnfield's "Encomion" of 1598, we find that the lines beginning "As it fell vpon a Day," down to "Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe," form one continuous poem, without any break or any interruption of the sense, extending over three pages, and bearing the general title "An Ode." Had they been intended for two poems, they could easily have been arranged so; there is not only plenty of room for the purpose, but the book throughout is printed with such accuracy as to induce a supposition that it was produced under the author's own inspection. On the other hand, no certain inference that they should form two poems instead of one can be drawn from the manner in which they appear in "The Passionate Pilgrime;" for in this work, as we see, there is no heading to any of the pieces, and the printer has used his own discretion in the arrangement of each page; consequently it is only by the context that we can determine where one piece ends and another begins. Applying this test to the present case, I think we cannot avoid the conclusion that the author wrote these lines as one ode, and that by dividing it into two, as Mr. Collier does, we destroy the whole sequence and moral, making the first portion end with as much unintelligible abruptness as the second begins. The poet's object being to show the similarity of his griefs to those of the nightingale, he devotes the lines terminating with the word "forrowing" to the bird; he then takes up his own woes with the line beginning "Whilst as fickle fortune smiled," and enlarges upon them to the end of the ode. This view is confirmed by the succeeding line, "Thou and I were both beguiled," which, on any

other hypothesis would be, as I have already said, unintelligible. It is moreover more logical to put faith in what has evidently been prepared with care than in a reprint which is confessedly an unauthorized and fraudulent impression. It should be noticed that Mr. Halliwell, in his folio Shakespeare, prints them as two poems, but Mr. Knight as one.

Another curious circumstance occurs with regard to this ode. The reprint of it in "England's Helicon," 1600, interpolates, after the line "Careless of thy sorrowing," the following couplet:

"Even so, poore bird like thee,
None a-live will pittie mee."

And thus the poem, in that publication, terminates, although the lines are so appropriate to the subject, and so well adapted to supply a missing link of connection between the first and second portions of the ode, that we might almost assume they had been introduced for this purpose. But as this is not the case, we are driven to the conclusion that the editor of "England's Helicon," instead of following Barnfield's publication, where he would have found the ode complete, made use of that in "The Passionate Pilgrime," imagining that it terminated, as there printed, at the bottom of the page. But feeling, like most readers, probably, that this ending was too abrupt for the subject, and falling into the same error as Mr. Collier, that the lines on the next page began a new ode, he added the couplet in question as a more appropriate termination, experiencing as little compunction in the matter as Bishop Percy did in "improving" the old ballads in his "Reliques." Although Mr. Dyce, Mr. Collier, Mr. C. Knight, and other

able editors, point out this interpolation, they do not seem to think it worthy the attention which I believe it deserves. This couplet does not appear in "The Passionate Pilgrime" of 1612.

It appears, therefore, from the above enumeration, that only five out of the twenty-one pieces forming "The Passionate Pilgrime" possess anything like direct evidence of being from Shakespeare's hand, and this consists in their first appearance in his acknowledged works, in their general resemblance to his other compositions, and in the absence of other claimants. Though eleven of the others are printed in "The Passionate Pilgrime," for, as far as we yet know, the first time, there is no ground whatever beyond the assertion on its title-page for attributing them to Shakespeare, while the slender merit of several of them decidedly negatives this assumption; the authorship of these, consequently, is still uncertain; while as to the remaining five, if any weight is to be allowed to such strong claims as those founded on priority of publication by competent living authors, three must be assigned, as heretofore, to Barnfield and Griffin; one is no doubt, as is generally assumed, the work of Marlowe, and the last, which is quite unworthy of Shakespeare, was probably an anonymous piece, merely set to music by Weelkes.

Whatever may be thought of the claims of the other poets to their respective pieces, those of Barnfield to the authorship of "If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree," and "As it fell upon a day," have been recently strongly contested by Mr. Collier, and the honour assigned to Shakespeare, notwithstanding that in his first edition of our great bard, he believes in Barnfield's own assertion of parentage, and disagrees with Boswell, who had sug-

gested that John Jaggard, in 1598, might have stolen Shakespeare's verses, and attributed them to Barnfield. His reasons for this change of opinion seem to me so insufficient, and so derogatory to the honesty as well as to the common sense of Barnfield, that I think it only fair to the latter to give them a little consideration; while, on the other hand, to do no injustice to Mr. Collier, I will first quote his own latest words on the subject, as they stand in his valuable "Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language," 2 vols. 8vo. 1865 :

"It is no small tribute to Barnfield that two poems printed by him, or for him, in 1598, having in the next year been inserted in Shakespeare's 'Passionate Pilgrim,' were long thought by many to be the property of Barnfield, on account of his priority of claim. In 1598 the fine sonnet in praise of Dowland and Spenser, 'If music and sweet poetry agree,' and the beautiful lyric, 'As it fell upon a day,' were first published as Barnfield's, in a work which then bore the following title :

"'The Encomion of Lady Pecunia, or The praise of Money.—*quærenda pecunia primum est, virtus post nummos.*—London, Printed by G. S. for Iohn Jaggard, and are to be solde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the Signe of the Hand & starre. 1598.' (4to.)

"John Jaggard, who published the above, was brother [or son] to W. Jaggard, who published Shakespeare's 'Passionate Pilgrim,' and in some unexplained manner the two poems we have designated, 'If music and sweet poetry agree,' and 'As it fell upon a day,' the authorship of our great dramatist, found their way out of the hands of W. Jaggard into those of John Jaggard, who, we may suppose, was in 1598 on the point of publishing Barn-

field's 'Encomion of Lady Pecunia : ' there he inserted them ; but they, nevertheless, made their appearance in 1599 in 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' by which it was made to seem as if W. Jaggard had stolen the poems from J. Jaggard, because the latter had printed them as Barnfield's in the year preceding. The reverse was, however, the fact ; and the matter stood thus doubtfully until the year 1605, when Barnfield (perhaps partly on this account) putting forth a new impression of his 'Encomion' under a different title, and with many important changes, expressly excluded from that re-impression the two poems, which he knew did not belong to him, and which he presumed were the property of Shakespeare.

“ Hence the especial value of the second edition of the 'Encomion,' since it may be said to ascertain that John Jaggard, wishing to swell Barnfield's small volume in 1598, did so by inserting in it two pieces that did not belong to the author of the rest. The second edition of Barnfield's 'Encomion,' under the title of 'Lady Pecunia, or the praise of Money,' was not known at all until a comparatively recent date ; and still more recently it was discovered that it did not contain the poems to which Barnfield seemed to have the earliest title. In 1605 Barnfield was too honest to retain what had been improperly attributed to him in 1598. The Sonnet and the Poem are therefore not to be traced in the volume in our hands, which forms part of the library of Bridgewater House.”

Surely no poet was ever deprived of his rightful property on lighter grounds than are here adduced by Mr. Collier for this summary spoliation of Barnfield. It is not that he considers Barnfield unequal to the compo-

fition of the two pieces in question, for in a subsequent paragraph he designates the "Encomion of Lady Pecunia" as "a very clever poem," and admits that "it is not surprising that it was popular;" but, solely because he finds that a hitherto unknown edition of Barnfield's Poems, printed seven years after the first, omits two pieces which are contained in the first impression, he comes to the hasty conclusion that these were not written by Barnfield, but relinquished in a fit of repentance as quietly as, in the first instance, he had wrongfully appropriated them. As to the assertion that John Jaggard stole from his relative in order to swell Barnfield's volume which he was about to publish, this is mere conjecture: on the contrary, an inspection of the two original volumes would show the greater probability of William Jaggard having been the spoiler, for the purpose of swelling the proportions of "The Passionate Pilgrime," which is so small in bulk that to eke it out a great part is printed only on one side of the leaf.

If Barnfield be really the appropriator of another man's works, the way in which he introduces his stolen goods is certainly remarkable, for on the back of the title-page appears the following dedication:—

*"To the learned, and accomplisht Gentleman, Maister Nicholas
Blackleech, of Grayes Inne.*

"To you, that know the tuch of true Conceat;
(Whose many gifts I neede not to repeat)
I write these Lines: fruits of vnriper yeares;
Wherein my Muse no harder Censure feares:
Hoping in gentle Worth, you will them take;
Not for the gift, but for the giuers sake."

Here in the most unequivocal terms Barnfield claims the whole of the poems as his own; but with becoming

modesty he excuses them as being the fruits of his early years, for he was even at this time only twenty-four years old. And as a further confirmation of the truth of his assertion, one of the disputed pieces, which is the very first in the book, is openly addressed to a friend, R. L., presumed to be Richard Linch, author of "Diella," 1596, and some Sonnets inserted in Drayton's "Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy," and in the same poet's "Matilda."

His work begins with "Sonnet I. To his friend Maister R. L. In praise of Musique and Poetrie." Then follows, on the same page "Sonnet II. Against the Disprayers of Poetrie." On the reverse is "A Remembrance of some English Poets," highly laudatory of Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, and lastly of Shakespeare. Immediately following this is the other disputed piece, entitled "An Ode: As it fell upon a Day," consisting of twenty-eight couplets: then lines "Written, at the request of a Gentleman, vnder a Gentlewoman's Picture;" "An Epitaph vpon the Death of Sir Philip Sidney, Knight: Lord-gouvernour of Vlissing;" "An Epitaph vpon the Death of his Aunt, Mistresse Elizabeth Skrymsher;" concluding with, upon the top of the reverse of the fourth leaf, "A Comparison of the Life of Man." The above are so varied in style as to bear out the intention of the collection, which was to consist of "Poems in divers Humours."

Although in that age literary plagiarism was freely practised, it is hardly likely that an author of repute like Barnfield would be so bold as to appropriate the whole of two compositions of peculiar merit written by another; or aggravate a fraud liable to instant detection by such an unequivocal claim to their authorship as he puts forth in his address to Blackleech; and the im-

probability is still greater when we consider that the person whom he is accused of robbing was not only the most noted writer of the time, but then actually living, and the object, in the very next page, of his fervent eulogy. And that this good feeling was not interrupted is evidenced by his reprinting the same eulogy in his second impression, which would hardly have been the case had he, years before, been guilty towards Shakespeare of so unblushing a wrong. Moreover, his disinclination to have the labours of others assigned to him is shown by his disavowal in his earlier production, "Cynthia," printed in 1595, of two books imputed to him (probably Greene's "Funerals," 1594, and "Orpheus his Journey to Hell," 1595), to which his initials R. B. seem to have been fraudulently affixed. Nor is it the case of an unknown or incapable poet robbing his neighbour of that which he was himself unable to produce, for sufficient poetic talent had already been shown in his "Affectionate Shepheard," published in 1594, when only twenty-one years old, and his subsequent poems fully sustain this early promise. He has therefore the most essential points in his favour, namely, capability of production, distinct assertion of authorship, and priority of publication; to say nothing of the absence of any hostile allusions by his contemporaries.

In his volume entitled "Cynthia" is an ode so much resembling "As it fell upon a day," that it is almost impossible to doubt that both proceeded from the same pen. It begins thus:

"Nights were short, & daies were long;
Blossoms on the Hawthorn's hung:
Philomæle (Night-Musiques King)
Tolde the comming of the spring."

Mr. Collier, in a previous article on this subject, inserted in "Notes and Queries," 1856, thus speaks of the second edition of Barnfield's Poems:

"My mistaken notion, twelve years ago [he alludes to the first edition of his Shakespeare] was, that Barnfield, in 1605, had republished the whole of what had first appeared in 1598. This is not so. In 1605 he prefixed a general title-page, mentioning only three of the four divisions of his original work, viz. :—1. 'Lady Pecunia, or The Praise of Money.' 2. 'A Combat betwixt Conscience and Covetousnesse;' and 3. 'The Complaint of Poetry, or [for] the Death of Liberality.' He says not one word about what had been his fourth division in 1508 [1598], 'Poems in divers humors;' but still, on the very last leaf of the impression of 1605, Barnfield places 'A Remembrance of some English Poets,' which had appeared as one of the 'Poems in divers humors,' in 1598. 'A Comparison of the Life of Man,' a seven-line stanza, is also reprinted; all the rest he seems purposely to have excluded as if they were not his."

From the above statement it might be surmised that Barnfield had intended to exclude from his new edition the whole of the "Poems in divers humours;" but even were this the case, it would not have been occasioned, I contend, by conscientious scruples, but by private reasons, which sometimes influence authors even in the present day. A notable instance of such omissions and alterations is to be found in Drayton's work, entitled "Idea," first printed in 1593. "This edition," (it is Mr. Collier, in his 'Bibliographical Account' before alluded to, who speaks) "deserves especial remark, because the work subsequently un-

derwent numerous and important changes, and more especially because it contains several poems that were never reprinted by the author: one of these is an elegy, as it may be called, upon the death of Sir Philip Sidney, whom Drayton celebrates as Elphin. It is to be observed also, that in posterior impressions the arguments preceding the eclogues, and the mottos by which they are concluded, were omitted." The same reason which has been given by Mr. Collier for Barnfield's excluding from the new impression the two disputed pieces, namely, that they were not written by him, might be urged for the rejection of the "Epitaph upon the Death of his Aunt," or the lines "Written, at the request of a Gentleman, under a Gentlewoman's Picture," and the four other pieces; but perhaps even he would hardly assert that these, any more than Drayton's omitted pieces, were pirated articles, and consequently excluded from the new impression. The true explanation of the re-appearance of the two which are there reprinted seems to be that there existed at the end of this volume, after the promise on the title-page as to the intended contents had been fulfilled, the whole of one blank page and part of another, which these two pieces could fill up; the "Remembrance of some English Poets" therefore conveniently occupies with its eighteen lines the last page, and the "Comparison of the Life of Man," which consists of only seven lines, the latter half of the last page but one. The selection of the former, which introduces with great respect both Shakespeare, whom he is accused of robbing of his Sonnet, and Spenser, the subject of it, would hardly have been made had the author or the publisher been conscious of such a crime; while, curiously enough,

its second line contains the same epithet applied to Spenser, namely, "deepe Conceit," which is used as a characteristic of his genius in the disputed sonnet, "In praise of Musique and Poetrie."

But if the authority of Mr. Collier as a Shakespearian critic has converted many admirers of our early poetry to his own opinions, others whose judgment is entitled to respect have not been so influenced. Among the dissentients, Mr. Halliwell, in his folio "Shakespeare," adheres to the view in favour of Barnfield's claims which he took in the preface to his reprint of "The Affectionate Shepheard" for the Percy Society, 1845; and the Rev. W. E. Buckley, an enthusiastic student of our early literature, who was recently fortunate enough to discover, in the Bodleian, a second copy of the second edition of Barnfield's poems, 1605, had his previous suspicions of the unsoundness of Mr. Collier's theory confirmed by a rigid comparison of the two impressions, with the use of which collations I have been favoured for the purpose of the present work, and which would have removed any doubts, if they had existed in my mind, of the injustice done to Barnfield.

Of Barnfield's life little is known. That he was the son of a Staffordshire gentleman, and was born in 1574; that he entered Brazen Nose College, Oxford, in Nov. 1589, and matriculated there, appears from the university records; and also, that he took a degree, probably in 1593, is proved by the title-page of his poems. In his "Cynthia," Sonnet IV., he alludes to his native county in the line, "As much as Po in clearenes passeth Trent." He was a member of Gray's Inn, and probably intended for the profession of the law. No mention is made of him by Anthony à Wood, nor has

the date of his death been discovered. But, that he was on good terms with some of the most worthy among his contemporaries seems certain, judging from the eulogies, apparently emanating from a warm personal feeling, which appear in both editions of his poems, on Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, and Shakespeare. So strong, indeed, is his veneration for eminent contemporary poets, that, in his earliest production, "The Affectionate Shepherd," in addition to palpable imitations of them, particularly of the addresses of Venus to Adonis, he goes out of his way to testify his regard for Spenser, Sidney, Fraunce, and Drayton. He is addressing Love, and speaks of these friends, under their poetical appellations, in the following terms :

" By thee great Collin lost his libertie,
By thee sweet Astrophel forwent his joy ;
By thee Amyntas wept incessantly,
By thee good Rowland liv'd in great annoy."

And again, in the same production, he alludes, thus feelingly, to his poetical friend, Abraham Fraunce, whose poem, "The Lamentations of Amyntas for the death of Phillis," dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke, to whose family he was beholden for education and advancement, was published in 1587.

" And thou, my sweete Amintas, vertuous minde,
Should I forget thy learning or thy love,
Well might I be accounted but unkinde,
Whose pure affection I so oft did prove,
Might my poore plaints hard stones to pittie move !
His losse should be lamented of each creature,
So great his name, so gentle was his nature."

In the Address to the Reader, in his "Cynthia," he apologizes for it as "the first imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet, Maister *Spencer*, in his *Fayrie Queene*."

The date of Fraunce's death has not been ascertained; but the above lines prove that it must have occurred previous to 1594, in which year they first appeared.

Among the books found at Lamport was a small volume, in manuscript, of unpublished poetry and prose, evidently the production of Barnfield, as his name, thus, *Richard Barnfield*, occurs on one of the pages.

LIST OF EDITIONS.

I.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME. *By W. Shakespeare.* AT LONDON Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-hound in Paules Churchyard. 1599. [16mo. 30 leaves.]

This is supposed to be the first edition. Only two copies are known; one in the Capell collection in Trinity College, Cambridge, which is very dirty from much use, and in which the date to the Sonnets is cut off; and the other, bound up with the unique "Venus and Adonis" of 1599, and the "Epigrams and Elegies" of Davies and Marlowe, which was found by the editor in September, 1867, among many precious books of old English poetry, in a lumber-room at Lamport Hall, near Northampton, the seat of Sir Charles Isham, Bart. This latter is in the cleanest and most beautiful condition; and measures $4\frac{5}{8}$ by $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

The Capell copy is bound up with the "Venus and Adonis" of 1620. It was once in the possession of "honest" Tom Martin of Palgrave, and a MS. note informs us that the volume cost a former owner "but 3 halfpence."

II.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME. or *Certaine Amorous Sonnets, betweene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented.* By *W. Shakespere.* The third Edition. Where-unto is newly added two Loue-Epistles, the first from *Paris* to *Hellen*, and *Hellens* answere backe againe to *Paris.* Printed by *W. Iaggard.* 1612. [16mo. 62 leaves.]

In the Bodleian copy of this edition Malone has written the following note: "All the poems from Sig. D. 5 were written by Thomas Heywood, who was so offended at Jaggard for printing them under the name of Shakespeare, that he has added a post-script to his 'Apology for Actors,' 4to. 1612, on this subject, and Jaggard, in consequence of it, appears to have printed a new title-page to please Heywood, without the name of Shakespeare in it. The former title-page was, no doubt, intended to be cancelled, but by some inadvertence they were both prefixed to this copy, and I have retained them as a curiosity."

The corrected title-page is, except in the use of italics and Roman letters, and omitting "*By W. Shakespere,*" the same as the first. This is called "The third Edition," but no other between 1599 and 1612 is known to exist.

III.

POEMS: WRITTEN BY **WIL. SHAKE-SPEARE.** Gent. Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes,* and are to be sold by *John Benson,* dwelling in *St. Dunstons Church-yard.* 1640. [16mo. Prefixed is a portrait of Shakespeare by *W. Marshall.*]

This consists of a number of the sonnets, together with some of the poems from "The Passionate Pilgrim" and "A Lover's Complaint," as well as some translations from Ovid and other pieces evidently not by Shakespeare.

IV.

A Collection of Poems, in Two Volumes; Being all the Miscellanies of Mr. *William Shakespeare*, which were Publish'd by himself in the year 1609. and now correctly Printed from those Editions. The First Volume contains, I. VENUS and ADONIS. II. The Rape of LUCRECE. III. The Passionate Pilgrim. IV. Some Sonnets set to sundry Notes of Musick. The Second Volume contains One Hundred and Fifty Four Sonnets, all of them in Praise of his Mistress. II. A Lover's Complaint of his Angry Mistress. LONDON: Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Cross-Keys*, between the Two Temple-Gates in *Fleet-street*. [2 vols. fm. 8vo. circa 1709.]

The separate title-pages to the pieces in this collection all bear the same date, 1609, which is that of the first edition of the Sonnets. But in the Bodleian copy of the first volume the title pages bear different dates, and are in other respects different. The copy in the British Museum, in addition to the date of 1709 on the general title, also bears different ones, that of Venus and Adonis being 1630; Lucrece, 1632; Passionate Pilgrim, 1599; Some Sonnets set to Sundry Notes of Musick, 1599.

Independent of the general question of the *authorship* of the pieces in "The Passionate Pilgrime," an interest of another nature attaches to the second part of it, inasmuch as it is put forth not so much as a literary work, but as a collection of *sonnets which had been set to music*. Not only does this fact of poems of such varied character being so treated illustrate the extent to which a taste for music was then carried, but it is re-

markable on account of the music to all of them, with the exception of two ("My flocks feed not," and "Live with me and be my love") having utterly disappeared, or at least not being at this time capable of identification. (Oldys, in one of his manuscripts, says they were set to music by John and Thomas Morley, but he gives no proof of this). And in addition to these considerations we have to seek for an explanation of the meaning of the title itself, which, in consequence of there being no clue to it in the book, is sufficiently enigmatical to leave us the choice of three hypotheses; namely, 1. Whether the Music was composed for Sonnets already written? 2. Whether the Sonnets, like the melodies of Burns and Moore, were written to accompany existing *Airs*? or, 3. Whether the existing Sonnets were sung to *Tunes* already popular? On a review of the evidence we find proofs of all these practices having been adopted.

I. As to the question, Whether it was the custom to compose Music for Sonnets already written, we find proofs of it in numberless publications, among which are those of Byrd, Dowland, Morley, Weelkes (in whose collection of Madrigals, dated 1597, "My flocks feed not," first appeared), Kirbye, Wilbye, etc., who seem to have been indefatigable in procuring and collecting lyric poetry for professional purposes.

Another case is that of a work entitled "The Teares or Lamentations of a sorrowfull Soule; by Sir William Leighton, Knight, one of his Majesties Honourable Band of Gentlemen Pensioners," which was printed in a small volume in 1613; but which the next year appeared in folio, "Composed with Musical Ayres and Songs, both for Voyces and divers Instruments. Set

forth by Sir William Leighton," &c. Some of these were set by John Milton, the father of our great poet, who, though a scrivener by profession, was a voluminous and excellent composer. And still another example of the same appears in a work printed in 1614, entitled, "Ayes made by severall Authors and sung in the Maske at the Marriage of the Right Honourable Robert Earle of Somersset, and the Right Noble Lady Frances Howard. Set forth to the Lute and Base Violl, and may be exprest by a single voyce to eyther of those Instruments." [4to. London, printed for Laurence Lisle.] These "Ayes" are sometimes found alone, but more frequently appended to the "Description of a Maske presented in the Banqueting roome at Whitehall, etc." [4to. 1614.] And as a final illustration I may mention the "Ayes" of Alfonso Ferrabosco [folio; London, printed by T. Snodham (*alias* T. Este), for John Brown, 1609], which contains the music to many of Ben Jonson's Plays and Masques.

• An additional proof of musicians being in the habit of adapting music to verses already in existence is apparent in the following fact.

In a curious as well as very rare little volume, for it was unknown both to Hawkins and Burney, entitled, "A Musical Banquet, furnished with varietie of delicious Ayres, collected out of the best Authors; in English, French, Spanish, and Italian, by Robert Douland [son of the famous John Dowland]. London: Printed for Thomas Adams, 1610," [folio, and of which a reprint with the words, "Twenty-five copies only printed" (small 8vo. Chiswick Press, 1817), was edited by S. W. Singer], we find some spirited and interesting verses by the un-

fortunate favourite of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex, Sir Philip Sydney, the gallant Earl of Cumberland, Sir Henry Lea, and others unknown. The following is the commencement of Douland's address "To the Reader": "Gentlemen: Finding myself not deceived in the hope I had of your kinde entertayning my collection of Lute Lessons which I lately set foorth, I am further encouraged to publish unto your censure these Ayres, being collected and gathered out of the labours of the rarest and most judicious Maisters of Musick that either now are or have lately lived in Christendome, whereof some I have purposely sorted to the capacitie of young practitioners, the rest by degrees are of greater depth and skill, so that like a carefull confectionary, as neere as might be I have fitted my Banquet for all tastes; if happily [haply] I shall be distasted by any, let them know what is brought unto them is drest after the English, French, Spanish, & Italian manner," &c. The names of the composers are John Douland, Ant. Holborne, R. Martin, R. Hales, D. Batchelar, Tesseir, Dominico Maria Megli, Giulio Cacciori detto Romano.

II. It is, nevertheless, beyond a doubt that English poets occasionally wrote words to accompany existing music, as in the case of "Musica Transalpina," in which the Italian Madrigals were translated into English, and published by N. Yonge, in 1588; an example followed by the eminent Sonneteer, Thomas Watson, in his "First Set of Italian Madrigalls Englished," in which the poetry, though not the music, is entirely original. [4to. London, Thomas Este, 1590]. It seems probable, indeed, from Orlando Gibbons' dedication of his "First Set of Madrigals and Mottets" to Sir

Christopher Hatton, dated 1612, that the courtiers of that period sometimes employed themselves in writing lyrics for their domestic Lutenists. One of Watson's odes bears so great a resemblance in its commencement to that of Barnfield's poem, "As it fell upon a day," published eight years afterwards, that I cannot resist the temptation of calling attention to it. It is a Birthday Ode to Queen Elizabeth, written probably in the May of 1590:—

"This sweet and merry month of May,
While nature wantons in her pryme,
And byrds do sing, and beafts do play,
For pleasure of the joyfull time," &c.

A still more striking instance of Sonnets being written for existing music is exemplified in a work which is so rare that only one copy, and that not perfect, is known to exist, entitled "A Handfull of Pleasant Delites: Containing Sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories in Diuers Kindes of Meeter. Newly deuised to the Newest Tunes, that are now in use to be sung. Euery Sonet orderly printed in his proper tune. With New Additions of Certain Songs, to Verie late deuised Notes, not commonly knowen, nor vsed heretofore. By Clement Robinson and Diuers Others. At London, Printed by Richard Ihones, dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne near Holburne Bridge. 1584." [8vo.]

To this volume Dr. Drake, in his "Shakespeare and his Times," gives high praise. "It is," says he, "in a great measure, formed of ballads and songs, adapted to well-known popular tunes; and, though its poets have been arbitrarily confined in the structure of their verse by the precomposed music, yet many of their lyrics

have a smoothness and sweetness in the composition of their stanzas, which may even arrest the attention of a modern ear. . . . Thirty-two poems occupy the pages of this pleasing little volume, among which, at p. 23, is 'A New Courtly Sonet of the Lady Greensleeves, to the new tune of Greensleeves,' alluded to by Shakspeare in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' Act ii. Sc. 1., and which throws some curious light on the female dress of the period." In addition to Robinson, the authors consist of Leonard Gibson, J. Tomson, P. Picks, Thomas Richardson, and G. Mannington; the four latter being unknown elsewhere in the annals of poetry.

Another case is that of Anthony Munday, who in 1588 published his "Banqviet of Daintie Conceits; furnished with verie delicate and choyse inuentions, to delight their mindes, who take pleasure in Musique, and there-withall to sing sweete Ditties, either to the Lute, Bandora, Virginalles, or anie other Instrument. Published at the desire of bothe Honorable and Worshipfull Personages, who haue had copies of diuers of the Ditties heerein contained." These are adapted, as Munday asserts, to pre-composed tunes (chiefly popular dance tunes), and he apologizes for their occasional imperfections on account of the difficulty of the task. Of this work only one copy is known.

III. As to the third hypothesis, Whether existing Sonnets were sometimes sung to tunes already popular; we have an important contemporary witness to such a practice in William Webbe, who, not confining it to Ballads only, extends it to the class of compositions found in "The Passionate Pilgrime." In his "Discourse of English Poetrie, together with the Author's Judgment

touching the Reformation of our English Verse," [4to. London, 1586], he speaks of "the un-countable rabble of ryminge ballet-makers and compylers of senseless sonnets;" and adds, "there is not anie tune or stroke which may be sung or plaide on instruments, which hath not some poetical ditties framed according to the numbers thereof: some to 'Rogerio,' some to 'Trenchmore,' to 'Downright Squire,' to galliardes, to pavines, to jygges, to brawles, to all manner of tunes; which every fidler knows better than myself, & therefore I will let them passe." Here the class of music is named with which old English ditties were usually coupled—dance and ballad tunes. And it is worthy of remark that, as before mentioned, with the exception of the ode entitled "My flocks feed not," the only piece in "The Passionate Pilgrime" which has come down to us, of which the music is known, is "Live with me and be my love," which being from the simplicity of its diction suited to the comprehension of the vulgar, became so popular as to be sung to a common ballad tune.

On a review of all the circumstances, conjoined with the positive assertion on the title-page that the Sonnets following had been set to—"Sundry Notes of Music," I cannot resist the conclusion that there was once in existence an edition in which the Sonnets were accompanied by the music, but which, like many other small books of that period, has for the present, at least, disappeared. As a case in point, I may mention my finding among the books at Lamport an hitherto unknown edition of Deloney's "Strange Histories," with the musical notes, dated 1602—the earliest one previously known being 1607; while one, quoted by Percy and Ritson as of the date of 1612, has hitherto, like an edition printed

as early as 1596, or thereabouts, eluded the most diligent search. And that this kind of loss is much greater than is generally supposed, is illustrated again by the library at Lamport, to which we owe the preservation of more than a dozen works, the very names of which had not previously reached us. But that collections of music were, from the constant use to which they were subjected, peculiarly liable to destruction, is easily understood, and is proved by the case of the six following works, (to mention no more), of each of which only a single copy is ascertained to survive:—

I. "The Cittharn Schoole," by Antony Holborne. [P. Short, 1597; 4to.]

II. A little tract by John Farmer, entitled "Divers and Sundry waies of two parts in one, to the number of fortie, uppon one playn song," etc. [T. Este, 1591.]

III. "Ayres for four Voyces," by Michael Cavendish, [P. Short, 1599, folio].

All these were till lately utterly unknown, even by name, to musical historians and bibliographers.

IV. "Ultimum Vale, or the Third Book of Ayres of 1, 2, 4 Voyces," [folio, London, 1608.]

V. "Private Musicke," by M. Peerson, [4to. 1620, in the Douce Collection, Oxford.]

VI. "Varietie of Lessons: viz. Fantasies, Pavins, Galliards, Almains, Corantoes, and Volts," etc. By Robert Dowland: with a Treatise on Lute-playing by J. Dowland, [folio, London, 1610.]

The following extracts from Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," seem too appropriate to this subject to require any apology for their insertion.

"During the long reign of Elizabeth," he observes, "music seems to have been in universal cultivation, as

well as in universal esteem. Not only was it a necessary qualification for ladies and gentlemen, but even the city of London advertised the musical abilities of boys educated in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, as a mode of recommending them as servants, apprentices, or husbandmen. . . . They had music at dinner; music at supper; music at weddings; music at funerals; music at night; music at dawn; music at work; and music at play."

With a taste for music thus generally diffused among all classes, both high and low, it might be supposed that the number of works, published either as instructions or as original compositions, must have been proportionally great. And that this was so is plain from the quantity published in England alone during an interval of forty years, between 1589 and 1627, for among those which have come down to us are the classical productions of Byrd, Watson, Dowland, Este, Mundy, Yonge, Carlton, Morley, Weelkes, Kirbye, Wilbye, Bennett, Holborne, Farmer, Cavendish, Pilkington, Robinson, Bateson, Gibbons, Ward, Hilton and others. Yet amidst all this flood of music we seek in vain, with two exceptions, for the notes of music to which the Sonnets in "The Passionate Pilgrime" were sung. But a possible explanation may be found in the following observations of Mr. Chappell in his work already quoted:—

"The scholastic music of that age," he says, "great as it was, was so entirely devoted to harmony, and that harmony so constructed upon old scales, that scarcely anything like tune could be found in it. . . . No line of demarcation could be more complete than that between the music of the great composers of the time and what may be termed the music of the people.

Perhaps, the only instance of a tune by a well-known musician of that age having been afterwards used as a ballad tune, is that of 'The Frog Galliard,' composed by Dowland. Musicians held ballads in contempt, and the great poets rarely wrote in ballad metre."

But even with the music published in England our stock of native growth is not exhausted, as is proved by the following observations of Mr. Chappell, which are of very considerable importance as throwing light on the several points we have been discussing:—

"We are indebted," he says, "to foreign countries for the preservation of many of the works of our best musicians of this age, as well as of *our popular tunes*. Dr. Bull's music is chiefly to be found in foreign manuscripts, in one of which is 'God save the King.' Dowland tells us that 'some part of his poor labours' had been printed in eight cities beyond the seas, viz, Paris, Antwerp, Cologne, Nuremburg, Frankfort, Leipzig, Amsterdam, and Hamburg. Much of the music printed in Holland in the seventeenth century was also by English composers. The right of printing music in England was a monopoly, generally in the hands of one or two musicians, and therefore very little, and only such as they chose, could be printed. Hence the scarcity, as well as the frequent imperfection, of these early works. This monopoly was held by Tallis and Byrd from 1575 to 1596, then by Morley and his assignee."

But a similar monopoly did not extend to the literature, either in manuscript or in print, of that time, as we see by the pieces reprinted in the several poetical miscellanies then popular, and in musical works, the latter of which contain many sonnets and odes written

by authors of greater or less merit. To the musical collections of the age of Elizabeth and James, indeed, we are indebted for the preservation of many most beautiful specimens of lyric poetry not elsewhere to be met with, as well as for the means of completing some others of which only imperfect versions had appeared in the poetical miscellanies of the period; and which, it is highly probable, without the care and accompaniments of such enlightened and enthusiastic professors of music as those already mentioned, would either have never been published, or would have silently disappeared. That these compilations were made, generally, without the connivance of the authors is most probable, as in very few cases are their names appended. We know to what an extent the practice prevailed in those times of poetical compositions being circulated in manuscript, and as they were not, like music, under the protection of the law, it was open to any publisher to appropriate and print them. The "Sonnets" and "Songs" of Shakespeare in "The Passionate Pilgrime," the "Epigrammes" of Davies, and other well-known works, are cases in point.

This opinion, however, of the excellence of the lyric poetry of that age is not shared by our eminent musical historian Dr. Burney, who, in his "History of Music," shows that whatever may be his merits as a musician, he possessed little poetic taste. "Indeed," he says, "in more than twenty sets, published between the years 1588 and 1624, including almost four hundred and fifty Madrigals and Songs in parts, it would be difficult to find any one, of which the words can be perused with pleasure. The sonnets of Spenser and Shakspeare, many of which are worthy of their authors, were in-

deed not published till about the end of the sixteenth century; but afterwards, it is wonderful that none of them were set by our best musical composers, except one of Shakspeare's." And in this concluding observation most readers will concur.

In more recent times, however, according to communications from Mr. A. Roffe, in *Notes and Queries*, vols. x. and xi., 2nd Ser., two of the Odes, namely, "On a day alack the day," and "Crabbed Age and Youth," have found several composers.

The former (he says) forms one of the Elegies by Jackson of Exeter, who has set it very elegantly for three male voices. It is set as a solo by T. Chilcot of Bath, about 1750; and as a duet by Sir H. Bishop. Again, within these few years, the poem has been used for a prize glee, composed for four male voices, by W. P. Stevens. In this instance the composer omits the last four lines, and closes at the words, "That I am forsworn for thee." The last six lines of the poem, beginning "Do not call it sin in me," will be found set as a solo for Lyfander in J. C. Smith's "Fairies"; and these same six lines have also been set by M. P. King, as a duet for soprano (or tenor) and bass. This composition has no accompaniment, and is in the old style of continued imitation between the two voices.

As to the second ode; "Crabbed Age and Youth," this (says Mr. Roffe) has been very beautifully set by R. J. Stevens as a glee for four male voices, and is a well-known composition. There are at least three other settings of these words: one of these, by Signor Giordani, about 1780, is a duet, apparently either for sopranos or tenors; the other two settings are both by Sir H. Bishop,—the first as a song for Olivia in "Twelfth Night," and

the second, a totally different composition, is a dramatic trio for Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone, and was written for a musical revival of "As You Like It."

It is satisfactory to find that the reputation of Dowland, once so great, still survives. In the "Athenæum" of April, 1868, we read: "A madrigal, by Dowland, was the other day sung at a concert of one of the vocal societies of Berlin. If we are not mistaken, our English unaccompanied vocal music has always 'held its own,' even in the exclusive Sing-Akademie of the Prussian capital."

And the following extract, relative to Dowland and Shakespeare, from Mr. J. P. Collier's "Lyrical Poems, selected from Musical Publications between the years 1589 and 1600," printed for the Percy Society, 1844, seems, for several reasons, worthy of a place here:—

"A peculiar interest attaches to one of the pieces, [*To Cynthia: My thoughts are wing'd with hopes*] in John Dowland's 'First Book of Songs' (p. 57), on account of the initials of 'W. S.' being appended to it, in a manuscript of the time preserved in the Hamburg City Library. It is inserted in 'England's Helicon,' 4to. 1600, as from Dowland's Book of Tablature, without any name or initials; and looking at the character and language of the piece, it is at least not impossible that it was the work of our great dramatist. . . . If we were to take it for granted, that a sonnet in 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' 1599, was by Shakespeare, because it is there attributed to him, we might be sure that he was a warm admirer of Dowland,

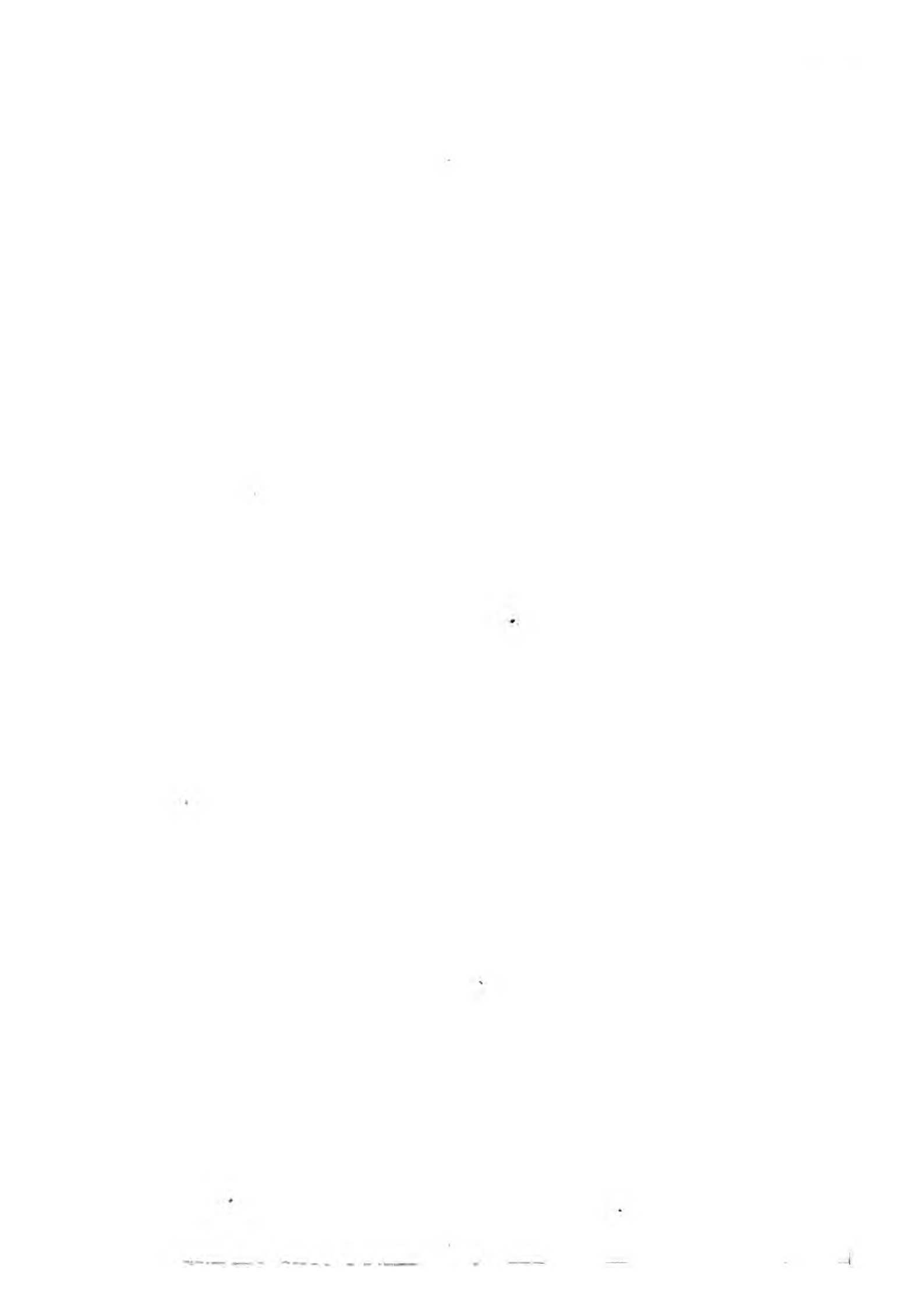
' whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense.'

However, it is more than likely, that the sonnet in

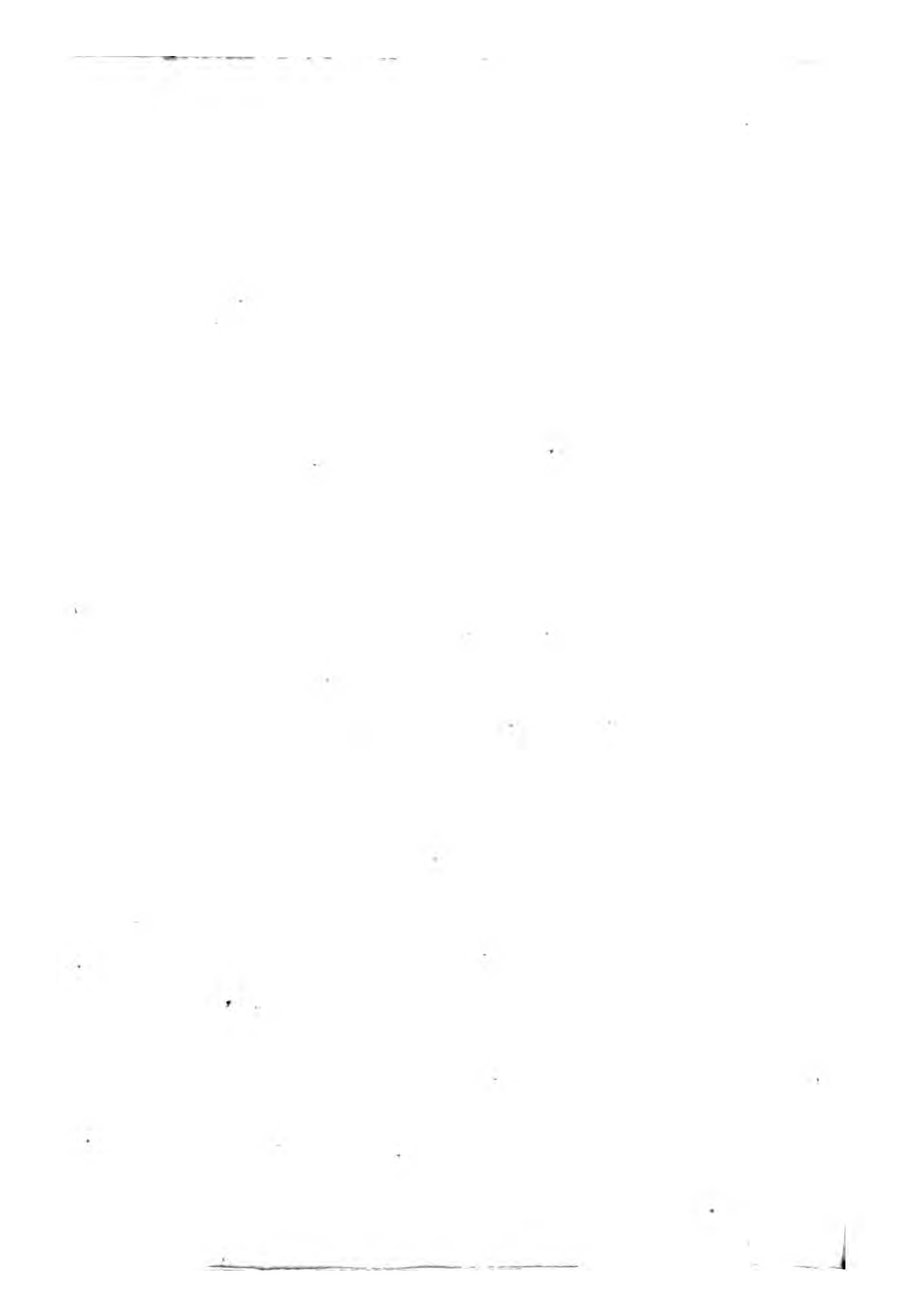
EDITOR'S PREFACE. xxxix

which this passage is found was by Barnfield, and not by Shakespeare: it was printed by Barnfield in 1598, and reprinted by him in 1605, notwithstanding the intermediate appearance of it in 'The Passionate Pilgrim.'"





A



THE
PASSIONATE
PILGRIME.

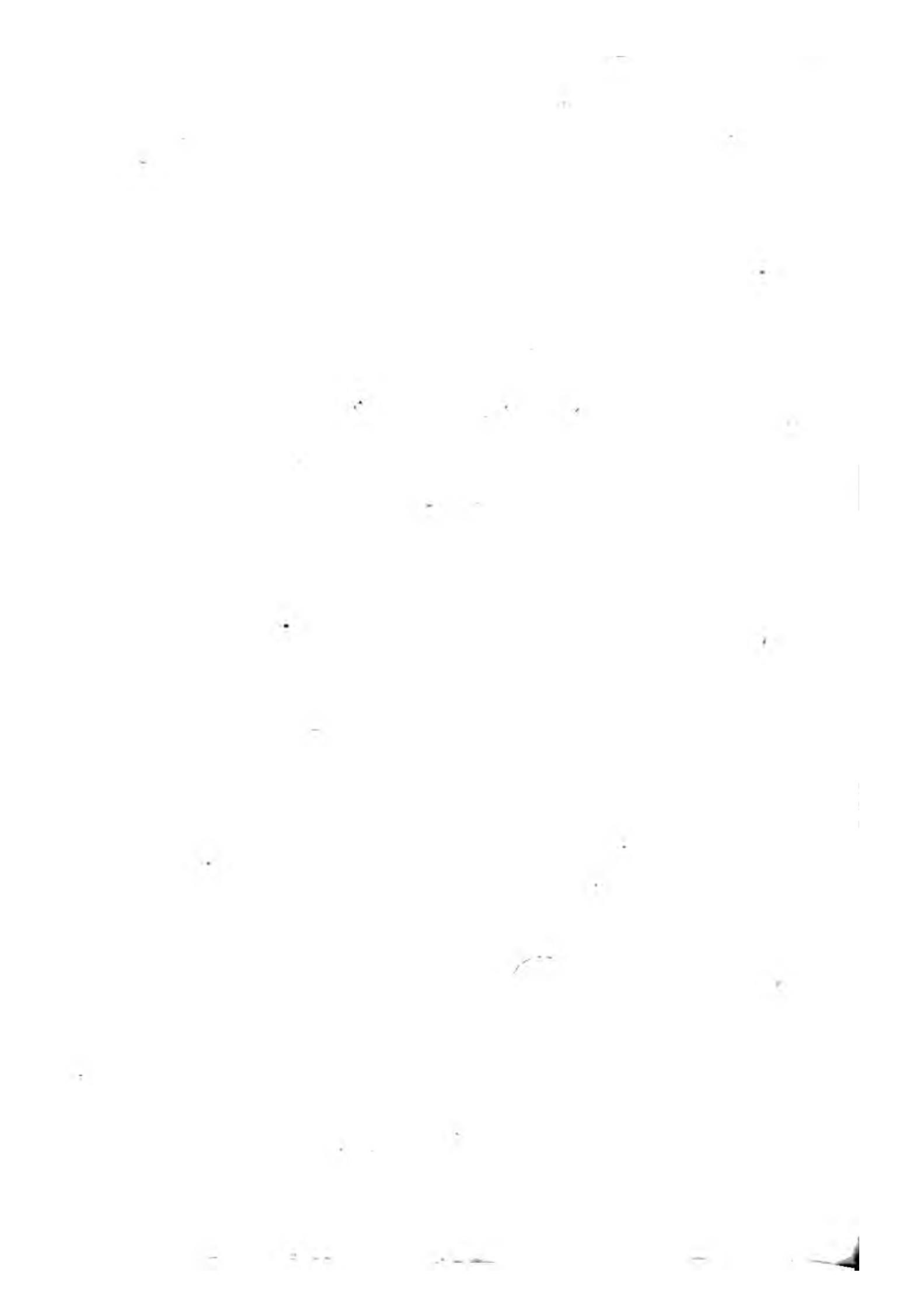
By W. Shakespeare.



AT LONDON

Printed for W. Iaggard, and are
to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-
hound in Paules Churchyard.

1599.

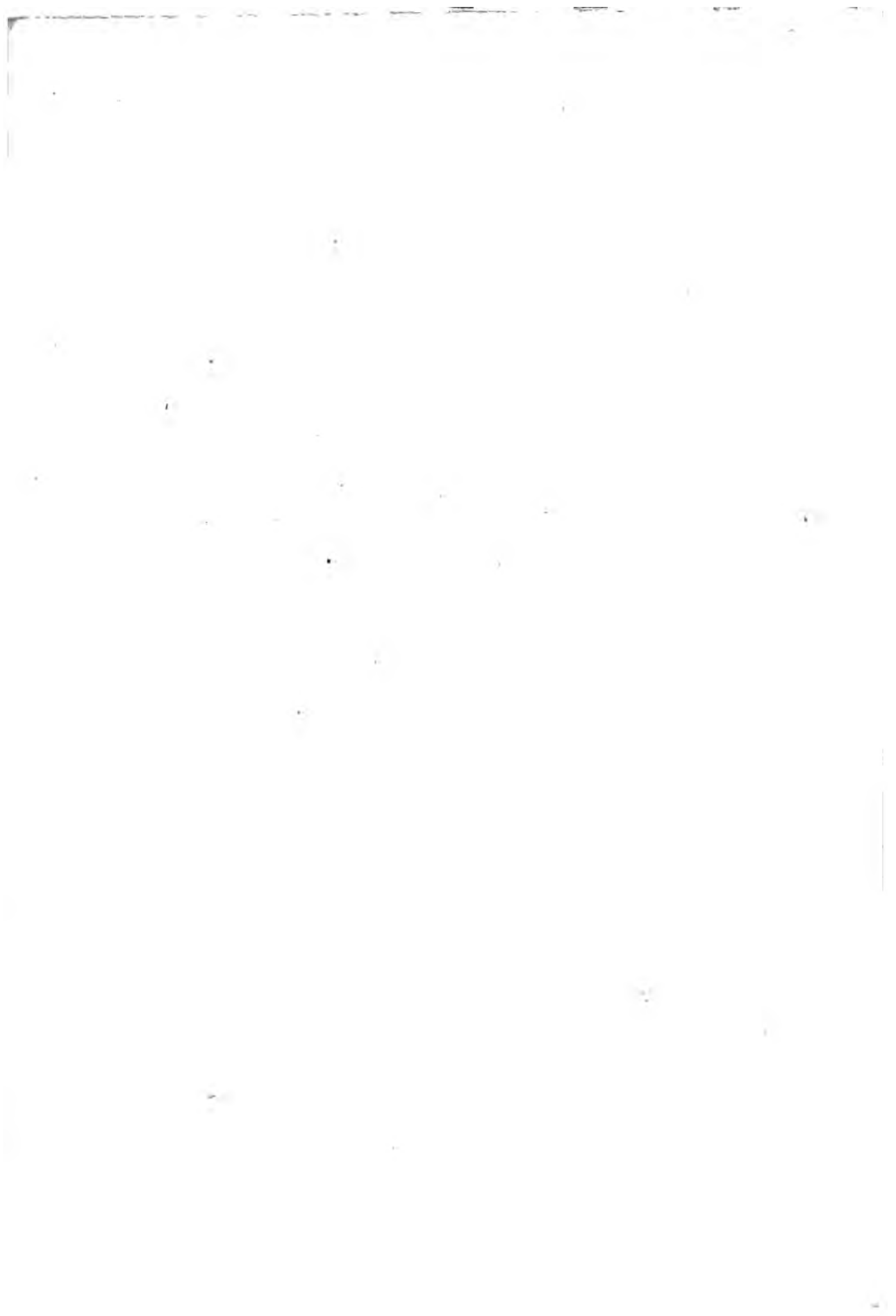




WHen my Loue sweares that she is made of truth,
I doe beleue her (though I know she lies)
That she might thinke me some vntutor'd youth,
Vnskilfull in the worlds false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinkes me young,
Although I know my yeares be past the best :
I smiling, credite her false speaking tounge,
Outfacing faults in Loue, with loues ill rest.
But wherefore sayes my Loue that she is young?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O, Loues best habite is a soothing tounge,
And Age (in Loue) loues not to haue yeares told.
Therefore Ile lye with Loue, and Loue with me,
Since that our faults in Loue thus smother'd be.

A 3



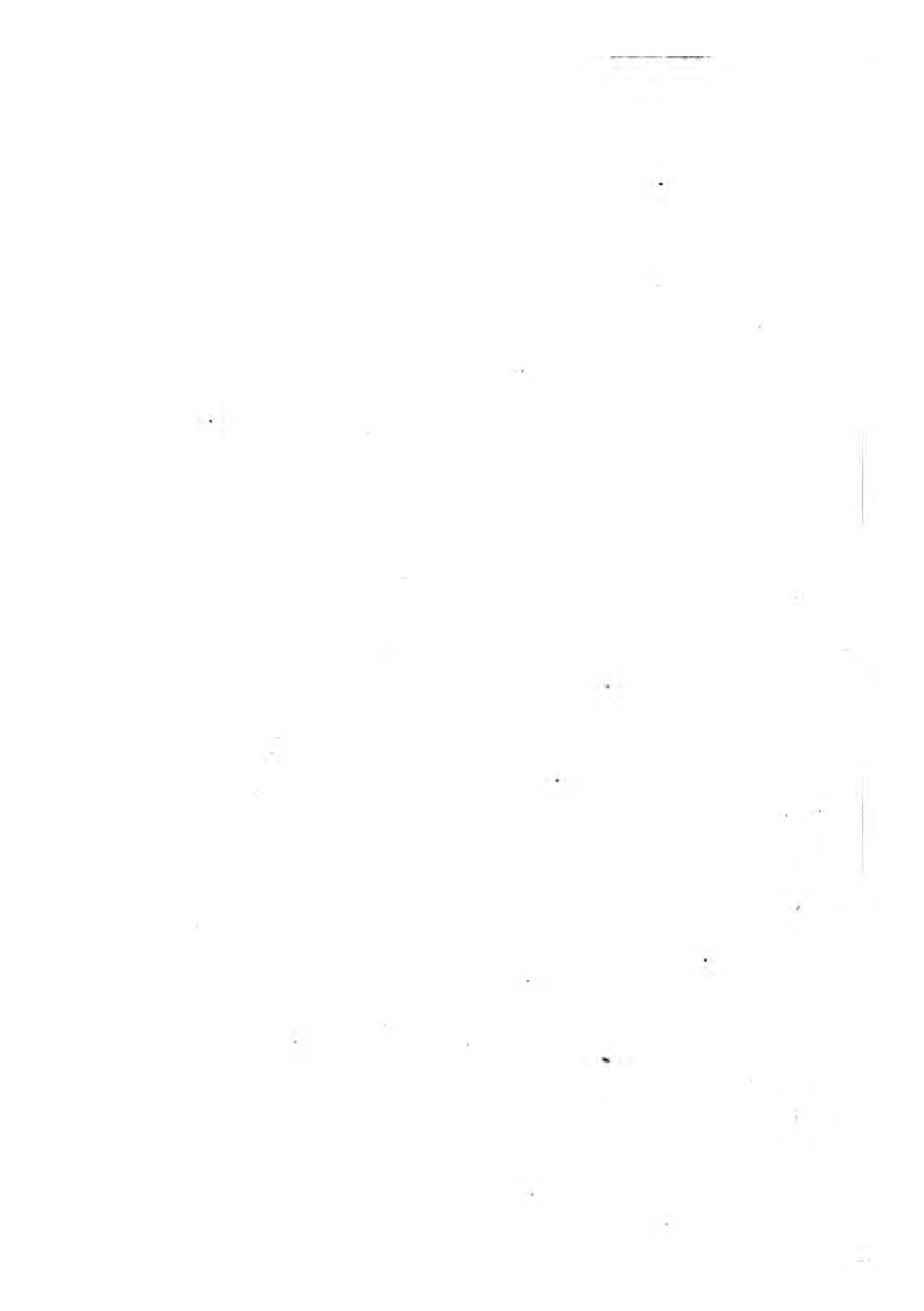




TWo Loues I haue, of Comfort, and Despaire,
That like two Spirits, do suggest me still:
My better Angell is a Man (right faire)
My worser spirite a Woman (colour'd ill.)
To winne me soone to hell, my Female euill
Tempteth my better Angell from my side,
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Diuell,
Wooing his purity with her faire pride.
And whether that my Angell be turnde feend,
Suspect I may (yet not directly tell:
For being both to me: both, to each friend,
I ghesse one Angell in anothers hell:
The truth I shall not know, but liue in doubt,
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.

A 4

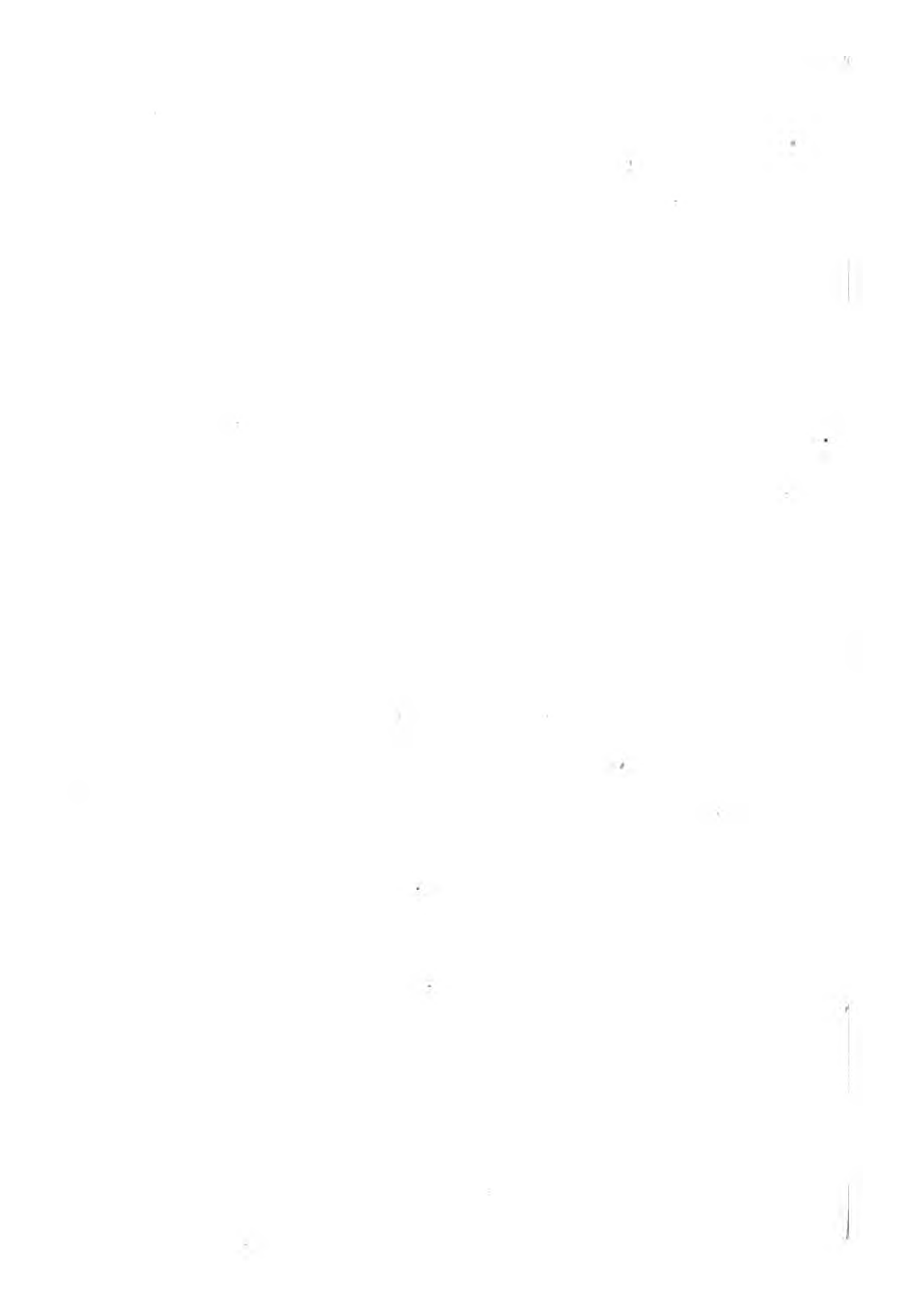






DId not the heauenly Rhetorike of thine eie,
Gainst whom the world could not hold argumēt,
Perfwade my hart to this false periurie:
Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.
A woman I forswore: but I will proue
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly loue,
Thy grace being gainde, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is,
Then thou faire Sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what foole is not so wise
To breake an Oath, to win a Paradise?

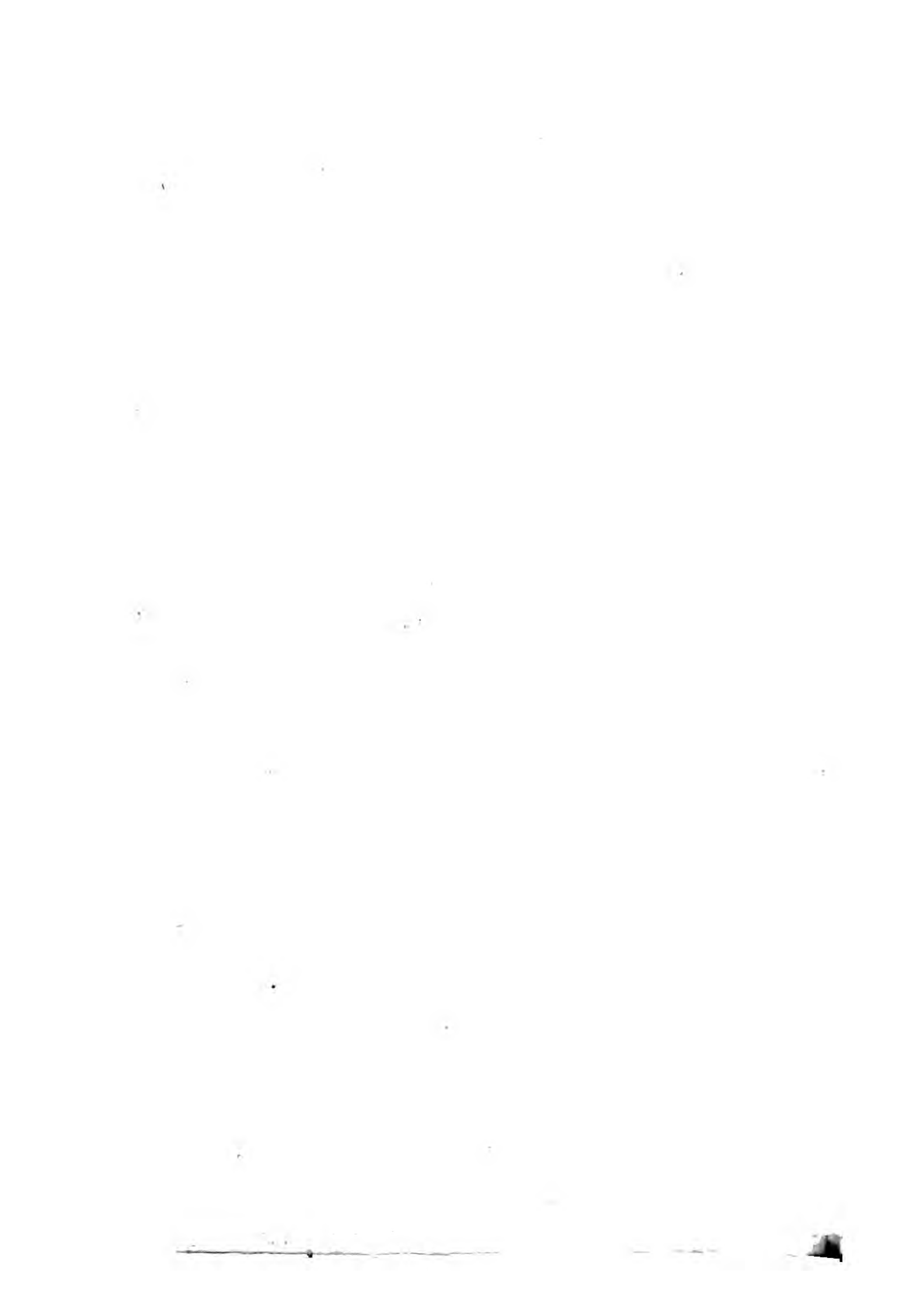






Sweet Cytherea, fitting by a Brooke,
With young Adonis, louely, fresh and greene,
Did court the Lad with many a louely looke,
Such lookes as none could looke but beauties queen.
She told him stories, to delight his eares :
She shew'd him fauors, to allure his eie :
To win his hart, she toucht him here and there,
Touches so soft still conquer chastitie.
But whether vnripe yeares did want conceit,
Or he refusde to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,
But smile, and ieast, at euery gentle offer :
Then fell she on her backe, faire queen, & toward
He rose and ran away, ah foole too froward.

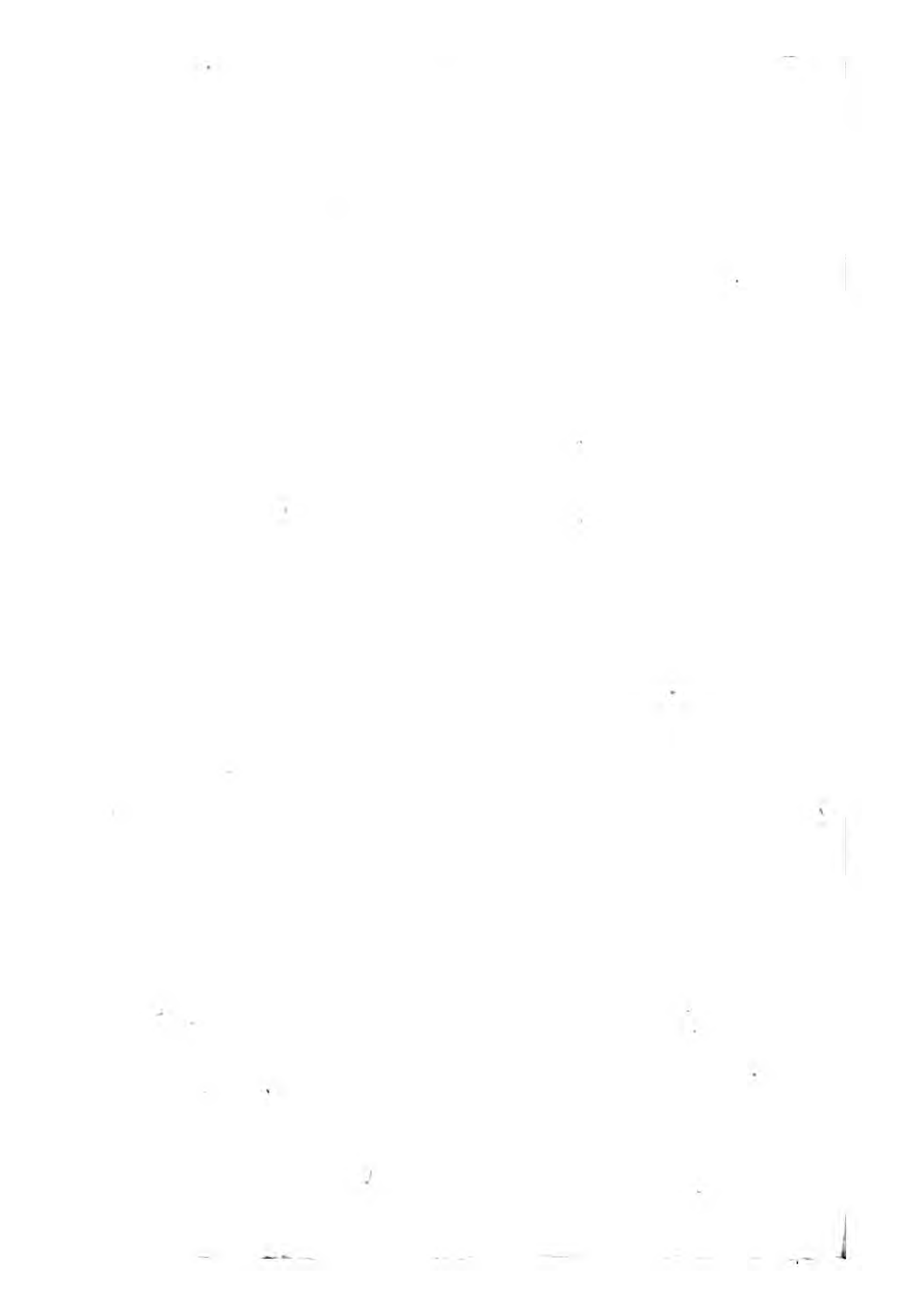






IF Loue make me forsworn, how shal I swere to loue?
O, neuer faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile constant proue,
those thoghts to me like Okes, to thee like Ofiers bowed.
Studdy his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eies,
where all those pleasures liue, that Art can comprehend:
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice:
Wel learned is that tounge that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder,
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admyre:
Thine eye Ioues lightning seems, thy voice his dreadfull
which (not to anger bent) is musick & sweet fire (thunder
Celestiall as thou art, O, do not loue that wrong:
To sing heauens praise, with such an earthly tounge.







SCarfe had the Sunne dride vp the deawy morne,
And scarce the heard gone to the hedge for shade :
When Cytherea (all in Loue forlorne)
A longing tariance for Adonis made
Vnder an Osyer growing by a brooke,
A brooke, where Adon vſide to coole his spleene :
Hot was the day, ſhe hotter that did looke
For his approach, that often there had beene.
Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,
And ſtood ſtarke naked on the brookes greene brim :
The Sunne look't on the world with glorious eie,
Yet not ſo wiſtly, as this Queene on him :
 He ſpying her, bounſt in (whereas he ſtood)
 Oh Ioue (quoth ſhe) why was not I a flood ?







Faire is my loue, but not so faire as fickle.
Milde as a Doue, but neither true nor trustie,
Brighter then glasse, and yet as glasse is brittle,
Softer then waxe, and yet as Iron rusty :
A lilly pale, with damaske die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she ioyned,
Betweene each kisse her othes of true loue swearing :
How many tales to please me hath she coyned,
Dreading my loue, the losse whereof still fearing.
Yet in the mids of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were ieastings.

She burnt with loue, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out loue, as soone as straw out burneth :
She framd the loue, and yet she foyld the framing,
She bad loue last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a louer, or a Letcher whether ?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

B

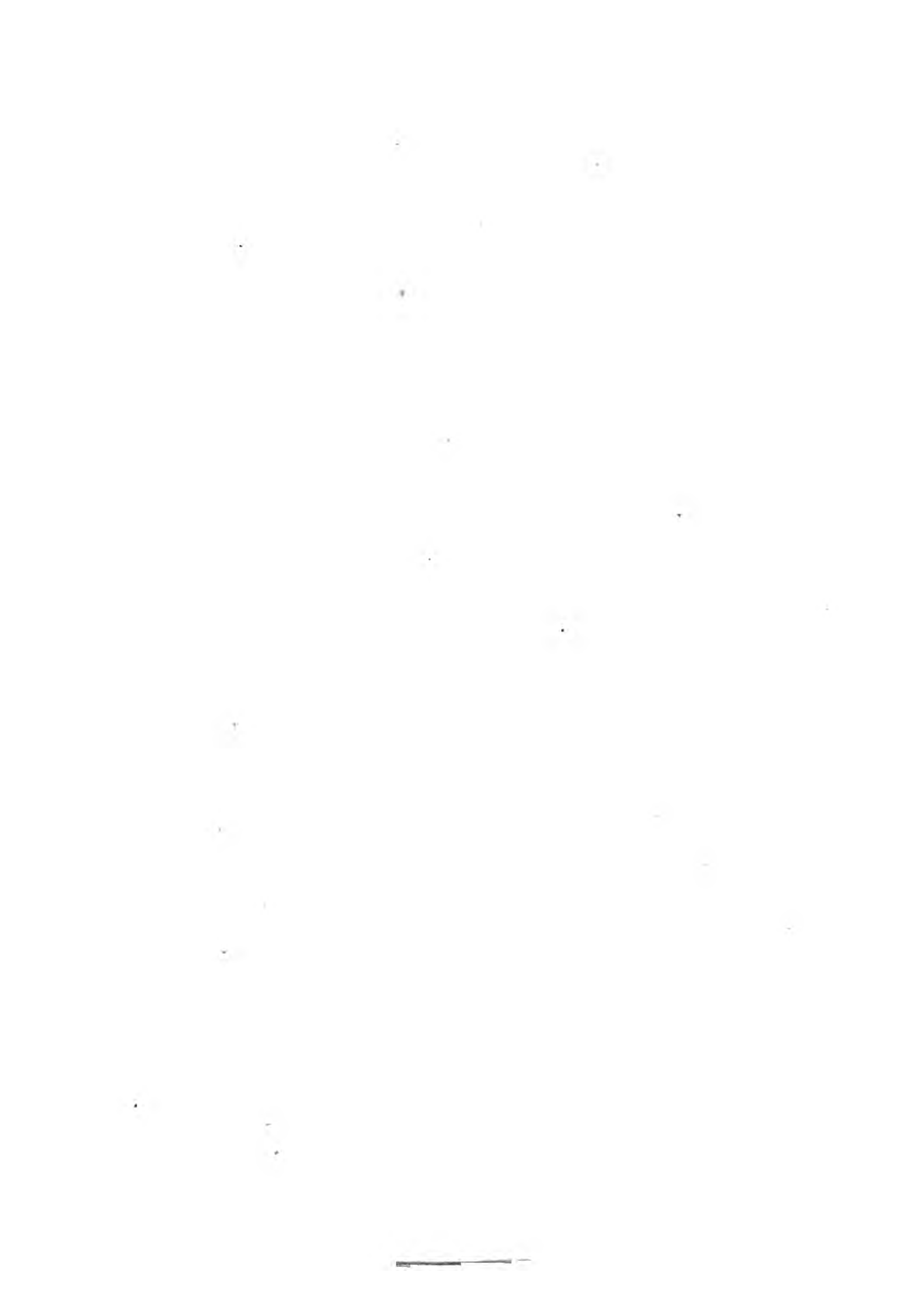






IF Musicke and sweet Poetrie agree,
As they must needs (the Sister and the brother)
Then must the loue be great twixt thee and me,
Because thou lou'ft the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deere, whose heauenly tuch
Vpon the Lute, dooth rauish humane sense :
Spenser to me, whose deepe Conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lou'ft to heare the sweet melodious sound,
That Phœbus Lute (the Queene of Musicke) makes :
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
When as himselfe to finging he betakes.
One God is God of both (as Poets faine)
One Knight loues Both, and both in thee remaine.







FAire was the morne, when the faire Queene of loue,
Paler for sorrow then her milke white Doue,
For Adons sake, a youngster proud and wilde,
Her stand she takes vpon a steepe vp hill.
Anon Adonis comes with horne and hounds,
She silly Queene, with more then loues good will,
Forbad the boy he should not passe those grounds,
Once (quoth she) did I see a faire sweet youth
Here in these brakes, deepe wounded with a Boare,
Deepe in the thigh a spectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the fore,
She shewed hers, he saw more wounds then one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

B 3



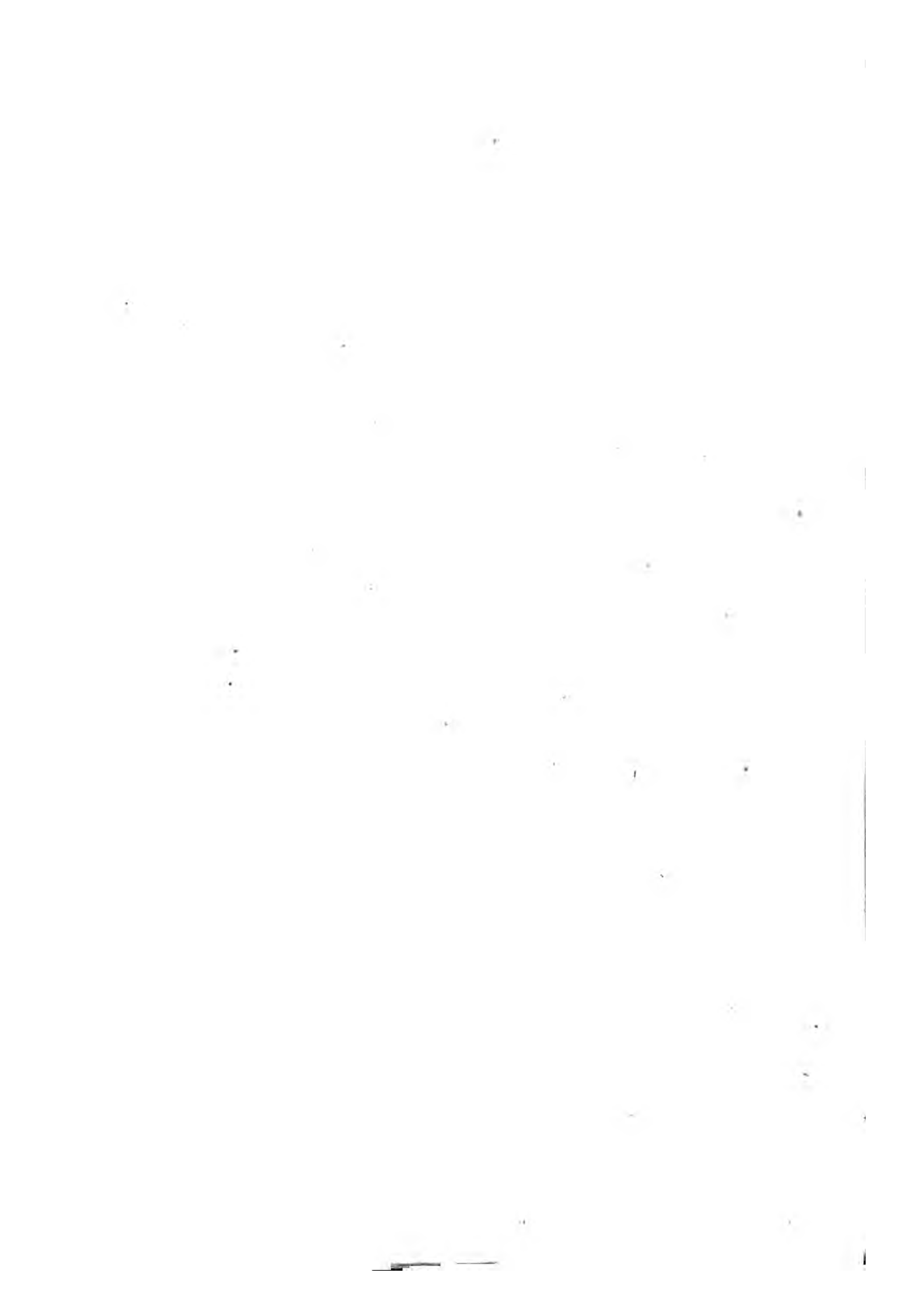




Sweet Rose, faire flower, vntimely pluckt, soon vaded,
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring:
Bright orient pearle, alacke too timely shaded,
Faire creature kilde too soon by Deaths sharpe sting:
Like a greene plumbe that hangs vpon a tree:
And fals (through winde) before the fall should be.

I weepe for thee, and yet no cause I haue,
For why: thou lests me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou lests me more then I did craue,
For why: I craued nothing of thee still:
O yes (deare friend I pardon craue of thee
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

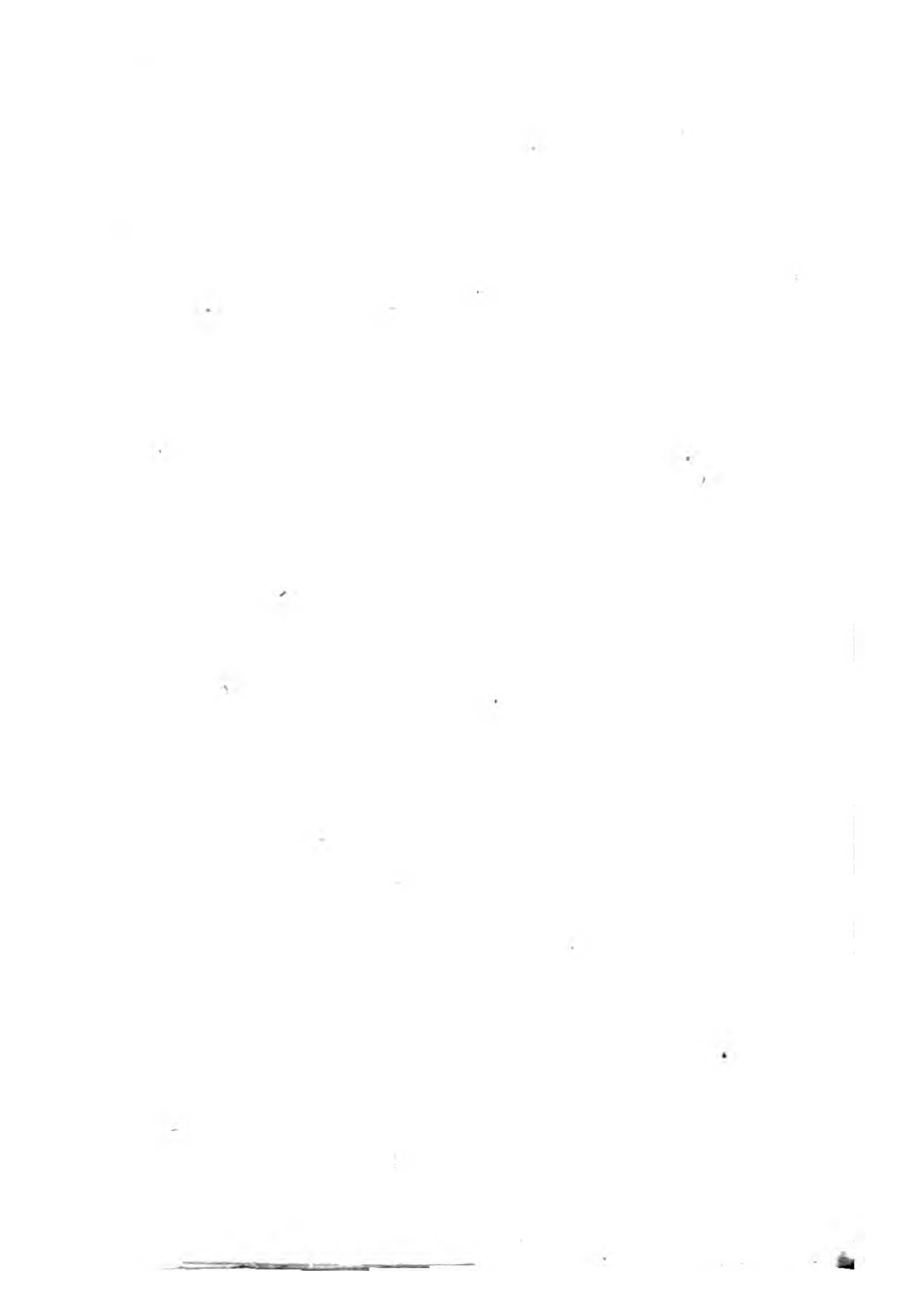






Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Vnder a Mirtle shade began to wooe him,
She told the youngling how god Mars did trie her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac't me :
And then she clipt Adonis in her armes :
Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god vnlac't me,
As if the boy should vse like louing charmes :
Euen thus (quoth she) he feized on my lippes,
And with her lips on his did act the feizure :
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay :
To kisse and clip me till I run away.







Crabbed age and youth cannot liue together,
Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care,
Youth like summer morne, Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer braue, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, Ages breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weake and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.

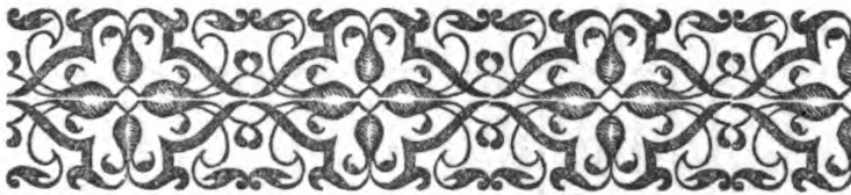
Age I doe abhor thee, Youth I doe adore thee,
O my loue my loue is young:
Age I doe defie thee. Oh sweet Shepheard hie thee:
For me thinks thou staies too long.

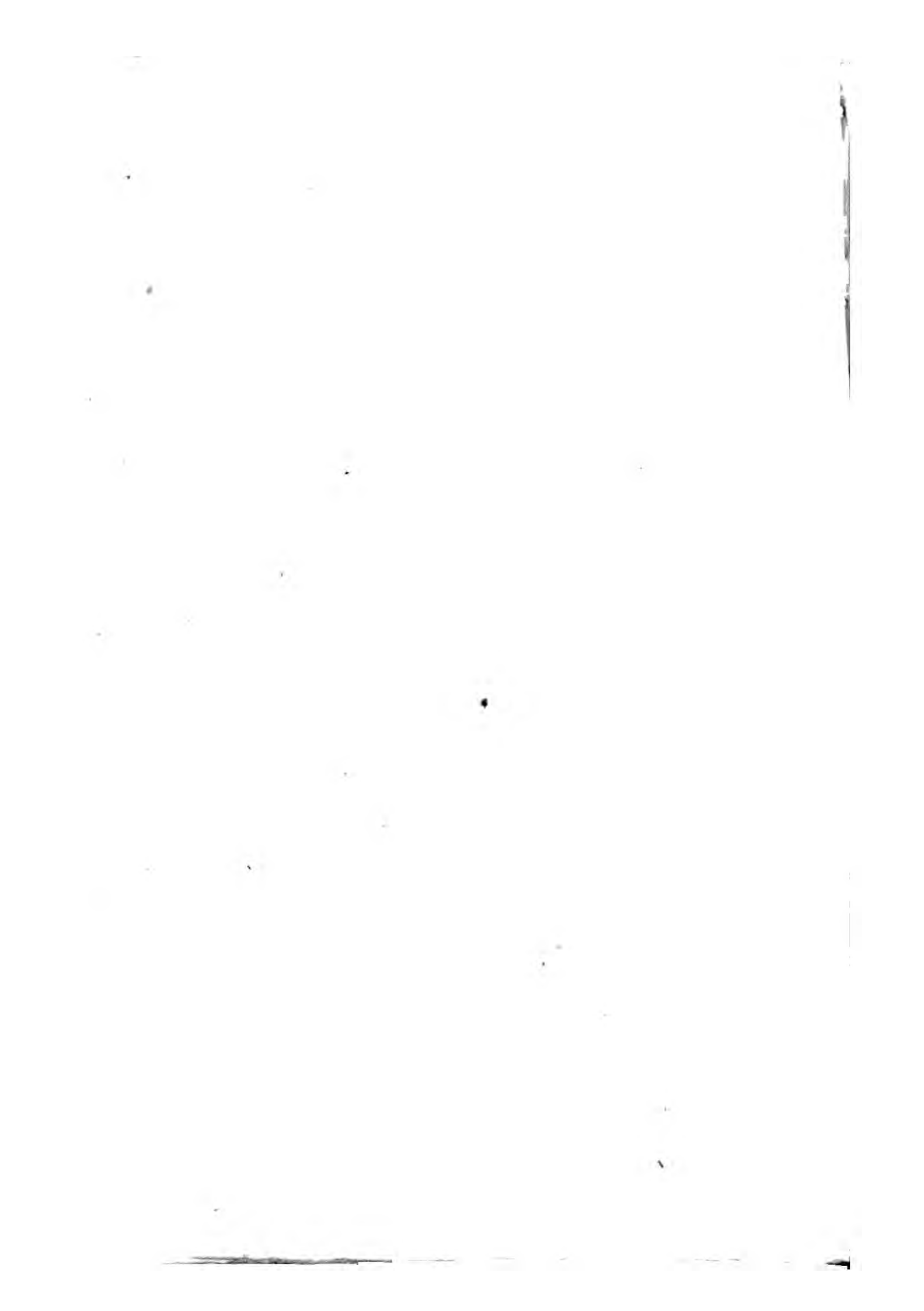




BEauty is but a vaine and doubtfull good,
A shining glosse, that vadeth sodainly,
A flower that dies, when first it gins to bud,
A brittle glasse, thats broken presently.
A doubtfull good, a glosse, a glasse, a flower,
Loft, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And as goods loft, are feld or neuer found,
As vaded glosse no rubbing will refresh :
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,
As broken glasse no symant can redresse.
So beauty blemisht once, for euer loft,
In spite of phisicke, painting, paine and cost.







Good night, good rest, ah neither be my share,
She had good night, that kept my rest away,
And daft me to a cabben hangde with care :
To descant on the doubts of my decay.

Farewell (quoth she) and come againe to morrow
Fare well I could not, for I supt with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorne or friendship, nill I conster whether :
'Tmay be she ioyd to ieast at my exile,
'Tmay be againe, to make me wander thither.

Wander (a word) for shadowes like my selfe,
As take the paine but cannot plucke the pelfe.

Lord





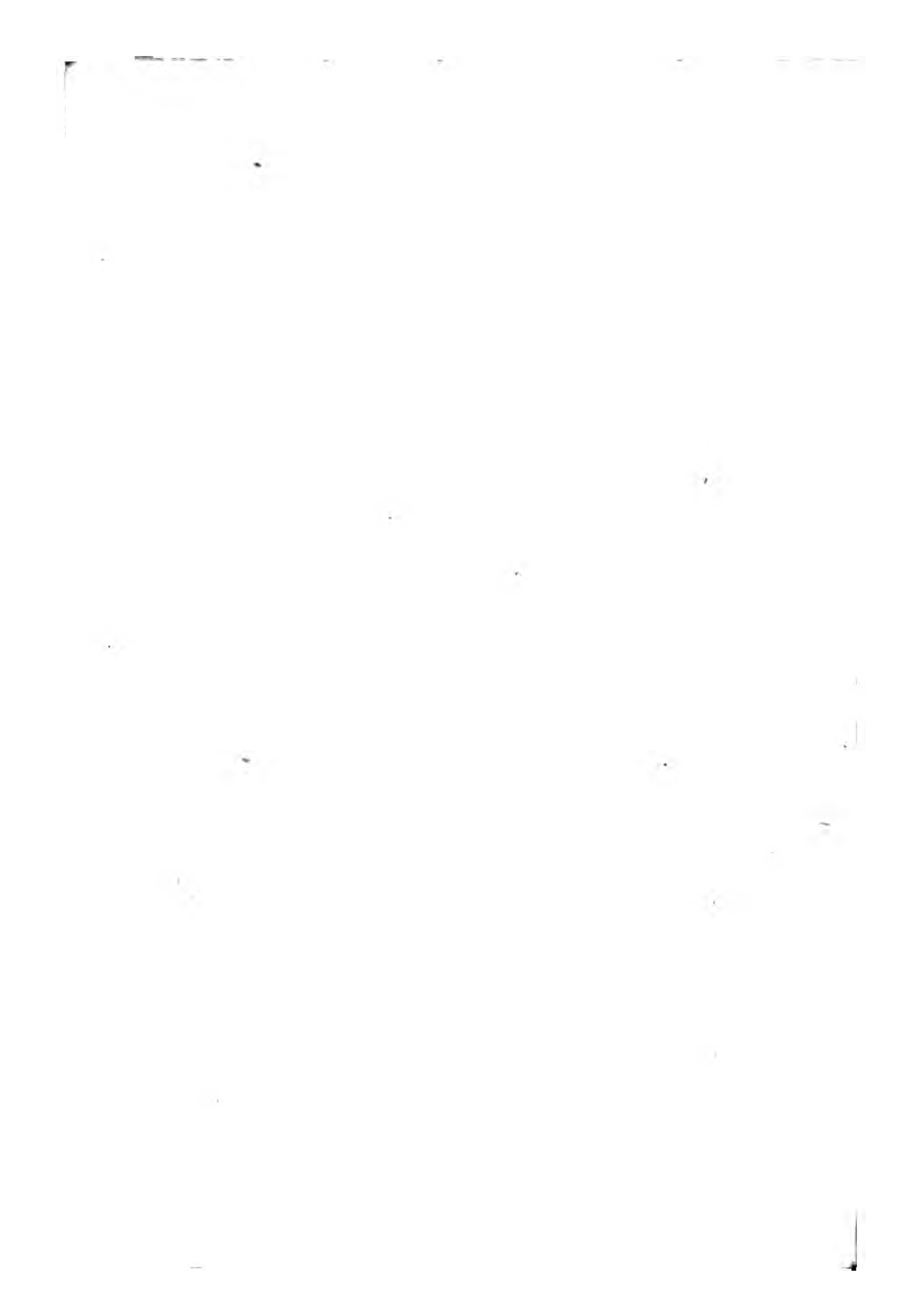


Lord how mine eies throw gazes to the East,
My hart doth charge the watch, the morning rise
Doth scite each mouing scence from idle rest,
Not daring trust the office of mine eies.
While Philomela fits and sings, I fit and mark,
And wish her layes were tuned like the larke.

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditte,
And driues away darke dreaming night:
The night so packt, I post vnto my pretty,
Hart hath his hope, and eies their wished fight,
Sorrow changd to solace, and solace mixt with sorrow,
For why, she fight, and bad me come to morrow.

C

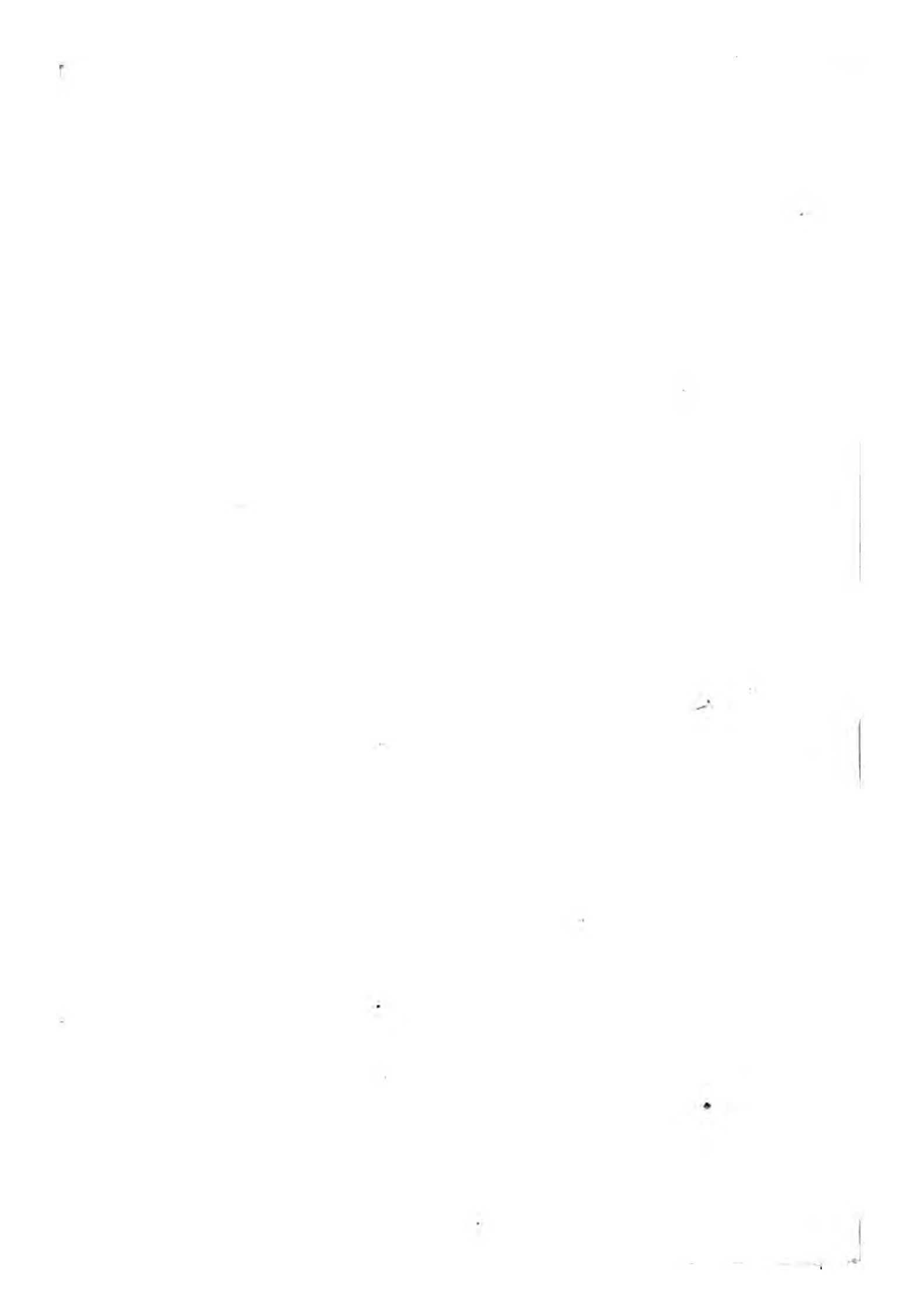






Were I with her, the night would poft too foone,
But now are minutes added to the houres :
To spite me now, ech minute feemes an houre,
Yet not for me, shine fun to succour flowers.
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow
Short night to night, and length thy felfe to morrow.





SONNETS

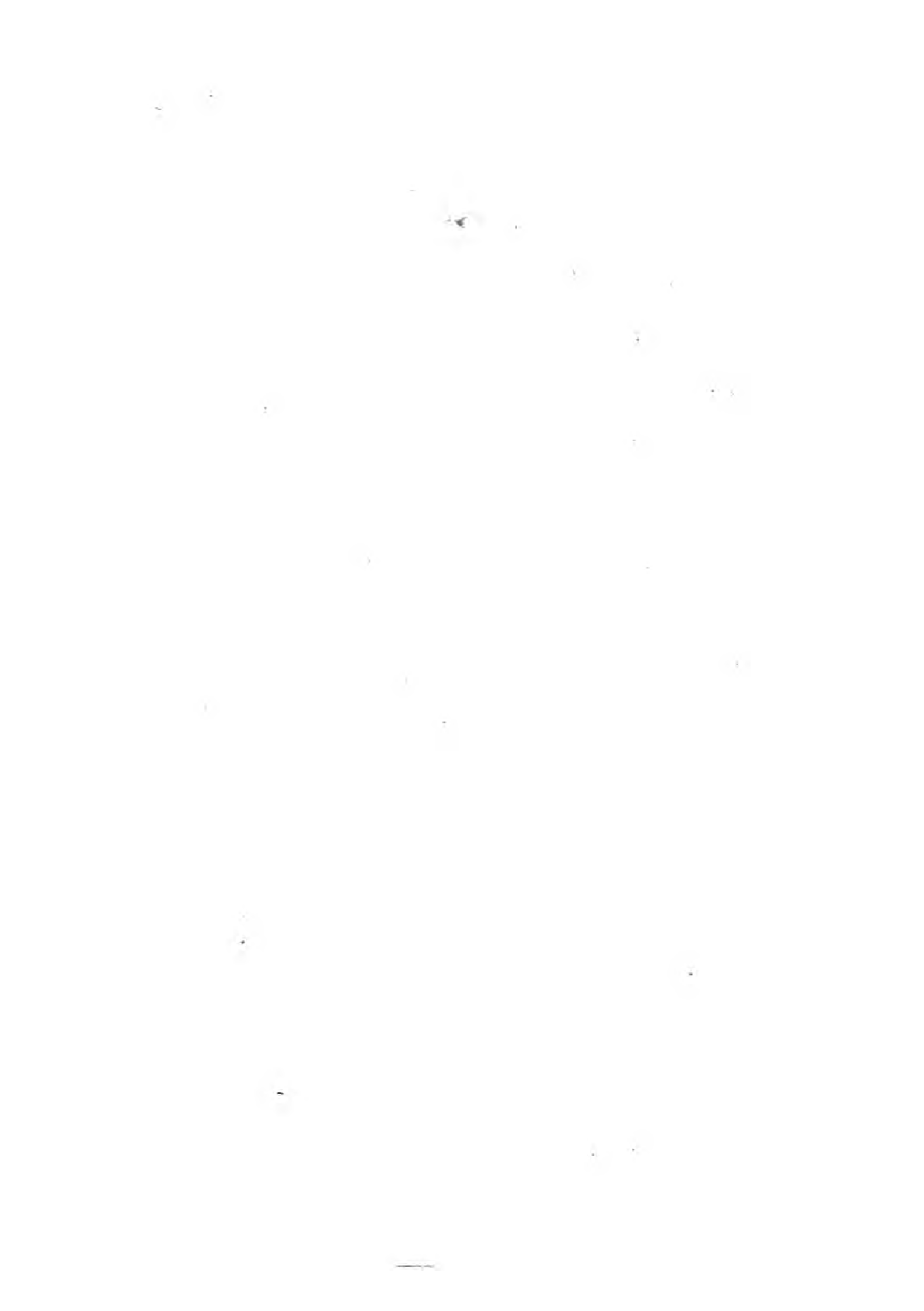
To fundry notes of Muficke.



AT LONDON

Printed for W. Iaggard, and are
to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-
hound in Paules Churchyard.

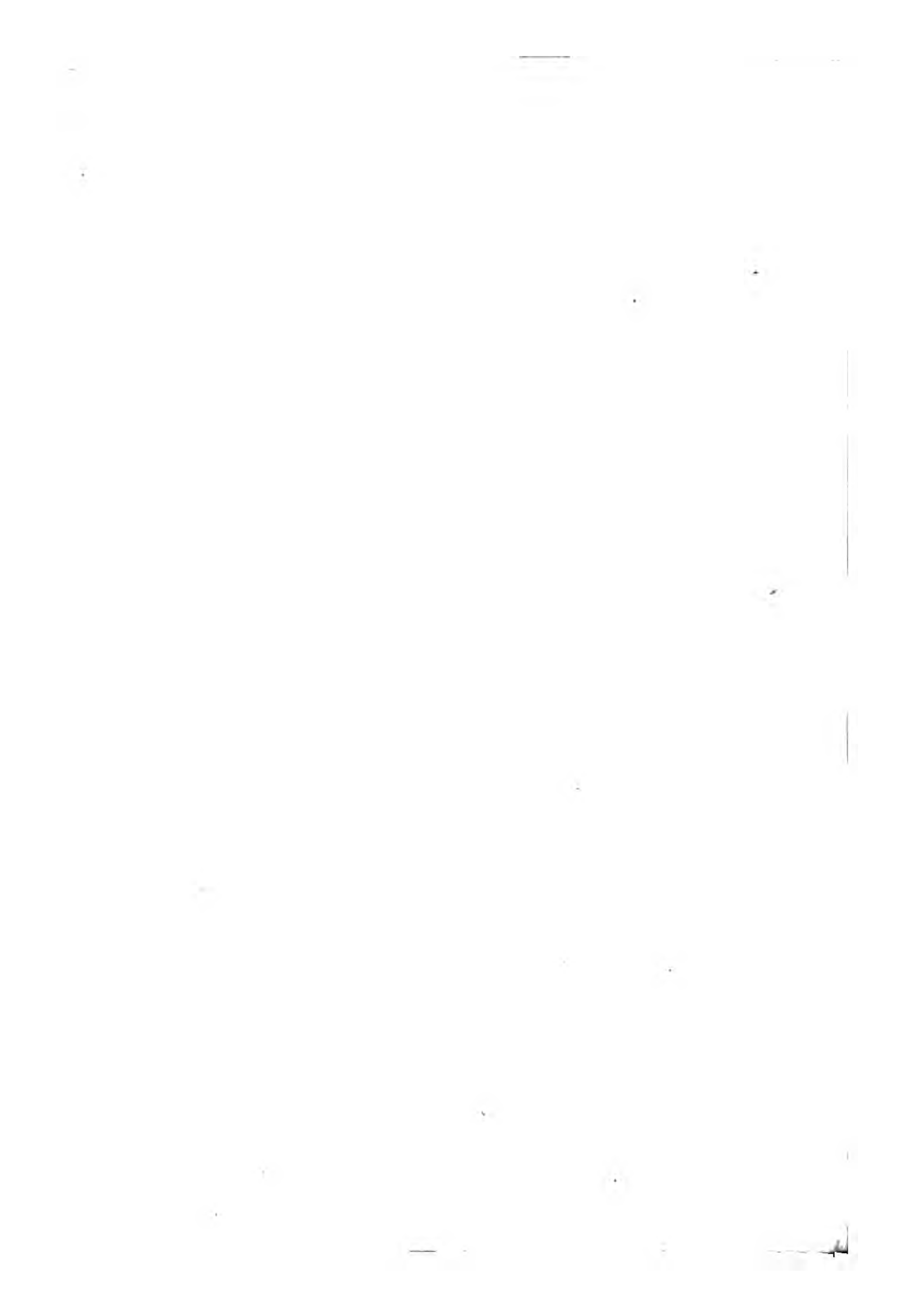
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IT was a Lordings daughter, the fairest one of three
That liked of her maister, as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eie could see,
Her fancie fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtfull, that loue with loue did fight
To leaue the maister louelesse, or kill the gallant knight,
To put in practise either, alas it was a spite
Vnto the filly damsell.
But one must be refused, more mickle was the paine,
That nothing could be vsed, to turne them both to gaine,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdaine,
Alas she could not helpe it.
Thus art with armes contending, was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning, did beare the maid away,
Then lullaby the learned man hath got the Lady gay,
For now my song is ended.







ON a day (alacke the day)
Loue whose month was euer May
Spied a blossome passing fair,
Playing in the wanton ayre,
Through the veluet leaues the wind
All vnseene gan passage find,
That the loue (sicke to death)
Wist himselfe the heauens breath,
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe
Ayre, would I might triumph so
But (alas) my hand hath sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne,
Vow (alacke) for youth vnmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet,
Thou for whome Ioue would sweare,
Iuno but an Ethiope were
And deny hymselfe for Ioue
Turning mortall for thy Loue.



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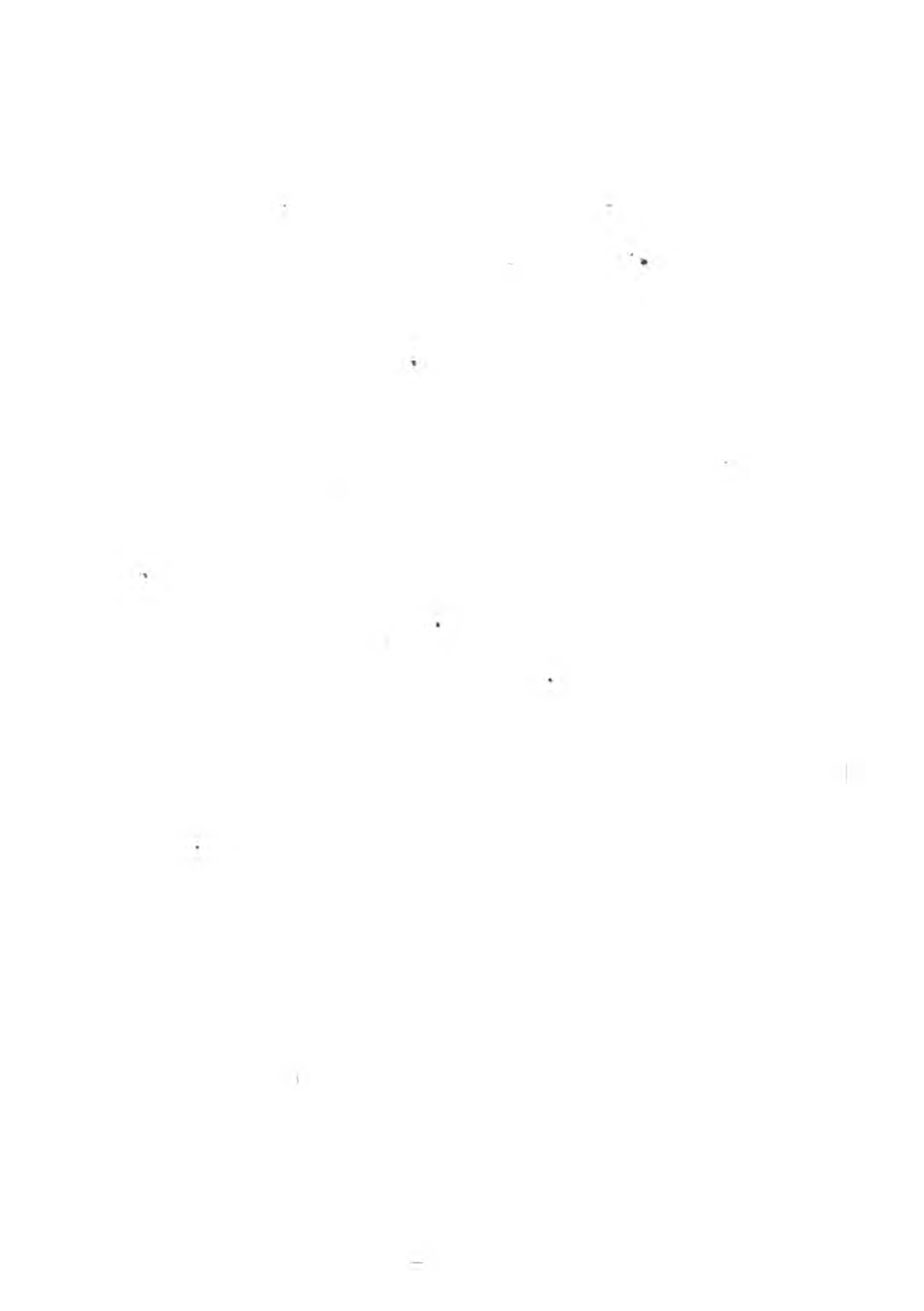
6

—



MY flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rams speed not, all is amis :
Loue is dying, Faithes defying,
Harts nenyng, causer of this.
All my merry liggés are quite forgot,
All my Ladies loue is loft (god wot)
Where her faith was firmly fixt in loue,
There a nay is plac't without remoue.
One filly crosse, wrought all my losse,
O frowning fortune cursed fickle dame,
For now I see, inconstancy,
More in woweden then in men remaine.



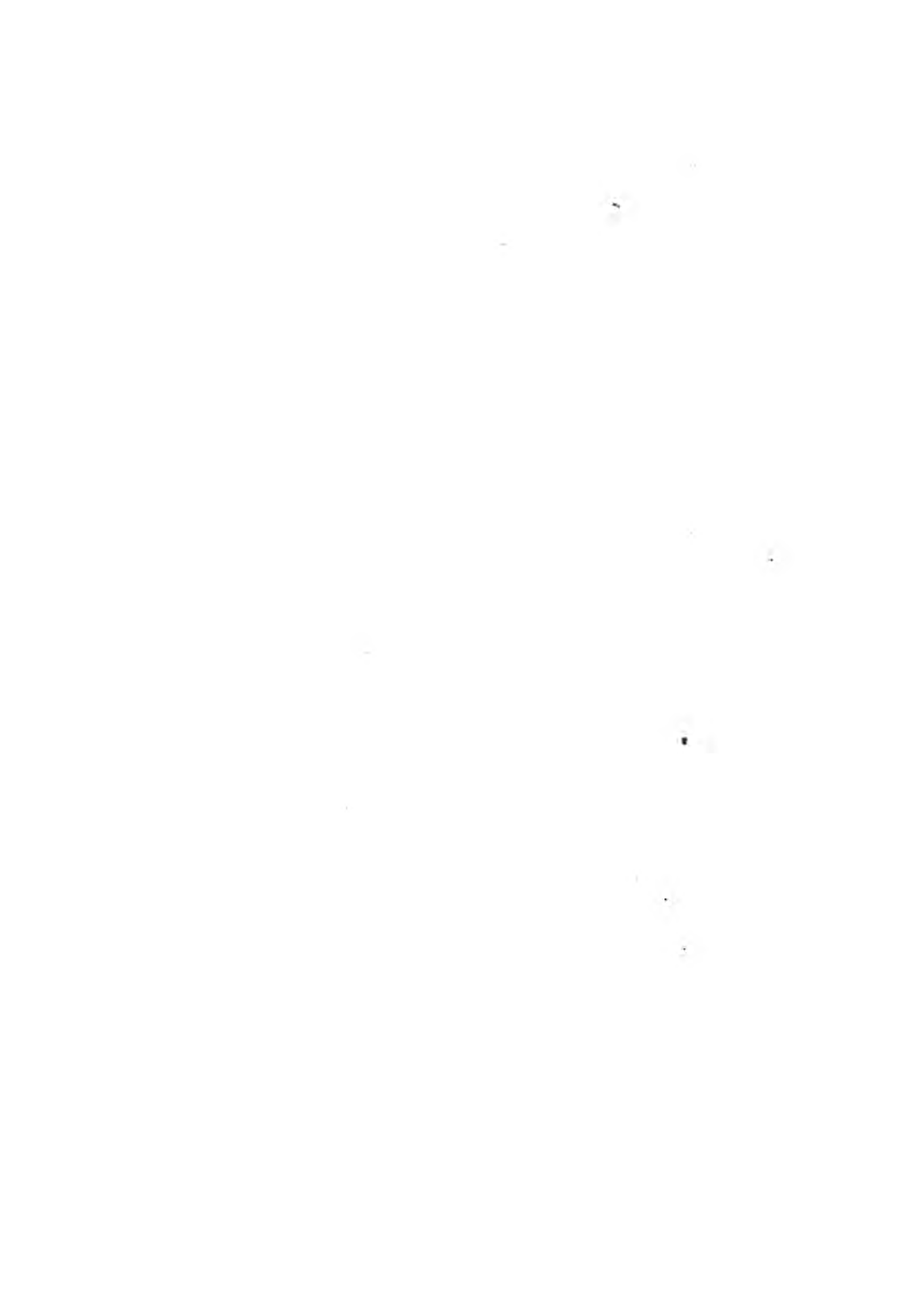




In blacke morne I, all feares corne I,
Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall :
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall.
My shepheards pipe can found no deale,
My weathers bell rings dolefull knell,
My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaid,
Plaies not at all but seemes afraid.

With fighes so deepe, procures to weepe,
In howling wise, to see my dolefull plight,
How fighes resound through hartles ground
Like a thousand vanquisht men in blodie fight.

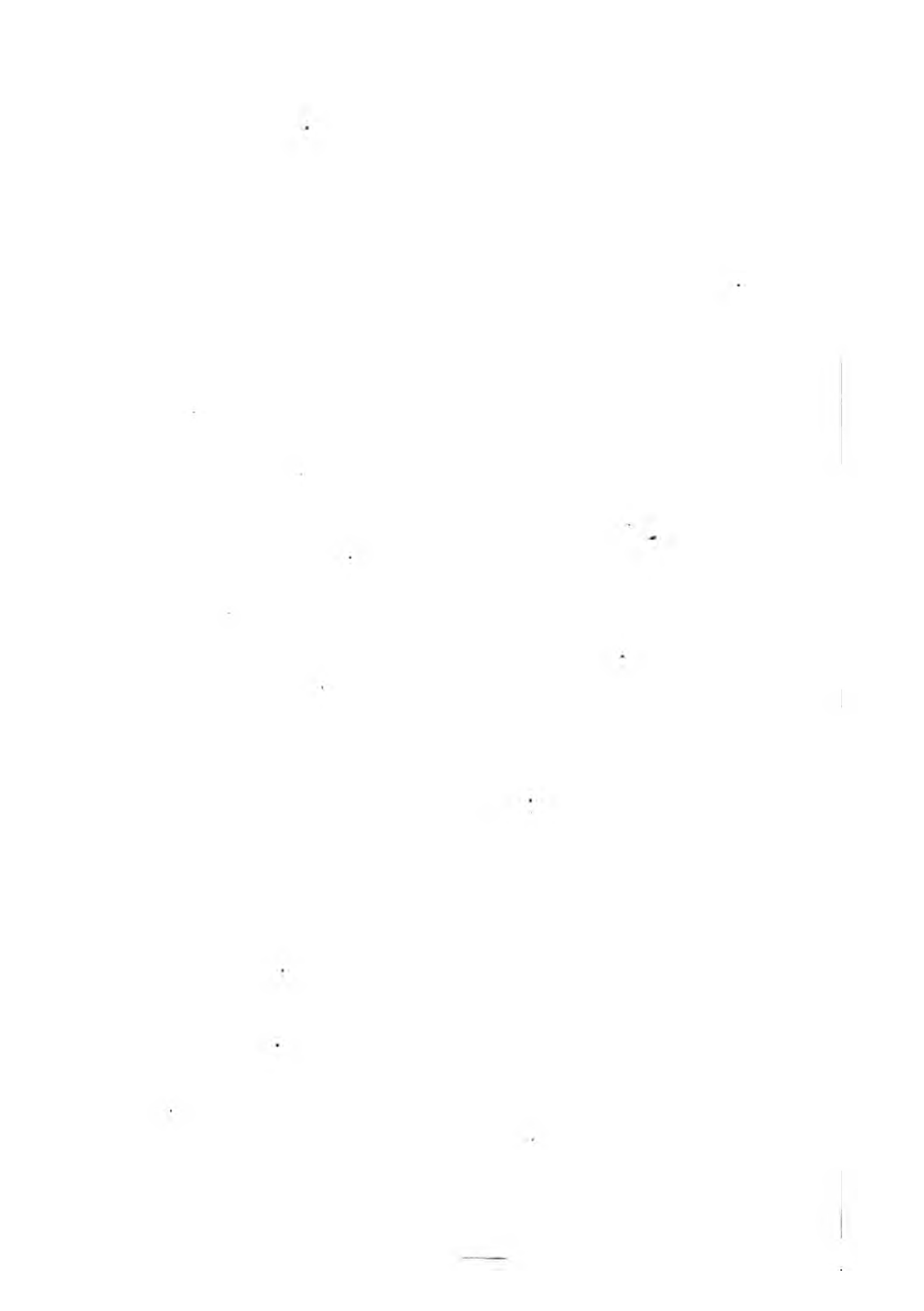






Clare wels spring not, sweete birds fing not,
Greene plants bring not forth their die,
Heards stands weeping, flocks all sleeping,
Nimphes blacke peeping fearefully :
All our pleasure knowne to vs poore swaines :
All our merrie meetings on the plaines,
All our euening sport from vs is fled,
All our loue is lost, for loue is dead,
Farewell sweet loue thy like nere was,
For a sweet content the cause of all my woe,
Poore Coridon must liue alone,
Other helpe for him I see that there is none.





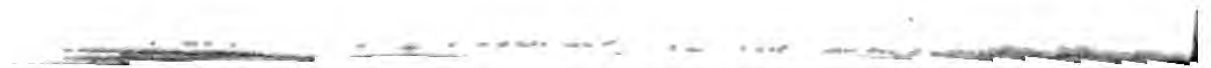


When as thine eye hath chose the Dame,
And stalde the deare that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy (partyall might)
Take counsell of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet vnwed.

And when thou comst thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tounge with filed talke,
Least she some subtill practise smell,
A Cripple soone can finde a halt,
But plainly say thou loust her well,
And set her person forth to sale.

D



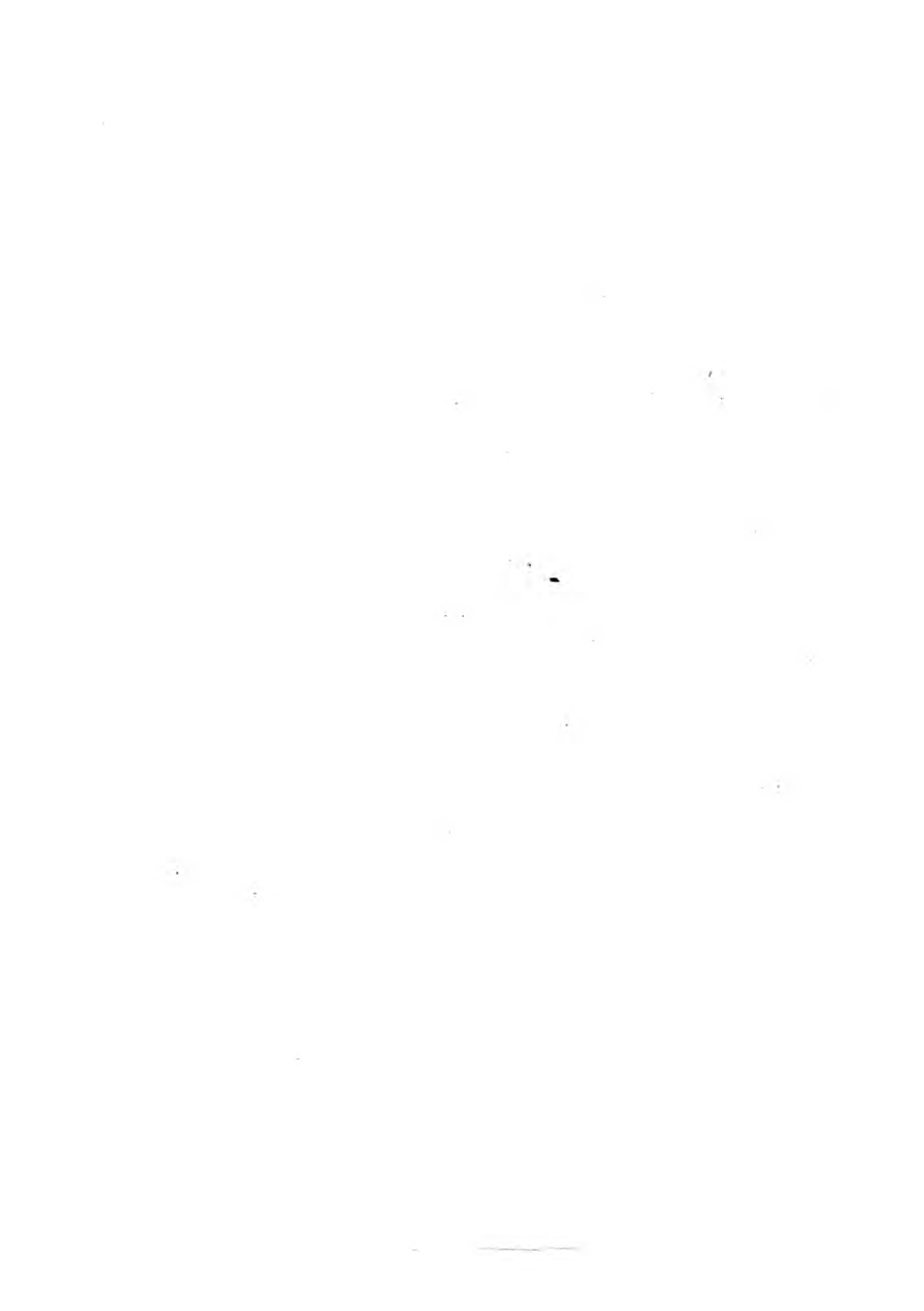




What though her frowning browes be bent
Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night,
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight.
 And twice desire yer it be day,
 That which with scorne she put away.

What though she striue to try her strength,
And ban and braule, and say the nay :
Her feeble force will yeeld at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say :
 Had women beene so strong as men
 In faith you had not had it then.







And to her will frame all thy waies,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,
Where thy desert may merit praise
By ringiug in thy Ladies eare,
The strongest castle, tower and towne,
The golden bullet beats it downe.

Serue alwaies with assured trust,
And in thy sute be humble true,
Vnlesse thy Lady proue vniust,
Praise neuer thou to chuse a new :
When time shall serue, be thou not slacke,
To proffer though she put thee back.







The wiles and guiles that women worke,
Dissembled with an outward shew :
The tricks and toyes that in them lurke,
The Cock that treads thē shall not know,
 Haue you not heard it said full oft,
 A Womans nay doth stand for nought.

Thinke Women still to striue with men,
To sinne and neuer for to faint,
There is no heauen (by holy then)
When time with age shall them attaint,
 Were kisses all the ioyes in bed,
 One Woman would another wed.

But soft enough, too much I feare,
Least that my mistresse heare my song,
She will not stick to round me on th'are,
To teach my tounge to be so long :
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,
 To heare her secrets so bewraid.







L Iue with me and be my Loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we sit vpon the Rocks,
And see the Shepheards feed their flocks,
By shallow Riuers, by whose fals
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant poses,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaues of Mirtle.





A belt of straw and Yuyebuds,
With Corall Clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Then liue with me, and be my Loue.

Loues answere.

IF that the World and Loue werè young,
And truth in euery shepheards tounge,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee and be thy Loue.





AS it fell vpon a Day,
In the merry Month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a groue of Myrtles made,
Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring:
Eury thing did banish mone,
Saue the Nightingale alone.
Shee (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
Leand her breast vp-till a thorne,
And there sung the dolefulst Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty,
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry
Teru, Teru, by and by :





That to heare her so complaine,
Scarce I could from teares refraine :
For her griefes so liuely showne,
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vaine,
None takes pittie on thy paine :
Senselesse Trees, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthlesse Beares, they will not cheere thee.
King Pandion, he is dead :
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds doe sing,
Carelesse of thy forrowing.



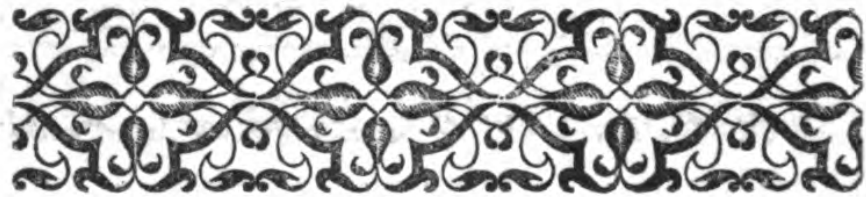


Whilft as fickle Fortune fmilde,
Thou and I, were both beguild.
Euery one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miserie :
Words are eafie, like the wind,
Faithfull friends are hard to find :
Euery man will be thy friend,
Whilft thou haft wherewith to spend :
But if ftore of Crownes be fcant,
No man will fupply thy want
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull they will him call :
And with fuch-like flattering,
Pitty but he were a King.





If he be addic't to vice,
Quickly him, they will intice.
If to Women hee be bent,
They haue at Commaundement.
But if Fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renowne :
They that fawnd on him before.
Vse his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeede,
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede :
If thou sorrow, he will weepe :
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe :
Thus of euery grieffe, in hart
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a part.
'These are certaine signes, to know
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.





THE ISHAM REPRINTS.



EPIGRAMMES AND ELEGIES

BY DAVIES AND MARLOWE.



This work is printed for subscribers only, and the impression strictly limited to one hundred and thirty-one copies, of which twenty-five are on large paper, and six on vellum. Every copy is numbered and signed by the editor.

Small Paper. N^o. 23.

Charles Edmunds.

23 April 1870.

EPIGRAMMES:

WRITTEN BY

SIR JOHN DAVIES;

AND

CERTAIN OF OVID'S ELEGIES:

TRANSLATED BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

ACCURATELY REPRINTED FROM A RARE EARLY

EDITION IN THE POSSESSION OF

SIR CHARLES ISHAM, Bart.

WITH A PREFACE

BY CHARLES EDMONDS,

EDITOR OF THE POETRY OF THE

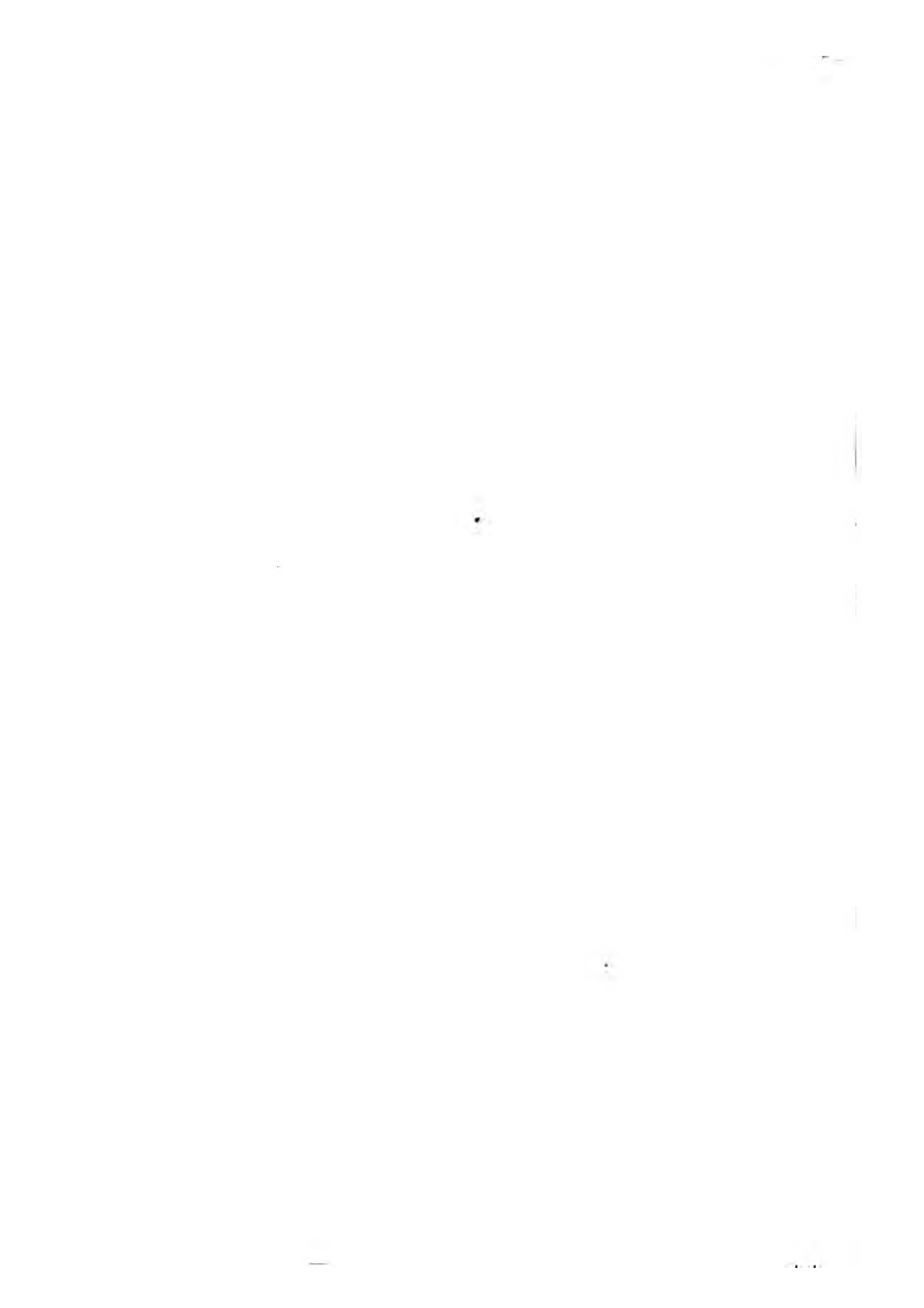
ANTI-JACOBIN.



LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1870.





EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THESE two small works were the production of two noted authors, whose fame rests upon more enduring foundations than these effusions, for the license and coarseness of which the only apology that can be made is that they were the outpourings of hot impetuous youth, published in an age when plain speaking and indecent ribaldry too often passed current for wit and mirth. That they possess a certain literary value at the present day is shown by their having been thought worthy of re-impressions by the Rev. A. Dyce and others, and those of Davies more recently by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, who has been enabled to include in his complete edition of the works of this author pieces not hitherto published.

The author of the "Epigrammes" became distinguished in after life as a statesman, and filled the offices of Solicitor-General and Attorney-General in Ireland, represented the boroughs of Corfe Castle and Newcastle-under-Lyne, and was Lord Chief Justice at the time of

his death in 1626. The versatility of his mind is shown in works of such different characters as "Nosce Teipsum," a poem on the nature and immortality of the soul, first printed in 1599; "Orchestra," a poem on dancing, first printed in 1596; in which art he is said to have been, like another legal dignitary, Sir Christopher Hatton, a great proficient; "Hymns of Astræa," or acrostic verses in praise of Q. Elizabeth, 1599; a translation of the first fifty psalms, and other smaller pieces; while his ability as a political and legal writer is evinced in his "Discovery of the True Causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued," a work of such value as to win the high praise of the Earl of Chatham; and in some professional treatises, which may still be referred to with advantage.

Of the "Epigrammes," Mr. Dyce observes: "Like other collections of the kind which came from the press a little later, these Epigrams are for the most part Satires in miniature. They possess some poignancy of ridicule and some vigour of expression, but hardly enough to justify the applauses which they once called forth; and they chiefly recommend themselves to readers of the present day as illustrating the manners and "humours" which prevailed towards the close of Elizabeth's reign. When Davies republished his Poems in 1622 he did not admit a single Epigram into the volume."

The "Elegies" were the juvenile production of Christopher Marlowe, one of the greatest of our dramatic poets, who, after leading a life of great profligacy, met with a violent death, under disgraceful circumstances, in the year 1593, in the thirty-first year of his age.

Of these "Elegies" Mr. Dyce thus speaks: "Taken

altogether, this version does so little credit either to Marlowe's skill as a translator or to his scholarship, that one is almost tempted to believe it was never intended by him to meet the eye of the world, but was made merely as a literary exercise at an early period of life, when classical studies chiefly engaged his attention. We look in vain for the graces of Ovid. In many passages we should be utterly puzzled to attach a definite meaning to the words if we had not the original at hand; and in many others the Latin is erroneously rendered, the mistranslations being sometimes extremely ludicrous. I doubt if more can be said in praise of this version than that it is occasionally spirited and flowing."

When these tracts were published cannot be ascertained, none of the editions, of which there were several, bearing dates or printers' name. Ritson believes them to have been first printed in 1596 or 1597. Neither is it known whether they were issued with the connivance of Davies, for as it was the custom in those days to circulate poems widely in manuscript before their appearance in print, and they are mentioned in Guilpin's "Skialetheia," 1598, where Davies is termed "our English Martiall;" in Sir John Harington's "Metamorphosis of Ajax," 1596; in Bastard's "Chrestoleros," 1598, &c., and they all bear his initials I. D.; the author's name could have been no secret. Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," it may be remarked, was noticed by Lodge in his "Scillaes Metamorphosis," in 1589, which was four years before its public appearance in print. But there were perfectly obvious reasons why he would not like to openly avow himself the author of pieces, which, though they might increase his reputation for wit and humour, would be considered as highly

indecorous in a young and rising barrister. It is significant that when he brought out a new edition of his Poems a few years before his death the Epigrammes were omitted. What was thought of them by the authorities was shown by that memorable event in the annals of literature when, to use the words of Warton, in his History of English Poetry, "in the year 1599 the Hall of the Stationers underwent as great a purgation as was carried on in Don Quixote's library. Marston's 'Pygmalion,' Marlowe's 'Ovid,' the 'Satires of Hall and Marston,' the 'Epigrams' of Davies and others, and the 'Caltha Poetarum,' were ordered for immediate conflagration by the prelates Whitgift and Bancroft," together with other works, that of Guilpin's, named above, being one. Notwithstanding this interdiction, several editions of both works were secretly printed, all of which, in consequence of the hasty and surreptitious manner in which they were prepared, abound with the grossest errors.

LIST OF EDITIONS.

I.

EPIGRAMMES AND ELEGIES. By I. D. and C. M. At Middleborough [n. d. 12mo. A—G 3, in fours. 26 leaves.]—[*Sir C. Isbam.*]

This is the edition now reprinted, and though for reasons hereafter given it is not in my opinion the very earliest impression, yet to judge merely from its containing, like the one next to be described, only "Certaine of Ovids Elegies," it must have preceded all those which include the whole of his Three Books. Notwithstanding its imprint of *Middleborough*, there is as much probability,

if the character of the type and of the misprints be evidence, that it issued from the same press as "The Passionate Pilgrime," and consequently a London one, as that the edition next described was printed abroad and by foreigners.

II.

EPIGRAMMES AND ELEGIES. By I. D. and C. M. At Middleborough; [no date, duodecimo. A. 2 leaves. B—C in fours].—[*British Museum*].

This copy is deficient of one leaf (A 4), and was sold at Bindley's sale for £8 18s. 6d. It bears the following autograph note by that eminent collector: "This is the original and genuine edition: of extreme rarity; printed abroad, and uncastrated."

This opinion is, I think, only partially correct. That the Bindley impression was printed abroad is unquestionable, but instead of the works first issuing from a foreign press, I believe that we owe them to a London one; for their grossness, though occasionally remarkable, not being greater than that which characterises many other works then openly circulated, they would not be likely, in the opinion of the putters-forth, to incur the censure of the authorities, and therefore no necessity would exist for their being printed elsewhere than in the metropolis. When, to cite only one example, it was seen that Sir John Harington's translation of the "Orlando Furioso," 1596, though disfigured occasionally by such unnecessary grossness as would have shocked Ariosto himself, had been produced under the special sanction of the "maiden queen," and was never interfered with, it might be difficult for publishers to guess what would be sufficiently licentious to bring down upon them the censure of the Church. And therefore I think that it was only subsequent to their original publication in London, and in consequence of their being included among the books burnt at Stationers' Hall in June, 1599, that the expedient of reprinting these Epigrammes and Elegies at Middleburgh, in Holland, was first resorted to.

That no copy with a *London* imprint is known to exist militates nothing against this supposition, my recent discovery of so many hitherto unknown editions as well as works encouraging us to hope for future resuscitations of books of equal or even greater importance.

III.

ALL OVID'S ELEGIES: 3 Bookes. By C. M. EPIGRAMS by J. D. At Middleborough; [n. d. 12mo. A—F, in eights, including title.] [48 leaves].

"A later edition, which I have used, and which contains the 'Elegies' complete, with their more objectionable passages rather heightened than softened down, is probably that which was burnt at Stationers' Hall by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, in June, 1599." Dyce; who refers to it as edition B. A duplicate version of Eleg. XV. lib. i. is ascribed to B. J., probably Ben Jonson, and if so, it must have been his earliest printed production.

IV.

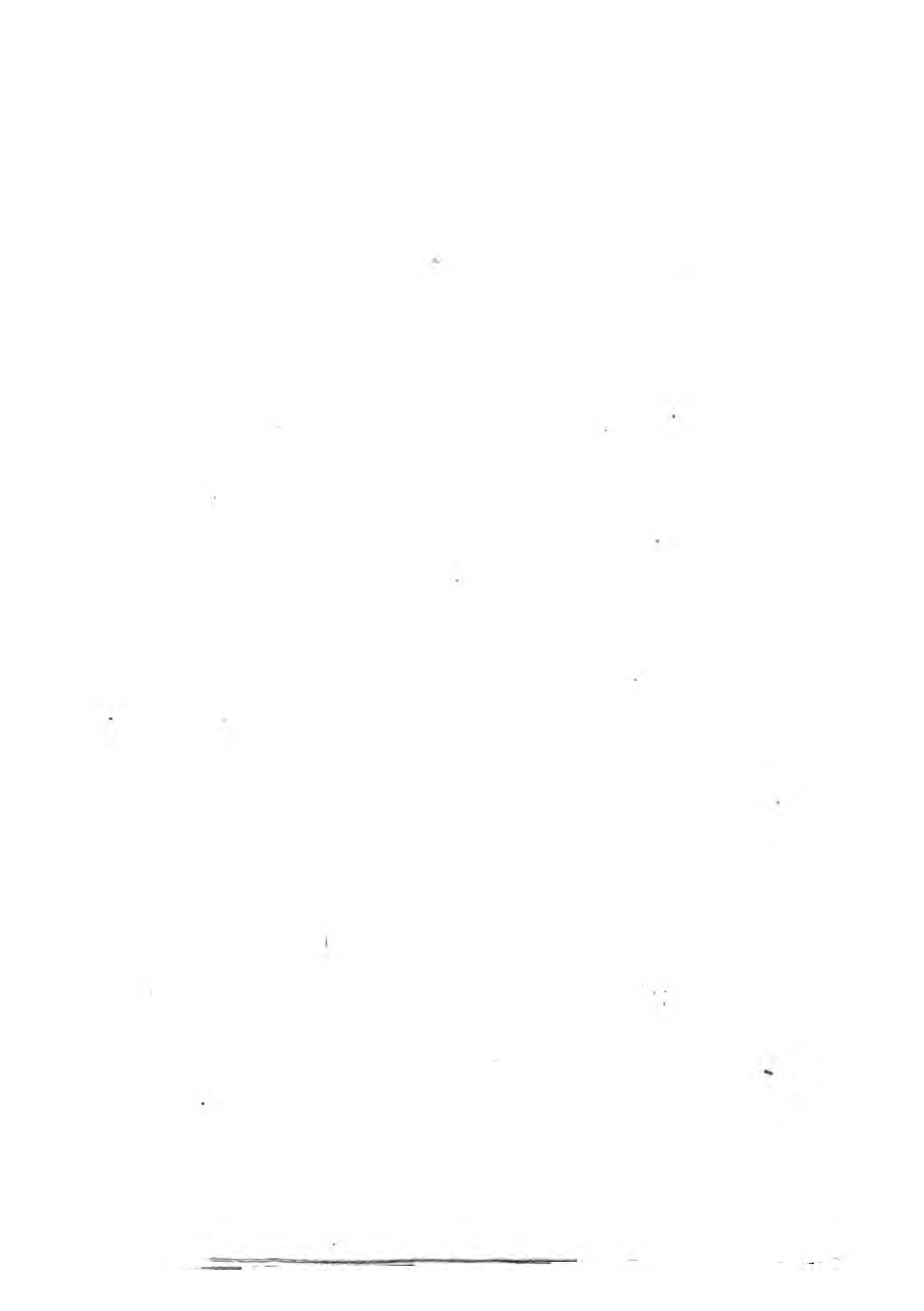
ALL OVID'S ELEGIES; 3 Bookes. By C. M. EPIGRAMS by J. D. At Middlebovrgh; [n. d. 12mo.] [Referred to by Mr. Dyce as ed. C.]

Editions of the two works continued to be printed together, with *Middleburgh* on the title, and without date, but probably in London, as late as 1640. As to recent impressions, both were included by the Rev. A. Dyce, in his editions of "Marlowe's Works," in 1850 and 1865; and Mr. G. Robinson, in his edition of "Marlowe's Works," 3 vols. Pickering, 1826, has likewise inserted the "Epigrammes" and both versions of the "Elegies." The "Epigrammes" also appear in the new edition of the "Complete Works of Sir John Davies," now in course of publication by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. An edition of the "Certaine" impression of the Elegies, limited to twenty-five copies, was printed a few years since, without date, by Mr. Maitland.

The "Middleburgh" here mentioned is the capital of the Isle of Walcheren, the first incorporated city of Holland and Zealand that ever existed, and once of considerable importance to English commerce, as enjoying the exclusive right of deposit for the cloths imported from London. Chaucer, in describing the Merchant in the Canterbury Tales, alludes to the constant traffic "Betwixen Middleburgh and Oréwell," and Caxton is supposed to have had an agency here. It is also the city in which the telescope was in-

vented. On its capture from the Spaniards by the Dutch in 1574 they immediately abolished the Roman Catholic worship and established a free press. In consequence it seems to have been selected as a convenient place for printing various English books which might have met with opposition from the authorities in England. As early as 1582 Robert Brown's "Lives of all True Christians," of which a copy is preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, was printed here, as also were several other English books before the close of the sixteenth century; among them Dudley Fenner's "Song of Songs," and some pieces of that extraordinary character, Hugh Broughton. In 1584 R. Schilders, who styles himself printer to the States of Zealand, published here a Dutch translation of Lord Burleigh's celebrated tract "On the Execution of Justice in England," &c., which had first appeared about 1578; and in 1599 an edition of John Rainolde's "Overthrow of Stage Playes," some copies of which bear the date of 1600.





EPIGRAMMES

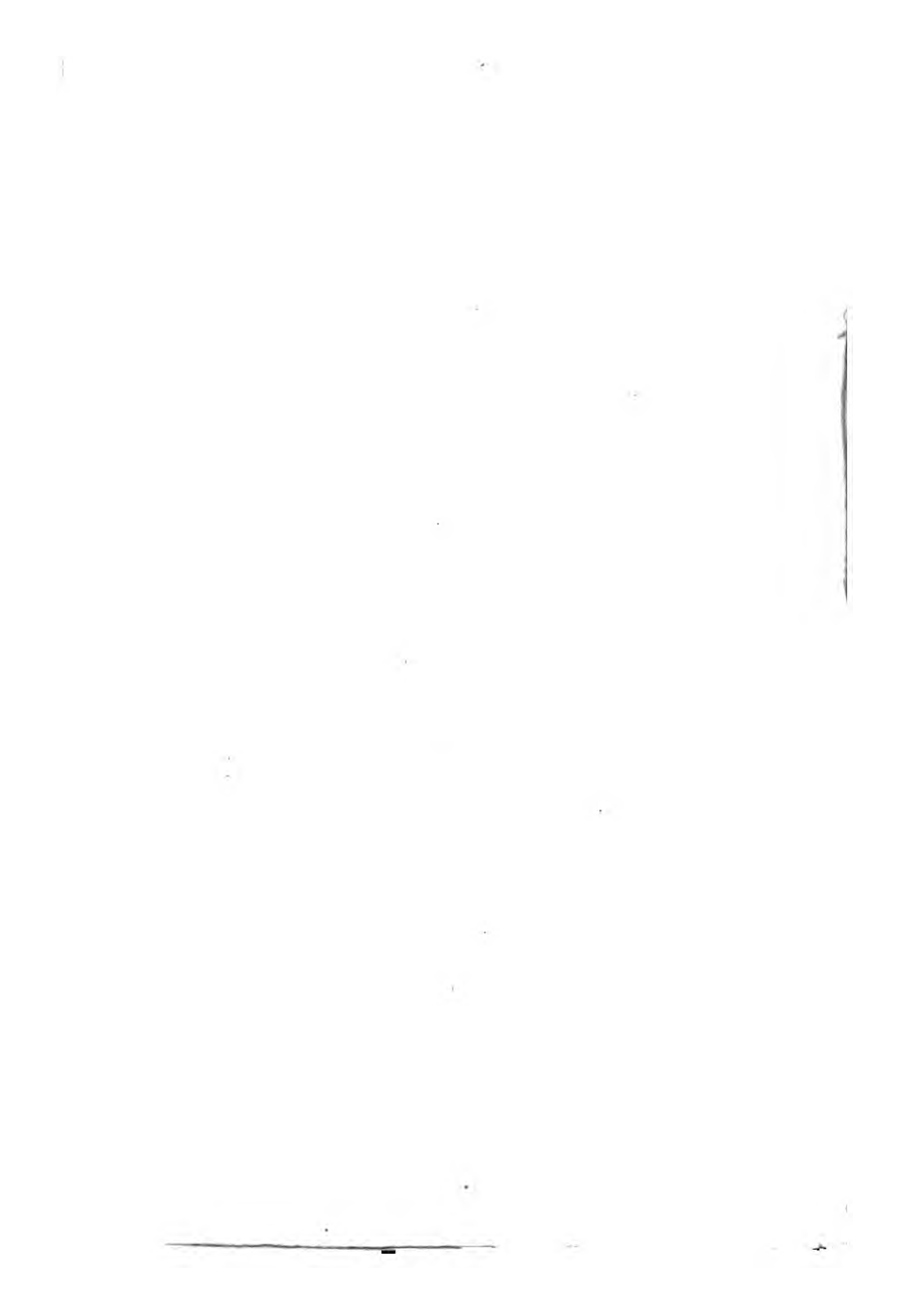
and

ELEGIES.

By I. D. and
C. M.



At Middleborough.





Epigrammata prima

Ad Musam. I

FLie merry Muse vnto that merry towne,
Where thou maist playes, reuels, and triumphs see
The house of fame, and theatre of renowne,
Where all good wittes and spirites loue to be.

Fall in betweene their hands that praise and loue thee
And be to them a laughter and a iest :
But as for them which scorning shall reprooue thee,
Disdaine their wittes, and thinke thine owne the best.

But if thou find any so grosse and dull,
That thinke I do to priuate taxing leane,
Bid him go hang, for he is but a gull,
And knowes not what an Epigramme doth meane :
Which taxeth vnder a particular name,
A generall vice that merites publike blame.

Of a Gull. 2

Oft in my laughing rimes I name a gull,
But this new terme will many questions breede;
Therefore, at first I will expresse at full
vvhho is a true and perfect gull indeede.

A gull is he who feares a veluet gowne,
And when a wench is braue, dares not speake to her:
A gull is he which trauerfeth the towne,
And is for marriage knowne a common wooer.

A gull is he, which while he prowdly weares
A filuer-hilted rapier by his side,
Indures the lies and knockes about the eares,
whilst in his sheathe his sleeping sword doth bide.

A gull is he which weares good hanfome cloathes,
And stands in prefence stroking vp his haire,
And filles vp his vnperfect speech with othes,
But speakes not one wise word throughout the yeare:
But to define a gull in termes precise,
A gull is he which seemes, and is not wise.

In Rufum 3

RVfus the Courtier at the theatre,
Leauing the best and most conspicuous place,
Doth either to the stage himselfe transfer,
Or through a grate doth shew his doubtfull face.

For that the clamorous frie of Innes of court,
Filles vp the priuate roomes of greater prise:
And such a place where all may haue resort,
He in his singularitie doth despise.

Yet doth not his particular humour shunne,
The common stews and brothels of the towne,
Though all the world in troupes do thither runne,
Cleane and vncleane, the gentle and the clowne:
Then why should Rufus in his pride abhorre
A common seate that loues a common whore.

In Quintum 4

Quintus the Dauncer vseth euermore,
His feete in measure and in rule to moue,
Yet on a tyme he calld his Mistris whore,
And thought with that sweete word to win her loue:
Oh had his tongue like to his feete bin taught,
It neuer would haue vttered such a thought.

In Plurimos. 5

Faustinus, Sextus, Cinna, Ponticus,
With Gella, Lesbia, Thais, Rodope
Rode all to Stanes for no cause serious,
But for their mirth, and for their lechery.

Scarfe were they fetled in their lodging, when
wenches with wenches, men with men fell out:
Men with their wenches, wenches with their men,
which strait dissolues this ill assembled rowt.

But since the diuell brought them thus together,
To my discourfing thoughts it is a wonder,
why presently as foone as they came thither,
The selfefame diuel did them part afunder:
Doubtleffe it seemes it was a foolish deuil,
That thus would part them ere they did some euill.

In Titum 6

Titus the brave and valorous yong gallant
Three yeares together in this towne hath beene,
Yet my lord Chancellors toombe he hath not feene,
Nor the new water-worke, nor the elephant,
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,
He hath beene in the Counter all this while.

In

In Faustum 7

Faustus not lord, nor knight, nor wife, nor old,
To euery place about the towne doth ride,
He rides into the fieldes Playes to behold,
He rides to take boate at the water side,
He rides to Poules, he rides to th'ordinarie,
He rides vnto the house of bawderie too,
Thither his horse so often doth him carry,
That shortly he will quite forget to go.

In Katum 8

Kate being pleasde, wisht that her pleasure could
Indure as long as a buffe ierkin would.
Content thee Kate, although thy pleasure wasteth,
Thy pleasures place like a buffe ierkin lasteth:
For no buffe ierkin hath bin oftner worne,
Nor hath more scrapings or more dressings borne.

In Librum 9

Liber doth vaunt how chastely he hath liude
Since he hath beene in towne, 7 yeeres and more,
For that he sweares he hath foure onely swiude,
A maide, a wife, a widow, and a whore:
Then Liber thou hast swiude all women kinde,
For a fift fort I know thou canst not finde.

B

In Medontem 10

Great captaine Medon weares a chaine of gold,
which at five hundred crownes is valewed,
For that it was his granfires chaine of olde,
when great king Henry Boloigne conquered :
And weare it Medon, for it may ensue,
That thou by vertue of this massy chaine,
A stronger towne then Boloigne maist subdue,
If wise mens sawes be not reputed vaine :
For what said Philip king of Macedon ?
There is no castle so well fortified,
But if an asse laden with golde comes on,
The garde wil stoope, and gates flie open wide.

In Gellam 11

Gella, if thou dost loue thy selfe, take heede
Lest thou my rimes vnto thy louer reede,
For strait thou grinst, and then thy louer seeth,
Thy canker-eaten gummes, and rotten teeth.

In Quintum 12

Quintus his wit infused into his braine,
Mislikes the place, and fled into his feete,
And there it wanders vp and downe the strectes,
Dabled in the durt, and soaked in the raine :
Doubtleffe his wit intends not to aspire,
Which leaues his head to trauell in the mire.

In Seuerum 13

The puritane Seuerus oft doth read,
This text that doth pronounce vaine speach a finne,
That thing defiles a man that doth proceed
From out the mouth, not that which enters in:
Hence is it that we seldome heare him sweare,
And thereof like a Pharisie he vauntes,
But he deuours more capons in a yeare,
Then would suffise a hundreth protestants:
And sooth, those sectaries are gluttons all,
Aswel the thred-bare Cobler as the Knight,
For those poore slaues which haue not wherwithal,
Feede on the rich till they deuoure them quite:
And so like Pharoes kine they eate vp cleane,
Those that be fat, yet still themselues be leane.

In Leucam 14

Leuca in presence once a fart did lett,
Some laught a little, she forfooke the place,
And mad with shame, did eke her gloue forget,
Which she returnde to fetch with bashfull grace:
And when she would haue said, this is my gloue,
My fart (quoth she) which did more laughter moue.

In Macrum 15

Thou canst not speake yet Macer, for to speake,
Is to distinguish soundes significant,
Thou with harsh noyse the aire dost rudely breake,
But what thou vtterest common sence doth want:
Halfe English words, with fustian tearmes among,
Much like the burthen of a northern song.

In Faustum 16

That youth¹ faith Faustus hath a lion seene,
Who from a dicing house comes monileffe,
But when he lost his haire, where had he beene,
I doubt me he had seene a lionesse.

In Cosmum 17

Cosmus hath more discourfing in his head,
Then Ioue, when Pallas issued from his braine,
And still he striues to be deliuered
Of all his thoughts at once, but all in vaine:
For as we see at all the play-house doores,
When ended is the play, the daunce, and song,
A thousand townsmen, gentlemen, and whores,

Porters and feruingmen together throng,
So thoughts of drinking, thriuing, wenching, warre,
And borrowing money raging in his mind,
To issue all at once so forward are,
As none at all can perfect passage find.

In Flaccum 18

The false knaue Flaccus once a bribe I gaue,
The more foole I to bribe so false a knaue,
But hee gaue backe my bribe, the more foole he,
That for my folly did not cosen me.

In Cineam 19

Tbou dogged Cineas hated like a dogge,
For still thou grumblest like a mastie dogge,
Comparst thy selfe to nothing but a dogge:
Thou saist thou art as wearie as a dogge,
As angrie, sicke, and hungrie as a dogge,
As dull and melancholy as a dogge,
As lazie, sleepeie, idle as a dogge,
But why dost thou compare thee to a dogge?
In that for which all men despise a dogge,
I will compare thee better to a dogge:

Thou art as faire and comely as a dogge,
Thou art as true and honest as a dogge,
Thou art as kinde and liberall as a dogge,
Thou art as wise and valiant as a dogge:
But Cineas, I haue oft heard thee tell
Thou art as like thy father as may be,
Tis like inough, and faith I like it well,
But I am glad thou art not like to mee.

In Gerontem. 20

Geron whose mouldie memorie corrects,
Old Hollinshed our famous chronicler,
VVith morrall rules, and pollicie collects
Out of all actions doone this fourescore yeare,
Accounts the times of euerie odde euent,
Not from christs birth, nor from the princes raigne
But from some other famous accident,
VVhich in mens generall notise doth remaine,
The siege of Bulloigne, and the plaguie sweat,
The going to faint Quintines and new Hauen,
The rising in the North, the frost so great,
That cartwheeprints on Thames face were seen,
The fall of Money, & burning of Paules steeple,
The blazing starre, and Spaniards ouerthrow :
By these euent notorious to the people
He measures times, and things forepast doth shew.

But most of all he chiefly reckons by
A priuate chance, the death of his curst wife,
This is to him the deereft memorie,
And th'happieft accident of all his life.

In Marcum. 21

when Marcus comes from Mins, he still doth sweare
By, come a seauen, that all is lost and gone,
But thats not true, for he hath lost his haire,
Onely for that hee came too much at one.

In Ciprium. 22

The fine youth Ciprius is more tierse and neate,
Then the new garden of the old temple is,
And still the newestt fashion he doth get,
And with the time doth change from that to this,
He weares a hat now of the flat crowne blocke,
The treble ruffes, long cloake, and doublet French,
He takes tobacco, and doth weare a locke,
And wastes more time in dressing then a wench,
Yet this new-fangled youth made for these times,
Doth aboue all prayse old Gascoins rimes.

In Cineam 23

When Cineas comes amongst his frinds in morning,
He flily lookes who first his Cap doth mooue,
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning,
As if for euer they had lost his loue :

I knowing how it doth the humour fit,
Of this fond gull to be saluted first,
Catch at my Cap, but mooue it not a whit :
Which perceiuing he seems for spite to burst :
But Cineas, why expect you more of me,
Then I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quallitie,
For vault, and daunce, and fence, and rime I can,
You keepe a whore at your own charge men tel me,
In deede friend Cineas, therein you excell me.

In Gallum 24

Gallus hath beene this Sommer time in Frizeland,
And now returnd he speakes such warlike wordes,
As if I could their English vnderstand.
I feare me they would cut my throate like swordes.
He talkes of counter scarphes and casomates,
Of parapets of curteneyes and Palizadois,
Of Flankers, Raelings, gabions he prates,
And of false brayes and fallyes and scaladose :

But

But to requite such gulling termes as these,
With wordes of my profession I reply,
I tell of foorching, vouchers, counter pleas,
Of whither names effoynes and champartie,
So neither of vs vnderstanding either,
We part as wise as when we came together.

In Decium 25

Audacious Painters haue nine woorthies made,
But Poet Decius more Audacious farre,
Making his Mistris march with men of warre,
With title of tenth woorthly doth her laide
Me thinkes that Gull did vse his termes as fit,
Which termd his loue a Giant for hir wit.

In Gellam 26

If Gellas bewtie be examined,
She hath a dull dead eye, a fadle nose,
An ill shapte face, with Morpheu ouerspred,
And rotten teeth, which she in laughing showes,
Breefly, she is the filthist wench in towne,
Of all that doth the art of whoring vse,
But when she hath put on her fattin gowne,
Hir out lawne apron and hir veluet shooes,

Hir greene filke stockings, and hir peticoate
Of taffatie, with golden fringe arounde,
And is withall perfumed with Ciuet hot,
Which doth hir valiant stinking breath confound.
Yet she with these additions is no more,
Then a sweete, filthie, fine, ilfauoted whore.

In Sillam 27

Silla is often chalengd to the field,
To answere like a Gentleman his foes,
But then doth he this only answere yeeld,
That he hath liuings and faire lands to lose:
Silla, if none but beggers valiant were,
The King of Spaine would put vs all in feare.

In Sillam. 28

Who dares affirme that Silla dares not fight?
When I dare sware he dares aduenture more
then the most braue, and most al-daring wight,
that euer armes which resolution bore,
He that dare touch the most vnholosome whore,
that euer was retirde into the spittle,
And dares court wenches standing at a dore,
The portion of his wit being passing little.

He that dares giue his dearest friend offences,
Which other valiant fooles doe feare to do,
And when a feuer doth confound his senses,
Dare eate raw biese and drinke strong wine thereto.

He that dares take Tabaco on the stage,
Dares man a whore at noon-day through the street
Dares daunce in Poules, and in this formall age,
Dares say and doe what euer is vnmeete,
VVhom feare of shame could neuer yet affright,
VVho dares affirme that Silla dares not fight?

In Haywodum. 29

Haywood which did in Epigrams excell,
Is now put downe since my light muse arose,
As buckets are put downe into a well,
Or as a Schoole-boy putteth downe his hose.

In Dacum. 30

Amongst the Poets Dacus numbred is,
Yet could he neuer make an English rime,
But some prose speeches I haue heard of his,
VVhich haue bene spoken many a hundreth time,
The man that keeps the Elephant hath one,
VVherein he tels the wonders of the beast,

An other Banks pronounced long a goe,
VVhen he his curtailes quallities exprest,
He first taught him that keeps the monumentes
At VVestminster his formall tale to say,
And also him which puppets represents,
And also him which with the Ape doth play :
Though all his Poetrie be like to this,
Amongst the Poets Dacus numbered is.

In Priscum. 31

VVhen Priscus raifd from low to high estate,
Rode through the streetes in pompous iollitie,
Caius his poore familiar friend of late,
Bespake him thus : Sir now you know not me,
Tis likely friend (quoth Priscus) to be so,
For at this time my selfe I doe not know.

In Brunum. 32

Brunus which thinkes himselfe a faire sweete youth,
Is thirtie nine yeares of age at least,
Yet was he neuer, to confesse the truth,
But a drie starueling when he was at best :
This Gull was ficke to shew his night cap fine,
And his wrought pillow ouerspred with lawne,
But hath been well since his griefes cause hath line
At Trollups by Saint Clements Church in pawne.

In Francum. 33

VWhen Francus comes to solace with his whore,
He sends for rods and strips himselfe starke naked,
For his lust sleepest and will not rise before,
By whipping of the wench it be awaked :
I enuie him not, but wish I had the powre,
To make my felfe his wench but one halfe howre.

In Castorem. 34

Of speaking well why doe we learne the skill,
Hoping thereby honor and wealth to gaine,
Sith railing Castor doth by speaking ill,
Opinion of much wit and golde obtaine.

In Septimum. 35

Septimus liues, and is like Garlike seene,
For though his head be white, his blade is greene,
This olde mad coult deserues a Martyrs praise,
For he was burned in Queene Maries daies.

Homer of Moly, and Nepenthe sings,
Moly the gods most soueraigne herbe diuine,
Nepenthe *Heuens* drinke which gladnes brings,
Harts grieffe expels, and doth the wits refine:
 But this our age another world hath found,
 From whence an herbe of heauenly power is
 Moly is not so soueraigne for a wound, (brought
 Nor hath Nepenthe so great wonders brought.
It is Tabacco, whose sweete substantiall fume
the hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,
By drawing downe and drying vp the rume,
The mother and the nurse of each disease,
 It is Tabaco which doth colde expell,
 And cleeres the obstructions of the arteries,
 And surfetstheatning death digesteth well,
 Decocting all the stomackes crudities:
It is Tabacco which hath power to clarifie,
The cloudy mistes before dim eies appearing,
It is Tabaco which hath power to rarefie,
The thicke grosse humor which doth stop the hearing
 The wasting *Hecticke* and the quartane feuer,
 VVhich doth of *Phyficke* make a mockerie,
 The goute it cures, and helps ill breaths for euer,
 VVhether the cause in tooth or stomacke be.

And though ill breaths were by it but confounded,
Yet that medicine it dooth farre excell,
VVhich by Sir Thomas More hath bin propounded,
For this is thought a gentlemanlike smell,
O that I were one of these mounybankes, (fell,
VVhich praise their oyles, and powders which they
My customers would giue me coyne with thankes,
I for this ware so smooth a tale would tell :
Yet would I vse none of those termes before,
I would but say, that it the Pox will cure :
This were enough without discourfing more,
All our braue Gallants in the towne t'allure.

In Craffum 37

Craffus his lies are not pernicious lies,
But pleafant fictions, hurtfull vnto none
But to himfelfe, for no man counts him wife,
to tell for truth, that which for false is knowne :
He fwares that Gaunt is threescore miles about,
And that the bridge at *Parris* on the Seine,
Is of fuch thicknes, length, and breadth, throughout
That fixscore arches can it scarce fustaine,
He fwares he faw fo great a dead mans scull,
At *Canterburie* digd out of the ground,

that would containe of wheate three bushels ful,
And that in Kent are twentie yeomen found,
Of which the pooreft euery yeare dispends
Fiue thousand pound : these & fiue thousand moe
So oft he hath recited to his friends,
that nowe himselfe perswades himselfe tis so :
But why doth Craffus tell his lies so rife,
Of bridges, townes, and things that haue no life ?
Hee is a lawyer, and doth well espie,
that for such lies an action wil not lie.

In Philonem. 38

Philo the Gentleman and the fortune-teller,
the schoolemaster, the midwife, and the baude,
the coniuurer, the buyer and the feller,
Of painting, which with breathing will be thawde,
Doth practise Phisicke, and his credite growes,
As doth the ballad-fingers audiorie,
Which hath at temple-Barre his standing chose,
And to the vulgar sings an ale-house storie.
First stands a Porter, then an oyster wife
Doth stint her cry, and stay her steps to heare him,
then comes a cut-purse readie with his knife,
And then a countrie clyent preffeth neere him,
there stands the cōstable, there stands the whore,
And hearkening to the song, marke not ech other.
There

There by the Sergant stands the debter poore,
And doth no more mistrust him then his brother
Thus Orpheus to such hearers giueth musicke,
And Philo to such Patients giueth phisicke.

In Fuscum. 39

Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will,
Yet in the course of life that hee doth leade,
Hees like a horse which turning round a mill,
Doth alwaies in the selfesame circle treade :
First he doth rise at ten, and at eleuen
He goes to Gilles, where he doth eate til one,
Then sees a play till fixe, and suppes at seauen,
And after supper straight to bed is gone,
And there till tenne next day he doth remaine,
And then he dines, then sees a Commedie,
And then he suppes, and goes to bed againe,
Thus rounde he runnes without varietie,
Saue that sometimes he comes not to the play,
But falles into a whore house by the way.

D

The smel feaft Afer trauailes to the Burfe
Twife euery day the flying news to heare,
Which when he hath no mony in his purfe,
To rich mens tables he doth often beare :
 He tels how Gronigen is taken in
 By the braue conduct of illustrious Vere,
 And how the spanish forces Brest would winne,
 But that they do victorious Norris feare :
No sooner is a shippe at sea surprisde,
But straight he learns the newes and doth disclose it
No sooner hath the Turke a plot deuise
To conquerie Christendom, but straight he knows it,
 Faire written in a scroule he hath the names
 Of all the widdowes which the plague hath made,
 And persons, times, and places still he frames
 To euery tale, the better to perswade :
We call him Fame, for that the wide-mouth slaue
Will eate as fast as he will vtter lies,
For Fame is said a hundred mouthes to haue,
And he eates more then would fise score suffice.

In Paulum 41

By lawfull mart, and by vnlawfull stealth,
Paulus in spite of enuie fortunate,
Deriues out of the Oceans so much wealth,
As he may well maintaine a Lords estate,
But on the land a little gulfe there is,
VVherein he drowneth all this wealth of his.

In Lycum. 42

Lycus which lately is to Venis gone,
Shall if he doe returne, gaine three for one,
But tenne to one, his knowledge and his witte,
VVill not be bettered nor increasde a whit.

In Publium. 43

Publius student at the common law,
Oft leaues his bookes, and for his recreation,
To parish garden doth himselfe withdraw,
VVhere he is rauisht with such delectation,
As downe amongst the dogges and beares he goes,
VVhere whiles he skipping cries to head to head,
His fatten doublet and his veluet hose,
Are all with spittle from aboue bespread.

Then is he like his fathers country Hall,
Stinking with dogges, and muted all with hawkes,
And rightly too, on him this filth doth fall,
Which for such filthy sports his bookes forsake,
Leauing old Ployden, Diar, and Brooke alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes and Sakerfone.

In Sillam 44

When I this proposition had defended,
A coward cannot be an honest man,
Thou Sylla seemest forthwith to be offended,
And holdes the contrarie and fweares he can :
But when I tell thee that he will forsake
His dearest friend, in perill of his life,
Thou then art changde, and sayst thou didst mistake,
And so we end our argument and strife,
Yet I thinke oft, and thinke I thinke aright,
Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

In Dacum 45

Dacus with some good colour and pretence,
Tearmes his loues beautie filent eloquence,
For she doth lay more colours on her face,
Then euer Tully vsde his speech to grace.

In Marcum 46

Why dost thou Marcus in thy miserie,
Raile and blaspheme, and call the heauens vnkinde,
The heauens do owe no kindnesse vnto thee,
Thou hast the heauens so little in thy minde :
For in thy life thou neuer vvest prayer,
But at Primero, to encounter faire.

Meditations of a Gull. 47

See yonder melancholy Gentleman,
VVhich hoodwinck'd with his hat, alone doth sit,
Thinke what he thinkes, and tel me if you can,
VVhat great affaires troubles his little wit :
He thinkes not of the warre twixt France & Spain,
VVhether it be for Europes good or ill,
Nor whether the Empire can it selfe maintaine
Against the Turkish powre encroching still,
Nor what great towne in all the nether lands,
The States determine to besiege this spring,
Nor how the Scottish pollicie now standes,
Nor what becomes of th' Irish mutining :
But he doth seriouſlie bethinke him whether
Of the guld people he be more esteemde,
For his long cloake, or for his great blacke feather,
By which each gull is now a gallant deemde.

Or of a Iourney he deliberates,
To Paris garden cock-pit, or the play,
Or how to steale a dogge he meditates,
Or what he shall vnto his mistris say :
Yet with these thoughts he thinks himselfe most fit
To be of counsell with a King for wit.

Ad Musam 48

Pease idle Muse, haue done, for it is time,
Since lowlie Ponticus enuies my fame,
And sweares the better sort are much to blame,
To make me so well knowne for so ill rime,
Yet Banks his horse is better knowne then hee,
So are the camels and the westerne hogge,
And so is Lepidus his printed dogge,
VVhy doth not Ponticus their fames enuie,
Besides this Muse of mine, and the blacke feather,
Grew both together fresh in estimation,
And both growne stale, were cast away together :
VVhat fame is this that scarce last out a fashion :
Onely this last in credite doth remaine,
That from hence forth each bastard cast forth
Which doth but sauour of a libell vaine, (rime,
Shall call me father, and be thought my crime.
So dull and with so little sence endude,
Is my grose headed iudge, the multitude.

FINIS. I.D.



IGNOTO.

I Loue thee not for sacred chaffitie,
Who loues for that? nor for thy sprightly wit,
I loue thee not for thy sweete modestie,
Which makes thee in perfections throane to fit.

I loue thee not for thy inchaunting eye,
Thy beawty rauishing perfection,
I loue thee not for vnchast luxurie,
Nor for thy bodies faire proportion.

I loue thee not for that my foule doth daunce,
And leape with pleasure when those lips of thine,
Giue muscally and gracefull vtterance,
To some (by thee made happy) Poets line.

I loue thee not for voice or slender small,
But wilt thou know wherefore? faire sweete for all.

Faith (wench) I cannot court thy sprightly eyes,
With the bace viall plac'd betweene my thyghs,
I cannot lisper nor to some fidell fing,
Nor runne vpon a high strecht minikin,

I cannot whine in puling Elegies,
 Intombing Cupid with sad obsequies,
 I am not fashioned for these amorous times,
 To court thy beawtie with lasciuious rimes :
 I cannot dally, caper, daunce, and sing,
 Oyling my faint with supple sonnetting.
 I cannot crosse my armes or sigh ay me,
 Ay me forlorne? egregious foppery,
 I cannot buffe thy fist, play with thy haire,
 Swearing by Ioue thou art most debonaire :
 Not I by God, but shal I tel thee roundly, (foundly.
 Harke in thine eare, Zoundes I can () thee

Sweete wench I loue thee, yet I will not sue,
 Or shew my loue as muskie Courtiers doe,
 I'le not carouse a health to honor thee,
 In this same bezling drunken curtesie,
 And when alls quaf'd, eate vp my bowfing glasse,
 In glory that I am thy seruile Assè,
 Nor will I weare a rotten Burbon lock,
 As some sworn pesant to a female smock.
 VVell featurde lassè, thou knowest I loue thee deare,
 Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine eare :
 To hang thy durtie filken shootyres thear.
 Nor for thy loue wil I once gnash a bricke,
 Or some pied coulors in my bonet sticke :
 But by the chappes of hell to doe thee good,
 I'le freely spende my thrise decocted blood.

F I N I S.

CERTAIN E
OF OVIDS
ELEGIES.

By C. Marlow.



At Middleborough.





Amorum lib. 1. Elegia 1.

*Quemadmodum à Cupidine, pro bell.
amores scribere coactus fit.*

VVE which were Ouids five books, now are three
For these before the rest preferreth he:
If reading five thou plaint of tediousnesse,
Two tane away thy labor will be lesse:
With muse vpreard I meane to sing of armes,
Choosing a subiect fit for feirse alarmes:
Both verses were alike till loue (men say)
Began to smile and take one foote away.
Rash boy, who gaue thee power to change a line?
We are the Muses prophets, none of thine.
That if thy Mother take Dianas bowe?
Shall Dian fanne when loue begins to glowe.
In wooddie groues ist meete that Ceres Raigne,
And quiuer bearing Dian till the plaine:
Whole set the faire treste sonne in battell ray,
While Mars doth take the Aonion harpe to play,
Great are thy kingdomes, ouer strong and large,
Ambitious Imp, why seekst thou further charge?

Are all things thine? the Muses tempe thine?
Then scarce can Phœbus say, this harpe is mine.
When in this worke first verse I trod aloft,
I slackt my Muse, and made my number soft.
I haue no misstris, nor no fauorit,
Being fittest matter for a wanton wit,
Thus I complaind, but loue vnlockt his quiuer,
Tooke out the shaft, ordaind my hart to shiuer:
And bent his finewy bow vpon his knee,
Saying, Poet heers a worke befeeming thee.
Oh woe is me, he neuer shootes but hits,
I burne, loue in my idle bosome fits.
Let my first verse be fixe, my last fiew feete,
Fare well sterne warre, for blunter Poets meete.
Elegian Muse, that warblest amorous laies,
Girte my shine browe with sea banke mirtle praise.

C. Marlowe.

Amorum lib. 1. Elegia 3.
ad amicum.

I aske but right let hir that cought me late,
Either loue, or cause that I may neuer hate :
I aske too much, would she but let me loue hir,
Loue knowes with such like praiers, I dayly moue hir :
Accept him that will serue thee all his youth,
Accept him that will loue with spotlesse truth :
If loftie titles cannot make me thine,
That am descended but of knightly line.
Soone may you plow the little lands I haue,
I gladly graunt my parents giuen, to saue.
Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses may,
And Cupide who hath markt me for thy pray.
My spotlesse life, which but to Gods giue place,
Naked simplicitie, and modest grace.
I loue but one, and hir I loue change neuer,
If men haue *Faith*, Ile liue with thee for euer.
The yeares that fatall destenie shall giue,
Ile liue with thee, and die, or thou shalt greiue,
Be thou the happie subiect of my Bookes,
That I may write things worthy thy faire lookes :
By verses horned Io got hir name,
And she to whom in shape of Bull Ioue came.
And she that on a faind Bull swamme to land,
Griping his false hornes with hir virgin hand :
So likewise we will through the world be rung,
And with my name shall thine be alwaies fung.

Amorum lib. 1. Elegia 5.

Corinnæ concubitus.

IN summers heate, and midtime of the day,
To rest my limbes, vppon a bedde I lay,
One window shut, the other open stood,
Which gaue such light, as twinkles in a wood,
Like twilight glimps at setting of the sunne,
Or night being past, and yet not day begunne,
Such light to shamefaste maidens must be showne,
Where they may sport, and seeme to be vnknowne
Then came Corinna in a long loose gowne,
Her white necke hid with tresses hanging downe,
Resembling faire Semiramis going to bed,
Or Lays of a thousand louers spread,
I snatcht hir gowne being thin, the harme was small
Yet striude she to be couered therewithall,
And striuing thus as one that would be cast,
Betrayde her selfe, and yeelded at the last,
Starke naked as she stood before mine eie,
Not one wen in her bodie could I spie,
What armes and shoulders did I touch and see,
How apt her breasts were to be prest by me,
How smoothe a bellie, vnder her waste sawe I,
How large a legge, and what a lustie thigh,
To leaue the rest, all likt me passing well,
I clingd her naked bodie, downe she fell,
Iudge you the rest, being tyrde she bad me kisse,
Ioue send me more such afternoones as this.

C. Marlow.

Amorum lib. 3. Elegia 13.

Ad amicum si peccatura est, ut occultè peccet.

SEeing thou art faire, I barre not thy false playing,
But let not mee poore soule know of thy straying,
Nor do I giue thee counsaile to liue chaste,
But that thou wouldst dissemble when tis paste,
She hath not trode awrie that doth denie it,
Such as confesse, haue lost their good names by it,
What madnesse ist to tell night pranks by day,
Or hidden secrets openlie to bewray,
The strumpet with the stranger will not do,
Before the roome be cleere, and doore put too,
will you make shipwracke of your honest name,
And let the world be witnesse of the same:
Be more aduisde, walke as a puritane,
And I shall thinke you chaste do what you can,
Slippe still, onely denie it when tis done,
And before folke immodest speeches shunne,
The bed is for lasciuious toyings meete,
There vse all tricks, and tread shame vnder feete,
When you are vp and drest, be sage and graue,
And in the bed hide all the faults you haue,
Be not ashamed to strippe you being there,
And mingle thighs, mine euer yours to beare,
There in your rosie lippes my tongue intombe,
Practise a thousand sports when there you come,

Forbare no wanton words you there would speake,
And with your pastime let the bedsted creake,
But with your robes, put on an honest face,
And blush, and seeme as you were full of grace,
Deceiue all, let me erre, and thinke I am right,
And like a wittall thinke thee voyde of sight,
Why see I lines so oft receiude and giuen,
This bed, and that by tumbling made vneuen,
Like one start vp your haire toft and displaft,
And with a wantons tooth, your necke new raste,
Graunt this, that what you do I may not see,
If you wey not ill speeches, yet wey mee :
My soule fleetes when I thinke what you haue done,
And through euerie vaine doth cold bloud runne,
Then thee whom I must loue I hate in vaine,
And would be dead, but dying, with thee remaine,
Ile not sift much, but hold thee soone excusde,
Say but thou wert iniurously accusde,
Though while the deede be doing you be tooke,
And I see when you ope the two leaude booke :
Swear I was blinde, yeeld not, if you be wise,
And I will trust your words more then mine eies,
From him that yeelds the garland is quickly got,
Teach but your tongue to say, I did it not,
And being iustified by two words, thinke
The cause acquits you not, but I that winke.

C. Marlow.

Amorum lib. 2. Elegia 15.

Ad inuidos, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.

ENuie, why carpest thou my time is spent so ill?
And tearmes our works fruits of an idle quill,
Or that vnlike the line from whence I come,
VVars duffie honors are refused being yong,
Nor that I studie not the brawling lawes,
Nor set my voyce to sale in euerie cause.
Thy scope is mortall, mine eternall fame,
That all the world might euer chaunt my name.
Homer shall liue while Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or to the sea swift Symois shall slide.
Ascreus liues, while grapes with new wine swell,
Or men with crooked fickles corne downe fell,
For euer lasts high Sophocles proud vaine.
VVith sunne and moone Æratus shall remaine.
VVhile bond-men cheat, fathers hoord, bawds hoorish
And strumpets flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of wit,
Are both in Fames eternall legend writ.
VVhat age of Varroes name shall not be tolde,
And Iasons Argos, and the fleece of golde.
Loftie Lucretius shall liue that houre,
That Nature shall dissolue this earthly bowre.
Æneas warre, and Titerus shall be read,
VVhile Rome of all the conquering world is head.

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Till Cupids bow, and fierie shafts be broken,
Thy verses sweete Tibullus shall be spoken.
And Gallus shall be knowne from East to VVest,
So shall Licorus whom he loued best :
Therefore when flint and yron weare away,
Verse is immortall, and shall nere decay.
Let Kings giue place to verse and kingly shoves,
The banks ore which gold bearing Tagus flowes.
Let base conceited wits, admire vilde things,
Faire Phœbus leade me to the Muses springs.
About my head be quiuering Mirtle wound,
And in sad louers heads let me be found.
The liuing, not the dead can enuie bite,
For after death all men receiue their right :
Then though death rackes my bones in funerall fier,
Ile liue, and as he puls me downe, mount higher.

Amorum. lib. 1. Elegia. 13.

Ad auroram ne properet.

NOW on the sea from her old loue comes shee,
That drawes the day frō heauens cold axeltree.
Aurora whither slidest thou? downe againe,
And birds from Memnon yearly shall be slaine.
Now in her tender armes I sweetly bide,
If euer, now well lies she by my fide.
The aire is colde, and sleepe is sweetest now,
And birds fend forth shrill notes from euerie bow.
VVhither runst thou, that men, and women, loue not?
Hold in thy rosie horses that they moue not.
Ere thou rise starres teach seamen where to faile,
But when thou comest they of their courses faile.
Poore trauailers though tierd, rise at thy sight,
And fouldiours make them ready to the fight,
The painfull Hinde by thee to field is sent,
Slow oxen early in the yoake are pent.
Thou coosnest boyes of sleepe, and dost betray them
To Pedants, that with cruell lashes pay them.
Thou makste the suretie to the lawyer runne,
That with one worde hath nigh himselfe vndone,
The lawier and the client both do hate thy view,
Both whom thou raifest vp to toyle anew.
By thy meanes women of their rest are bard,
Thou setst their labouring hands to spin and card.

This could I beare, but that the wench should rise,
VVho can indure, saue him with whom none lies?
How oft wisht I night would not giue thee place,
Nor morning starres shunne thy vprising face.
How oft, that either wind would breake thy coche,
Or steeds might fal forced with thick clouds approach.
VVhither goest thou hateful nimph? Memnon the elfe
Receiued his cole-blacke colour from thy selfe.
Say that thy loue with Cæphalus were not knowne,
Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not showne.
VVould Tithon might but talke of thee a while,
Not one in heauen should be more base and vile.
Thou leau'ft his bed, because hees faint through age,
And early mountest thy hatefull carriage:
But hadst thou in thine armes some Cæphalus,
Then wouldst thou cry, stay night and runne not thus.
Punish ye me, because yeares make him waine,
I did not bid thee wed an aged swaine.
The Moone sleepest with Endemion euerie day,
Thou art as faire as shee, then kisse and play.
Loue that thou shouldst not haue but wait his leasure,
Made two nights one to finish vp his pleasure.
I chid no more, shee blusht, and therefore heard me,
Yet lingered not the day, but morning scard me:

Amorum lib. 2. Elegia 4.

Quod amet mulieres, Cuiuscunque formæ sint.

I Meane not to defend the scapes of any,
Or iustifie my vices being many,
For I confesse, if that might merite fauour,
Heere I display my lewd and loose behaiour,
I loathe, yet after that I loathe, I runne :
Oh how the burden irkes, that we should shun,
I cannot rule my selfe but where loue please,
And driuen like a ship vpon rough seas,
No one face likes me best, all faces mooue,
A hundred reasons makes me euer loue.
If any eie mee with a modest looke,
I blush, and by that blushfull glasse am tooke :
And she thats coy I like, for being no clowne,
Me thinks she should be nimble when shees downe,
Though her sowre looks a sabins brow resemble,
I thinke sheele doe, but deepely can dissemble,
If she be learned, then for her skill I craue her,
If not, because shees simple I would haue her,
Before Calimecus one preferres me farre,
Seeing she likes my bookes, why should we iarrc ?
Another railes at me, and that I write,
Yet would I lie with her if that I might.
Trips she, it likes me well, plods she, what than ?
She would be nimbler, lying with a man,

And when one sweetely fings, then straight I long,
To quauer on her lippes euen in her song,
Or if one touch the lute with art and cunning,
Who would not loue those hands for their swift run-
And she I like that with a maiestie, (ning,
Foldes vp her armes, and makes low curtesie,
To leaue my selfe, that am in loue withall,
Some one of these might make the chafest fall,
If she be tall, shees like an amazon,
And therefore filles the bed she lies vppon,
If short, she lies the rounder to speake troth,
Both short and long please me, for I loue both :
If her white necke be shadowde with blacke haire,
VVhy so was Ledas, yet was Leda faire,
Yellow trest is shee, then on the morne thinke I,
My loue alludes to euerie historie :
A yong wench pleaseth, and an old is good,
This for her looks, that for her woman-hood :
Nay what is she that any Romane loues,
But my ambitious ranging mind approoues ?

Amorum lib. 2. Elegia 10.

*Ad Grecinum quod eodem tempore
duas amet.*

GRecinus (well I wot) thou touldst me once,
I could not be in loue with twoo at once,
By thee deceiued, by thee surprisde am I,
For now I loue two women equallie:
Both are wel faouered, both rich in array,
Which is the loueliest it is hard to say:
This seemes the fairest, so doth that to mee,
This doth please me most, and so doth she,
Euen as a boate, tost by contrarie winde,
So with this loue, and that wauers my minde,
Venus, why doublest thou my endlesse smart?
Was not one wench inough to greeue my heart?
Why addst thou starres to heauen, leaues to greene
And to the deep vast sea fresh water flouds? (woods,
Yet this is better farre then lie alone,
Let such as be mine enemies haue none,
Yea, let my foes sleepe in an emptie bed,
And in the midst their bodies largely spread:
But may soft loue rowse vp my drowsie eies,
And from my mistris bosome let me rise:
Let one wench cloy me with sweete loues delight
If one can doote, if not, two euerie night,
Though I am slender, I haue store of pith,

Nor want I strength, but weight to presse her with :
Pleasure addes fuell to my lustfull fire,
I pay them home with that they most desire :
Oft haue I spent the night in wantonneffe,
And in the morne beene liuely nerethelesse,
Hees happie who loues mutuall skirmish slayes,
And to the Gods for that death Ouid prayes,
Let fouldiour chase his enemies amaine,
And with his bloud eternall honour gaine,
Let marchants seeke wealth with periured lips,
And being wrackt, carowse the sea tir'd by their ships:
But when I die, would I might droope with doing,
And in the midft thereof, fet my soule going,
That at my funeralles some may weeping crie,
Euen as he led his life, so did he die.

Amorum

Amorum lib. 3. Elegia 6.

*Quod ab amica receptus cum ea coire
non potuit conqueritur.*

Either she was foule, or her attire was bad,
Or she was not the wench I wisht t'haue had,
Idly I lay with her, as if I loude her not,
And like a burden greeude the bed that mooued not,
Though both of vs performd our true intent,
Yet could I not cast ancor where I meant,
Shee on my necke her luorie armes did throw,
That were as white as is the Scithean snow,
And egerlie she kist me with her tongue,
And vnder mine her wanton thigh she flong,
Yea, and she soothde me vp, and calde me fir,
And vsde all speech that might prouoke and stirre,
Yet like as if cold hemlocke I had drunke,
It mocked me, hung down the head and funcke,
Like a dull Cipher, or rude blocke I lay,
Or shad, or body was Io? who can say,
VVhat will my age do? age *I* cannot shunne,
Seeing in my prime my force is spent and done,
I blush, and being youthfull, hot, and lustie,
I proue neither youth nor man, but olde and rustie,
Pure rose shee, like a Nun to sacrifice,
Or one that with her tender brother lies,
Yet boarded *I* the golden Chie twise,

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And Libas, and the white cheek'de Pitho thrise,
Corinna craude it in a summers night,
And nine sweete bouts had we before day light,
what waft my limbs through some Thesalian charms,
May spelles and droughs do fillie soules such harmes?
VVith virgin waxe hath some imbast my ioynts,
And pierst my liuer with sharpe needle poynts,
Charmes change corne to grasse, and makes it dye,
By charmes are running springs and fountaines drie,
By charmes maste drops from okes, from vines grapes
And fruit from trees, when ther's no wind at al (fall,
Why might not then my finews be enchanted,
And I grow faint, as with some spirit haunted,
To this ad shame, shame to performe it quaild mee,
And was the second cause why vigor failde mee:
My idle thoughts delighted her no more,
Then did the robe or garment which she wore,
Yet might her touch make youthful pilus fire,
And Tithon liuelier then his yeeres require,
Euen her I had, and she had me in vaine,
What might I craue more if I aske againe,
I thinke the great Gods greued they had bestowde
this benefite, which lewdly I forflowd:
I wisht to be receiued in, and in I got me,
to kisse, *I* kisse, to lie with her shee let me,
Why was I blest? why made king? and refusde it,
Chuf-like had I not gold, and could not vse it,
So in a spring thriues he that told so much,
And lookes vppon the fruits he cannot touch,

Hath any rose so from a fresh yong maide,
 As she might straight haue gone to church & praide:
 Well, I beleue she kist not as she should,
 Nor vsde the slight nor cunning which she could,
 Huge okes, hard Adamantes might she haue moued,
 And with sweete words cause deafe rockes to haue
 VVorthy she was to moue both Gods & men (loued
 But neither was I man, nor liued then,
 Can deafe yeares take delight when Pheuius sings,
 Or Thamaris in curious painted things,
 VVhat sweete thought is there but I had the same,
 And one gaue place still as another came?
 yet notwithstanding, like one dead it lay,
 Drouping more then a Rose puld yesterday:
 Now when he should not iette, he boult vpright,
 And craues his taske, and seekes to be at fight,
 Lie downe with shame, and see thou stirre no more,
 Seeing now thou wouldst deceiue me as before:
 Thou coufendst mee, by thee surprizde am I,
 And bide sore losse, with endlesse infamie,
 Nay more, the wench did not disdaine a whit,
 To take it in her hand and play with it.
 But when she saw it would by no meanes stand,
 But still droupt downe regarding not her hand,
 VVhy mockst thou me she cried, or being ill,
 VVho bad thee lie downe here against thy will?
 Either thart witcht with blood of frogs new dead,
 Or iaded camst thou from some others bed.
 VVith that her loose gowne on from me she cast her

In skipping out her naked feete much grac'd her,
And leaft her maide should know of this difgrace,
To couer it, fpilt water in the place.

Amorum lib. 1. Elegia 2.

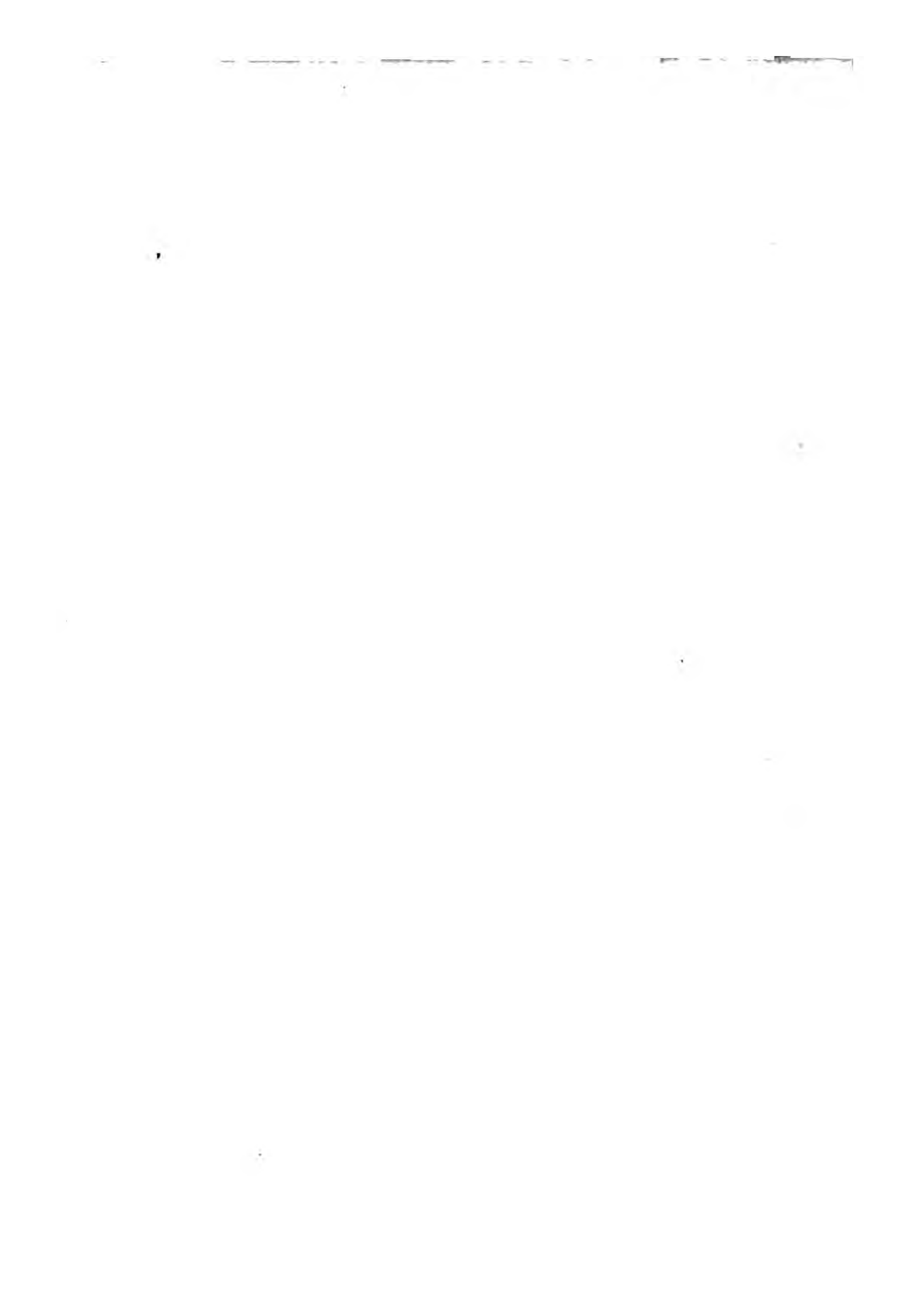
*Quod primo Amore correptus, in triumphum
duci se à Cupidine patiat.*

WHat makes my bed seem hard seeing it is soft?
Or why slips downe the Couerlet so oft?
Although the nights be long, I sleepe not tho
My fides are fore with tumbling to and fro.
Were loue the cause, its like I shoulde descry him,
Or lies he close, and shoots where none can spie him.
T'was so he stroke me with a slender dart,
Tis cruell loue turmoyles my captiue hart.
yeelding or striuing doe we giue him might
Lets yeeld, a burden easly borne is light.
I saw a brandisht fire increase in strength,
Which being not shakt, I saw it die at length.
yong oxen newly yokt are beaten more,
Then oxen which haue drawne the plow before.
And rough iades mouths with stubburn bits are torne

But managde horses heads are lightly borne,
 Vnwilling Louers, loue doth more torment,
 Then such as in their bondage feele content.
 Loe I confesse, I am thy captiue I,
 And hold my conquered hands for thee to tie.
 What needes thou warre, I sue to thee for grace,
 With armes to conquer armlesse men is base,
 Yoke Venus Doues, put Mirtle on thy haire,
 Vulcan will giue thee Chariots rich and faire.
 the people thee applauding thou shalte stand,
 Guiding the harmlesse Pigeons with thy hand.
 Yong men and women, shalt thou lead as thrall,
 So will thy triumphs seeme magnificall,
 I lately cought, will haue a new made wound,
 And captiue like be manacled and bound.
 Good meaning shame, and such as seeke loues wrack
 Shall follow thee, their hands tied at their backe.
 thee all shall feare and worship as a King,
 Io, triumphing shall thy people sing.
 Smooth speeches, feare and rage shall by thee ride,
 Which troopes hath alwayes bin on Cupids side :
 thou with these souldiers conquereft gods and men,
 take these away, where is thy honor then?
 thy mother shall from heauen applaud this show,
 And on their faces heapes of Rosfes strow.
 With beautie of thy wings, thy faire haire gilded,
 Ride golden loue in Chariots richly builded.
 Vnlesse I erre full many shalt thou burne,
 And giue woundes infinite at euerie turne:

In spite of thee, forth will thy arrowes flie,
A scorching flame burnes all the standers by.
So hauing conquerd Inde, was Bacchus hew,
Thee Pompous birds and him two tygres drew.
Then seeing I grace thy show in following thee,
Forbeare to hurt thy selfe in spoyling mee.
Beholde thy kinsmans Cæsars prosperous bandes,
Who gatdes thee conquered with his conquering
(hands.

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