FIDESSA.

Of this Volume **One Hundred Copies** ***only are printed.***

FIDESSA;

A

COLLECTION OF SONNETS.

BY

B. GRIFFIN.

REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1596.

CHISWICK:

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM.

M DCCC XV.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Of the author of this small volume of amatory Sonnets, no account has been given by any of our writers on Bibliography or early English Poetry; and the publisher of the present reprint has to regret, that he can add nothing to the stock of our poetical biography, although every probable source of information has been explored, without success.

The name of Griffin is familiar in many counties of England, particularly in Worcestershire, where several most respectable families of that name have flourished, and where some still exist. To one of these it is probable the author of FIDESSA *belonged; and it is not impossible that he might be related to*

Bartholomew Griffin of Bideford, who on the 3rd of April, 1582, *obtained a licence from John, Bishop of Worcester, to eat meat during Lent, and on other fasts, so long as his indisposition continued*. Had the will of this Bartholomew Griffin been discovered, some certain clue might have been obtained to his namesake, but no research for this document has, as yet, proved successful.*

The little volume, of which this is a faithful reprint, is one of the rarest of those that appeared at the period in which it is dated: so rare indeed is it, that the publisher is not aware of more than two copies now existing, although others may perhaps be discovered hereafter. From one of these this edition has been taken, the other is in the very curious collection of the late Mr. Malone; and it is believed, that from this source Ritson obtained the brief notice of the author, which appeared in his "Bibliographia Poetica."

* Dugdale's *History of Warwickshire*, page 730: ed. Thomas.

But besides the rarity of FIDESSA, *it claims some notice from the curious reader on account of a very striking resemblance between Griffin's third Sonnet and one of Shakspeare's in the "Passionate Pilgrim;" —the latter is here given from the edition of his Poems by Malone, vol.* 10, 324.

Fair Venus, with Adonis sitting by her*
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him;
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me;
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms:
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me,
As if the boy should use like loving charms:
Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
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 kiss and clip me till I run away!

* The early copies read "Venus, with Adonis sitting by her;" the defective word was added at Dr. Farmer's suggestion: had he seen a copy of *Fidessa*, the true reading might perhaps have been restored.

The first edition known of Shakspeare's "Passionate Pilgrim" was in small octavo, 1599, *for W. Jaggard; sold by William Leake. The second (if that of* 1599 *be the first) has not been discovered. The third was also printed for Jaggard in* 1612.

Whether Shakspeare stole the sonnet from Griffin, or Griffin from Shakspeare; or whether William Jaggard borrowed the property of Matthew Lownes, must remain to be determined, when it is known whether there be an edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim" previous to that already discovered of 1599. *In the mean time, the reader must resolve for himself on the probability of Shakspeare's having Griffin's fifteenth sonnet* on Sleep *in his recollection, when he wrote the apostrophe to Sleep in "Macbeth," act* 2, *scene* 2, *and the soliloquy in "The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth." Both these places have been pointed out to the publisher as affording proof that Shakspeare was acquainted with the* FIDESSA *of our author; but*

he is compelled to differ from his informant on this subject, since he conceives the "balm of hurt minds" in Macbeth, as nothing more than an accidental resemblance to the "balm of the bruised heart" of Griffin; and if this one similarity be excepted, no evidence whatever remains on which Shakspeare can be convicted of plagiarism from FIDESSA. *But this, if it can be a question, the publisher again refers for decision to the sagacity of the reader.*

The Mr. Essex, to whom Griffin dedicates the first fruit of his muse, was one of a very honourable and most ancient family at Lamborne: of which see Ashmole's "History of Berkshire," vol. 2, *p.* 237.

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More Chaste then Kinde.

BY

B. GRIFFIN, GENT.

At London:
PRINTED BY THE WIDDOW SOWIN,
FOR MATTHEW LOWNES.

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TO THE

MOST KINDE AND VERTVOUS GENTLEMAN,

M. WILLIAM ESSEX OF LAMEBOURNE,

IN THE COUNTIE OF BARKE ESQUIRE.

SIR, it may seeme strange that I should be thus far bold to make choyce of your selfe, a patron of so slender a work, (especially being so little knowne vnto you as I am:) but howsoeuer, I protest what is done, proceedeth from the vnfained loue I beare vnto you, your owne demerit, your friendes hope, and the good reporte of all men. All which, are liuely witnesses of your loue to the Muses, your grace with fortune, and

your fame with the worlde, quickened in your birth, increased in your trauailes, and liuing after death. Daigne (sweete sir) to pardon the matter, iudge fauorably of the manner, and accept both: so shall I euer rest yours in all dewtifull affection,

Yours euer,

B. GRIFFIN.

TO

THE GENTLEMEN

OF

THE INNES OF COURT.

Cvrteous Gentlemen, it may please you intertaine with patience this poore pamphlet, vnworthy I confesse so worthy patronage, if I presume, I craue pardon: if offend, it is the first fruite of any my writings: if dislike, I can be but sory. Sweete Gentlemen, censure mildlie, as protectors of a poore stranger, iudge the best, as incouragers of a young beginner: So shall I make true report of your vndeserued fauours, and you shall

be your selues euer curteous. In this hope (if promise may goe for currant) I willingly make the same vnto you of a Pastorall yet vnfinished, that my purpose was to haue added (for varietie sake) to this little volume of Sonnets: the next tearme you may expect it. In the meane time I wholy relye on your gentle acceptance.

Yours euer,

B. GRIFFIN.

To Fidessa.

SONNET. I.

Fertur fortunam fortuna fauêre ferenti.

FIDESSA faire, long liue a happie maiden,
  Blest from thy cradle by a worthie mother:
High-thoughted (like to her) with bountie laden,
  Like pleasing grace affoording one and other.
Sweet modell of thy farre renowned Sire,
  Hold backe a while thy euer-giuing hand:
And though these free pend lines do nought require,
  For that they skorne at base Reward to stand:
Yet craue they most, for that they begge the least,
  Dumbe is the message of my hidden griefe,
And store of speech by silence is increast,
  Oh let me die or purchase some reliefe.
Bounteous *Fidessa* cannot be so cruell,
As for to make my heart her fancies fuell.

SONNET. II.

How can that piercing christall-painted eye,
  That gaue the onset to my high-aspiring,
Yeelding each looke of mine a sweet replye,
  Adding new courage to my hearts desiring?
How can it shut it selfe within her Arke,
  And keepe her selfe and me both from the light:
Making vs walke in al-misguiding darke,
  Aye to remaine in confines of the night?
How is it that so little roome containes it,
  (That guides the Orient, as the world the Sunne?)
Which once obscur'd, most bitterly complaines it,
  Because it knowes and rules what ere is done.
The reason is, that they may dread her sight,
Who doth both giue and take away their light.

SONNET. III.

Venus, and yong *Adonis* sitting by her,
  Vnder a Myrtle shade began to woe him:
She told the yong-ling how god *Mars* did trie her,
  And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
Euen thus (quoth she) the wanton god embrac'd me,
  (And then she clasp'd *Adonis* in her armes)
Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god vnlac'd me,
  As if the boy should vse like louing charmes.
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!

SONNET. IIII.

Did you sometimes three German brethren see
Rancor twixt two of them so raging rife,
That th' one could stick the other with his knife?
Now if the third assaulted chance to bee
By a fourth stranger, him set on the three:
Them two twixt whom afore was deadly strife,
Made one to robbe the stranger of his life.
Then doe you know our state aswell as we,
Beautie and Chastitie with her were borne
Both at one birth, and vp with her did grow:
Beautie still foe to Chastitie was sworne,
And Chastitie sworne to be Beauties foe:
And yet when I lay siege vnto her heart,
Beautie and Chastitie both take her part.

SONNET. V.

ARRAIGN'D poore captiue at the barre I stand,
  The barre of Beautie, barre to all my ioyes,
And vp I hold my euer-trembling hand,
  Wishing or life or death to end annoyes.
And when the Iudge doth question of the guilt,
  And bids me speake, then sorrow shuts vp words:
Yea though he say, speake boldly what thou wilt,
  Yet my confusde affects no speech affoords.
For why (alas) my passions haue no bound,
  For feare of death that penetrates so neere:
And still one griefe another doth confound,
  Yet doth at length a way to speech appeere.
Then (for I speake too late) the Iudge doth giue
His sentence that in prison I shall liue.

SONNET. VI.

VNHAPPIE sentence, worst of worst of paines,
To lie in darksome silence out of ken:
Banisht from all that blisse the world containes,
And thrust from out the companies of men.
Vnhappie sentence, worse then worst of deaths,
Neuer to see *Fidessaes* louely face:
Oh better were I loose ten thousand breaths,
Then euer liue in such vnseene disgrace.
Vnhappie sentence, worse then paines of hell,
To liue in self-tormenting griefes alone:
Hauing my heart my prison and my cell,
And there consum'd, without reliefe to mone.
If that the sentence so vnhappie be,
Then what am I that gaue the same to me?

SONNET. VII.

Oft haue mine eyes the Agents of mine heart,
(False traytor eyes conspiring my decay)
Pleaded for grace with dumbe and silent art,
Streaming foorth teares my sorrowes to allay.
Moning the wrong they doe vnto their Lord,
Forcing the cruell faire by meanes to yeeld:
Making her (gainst her will) some grace t'affoord,
And striuing sore at length to winne the field.
Thus worke they meanes to feed my fainting hope,
And stregthened hope ads matter to each thought:
Yet when they all come to their end and scope,
They doe but whollie bring poore me to nought.
She'l neuer yeeld, although they euer crye,
And therefore we must altogether dye.

SONNET. VIII.

GRIEFE vrging guest, great cause haue I to
plaine me,
Yet hope perswading hope expecteth grace:
And saith none but my selfe shall euer paine me,
But griefe my hopes exceedeth in this cace.
For still my fortune euer-more doth crosse me,
By worse euents then euer I expected,
And here and there ten thousand waies doth tosse me
With sad remembrance of my time neglected:
These breeds such thoughts as set my heart on fire,
And like fell hounds pursue me to the death,
Traytors vnto their Soueraigne Lord and Sire,
Vnkind exacters of their fathers breath,
Whom in their rage they shall no sooner kill,
Then they themselues themselues vniustly spill.

SONNET. IX.

My spotles loue that neuer yet was tainted,
  My loyall heart that neuer can be moued:
My growing hope that neuer yet hath fainted,
  My constancie that you full well haue proued.
All these consented haue to pleade for grace,
  These all lye crying at the doore of Beautie:
This wailes, this sends out teares, this cryes apace:
  All doe reward expect of faith and dutie.
Now either thou must proue th' vnkindest one,
  And as thou fairest art, must cruelst be:
Or els with pitie yeeld vnto their mone,
  Their mone that euer will importune thee.
Ah thou must be vnkind and giue deniall,
And I poore I must stand vnto my triall.

SONNET. X.

CLIP not sweet loue the wings of my desire,
  Although it soare aloft and mount too hie:
But rather beare with me though I aspire:
  For I haue wings to beare me to the skie.
What though I mount, there is no Sunne but thee?
  And sith no other Sunne, why should I feare?
Thou wilt not burne me though thou terrifie:
  And though thy brightnes doe so great appeare,
Deere, I seeke not to batter downe thy glorie,
  Nor do I enuie that thy hope increaseth:
Oh neuer thinke thy fame doth make me sorrie,
  For thou must liue by fame when beautie ceaseth.
Besides, since from one roote we both did spring,
Why should not I thy fame and beautie sing?

SONNET. XI.

WING'D with sad woes, why doth faire *Zephire* blow
  Vpon my face, (the map of discontent)
Is it to haue the weedes of sorrow grow
  So long and thicke, that they will nere bee spent?
No fondling, no, it is to coole the fire,
  Which hot desire within thy breast hath made:
Check him but once, and he will soone retire:
  Oh but he sorrowes brought, which cannot fade.
The sorrowes that he brought he tooke from thee,
  Which faire *Fidessa* spun, and thou must weare:
Yet hath she nothing done of crueltie,
  But (for her sake) to trie what thou wilt beare.
Come sorrowes come, you are to me assignde,
Ile beare you all: it is *Fidessaes* minde.

SONNET. XII.

Oh if my heauenly sighes must proue annoy,
  Which are the sweetest musicke to my heart:
Let it suffice I count them as my ioy,
  Sweet bitter ioy, and pleasant painfull smart.
For when my breast is clogg'd with thousand cares,
  That my poore loaded heart is like to breake:
Then euery sigh doth question how it fares,
  Seeming to adde their strength: which makes me weake.
Yet (for they friendly are) I entertaine them,
  And they too well are pleased with their hoast:
But I (had not *Fidessa* been) ere now, had slaine them,
  It's for her cause they liue, in her they boast.
They promise helpe, but when they see her face,
They fainting yeeld, and dare not sue for grace.

SONNET. XIII.

COMPARE me to the child that plaies with fire,
  Or to the flye that dyeth in the flame:
Or to the foolish boy that did aspire,
  To touch the glorie of high heauens frame.
Compare me to *Leander* struggling in the waues,
  Not able to attaine his safeties shore:
Or to the sicke that doe expect their graues,
  Or to the captiue crying euer-more.
Compare me to the weeping wounded Hart,
  Moning with teares the period of his life:
Or to the Bore that will not feele his smart,
  When he is striken with the butchers knife.
No man to these can fitly me compare:
These liue to dye: I dye to liue in care.

SONNET. XIIII.

When silent sleepe had closed vp mine eyes,
My watchfull minde did then begin to muse:
A thousand pleasing thoughts did then arise,
That sought by sleights their master to abuse.
I saw (oh heauenly sight) *Fidessaes* face,
(And faire dame Nature blushing to behold it)
Now did she laugh, now winke, now smile apace,
She tooke me by the hand, and fast did hold it.
Sweetly her sweet bodie did she lay downe by me,
Alas poore wretch (quoth she) great is thy sorrow:
But thou shalt comfort find if thou wilt trie me,
I hope (sir boy) youle tell me newes to morrow.
With that away she went, and I did wake withall,
When (ah) my hony thoughts were turn'd to gall.

SONNET. XV.

CARE-charmer sleepe, sweet ease in restles miserie,
  The captiues libertie, and his freedomes song:
Balme of the brused heart, mans chiefe felicitie,
  Brother of quiet death, when life is too too long.
A Comedie it is, and now an Historie,
  What is not sleepe vnto the feeble minde?
It easeth him that toyles, and him that's sorrie:
  It makes the deaffe to heare, to see the blinde.
Vngentle sleepe, thou helpest all but me,
  For when I sleepe my soule is vexed most:
It is *Fidessa* that doth master thee,
  If she approach (alas) thy power is lost.
But here she is: see how he runnes amaine,
I feare at night he will not come againe.

SONNET. XVI.

For I haue loued long, I craue rewarde,
Rewarde me not vnkindlie: thinke on kindnes,
Kindnes becommeth those of high regarde:
Regard with clemencie a poore mans blindnes,
Blindnes prouokes to pittie when it crieth,
It crieth (giue) deere Lady shew some pittie;
Pittie, or let him die that daylie dieth:
Dieth he not oft, who often sings this dittie?
This dittie pleaseth me although it choke me,
Me thinkes dame Eccho weepeth at my moning,
Moning the woes, that to complaine prouoke me.
Prouoke me now no more, but heare my groning;
Groning both night and day doth teare my hart,
My hart doth know the cause, and triumphs in his smart.

SONNET. XVII.

SWEET stroke (so might I thriue) as I must praise,
But sweeter hand that giues so sweet a stroke:
The Lute it selfe is sweetest, when she plaies,
But what heare I? a string through feare is broke.
The Lute doth shake, as if it were afraide,
Oh sure some Goddesse holds it in her hand!
A heauenly power that oft hath me dismaide,
Yet such a power as doth in beautie stand.
Cease Lute, my ceaseles suite will nere be heard:
(Ah too hard hearted she that will not heare it)
If I but thinke on ioy, my ioy is mard,
My griefe is great, yet euer must I beare it.
But loue twixt vs will proue a faithfull page,
And she will loue my sorrowes to asswage.

SONNET. XVIII.

Oh she must loue my sorrowes to asswage,
  Oh God what ioy felt I when she did smile?
Whom killing griefe before did cause to rage,
  (Beautie is able sorrow to beguile.)
Out traytor absence, thou doest hinder me,
  And mak'st my Mistris often to forget:
Causing me raile vpon her crueltie,
  Whilst thou my suite iniuriously doest let.
Againe, her presence doth astonish me,
  And strikes me dumbe, as if my sense were gone
Oh is not this a strange perplexitie?
  In presence, dombe: she hears not absent mone.
Thus absent presence, present absence maketh,
That (hearing my poore suite) she it mistaketh.

SONNET. XIX.

My paine paints out my loue in dolefull verse,
(The liuely glasse wherein she may behold it)
My verse her wrông to me doth still rehearse:
But so, as it lamenteth to vnfold it.
My selfe with ceaseles teares my harmes bewaile,
And her obdurate heart not to be moued:
Through long continued woes my senses faile,
And curse the day, the houre when first I loued.
She takes the glasse, wherein her selfe she sees
In bloudie colours cruelly depainted:
And her poore prisoner humbly on his knees,
Pleading for grace with heart that neuer fainted.
She breakes the glasse, (alas I cannot choose)
But grieue that I should so my labour loose.

SONNET. XX.

GREAT is the ioy that no tongue can expresse,
Faire babe (new borne) how much doest thou
delight me?
But what is mine so great? yea no whit lesse
So great, that of all woes it doth acquite me.
It's faire *Fidessa* that this comfort bringeth,
Who sorrie for the wrongs by her procured,
Delightfull tunes of loue of true loue singeth,
Wherewith her too-chast thoughts were nere
inured.
She loues (she saith) but with a loue not blind,
Her loue is counsaile that I should not loue,
But vpon vertues fixe a staied mind:
But what? this new coynd loue, loue doth reproue.
If this be loue of which you make such store,
Sweet, loue me lesse, that you may loue me more.

SONNET. XXI.

He that will *Cæsar* be, or els not be,
(Who can aspire to *Cæsars* bleeding fame?)
Must be of high resolue: but what is he
That thinkes to gaine a second *Cæsars* name.
Who ere he be that climes aboue his strength,
And climeth high, the greater is his fall:
For though he sit a while, we see at length
His slipperie place no firmnes hath at all.
Great is his bruse that falleth from on high,
This warneth me that I should not aspire:
Examples should preuaile: I care not I,
I perish must, or haue what I desire.
This humour doth with mine full well agree,
I must *Fidessaes* be, or els not be.

SONNET. XXII.

It was of loue vngentle gentle boy,
  That thou didst come and harbour in my brest:
Not of intent my body to destroy,
  And haue my soule with restles cares opprest.
But sith thy loue doth turne vnto my paine,
  Returne to *Greece* (sweete lad) where thou wast borne:
Leaue me alone my griefes to entertaine,
  If thou forsake mee, I am lesse forlorne.
Although alone, yet shall I finde more ease:
  Then see thou hie thee hence, or I will chase thee:
Men highly wronged care not to displease:
  My fortune hangs on thee, thou doest disgrace me.
Yet at thy farewell play a friendly part,
To make amends, flye to *Fidessaes* hart.

SONNET. XXIII.

FLYE to her heart, houer about her heart,
With daintie kisses mollifie her heart:
Pierce with thy arrowes her obdurate heart,
With sweet allurements euer moue her heart.
At midday and at midnight touch her heart,
Be lurking closely, nestle about her heart:
With power, (thou art a god) command her heart,
Kindle thy coales of loue about her heart,
Yea euen into thy selfe transforme her heart.
Ah she must loue, be sure thou haue her heart,
And I must dye, if thou haue not her heart.
Thy bed (if thou rest well) must be her heart:
He hath the best part sure that hath the heart:
What haue I not, if I haue but her heart?

SONNET. XXIV.

STRIUING is past, ah I must sinke and drowne,
  And that in sight of long descried shore:
I cannot send for ayd vnto the towne,
  All help is vaine, and I must dye therefore.
Then poore distressed caytiue, be resolued
  To leaue this earthly dwelling fraught with care:
Cease will thy woes, thy corps in earth inuolued,
  Thou dyest for her that will no helpe prepare.
Oh see: my case her selfe doth now behold,
  The casement open is, she seemes to speake:
But she is gone: oh then I dare be bold,
  And needs must say, she causde my heart to
    breake.
I dye before I drowne, oh heauie case,
It was because I saw my mistris face.

SONNET. XXV.

COMPARE me to *Pygmalion* with his image sotted,
For (as was he) euen so am I deceiued:
The shadow only is to me alotted,
The substance hath of substance me bereued.
Then poore and helples must I wander still,
In deepe laments to passe succeeding daies:
Weltring in woes that poore and mightie kill,
Oh who is mightie that so soone decaies!
The dread almightie hath appoynted so,
The finall period of all worldly things:
That as in time they come, so must they goe,
(Death common is to beggers and to kings)
But whither doe I runne beside my text?
I runne to death, for death must be the next.

SONNET. XXVI.

THE sillie bird that hasts vnto the net;
  And flutters to and fro till she be taken,
Doth looke some foode or succour there to get,
  But looseth life, so much is she mistaken.
The foolish flie that flieth to the flame,
  With ceaseles houering, and with restles flight,
Is burned straight to ashes in the same,
  And findes her death, where was her most delight.
The proude aspiring boye that needes would prie
  Into the secrets of the highest seate,
Had some conceite to gaine content thereby,
  Or else his follie sure was wondrous great.
These did through follie perish all and die,
And (though I know it) euen so doe I.

SONNET. XXVII.

POORE worme, poore silly worme, (alas poore
beast)
Feare makes thee hide thy head within the ground,
Because of creeping things thou art the least,
Yet euery foote giues thee thy mortall wound.
But I thy fellow worme am in worse state,
For thou thy Sunne enioyest, but I want mine:
I liue in irksome night: oh cruell fate!
My Sunne will neuer rise, nor euer shine.
Thus blind of light, mine eyes misguide my feete,
And balefull darknes makes me still afraide:
Men mocke me when I stumble in the streete,
And wonder how my yong sight so decaide.
Yet doe I ioy in this (euen when I fall)
That I shall see againe, and then see all.

SONNET. XXVIII.

WELL may my soule immortall and diuine,
That is imprison'd in a lump of clay,
Breath out laments, vntill this bodie pine:
That from her takes her pleasures all away.
Pine then thou lothed prison of my life;
Vntoward subiect of the least aggrieuance,
Oh let me dye: mortalitie is rife,
Death comes by wounds, by sicknes, care and chance.
Oh earth, the time will come when i'le resume thee,
And in my bosome make thy resting place:
Then doe not vnto hardest sentence doome me,
Yeeld, yeeld betimes, I must and will haue grace.
Richly shalt thou be intomb'd, since for thy graue,
Fidessa, faire *Fidessa* thou shalt haue.

SONNET. XXIX.

EARTH, take this earth wherin my spirits languish,
Spirits, leaue this earth that doth in griefs retaine
you
Griefs, chase this earth, that it may fade with anguish,
Spirits, auoide these furies which doe paine you;
Oh leaue your lothsome prison, freedome gaine you;
Your essence is diuine, great is your power:
And yet you mone your wrongs and sore com-
plaine you,
Hoping for ioye which fadeth euery howre.
Oh Spirits your prison loath, and freedome gaine you!
The destinies in deepe laments haue shut you
Of mortall hate, because they doe disdaine you,
And yet of ioy that they in prison put you.
Earth, take this earth with thee to be inclosed:
Life is to me, and I to it opposed.

SONNET. XXX.

WEEPE now no more mine eyes, but be you drowned
In your own teares, so many yeares distilled:
And let her know that at them long hath frowned,
That you can weepe no more, although she willed.
This hap her crueltie hath her alotten,
Who whilom was commaundres of each part:
That now her proper griefes must be forgotten,
By those true outward signes of inward smart.
For how can he that hath not one teare left him,
Streame out those floodes that's due vnto her moning?
When both of eyes and teares she hath bereft him:
Oh yet i'le signifie my griefe with groning!
True sighes, true grones shall eccho in the ayre,
And say *Fidessa* (though most cruell) is most fayre.

SONNET. XXXI.

TONGUE neuer cease to sing *Fidessaes* praise,
  Heart (how euer she deserue) conceaue the best:
Eyes stand amaz'd to see her beauties raies,
  Lippes steale one kisse and be for euer blest.
Hands touch that hand wherein your life is closed,
  Brest locke vp fast in thee thy lyues sole treasure,
Armes still imbrace and neuer be disclosed,
  Feete runne to her without or pace or measure,
Tongue, hart, eyes, lipps, hands, brest, armes, feete,
  Consent to doe true homage to your Queene:
Louelie, faire, gentle, wise, vertuous, sober, sweete,
  Whose like shall neuer be; hath neuer beene,
Oh that I were all tongue her praise to show,
Then surelie my poore hart were freed from woe.

SONNET. XXXII.

SORE sicke of late, Nature her due would haue,
  Great was my paine where still my minde did rest:
No hope but heauen, no comfort but my graue,
  Which is of comforts both the last and least.
But on a sudden th' almightie sent
  Sweet ease to the distresse and comfortlesse,
And gaue me longer time for to repent,
  With health and strength the foes of feeblenes.
Yet I my health no sooner gan recouer,
  But my old thoughts (though ful of cares) retained,
Made me (as erst) become a wretched louer
  Of her, that loue and louers aye disdained.
Then was my paine with ease of paine increased,
And I nere sicke vntill my sicknes ceased.

SONNET. XXXIII.

He that would faine *Fidessaes* image see,
My face of force must be his looking glasse:
There is she portraide and her crueltie,
Which as a wonder through the world must passe.
But were I dead, she would not be betraide:
It's I that gainst my will shall make it knowne,
Her crueltie by me must be bewraide,
Or I must hide my head, and liue alone.
Ile plucke my siluer haires from out my head,
And wash away the wrinkles of my face:
Closely immur'd I'le liue as I were dead,
Before she suffer but the least disgrace.
How can I hide that is alreadie knowne?
I haue been seene, and haue no face but one.

SONNET. XXXIIII.

FIE pleasure fie, thou cloy'st me with delight!
(Sweet thoughts you kill me if you lower stray)
Oh many be the ioyes of one short night!
Tush fancies neuer can desire allay.
Happie vnhappie thoughts: I thinke and haue not
Pleasure: oh pleasing paine! Shewes nought
auaile me.
Mine own conceit doth glad me, more I craue not:
Yet wanting substance, woe doth still assaile me.
" Babies doe children please, and shadowes fooles:
" Shewes haue deceiu'd the wisest many a time:
" Euer to want our wish our courage cooles:
" The ladder broken, t'is in vaine to clime.
But I must wish, and craue, and seeke, and clime,
It's hard if I obtaine not grace in time.

SONNET. XXXV.

I HAUE not spent the Aprill of my time,
  The sweet of youth in plotting in the aire:
But doe at first aduenture seeke to clime,
  Whil'st flowers of blooming yeares are greene
    and faire.
I am no leauing of al-withering age,
  I haue not suffred many winter lowres:
I feele no storme, vnlesse my Loue doe rage,
  And then in griefe I spend both daies and houres.
This yet doth comfort that my flower lasted,
  Vntill it did approach my Sunne too neere:
And then (alas) vntimely was it blasted,
  So soone as once thy beautie did appeare.
But after all, my comfort rests in this,
That for thy sake my youth decaied is.

SONNET. XXXVI.

Oh let my heart, my bodie and my tongue,
  Bleed forth the liuely streames of faith vnfained:
Worship my saint the Gods and Saints among,
  Praise and extoll her faire that me hath pained.
Oh let the smoake of my supprest desire
  Be rak'd vp in ashes of my burning brest,
Breake out at length, and to the clowdes aspire,
  Vrging the heauens t'affoord me rest.
But let my bodie naturally descend
  Into the bowels of our common mother,
And to the very Center let it wend:
  When it no lower can, her griefes to smother.
And yet when I so low doe buried lie,
Then shall my loue ascend vnto the skie.

SONNET. XXXVII.

FAIRE is my loue that feedes among the Lillies,
The Lillies growing in that pleasant garden,
Where Cupids mount that welbeloued hill is,
And where that little god himselfe is warden.
See where my Loue sits in the beds of spices,
Beset all round with Camphere, Myrrhe and Roses,
And interlac'd with curious deuices,
Which her from all the world apart incloses.
There doth she tune her Lute for her delight,
And with sweet musick makes the ground to moue,
Whil'st I (poore I) doe sit in heauie plight,
Wayling alone my vnrespected loue,
Not daring rush into so rare a place,
That giues to her and she to it a grace.

SONNET. XXXVIII.

WAS neuer eye did see my Mistris face,
Was neuer eare did heare *Fidessaes* tongue,
Was neuer mind that once did mind her grace,
That euer thought the trauaile to be long.
When her I see, no creature I behold,
So plainly say these aduocates of loue,
That now doe feare, and now to speake are bold,
Trembling apace, when they resolue to proue.
These strange effects doe shew a hidden power,
(A maiestie all base attempts reprouing)
That glads or daunts as she doth laugh or lower,
Surely some goddesse harbours in their mouing:
Who thus my muse from base attempts hath raised,
Whom thus my muse beyond compare hath praised.

SONNET. XXXIX.

My Ladies haire is threeds of beaten gold,
Her front the purest Christall eye hath seene:
Her eyes the brightest starres the heauens hold,
Her cheekes red Roses, such as seld haue been:
Her pretie lips of red vermilion dye,
Her hand of yuorie the purest white:
Her blush *Aurora*, or the morning skye,
Her breast displaies two siluer fountaines bright,
The Spheares her voyce, her grace the Graces three,
Her bodie is the Saint that I adore,
Her smiles and fauours sweet as honey bee,
Here feete faire *Thetis* praiseth euermore.
But ah the worst and last is yet behind,
For of a Gryphon she doth beare the mind.

SONNET. XL.

INIURIOUS fates to robbe me of my blisse,
And dispossesse my heart of all his hope:
You ought with iust reuenge to punish misse,
For vnto you the hearts of men are ope.
Iniurious fates that hardned haue her hart,
Yet make her face to send out pleasing smiles:
And both are done but to increase my smart,
And intertaine my loue with falsed wiles.
Yet, being (when she smiles) surprisde with ioy,
I faine would languish in so sweet a paine:
Beseeching death my bodie to destroy,
Lest on the sudden she should frowne againe.
When men doe wish for death, fates haue no force,
But they (when men would liue) haue no remorce.

SONNET. XLI.

THE prison I am in is thy faire face,
Wherein my libertie inchained lyes:
My thoughts the bolts that hold me in the place,
My foode the pleasing lookes of thy faire eyes.
Deepe is the prison where I lye inclosed,
Strong are the bolts that in this cell containes me:
Sharpe is the foode necessitie imposed,
When hunger makes me feed on that which paines me.
Yet doe I loue, imbrace, and follow fast,
That holds, that keepes, that discontents me most:
And list not breake, vnlock, or seeke to waste
The place, the bolts, the foode (though I be lost.)
Better in prison euer to remaine,
Then being out to suffer greater paine.

SONNET. XLII.

WHEN neuer speaking silence proues a wonder,
When euer-flying fame at home remaineth,
When all-concealing night keepes darknes vnder,
When Men-deuouring wrong, true glorie gaineth:
When Soule-tormenting griefe agrees with ioy,
When *Lucifer* forerunnes the balefull night,
When *Venus* doth forsake her little boye,
When her vntoward boye obtaineth sight,
When *Sysiphus* doth cease to roule his stone,
When *Othes* shaketh off his heauie chaines:
When *Beautie* Queene of pleasure is alone,
When Loue and Vertue quiet peace disdaines.
When these shall be and I not be,
Then will *Fidessa* pittie me.

SONNET. XLIII.

TELL me of loue sweete Loue who is thy sire,
  Or if thou mortall or immortall be:
Some say thou art begotten by Desire,
  Nourisht with hope, and fed with fantasie:
Ingendred by a heauenly goddesse eye,
  Lurking most sweetely in an Angels face:
Others, that beautie thee doth deifie,
  Oh Soueraigne beautie full of power and grace!
But I must be absurd all this denying,
  Because the fayrest faire aliue nere knew thee:
Now *Cupid* comes thy godhead to the trying,
  T'was she alone (such is her power) that slew me.
She shall be Loue, and thou a foolish boye,
Whose vertue proues thy power but a toye.

SONNET. XLIIII.

No choice of change can euer change my minde,
  Choiceles my choice the choicest choice aliue:
Wonder of women, were she not vnkinde,
  The pitiles of pitie to depriue.
Yet she, the kindest creature of her kinde,
  Accuseth me of selfe ingratitude:
And well she may, sith by good proofe I finde
  My selfe had dide, had she not helpfull stoode.
For when my sicknes had the vpper hand,
  And death began to shew his awfull face;
She tooke great paines my paines for to withstand,
  And easde my heart that was in heauie cace.
But cruell now she skorneth what it craueth:
Vnkind in kindnes, murdering while she saueth.

SONNET. XLV.

MINE eye bewrayes the secrets of my hart,
  My heart vnfolds his griefe before her face:
Her face bewitching pleasure of my smart,
  Daignes not one looke of mercie and of grace.
My guiltie eye of murder and of treason
  (Friendly conspirator of my decay,
Dumbe eloquence the louers strongest reason)
  Doth weepe itselfe for anger quite away,
And chooseth rather not to be, then bee
  Disloyall, by too-well discharging dutie:
And being out, ioyes it no more can see
  The sugred charmes of all deceiuing beautie.
But (for the other greedily doth eye it)
I pray you tell me what doe I get by it?

SONNET. XLVI.

So soone as peeping Lucifer Auroraes starre,
  The skie with golden perewigs doth spangle,
So soone as Phoebus giues vs light from farre
  So soone as fowler doth the bird entangle,
Soone as the watchfull bird (clocke of the morne)
  Giues intimation of the dayes appearing,
Soone as the iollie Hunter windes his horne
  His speech and voyce with customes Eccho
    clearing,
Soone as the hungrie Lion seekes his praie,
  In solitary range of pathles mountaines,
Soone as the passenger sets on his waie,
  So soone as beastes resort vnto the fountaines:
So soone mine eyes their office are discharging,
And I my griefes with greater griefes inlarging.

SONNET. XLVII.

I SEE, I heare, I feele, I know, I rue
  My fate, my fame, my paine, my losse, my fall;
Mishap, reproach, disdaine, a crowne, her hue,
  Cruell still flying, false, faire, funerall
To crosse, to shame, bewitch, deceiue, and kill
  My first proceedings in their flowring bloome.
My worthles pen fast chayned to my will,
  My erring life through an vncertaine doome:
My thoughts that yet in lowlines doe mount,
  My heart the subiect of her tyrannie,
What now remaines but her seuere account
  Of murthers crying guilt (foule butcherie.)
She was vnhappy in her cradle breath,
That giuen was to be anothers death.

SONNET. XLVIII.

MVRDER, oh murder! I can crie no longer,
Murder, oh murder! is there none to ayde me?
Life feeble is in force, death is much stronger:
Then let me dye that shame may not vpbrayd me.
Nothing is left me now but shame or death:
I feare she feareth not foule murthers guilt,
Nor doe I feare to loose a seruile breath,
I know my bloud was giuen to be spilt.
What is this life but maze of countles strayes,
The enemie of true felicitie:
Fitly compar'd to dreames, to flowers, to playes?
Oh life, no life to me but miserie!
Of shame or death if thou must one,
Make choice of death and both are gone.

SONNET. XLIX.

My cruell fortunes clowded with a frowne,
Lurke in the bosome of eternall night:
My climing thoughts are basely haled downe,
My best deuices proue but after-sight.
Poore outcast of the worlds exiled roome,
I liué in wildernes of deepe lament:
No hope reseru'd me but a hopeles tombe,
When fruitles life, and fruitfull woes are spent.
Shall Phoebus hinder little starres to shine,
Or loftie Cedar Mushrome leaue to growe?
Sure mightie men at little ones repine,
The rich is to the poore a common foe.
Fidessa seeing how the world doth goe,
Ioyneth with fortune in my ouerthrow.

SONNET. L.

WHEN I the hookes of pleasure first deuowred,
Which vndigested, threaten now to choke me,
Fortune on me her golden graces shewred,
Oh then delight did to delight prouoke me.
Delight, false instrument of my decay,
Delighteth nothing that doth all things moue,
Made me first wander from the perfect way,
And fast intangled me in the snares of loue.
Then my vnhappie happines (at first) began,
Happie, in that I lou'd the fayrest faire:
Vnhappily despisde, a haples man
Thus ioy did triumph, triumph did despaire.
My conquest is which shall the conquest gaine:
Fidessa author both of ioy and paine.

SONNET. LI.

WORKE worke apace yon blessed Sisters three,
  In restles twining of my fatall threed:
Oh let your nimble hands at once agree,
  To weaue it out, and cut it off with speed.
Then shall my vexed and tormented ghost
  Haue quiet passage to the Elisian rest:
And sweetly ouer death and fortune boast,
  In euerlasting triumphs with the blest.
But ah (too well I know) you haue conspired
  A lingring death for him that lotheth life:
As if with woes he neuer could be tyred:
  For this you hide your all-diuiding knife.
One comfort yet the heauens haue assign'd me,
That I must dye and leaue my griefes behind me.

SONNET. LII.

It is some comfort to the wronged man,
The wronger of iniustice to vpbraide:
Iustly my selfe herein I comfort can,
And iustly call her an vngratefull maide.
Thus am I pleasde to rid my selfe of crime,
And stop the mouth of all-reporting fame:
Counting my greatest crosse the losse of time,
And all my priuat griefe her publique shame.
Ah (but to speake a trueth) hence are my cares,
And in this comfort all discomfort resteth:
My harmes I cause (her scandale) vnawares,
Thus loue procures the thing that loue detesteth.
For he that viewes the glasses of my smart,
Must needs report she hath a flintie hart.

SONNET. LIII.

I WAS a king of sweet content at least,
  But now from out my kingdome banished:
I was chiefe guest at faire Dame pleasures feast,
  But now I am for want of succour famished.
I was a Saint and heauen was my rest,
  But now cast downe into the lowest hell:
Vile caytifes may not liue amongst the blest,
  Nor blessed men mongst cursed caytifes dwell.
Thus am I made an exile of a king,
  Thus choice of meates to want of food is changed:
Thus heauens losse doth hellish torments bring:
  Selfe crosses make me from my selfe estranged.
Yet am I still the same: but made another,
Then not the same: alas I am no other.

SONNET. LIIII.

If great *Apollo* offered as a dower
His burning throne to Beauties excellence:
If *Ioue* himselfe came in a golden shower
Downe to the earth to fetch faire *Io* thence:
If *Venus* in the curled locks were tied
Of proud *Adonis* not of gentle kind:
If *Tellus* for a shepheards fauour died,
(The fauour cruell loue to her assign'd)
If heauens winged Herrald *Hermes* had
His heart inchanted with a countrie maide:
If poore *Pygmalion* were for beautie mad:
If gods and men haue all for beautie straide,
I am not then asham'd to be included
Mongst those that loue and be with loue deluded.

SONNET. LV.

Oh no I dare not, oh I may not speake!
  Yes, yes, I dare, I can, I must, I will:
Then heart powre forth thy plaints and do not
    breake,
  Let neuer fancie manly courage kill.
Intreate her mildly, words haue pleasing charmes,
  Of force to moue the most obdurate heart
To take relenting pitie of my harmes,
  And with vnfained teares to waile my smart.
Is she a stocke, a blocke, a stone, a flint?
  Hath she nor eares to heare, nor eyes to see?
If so, my cries, my prayers, my teares shall stint.
  Lord how can louers so bewitched bee!
I tooke her to be beauties Queene alone,
But now I see she is a senceles stone.

SONNET. LVI.

Is trust betraide, doth kindnes grow vnkind?
  Can beautie (both at once) giue life and kill?
Shall fortune alter the most constant mind?
  Will reason yeeld vnto rebelling will?
Doth fancie purchase praise, and vertue shame?
  May shew of goodnes lurke in treacherie?
Hath trueth vnto her selfe procured blame?
  Must sacred Muses suffer miserie?
Are women woe to men, traps for their falles?
  Differ their words, their deedes, their lookes,
    their liues?
Haue louers euer been their tennis-balles?
  Be husbands fearefull of the chastest wiues?
All men doe these affirme, and so must I:
Vnlesse *Fidessa* giue to me the lye.

SONNET. LVII.

THREE play-fellowes (such three were neuer seene
In *Venus* court) vpon a summers day,
Met altogether on a pleasant greene,
Intending at some pretie game to play.
They *Dian, Cupid,* and *Fidessa* were:
Their wager, beautie, bow, and crueltie:
The conqueresse the stakes away did beare,
Whose fortune then it was to winne all three.
Fidessa, which doth these as weapons vse,
To make the greatest heart her will obay:
And yet the most obedient to refuse,
As hauing power poore louers to betray.
With these she wounds, she heales, giues life and death:
More power hath none that liues by mortall breath.

SONNET. LVIII.

Oh beautie *Syren*, kept with *Cyrces* rod:
  The fairest good in seeme, but fowlest ill:
The sweetest plague ordain'd for man by God,
  The pleasing subiect of presumptuous will:
Th' alluring obiect of vnstaied eyes,
  Friended of all, but vnto all a foe:
The dearest thing that any creature buyes,
  And vainest too: (it serues but for a shoe.)
In seeme a heauen, and yet from blisse exiling,
  Paying for truest seruice, nought but paine:
Yong mens vndoing: yong and old beguiling,
  Mans greatest losse, though thought his greatest
    gaine.
True, that all this with paine enough I proue:
And yet most true, I will *Fidessa* loue.

SONNET. LIX.

Doe I vnto a cruell Tyger pray,
  That praies on me as wolfe vpon the Lambes?
(Who fear the danger both of night and day,
  And runne for succour to their tender dammes
Yet will I pray (though she be euer cruell)
  On bended knee, and with submissiue hart:
She is the fire, and I must be the fuell,
  She must inflict, and I indure the smart.
She must, she shall, be mistris of her will,
  And I (poore I) obedient to the same:
As fit to suffer death, as she to kill,
  As readie to be blam'd, as she to blame.
And for I am the subiect of her ire,
All men shall know thereby my loue intire.

SONNET. LX.

Oh let me sigh, weepe, waile, and crie no more,
Or let me sigh, weepe, waile, crie more and more:
Yea let me sigh, weepe, waile, crie euer-more:
For she doth pitie my complaints no more,
Then cruell Pagan, or the sauadge Moore:
But still doth adde vnto my torments more,
Which grieuous are to me by so much more,
As she inflicts them, and doth wish them more.
Oh let thy mercie (merciles) be neuer more!
So shall sweet death to me be welcome more,
Then is to hungrie beasts the grassie moore:
Ah she that to affliction ads yet more,
Becomes more cruell, by still adding more!
Wearie am I to speake of this word (more)
Yet neuer wearie she to plague me more.

SONNET. LXI.

Fidessaes worth in time begetteth praise,
  Time praise, praise fame, fame wonderment,
Wonder, fame, praise, time, her worth doe raise
  To hiest pitch of dread astonishment.
Yet time in time her hardned heart bewraieth,
  And praise itselfe her crueltie dispraiseth:
So that through praise (alas) her praise decaieth,
  And that (which makes it fall) her honor raiseth.
Most strange: yet true, so wonder wonder still,
  And follow fast the wonder of these daies:
For well I know (all wonder to fulfill)
  Her will at length vnto my will obaies.
Meane time let others praise her constancie,
And me attend vpon her clemencie.

SONNET. LXII.

MOST true that I must faire *Fidessa* loue,
Most true that faire *Fidessa* cannot loue.
Most true that I doe feele the paines of loue,
Most true that I am captiue vnto loue.
Most true that I deluded am with loue,
Most true that I doe find the sleights of loue.
Most true that nothing can procure her loue,
Most true that I must perish in my loue.
Most true that she contemnes the god of loue,
Most true that he is snared with her loue.
Most true that she would haue me cease to loue,
Most true that she her selfe alone is Loue.
Most true that though she hated I would loue,
Most true that dearest life shall end with loue.

B. Griffin.

FINIS.

Talis apud tales, talis sub tempore tali:
Subque meo tali iudice, talis ero.

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