THE

WORKS

OF

The HONOURABLE

Sir *Philip Sidney*, Kt.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING,

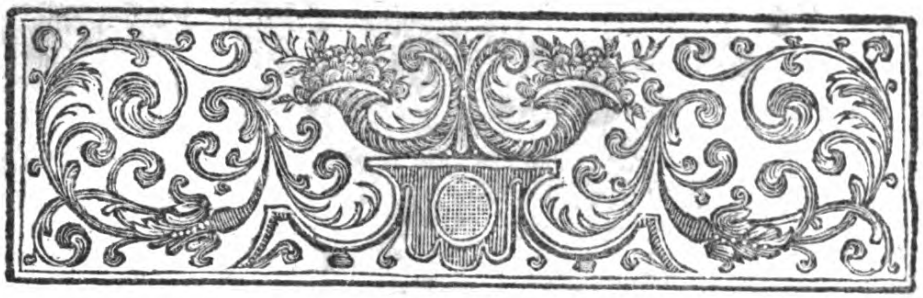
I. A SIXTH BOOK to the Countess of *Pembroke*'s ARCADIA.

Written by *R. B.* of *Lincoln*'s-*Inn*, Esq;

II. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY's Poetical WORKS.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXIV.



EXPLANATION

OF SOME

CHARACTERS, &c.

IN THE

Countess *of* PEMBROKE'*s* ARCADIA.

ARtesia *executed instead of* Pamela.
Black-Knight, *i. e.* Musidorus.
Daiphantus, *i. e.* Pyrocles.
Dorus, *i. e.* Musidorus, *sometimes called* Palladius.
The Forsaken Knight——Musidorus.
Kalodulus, *Servant to* Musidorus.
Lanquet (*i. e.* Languet) *an intimate Friend of Sir* Philip Sidney'*s*, *and who wrote a Volume of elegant* Latin Epistles *to him.*
Miso, *Wife to* Dametas.
Musidorus, *Son to* Dorilaus.
The Naked Knight——Amphialus.
Philisides——*Sir* Philip Sidney.
Philoclea, *Lady* Rich, } *Daughters to* Basilius.
And Pamela, - - }
Pyrocles, *Son to* Euarchus.
Stella——*Lady* Rich.
Strephon *and* Claius, *Rivals in the Love of* Urania.
Zelmane, *i. e.* Pyrocles, *Daughter to* Plexirtus.

G. V.ve Gucht delin et Sculp.t

A

SIXTH BOOK

TO THE

COUNTESS of *Pembroke's*

ARCADIA.

WRITTEN

By *R. B.* of *Lincoln's-Inn*, Esq;

Sat, si Bene; si Male, inimicum.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXIV.

SIXTH BOOK

TO THE

Countess of Pembroke's

ARCADIA.

TO THE

READER.

O strive to lessen the greatness of the attempt, were to take away the glory of the action. To add to Sir Philip Sidney, *I know is rashness; a fault pardonable in me, if custom might as well excuse the offence, as youth may prescribe in offending in this kind. That he should undergo that burthen, whose mother-tongue differs as much from this language, as* Irish *from* English, *augments the danger of the enterprize, and gives your expectation, perhaps, an assurance what the event*

must be. Yet, let no man judge wrongfully of my endeavours: I have added a limb to Apelles's *Picture; but my mind never entertained such vain hopes, to think it of perfection sufficient to delude the eyes of the most vulgar, with the likeness in the workmanship. No, no, I do not follow* Pythagoras's *opinion of Transmigration: I am well assured divine* Sidney's *soul is not infused into me, whose judgment was only able to finish, what his invention was only worthy to undertake. For this, courteous Reader, let it suffice, I place Sir* Philip Sidney's *desert (even in mine own esteem) as far beyond my endeavours, as the most fault-finding Censor can imagine this Essay of mine to come short of his* Arcadia. Vale.

R. B.

THE

COUNTESS of *Pembroke's*

ARCADIA.

A SIXTH BOOK.*

WHAT changes in fortune the princes of *Macedon* and *Thessaly* have past, together with what event the uncertain actions of so blind a goddess have been crowned, they may remember, whose ears have been fed with their eloquent story, written by the never-enough renowned Sir *Philip Sidney*.

Basilius, therefore, having beheld with the eye of success, the accomplishment of his misinterpreted oracle, hastned (together with *Euarchus*) to his court of *Mantinea*; where the infinite assembly, and the publick sacrifices of his subjects, did well witness what joy did possess their hearts, whose eyes were restored to the sight of long eclipsed soveraignty. Fame, also, proud to be the messenger of such royal news, had soon (with speedy flight) past the limits of *Arcadia*; so as in few days the court was filled with foreign princes, whom either the tie of a long-observed league of amity, or a

* This Sixth Book, was written in the Year 1633.

nearness in blood to *Basilius*, at such a time, brought thither, to congratulate with him; or were such, whose honour-thirsty minds hunted after occasions to make known their acts in chivalry.

And now was the marriage-day come, when *Pamela*, attired in the stately ornament of beauteous majesty, led by the constant forwardness of a virtuous mind, waited on by the many thoughts of his fore-past crosses in her love, which now made up a perfect harmony in the pleasing discord of indeared affection, was brought to church; whom, soon after, her sister *Philoclea* (being in the same degree of happiness, clad in the bashful innocency of an unspotted soul, guided by the shamefaced desire of her *Pyrocles*'s satisfaction, attended on by many graces of a mild chearfulness) followed; both equally admired, both equally looked upon.

The temple (whereto in triumph beauty and majesty were led prisoners by the famous sisters) was a fit dwelling-place for the *Arcadian* Deities, fenced from the sun and winds too free access, by many ranks of even-grown, even-set trees, near which, in divided branches, ran two clear streams, whose sweet murmur (as they tumbled over their bed of pebble-stones) did much adorn the religious solitariness of that place. And, that nothing should be wanting that might set forth the careful judgment of the builder, it was seated in such a near distance from the palace, as might not presently bury the gloriousness of the show, nor cloy the beholders with the tediousness of the sight. In the way, on both hands, were many altars, on which the crowned intrails of the much-promising sacrifices were laid. At the door the two sisters were received by as many virgins, attired in a white lawn livery, with garlands on their heads of lillies and roses intermixed, holding in their left hands a pair of pigeons, the grateful offering to the Queen of Love. Soon after, the accustomed rites in the *Arcadian* nuptials being ended, the king and *Euarchus*, with the rest of the princes, returned unto a stately palace, sumptuously furnished, where both art and nature seemed to be at variance, whether should bestow most ornaments to inrich so rare a work: seated where the earth did rise a little (as proud to be the supporter of so curious a building) by means whereof, the sight had freedom to over-

overlook a large territory; where the green level of the *Arcadian* plains, beautified by the intercourse of many forests, represented the delightful mixture of a civil wilderness. The building of *marble*, where whether the art in carving into many forms, the in-vain-resisting hardness of the stone, the cunning in knitting the disjointed members, or the invention in contriving their several rooms, did excel, was hard to be judged of.

The *inside* also might well be the inner part of so glorious an outside; for, besides the well-matched largeness of the rooms, and lightsome pleasantness of the windows, it was all hung with the choice rareness of far-fetched *Arras*, in which the ingenious workman, with the curious pencil of his little needle, had limned the dumb records of revived antiquity. Here did he present the memorable siege of *Thebes*, where the ruins of her walls seemed yet to hang, and make the beholders fear the downfal of the *lively* stones. There you might see how *cunningly* he had expressed the constrained flight of the *Trojan* prince, and the cruel sacrifice of inraged *Dido's* love. Nor was the story of *Scylla* forgotten, who there stood before *Minos*, with the present of her father's fatal hair; while you might perceive, by his bent brows and disdainful countenance, the just reward of her unnatural attempt. With these and others, wherein cost and invention strove for the mastery, were the hangings adorned; yet these many stories did so stealingly succeed each other, that the most curious observer's eye (though his admiration might dwell on each piece) could find no cause of stay, until he had overlooked them all. But neither these, nor what art or nature could have added, did set forth so much the palace, as the graceful presence of the *Arcadian* sisters; whose beauties, till now, of long time had borne a part with their troubled minds, in a sweet pilgrimage to a happy event; and therefore at this present, so far disburthened of those thoughts, as it was to be settled in the most desired injoying of unspeakable bliss, the imagination would needs persuade, if it were possible, were bettered.

Dinner being set and ended, while the knights (who, to honour that day with tilting, and to shew what they dared and could effect in the service, as they thought, of un-

resistable beauties) were putting on their armour, there entered the hall a page, who, with submissive humbleness, told the king, He was sent from his master, the naked knight, who desired there to be received as a challenger, to eternize, as the justness of his cause required, the famous memory of his deceased mistress *Hellen*, the queen of *Corinth*. *Basilius*, much pitying the before-unheard death of so excellent a queen, willed the page to relate the circumstance; which being strange in itself, and of so great a subject, wrought a passionate willingness in the hearers to be attentive.

After that fortune (said he) had bestowed, by the conquest of *Amphialus*, at *Cecropia*'s castle, the victory on his adversary the black knight, this Queen (having long time, by the command of Love, her inward tyrant, made all *Greece* a stage for her wandring passions) at length went thither, where the end of her search was the beginning of her sorrows. Finding the curtains of eternal night ready to close up his eyes, who (in the voyage her affection made) had alway been the port she steered to; yet hoping she knew not what, that if perhaps *Proserpine* should meet in *Elyzium* his departed soul, she would, in meer compassion of her sorrow, send it back to re-inhabit her ancient seat; she carried the life little-desiring body to *Corinth*, where, at that time, lived an aged man, by name *Artelio*, one, whose fortunate experience in desperate cures had made famous. Him, by the powerful command of his queen, and the humble tears of a still-mistrusting lover, she conjures to employ the uttermost of his skill, in preserving him in whom she lived. Some time there was, e'er his vital spirits, almost now proved strangers to their wonted mansion, would accept the tye of hospitality; but when the hand of art had taught them courtesy, and that each sense, though faintly, did exercise his charge, *Amphialus*, returning to himself, from that sweet ignorance of cares, wherein he lived, began to question, In what estate the castle was against the besiegers? thinking he had alway been there; when *Hellen* entred the room, with a countenance where beauty appeared through the clouds of care and fear of his danger: Her, the double and deeply wounded patient (bearing still about him the inward picture of *Philoclea*, whom long I have heard,

heard, in vain, he loved) thought to be the ſame ſaint, the remembrance of whom returned, together with his wandring ſoul, from which it was inſeparable. Now, therefore, with a languiſhing look (the true herald of what he ſuffered) Lady, ſaid he, though the welcome harbinger of a near-following death hath provided this body (while it was mine, alway devoted to your ſervice) as a lodging for his maſter an ever-certain gueſt; yet when I paſs to the *Elyzian* plains (if any memory there remain of this world of comfort you now vouchſafe, heaven knows! your faithful, though unfortunate ſervant) I ſhall never ceaſe to pay the eternal tribute of thanks to well-deſerving death, who, with his preſence, brings the happineſs in life denied me.

The queen, with a penſive ſilence, ſorrowing ſhe ſtood to act the counterfeit of her rival, and ſtill deſirous to injoy the ſweet ſpeech of her revived *Amphialus*, was like a paſſenger, whom the loud command of the rough winds had forced to wander through the unevenneſs of the deep-furrowed ſeas, now in ſight of land, equally diſtracted between the deſire to leave his unnatural habitation, where each wave ſeems to be the proud meſſenger of deſtruction, and fear to approach it, being jealous of his hard entertainment on the rocky ſhore: thus did ſhe continue (fixed in a doubtful imagination) loth to interrupt his pleaſing ſpeech, and more than grieved he meant not her whom he ſpake to; until *Amphialus* (ſtrengthening his newly recovered ſenſes with the conceited preſence of *Philoclea*) found his error, and then, with a look on his miſtaken object (which he could not make diſdainful, becauſe his happy thoughts had once adored it for *Philoclea*) he ſuddenly fell into a deadly trance; whereat *Hellen* (feelingly ſuffering in his danger) ran to him, and bedewing his even then lovely face with the loving oblation of her many tears, ſhe, together poured forth the moſt paſſionate plaints that love could invent, or grief utter; ſo as a while, this accident overthrowing the fabrick of her half-built comfort with the ſuddenneſs of ſo unlooked-for an aſſault, conſtrained her (with bemoaning his caſe) to forget the care of his ſafety; but being withdrawn by her ſervants, the indiſpoſition of her body, cauſed her a while to entertain in bed the fever of her affectionate ſorrow.

In

In the mean time, *Amphialus*, by the skilful care of *Artelio*, was again brought to injoy that, whose loss he would account his chiefest happiness; and faintly withdrawing the cover that obscured his weak sight, and setling his look upon *Artelio*; Father, said he, if you felt the inward agonies of my tormented soul, as you see the desperate state of my low-brought body, I assure my self you would not be so inhumane, there to employ your endeavours, where, when they have wrought their effect, they serve only to confirm the memory of fore-passed calamity, with the growing apprehension of future misfortune: But since my destinies have so set down, that the whole course of my life should be inevitably disastrous, I must think my tragedy is not yet acted; though what worse than hath betallen me cannot be imagined, or what may be kept in store (more than I have passed) far exceeds my apprehension, tho' not my expectation.

Here he began to run over his unfortunate love to *Philoclea*, the killing of *Parthenia*, his overthrow in the encounter with the black knight; inserting many more disgraces, which the most envious of his glory, would not have cast as aspersions on his well-known fame. Thus, with the thought that fate (whose working he could not limit) had reserved him for more mischief, he suffered his wounds to be cured; and soon after, walking one evening, as his manner was, in the garden, he chose a time, as he thought, unespied by any, to convey himself thorough a back-door, and there finding his horse (which his page had brought by his appointment) he rid away, whither he knew not, and not much cared, so he might leave her, whose affection deserved a more courteous farewell. But, alas! when she heard of his going, what tongue is able to express her sorrow, in whom the equally-tormenting passions of grief and despair were lifted to their uttermost height?

Two days, since the departure of *Amphialus*, posted away, striving in vain to overtake their irrecoverable fellows, and now the third was come, to be a prologue to the following tragedy: when *Hellen* (slacking the violent course of her incessant plaints) gave occasion to her servants to be less mistrustful of her actions, thinking

thinking that time began to wear away her ſorrows. But ſhe (as by the event was gathered) uſing this as a policy to rid herſelf of the cumber of careful attendance, when (now her truce, in ſhew, with ſorrow, and the reſtraint of her plaints had wrought the effect ſhe deſired) taking her truſty ſervant *Mylama* with her, and leaving a letter with *Lada* (whom, beſides *Mylama*, ſhe only truſted with this ſecret) which, upon the firſt knowledge of her flight, ſhould be given to *Drenus* the chief of her council; wherein ſhe excuſed her ſecret ſtealing away, by a vow paſſed to *Apollo*, in ſuch manner to go a pilgrimage to *Delphos*; ſhe put herſelf on her journey, having an army of paſſions for her convoy, led by love, and waited on by deſire, in hope of what ſhe knew was hopeleſs; yet often checking her deſpairing foreſight, with ſuch unlikely poſſibilities as affection (upon theſe occaſions) is wont to ſupply.

Many days ſhe had not wandred (changing places, to renew her companions in ſorrow) when coming into a pleaſant valley, where, of each ſide, many trees (in the green-leaved mantle of their ſummer-livery) did apparel two neighbour mountains, where ſome ſunburnt ſapleſs pines, by the advantage of the ground (like little-deſerving, in themſelves, birth-only enobled men) overtopped the ſtraight upraiſed cedar, the ſtock of ſelf-begun honour. Through this flowry plain ran a many-headed cryſtal current, that did indent the earth as it ſmoothly glided by, to make the obligation of friendſhip between them more firm; and where, it fame-like, increaſed by travel, there (as it was the natural, ſo) it ſeemed to have been the politick body of the ſtate of ſprings; ſuch was the conſtant care of the fountain magiſtrates, and ſuch the well-agreeing union of the watry commons. Here ſhe ſtayed (invited by ſolitarineſs, the beſt repoſe for wearied ſorrow) yet giving no reſpite to her mind, ſhe ſpake nothing but *Amphialus*, or of *Amphialus*. O *Amphialus!* did ſhe ſay, and to this invocation the flattering nymph (that always ſeconds what is ſpoken) did joyn the like of her own; and *Hellen*, delighted to hear the ſound of ſo ſweet a name beaten back upon her, for a time ſealed up her lips, liſtening (with attentive ſilence) what Eccho would have farther ſaid; but ſhe (who of the

the powers of a reasonable soul, only had a memory and a tongue only serviceable for that use) together gave over to reflect her borrowed language, expecting (with like stillness) her farther speech. But *Hellen*, not able longer to restrain the overflow of her panting heart, began to cry out, Unkind *Amphialus!* Thus also did the Eccho repeat. But she hearing by the rebound of the words, *Amphialus* accused; Discourteous Nymph, said she, and how is *Amphialus* unkind? Can the harmony of such excellence admit so foul a fault to bear a part with his vertues? Yet, woe is me! he is unkind: could his hard heart else suffer this love of his (which I only name, because it is the only part worth naming in me) thus long unregarded? Could not my crown (crowned in being a foot-stool to *Amphialus*) have purchased some respect? Alas! no: how could unhappy *Hellen* expect the fates reserved so great a blessing in store for her?

She had not long debated the reasons of her misfortune, when *Rinatus* (the only brother to *Timotheus*, but younger by many years) chanced to pass that way: a man on whom fame had bestowed, and deservingly, the name of valiant; yet of disposition so mischievously cruel, and ambitiously proud, that where his deeds might well have claimed so great an honour, there his conditions (as well weighed) brought a reproachful burthen to the ballance of his reputation. He, (his father dying young, and unwilling to dismember his estate, and unable otherwise to satisfy the hopes of his son's ambition) hearing of the Wars of *Laconia*, went thither; where soon he purchased the opinion of a man resolute to undertake, and fortunate to execute what he had undergone: and serving under *Eborbas* (chief commander for the king) because of the sympathy of humours between them (whereby nature did insinuate for *Rinatus*, and taught him flattery without dissimulation) he grew great in his favour. Soon after this, *Eborbas*, in a conflict between him and the *Helots*, being mortally wounded, yet in death, careful of the welfare of his country, recommended this *Rinatus* (partly for his good liking of him, but principally for his experience in wars, and well-seconded judgment) to the king: who, though with some opposition, (the

country-

country-men repining at his, a ſtranger's, advancement) after truſty *Eborbas*'s death, preferred him to the ſame place: his diſcharge of which, outwent ſo far the envy of the jealous noblemen, that well might their king and they, in the death of the valiant *Eborbas*, deplore the loſs of a private man, but muſt confeſs, that his watchful care and undaunted well-ordered courage, did ſurvive in this their general.

In this eſteem he had ſcarce lived a year, when, hearing of his brother and nephew's death, together with his undoubted right to the large territory which his brother in his life-time had enjoyed, he, notwithſtanding, continued in the charge to which he was lately advanced: framing in his conceit his new-acquired greatneſs but as a ſtep to climb the ſoveraignty of *Laconia*: which being elective, he thought the eaſier to be compaſſed, having, by his bounteous affability, gained the hearts of the ſoldiers, and being already poſſeſſed of the chief forts (the beſt ſtrength of the country) wherein he had placed ſuch, who had their devotions linked to his will, becauſe they owed him the benefit of their creation. But finding the accompliſhment of theſe practices to depend upon the death of the king, which, his youth promiſed, was unlikely ſoon to happen, and fearful to draw on the diſcovery of his practices, by ſeeking any ſecret means to make him away, whom the watchful eye of dutiful obſervance did warrant ſecure from any traiterous plots; he ſollicits the King to diſpenſe with his preſence; who (ſeeing the ground of his journey to be the juſt cauſe of his long-deferred revenge for *Timotheus* his brother, and *Philoxenus* his nephew's death, and now a peace was lately concluded with the *Helots*, and therefore his abſence the more excuſable) upon condition of a ſpeedy return, though unwilling, yet for his ſatisfaction, grants his requeſt: who now on his journey, and having in his way to croſs this valley, met the unfortunate queen, whom, though her habit might diſguiſe, her words (over-heard) did aſſure *Rinatus* his willingneſs to believe, that ſhe was the ſame ſhe ſo often ſpake her ſelf to be, the unfortunate *Hellen*.

A while he ſtood doubtful of the perſon, a while amazed at ſo fortunate an encounter, and a long time perplexed

perplexed what punishment his revenge would judge fit for (the conceited heinousness of) his brother and nephew's death. At length the queen (now first withdrawing her thoughts from that object whereto affection, in sweetest contemplation, had bound them, and suffering her mind, before retired within itself, now to be informed by her servants senses) seeing this stranger near her, began, as her manner was, to find by enquiry what he knew of *Amphialus*. Wicked woman, replied *Rinatus*, the all-seeing justice hath now delivered thee to receive fit punishment for *Philoxenus's* and *Timotheus's* death: and using no more words, presently caused her to be mounted on horseback, prolonging her life to make her death more miserable. Thus far hath *Mylama* discovered, who, poor Lady! was there left, most cruelly beaten, to be the reporter of *Rinatus's* revenge, her and mistress's hard hap.

The last act of this tragedy, my master had the fortune to know, by one of trust and great esteem in the court of *Laconia*, to which *Rinatus* had conveyed *Hellen*, where, for a time, she was honourably entertained, finding no want but of command and liberty: the king, belike, fearing the power of the wronged *Corinthians*, preserving her as a sure card for a dead lift. But when he understood that one *Tenarus* (a man apt to practise innovations, and at this time able, when the many-headed multitude wanted the awful presence of their soveraign) took upon him the government, pretending a title to the crown, as descended from those, from whom *Hellen's* ancestors, as he alledged, had traiterously forced it; then did the tyrant of *Laconia*, finding the way secure for his mischievous practice, vehemently importuned by *Rinatus*, and urged forward by the politick wickedness of his own desire to pleasure the new king, secretly cause *Hellen* to be poysoned: Such was the end of this great queen, justly beloved of all, who heard the fame of her vertues, and therefore justly to be deplored of all, who hear the unredeemable loss of so many perfections.

Basilius, and the rest of the princes, were much moved with so tragical a story, especially *Musidorus*, who (in search of *Pyrocles*) having the fortune to see her, could witness, that though fame hath borrowed

all

all mens mouths to proclaim her many excellencies, yet it was far from doing right to her desert. But this was no fit lodging for pity to dwell in, where joy had so great command. The messenger therefore being permitted to part, with free leave for his master to enter the lists, judges were appointed, and the challenge proclaimed.

The challenger understanding of the king's liking of his demand, came forth of his pavilion, with armour so lively representing nakedness, wounded in many places, (where the staunchless blood, in the course the workman had allotted it, seemed to drop destruction) that many thought a madness had possessed him (so unarmed, so wounded) to present himself in such a trial, where a surer defense, and a sounder body were more needful. Before him went six, as savages, bearing the lances for his first courses; who coming within distance to be heard, did sing these following verses.

Too soon you fled from hence to that fair place,
The happy period of a well-run race:
Too late I stay in grief's eternal night,
To do this penance for my over-sight.
Once let me die, let not my dying life
Prolong my woes, and keep my thoughts at strife:
Let him that did offend your heav'nly eyes,
Now please your anger with self-sacrifice.

Then one of them, reaching him a lance, he began his course against *Tyro* prince of *Andria*, famous for his constant love to the fair *Lydia*, now married, and queen of *Epire*, and ever fortunate in the course of his adventures: but here his fortune gave place to virtue, or, rather, joined with her, to assist the naked knight; for, at the third encounter, he was put beside his saddle, much bruised in body, and no less afflicted in mind.

The next that supplied his place, was *Pausanias*, a *Macedonian*, one, who in his late wars had done *Euarchus* faithful service, and now thinking to be as successful in this enterprize, had put on armour to do honour to his mistress: but his first course compelled him

to

to acknowledge he was deceived, seeing himself fall so short of his expectation.

To him succeeded *Nicanor*, a *Corinthian* knight, advanced by the new king: one extreamly confident of himself, because never tried, and now very forward, fearing to be prevented of the honour, for which already, in conceit, he had triumphed at *Corinth* with the great applause of the people, and the good liking of the king. But the naked knight, at a second course, cut off both his life and imagined trophy: for, couching his lance, and allotting it in his course a just descent, rightly levelled by his well-judging experience, it met with *Nicanor*'s sight, and passing thorough that weak resistance, it pierced his right eye, and with it his brain; so *Nicanor* fell down, forgetful both of his forethought fame and following reproach. With this adventure the tilting that day ended; the sun with loose rays, posting to his western home, and the naked knight retired himself to his pavillion, whence he sent his page, who, humbly, for his master, intreated, That his unwillingness to be known, should excuse the omission of his duty to the king.

Thus that night drew on, which, to them who enjoyed delight, seemed to have put on all her sails to be the speedier in passing over. But far other was the naked knight's apprehension: he (who made her ugly darkness a pattern of the sorrow his afflicted soul endured) thought she was becalmed in the sea of his misfortune. At length *Phœbus*, weary of his imporportunity, made haste to distribute his grateful light, to his care-tired senses; and he as soon imbracing the smallest shew of comfort, put on his armour. About two hours after, the judges being set, and *Basilius* and *Euarchus* (with the rest of the court) present, *Leonatus*, the young king of *Pontus*, (who had been there to acknowledge his beholdenness to them, whom he was deservingly bound to) took the field. His armour was of a dark colour, thorough which many flames seemed to break out, as when the clouds, great in labour with exhalations, at length gave way to their more violent power: his three first courses promised a more happy event, than fortune meant he should enjoy; for (having performed them with a well-ordered firmness

firmness in his seat, and a moving constancy in the carriage of his lance, to the great delight of the beholders) the fourth time he was dismounted; whose disgrace *Pyrocles* was ready to revenge, but he was, by a secret look from *Philoclea*, commanded the contrary. Then *Telamon*, *Phelauceas* and *Diremus* felt, with little advantage in fortune, the like success.

Thus, most part of that morning, the naked knight, with little resistance, had the best against all comers, which most of the lookers-on, with publick acclamation, did testify: but he having given over the use of himself to sorrow, sometimes by the careless shaking of his head, did let them know, they burdened his desert with the unpleasing weight of his praise; and staying a while on horseback, he expected the next adventurer, with such a demeanour of himself, as (though it did accuse him of much grief) could not conceal the grace of his stately presence. But when he saw none ready to take the field, with an humble bend taking his leave of the king, he softly trotted towards his tent, not so much to repose his body, as to give a quiet way to the assaults of his mind. At length, when all the beholders expectations were almost wearied, there entered the lists a lady, attended only by one page, who having lighted, presently went towards the place where *Basilius* sate; where first kneeling, then taking away a black scarf (which grief had hired to joyn with her self, in eclipsing the excellent feature of a most fair face) she began to speak: but *Basilius* and *Gynecia* hastily ran to embrace *Hellen* queen of *Corinth*, for this was she. Great was the joy for her revived presence, and great the desire to know the means of her safety. But she (accounting these gratulations cumbersom, and the relation of her adventures tedious) fixing her watry eyes on *Basilius*; Great king, I am, said she, that unfortunate *Hellen*, sometime queen of *Corinth*, now both deprived of crown and kingdom, by *Tenarus*. Yet why should I mention this, as fit to be inserted among my greatest misfortunes? The cause why now I come, is my care of *Amphialus* his safety, in whom I live, to whose disdain I have vowed the tribute of my constant love: he (alas! why should I live to speak it?) not long since following the course of his

adventures, came to *Amasia*, where he was made prisoner, and carried to *Dunalbus* prince of that country; whose brother it was *Amphialus*'s fortune to kill in rescue of a lady, to whom he would have offered dishonourable violence. These news came to mine ears (to add more to many miseries) at that time when I chanced to be at *Delphos*, pouring forth my heartiest devotions for my most beloved, my most unkind *Amphialus*: but the pitying God, either to stay my hands from the execution they intended (but to what end might that be? that God knows; for no time can unbend my affection) or, as heaven grant it may be, in commiseration of my case, thus comforted me;

> Hellen, *return; a naked knight shall find*
> *Rest for thy hopes, and quiet to thy mind.*

Thus far have I wandred, led by that divine promise, in pursuit of such a one: But no-where can I find a happy event to confirm that oracle; yet dare I not despair, having so high a warrant; nor hope, having so bad success.

You are fortunately come, said the king: This knight, whose skill in arms hath made your well-deserving virtues famous, may be that man pointed out by the finger of heaven, to release *Amphialus*, who both in name and armour represents a naked knight. O no, said the queen, it cannot be expected that *Apollo* would leave so plain a way for us to track out the footsteps of his obscure mysteries. Madam, replied *Basilius* (having first placed her in a chair by him) the all-seeing Providence, with whom the ends of all things are present, is sometimes pleased to cast forth the emblem of our destinies, so strangely hidden in the covert of ambiguous words, that, doubtless, it serves to beget nothing but matters of distrust, and labyrinths of errors, where the imagination a thousand ways may be led astray; of this you have a present proof, confirmed by my experience: And sometimes the same justice unfolds the secret of our fate, and plainly lets us know the mystery of our fortune: yet even that plainness, to the curious search of our still-mistrusting brain, becomes a reason sufficient to enforce

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us to a contrary belief. This laſt, I think, (if, in the interpretation of an oracle, my opinion may be received) is that mean, whereby *Apollo* both reveals and hides the author of *Amphialus*'s freedom. This ſaid, he ſends preſently for the naked knight, who as ſoon obeying the king's command, as he was compleatly armed, came before him; to whom *Baſilius* chearfully told (as glad to be the reporter of ſo good news to him, whoſe proweſs in arms deſervingly gained much of his good opinion) of *Hellen*'s being there, together with her deſire to employ him in an action the heavens had alſo intereſted him in. What is it, replied the naked knight, that, without ſuch a command, I would not endeavour to accompliſh for my moſt dear *Hellen*? And then, with exceſs of comfort and aſtoniſhment, his weak limbs were ready to give over the ſupport of his joy-burdened body; but, being upheld by *Muſidorus*, who ſtood next him, his over-charged ſpirits had time to recollect themſelves.

The queen gathering comfort from his promiſe, and ſeeing fair likelihood of the oracle's accompliſhment, with the oratory of love, who thinks no words but his own, able to expreſs his mind, began in this manner: Sir, ill-fortune my awful governeſs, as in the moſt of my actions ſhe is pleaſed to keep a hard hand over me, ſo in this (diſtruſtful belike of my willingneſs) ſhe forces me to repeat my wonted leſſon of receiving courteſies without power of requital; making one undeſerved favour from you, become a cauſe of farther beholdenneſs to you: But the glory that follows your good ſucceſs in this adventure (the beſt ſpur to ſet forward brave ſpirits to noble actions) hath almoſt aſſured me, that the love you profeſs, and a diſtreſſed lady's cauſe, need not joyn petitioners in a requeſt your virtue muſt be willing to grant. The reward of your victory, is the releaſing of *Amphialus*; of whom I may ſpeak, and the world with me, all praiſe-worthy things. Madam, replied the naked knight, I thought the gods could not have favoured me more, than in giving you reſpite of life, and me power to be ſerviceable to you: but when I conſider the end I muſt employ my endeavours to, it buries my conceited happineſs in the grave of a certain misfortune. Shall I labour to pre-

serve that monster of men, whose story (if the world will needs read) contains nothing but a volume of disasters, and a vain discourse of a few adventures, cast upon him by the blindness of chance? Shall I hazard my life for him, against whom, had I lives innumerable, I would venture them all? Shall I live to make another happy in your favour, and cross mine own desires? No, madam, I will sooner leave my blood here before you, as a testimony that fear hath no interest in my disobedience to your command, then I will make my after-life truly miserable in the burden of a hopeless affection. To this the queen a-while in tears, as if her eyes strove to speak for her, made a silent answer; but when her sighs had breathed forth the over-charge of her breast, first she kneeled, then faintly said; O eternal president of this court of cares, when will thy just pity commiserate my distress! Alas, sir, what new way have the gods found to vent their malice on me! have I made disdain my only mishap, and must now affection towards me be another undeserved misfortune? Behold, sir, and, if you can, with pity, a queen born to command, a suppliant at your feet, begging what goodness sollicites you to grant; release *Amphialus*: and if your jealousy thinks he hath too much interest in my love, restore him to the world that wants him, I will vow a virgin's life. Stay, virtuous queen, replied the naked knight, and lifting up his beaver, receive, said he, thou best of women! the overjoyed *Amphialus*.

The queen, as when the ocean swells with the rage of a tempest, if on a sudden these blasts be appeased, yet the proud waves, mindful of their fore-passed injury, and indisposed to so speedy a reconcilement, some while retain the rough remembrance of the winds malice; so were her thoughts, before moved by the storm of despair, though now she had cause of contented quiet, on a sudden, incapable of so unlooked for a happiness; first doubt, then amazement, lastly excess of joy, by succession, were admitted to the helm of her distressed heart. But when joy had once got to be the steersman, his want of practice (by his long absence from that imployment) soon brought a confusion; here the warm tears of sorrow, there the cold drops of a present comfort, did strive whether should shew himself most offi-

officious in drowning her pale blushing cheeks; At length they both, no longer able to resist this powerful invasion of their minds, as by mutual consent, fell, the one intwined in the other's arms, and made the earth happy in bearing such matchless lovers: But their senses being soon restored to their wanted function, after some passionate words (to which their eyes and touch of their hands gave life of expression) *Amphialus*, divided into many minds by the turbulent working of his thoughts, turning towards his uncle, with his eyes fixed on the ground, stood with the grace of a man condemned, who having led a loathsome life in an ugly dungeon, is now brought to a freedom of looking upon the open air, yet sees the day is but a taper to light him to his execution. Of the one side he was brought from the hell of despair, wherein he lived in the assurance of *Hellen*'s death, to the certainty of her life and presence; of the other, what was his treason to his uncle to expect, but an infamous death, and a divorce from his new-born happiness. The shame also of a crime so foul as his rebellion, was not the least torment to his mind, unwillingly beaten from a settled course of virtue by *Cecropia*'s practices. At length, when these thoughts, that almost overcame all the powers of life in him, were themselves overcome by his resolution, casting himself at *Basilius*'s feet, he thus said: Great sir, if treason in a subject, and unnaturalness in a nephew, be punishable, here you have before you a fit exercise for your justice; I am that subject, whose rebellion interrupted the contented quiet of my king's solitary life, and brought him to behold the bloody tragedy of a civil dissention in his divided state: I am that nephew, whom a wilful disobedience made a traitor to the nearness of his blood. Hither did I come, *Orestes*-like, tormented by the inward fright of my guilty conscience, with my blood to wash away (if good fortune, in the defence of the cause I undertook, would draw death upon me) the stains of such unpardonable faults; but now that I have found what I least looked for (and then he cast a side-look on *Hellen*) for her, I confess I should desire to live, if your just indignation might find mercy for so heinous offences; which I will not strive to mitigate, however justly I

may; for I would think such faults ill excused, with which, to ease my self, I must have burdened my nearest friends.

Basilius, first graciously lifting him from the ground, Nephew, replied he, did I retain the memory of your youthful oversights, this your vertuous acknowledgment were sufficient to bear them away; but long since I have buried in oblivion the thought of your rashness, because I knew (by what after happened) that the gods had made you an instrument to work their ends; It were injury therefore to question his actions, whose will was not his own, being over-ruled by their all-commanding decree. No, nephew, I do not only pardon these transgressions, but freely also do resign all such possessions as your father held in *Arcadia*, taken from you in the last war, and now in the hands of *Philanax*. Live happy in your choice; I shall be proud of our alliance with the crown of *Corinth*, and shall rejoyce to see the succession continue in our blood. This said, he led him to *Gynecia*, then to *Euarchus*; but when he came to *Musidorus*, This, nephew, is that black knight, said he, who, at your last meeting, gave such evident proof of his unconquerable valour; This is *Musidorus* the prince of *Thessalia*, whom the gods have bestowed as a blessing on my daughter *Pamela*. *Amphialus*, now assured by the king's speech, unto whose hand the honour of his conquest had fallen (for doubt had long tormented him, that some baser hand reaped the glory of his victory;) Prince *Musidorus*, said he, my hard success in our last encounter much perplexed me; not that my confidence of myself, was lifted to such an arrogant presumption, to think my strength and skill in arms matchless; but that it grieved me, that an unknown knight (one, whom the world might think had concealed his name, lest, together with him, his bad fortune in tryals of that kind, might be discovered) should have the better of me. But now, that I know to whose lot my victory hath fallen, I do not only bring an excuse, but an honour, from the worthiness of the conqueror.

Courteous *Amphialus*, replied the prince, whose side the advantage of fortune did then incline to, if it may be determined, with greater reason, and more desert, should the honour be given you, than bestow-

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ed on me; but, however, ſuch tryal I then made of your manhood, that, hereafter, I ſhall deſire to be of your part. Worthy prince, ſaid *Amphialus*, your virtue will always chooſe to be of the weaker ſide. And ſo turning to *Philoclea*, Divine lady, ſaid he, in your excellent choice of the famous *Pyrocles*, you have (beſides the happineſs gained to your ſelf, for which the world may envy you) ſhewed me the way to my beſt hopes, by grafting my affection in the ſtock of my *Hellen*'s conſtancy. Dear couſin, replied *Philoclea*, I am glad it was in my power, and your good fortune, ſo much to better your choice in ſo excellent a remove: And ſo, caſting a baſhful look towards *Pyrocles*, Sir, ſaid ſhe, we may joyn in thankſgiving; this is my couſin, whoſe vertuous diſpoſition, during our impriſonment, was our ſafeſt defence againſt my aunt *Cecropia*'s cruelty. I do acknowledge it, ſaid *Pyrocles*, and beſides this favour, in which we have a common intereſt, Sir, I muſt crave pardon for a wound given you at ſuch a time, when, belike, you made patience your only defence. *Amphialus* ſtood with his eyes fixed on *Pyrocles*; for his memory ſupplied him with a confuſed remembrance of ſuch a face: *Zelmane* he could not take him to be, her ſex and this change, at their firſt birth, deſtroyed theſe apprehenſions *Pyrocles*, his heart ſwore he was not, whoſe youth and beauty, god wot! were no fit livery for ſuch atchievements as the world famed him for. Thus a while he continued, troubled with the uncertainty of conjectures, until *Pyrocles* (happily conceiving the cauſe of his amazement) ſtopped his farther admiration, by letting him know, that the then *Zelmane* was the now *Pyrocles*. Whereat *Amphialus*, as one newly waked out of a dream, cryed out, *Anaxius*, *Anaxius*, ſaid he, 'twas the prince of *Macedon* (not a woman) overcame thee. Wherefoever thy ſoul be, let it keep this time feſtival, as the birth-day of thy glory. And ſo, after mutual embraces, together with the reſt of the princes, they entered the palace; where, when they were ſeated, the eyes of all the company were ſet on the queen of *Corinth*, longing to know the ſtory of her ſtrange fortune; now a queen, then a priſoner; now alive, then dead; which ſhe, at *Baſilius*'s intreaty,

with a majesty which her fortune could not change, because 'twas innate, thus declared.

Great sir! that I was made prisoner by *Rinatus*, and by him carried to *Laconia*, fame, together with the news of my supposed death, belike hath brought you; the rest, since you esteem worth your hearing, I shall esteem worthy my relation. There yet governs, and then did, among the nobility of *Laconia*, one *Creton*, a man elected to the crown rather to recompense the desert of his ancestors, than for his own virtues, beloved and borne with for the same reason; such an everlasting monument of itself, can goodness leave to posterity. To him when I was brought, my guilt and my guilty self, with the best oratory *Rinatus* had, was made known; who, with vehement importunity, desired, that my speedy punishment, as my fault, should be terrible. The king answered, Though he found his demands reasonable, and such to which he was sure there could be no opposition made, yet he thought it fit the nobility should be acquainted with so weighty a cause, before he proceeded farther in it, and so, for this time (being committed to the charge of *Pertinax*, chamberlain to the king) I was dismissed. The next day, the council being sent for, my cause run the hazard of many opinions; some thought it fit I should die; And tho' justice, said they, might not dispense with such severity, yet it was fit to please *Rinatus*, one who had deserved well, and had the power, if otherwise he were dealt with, to revenge his injury. Others, the more in number, and esteemed the wiser, because the king held with them, opposed this sentence, alledging, so inconsiderate an act might call the safety of *Laconia* in question; For, said they, shall we think the *Corinthians* so degenerate, that, being justly incens'd against us, they will not endeavour to revenge the death of their prince, in the shade of whose reign they enjoy that peace and plenty their neighbours envy them for? and if they stir in it, what people is so barbarous, whom the justness of their cause will not procure into the society of this war? See then if a private man's satisfaction be to be compared to these ensuing dangers? No, let her live, and when the gods do otherwise dispose of her, let her death come without the ruin of *Laconia*. This determined,

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a new doubt arose, how I should be disposed of; they that before thought it expedient I should die, now that opinion was put by, concluded, That it was best to send me to *Corinth*, with an honourable convoy, so to tie them, by a perpetual bond of gratitude, to be their friends, whom they so much feared to be their enemies: The rest, to gratify the king, whose affection they perceived to lean that way, and well assured it was an advice too profitable to be rejected that gained a kingdom, though his promise after the queen's death (who, not long before, left him a widower) had been past to *Lemnia*, a fair and virtuous lady, daughter to my keeper *Pertinax*; yet they wished, if so he pleased, my crown might win me to his bed, little doubting but I had thought it an egregious felicity to be so graced. The king, after many protractions, at length, as if he were wrought to it by a desire to satisfy the nobility rather than self-will, declares his mind to be directed by them; which, once known, behold! the flattery of the court began to fawn upon me; Who more observed? who more admired? Only *Rinatus*, much impatient of this my greatness, in court, uttered some words in choler, which made known, by a further inquiry, a conspiracy of his against the king, so as soon after (the rather to give me, whom they studied to please, satisfaction) he was beheaded.

But long it was not before fortune, neither constant to my happy adversity, nor adverse felicity, had brought thither (sent by the usurper *Tenarus*) a wise, but wicked instrument, whom he called his ambassador, who laboured, by the policy of his high-reaching brain, and the secret practices of his undermining gold, so far for his master's ends, that now, in an instant, the still-changing face of court-respect began to frown upon me: My death was decreed, and, until the time were appointed for it, my self made a close prisoner in my accustomed gaol. But the king, chiefly moved with the hope of my crown, and drawn by a self-conceit of liking to my sorrow, which, perhaps, had a sympathy with his melancholy, would needs continue the suit of his affection to me, though he durst not interpose his over-ruled authority for my liberty. Thus, for a time, did I live, accompanied by some few, to whom the king might

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truſt his intents, he, in ſhew, courting his firſt love *Lemnia*, and making that a pretence to come private to her father's houſe near adjoining to court. But indeed, as at that time he could have no reaſon to diſſemble with me, this kindneſs came another way; which *Lemnia* ſuſpecting, and being as far gone in affection to this double-dealing king, as he was in the profeſſion of a little-regarded love to me, her watchful eye ſoon found the advantage of a happy opportunity to hear himſelf ſpeak his own deceit, with ſuch a heart-burning vehemency, that *Lemnia* (who had placed herſelf, unknown to either of us, behind the hangings) ſcarce could ſuppreſs her entry, to play a part in our comedy of affection. But to his demands truth anſwered for me plainly, That death, in whoſe expectation I lived, would be far more pleaſing than the marriage he thought ſo reaſonable; adding withal to my ſpeech much of *Lemnia*'s praiſe, which ſhe deſerved, to inſtruct his eyes that, indeed, were blind in his choice.

But when he parted, vowing to be ſevere in my puniſhment, unleſs I reſolved better at his next coming, behold *Lemnia*, with tears in her eyes, fell at my feet; and when ſhe ſaw amazement in my looks, with a kind baſhfulneſs, taking my hand, and riſing with that help; Virtuous lady, ſaid ſhe, if ever you have been acquainted with the tyranny of all-commanding affection, to that judge I appeal, who (though courteſy and good manners oppoſe him) will find my fault excuſable. This man, who, in your preſence, hath been the trumpet of his own inconſtancy, firſt with the vehement proteſtation of his ſincere affection, won me in gratefulneſs to meet him, in the recompence of his unknown diſſimulation, if ſuch then it were; and now with the good liking of the ſtate, were the ſolemnities appointed for our marriage, when your arrival croſſed thoſe hopes, and drew his thoughts to their natural temper of unſtayedneſs. But ſince I have found, by this fortunate unmannerlineſs, your anſwers ſo reſolutely oppoſed to his demands, henceforth I vow to work your freedom, or bring myſelf to periſh with you. Her fault found an eaſy pardon at the tribunal ſhe appealed to; I thanked her, as there was good cauſe, for her deſire of my good; only I wiſhed, if my freedom could not be procured with-

without danger to her, ſhe would not heap miſeries upon me, by joining herſelf a companion in my diſaſters. She comforts me with the hope of better event, and to bring her intention to a wiſhed ſucceſs, ſhe wins my unwillingneſs to ſhew ſome favour to the king: Which next day I did, having placed *Lemnia* where ſhe had placed herſelf the day before, to be a witneſs to our conference; for otherwiſe, perhaps, her love this ſecond time might have egged her ſuſpicion, already prone that way, to the diſtruſt of a practice between us. And happy was this forced diſſimulation; for the king, not long before his coming to me, had received advertiſement, That the uſurper of *Corinth* had levied an army, and ſet forth many ſhips to invade *Laconia*, making the delay of my promiſed execution the pretence of this war; which being alſo known, they (who, together with this foreign enemy, feared the rebellion of the *Helots*, who alway lay in wait for an opportunity of ſuch advantage) now, more than ever, began to ſollicite the king to ſatisfy ſo potent an enemy in ſo juſt a demand. The king, well weighing the imminent dangers that were to be prevented by my death, and ſeeing the little comfort he did enjoy by prolonging of my life, (likely every day to increaſe my obſtinacy, being none of thoſe lovers that would die for his diſdaining miſtreſs) was ready to deliver me over as a ſacrifice for the ſtate and country; when, behold! his ſails were filled with ſelf-opinion in my favour. Borne up, therefore, with the wings of hope, he returns to court, where love (or ſome indulgent fate) inſpired this project into his head; He calls the nobility, and after a long narration of the miſchiefs that hung over *Laconia*, he deſires their advice for prevention. They, glad that the only oppoſer, as they thought, of their deſigns, would have recourſe to their directions, in that cauſe wherein they were jealous of his partaking, after a flattering inſinuation (the common *exordium* to men of his place) they concluded, That it was fit that *Hellen* ſhould die. I doubt it not, ſaid he (nor was it to that end I ſought your counſel) that the neceſſity of the times, the welfare of our perſon, and the preſervation of our ſtate require her death; but it much perplexed me, that our fame ſhould bleed with her, or that the world ſhould ſay, The threats of the king of *Corinth* had

had inforced us to behead her whom lately we were to take to wife. 'Twas this, my lords, that caused my misinterpreted resolution to hang in suspence; for this I have turned my invention into all forms, and now, behold, I have found an even way to lead me between the perils of a threatned war, and the ill-bought quiet of an ignominious peace. My will is, She be brought to court (for *Pertinax* his house I think not convenient for this project) and placed here, with such about her as I know most trusty in such a secret; then, that her keepers, at fartheſt, within two days, poison her; which done, we will give it out she died of a disease; and to confirm this opinion in the vulgar, we will honour her death with such funeral pomp as the state of her life required. Thus shall our cause of dissention with *Corinth* be taken away, and we freed from that imputation the world might justly lay upon us. The nobility, with silent admiration, began to applaud what he had determined, chiefly *Pertinax*, who, making the common cause his pretence, laboured by all means to confirm a resolution so necessary for his daughter *Lemnia*'s happiness.

The king having dismissed the council, acquaints me with these his proceedings, setting forth, with no mean pride, the pregnancy of his own wit, who had found a way to over-reach such gray-bearded dotards; For, said he, you shall that night when you are thought to be poisoned, be conveyed hence (by two of chiefest trust about me) unto my castle of *Nicos*; then will I cause a statue, formed to your proportion, to be coffined up, on which, forsooth, my grave council shall solemnly wait, and perform the obsequies in that ceremony requisite; mean time you shall live, and live beloved of him who hath undergone this dangerous enterprize, and will do many more to indear his affection to you. And when the limbs of this disjointed state be set again, you shall be restored to be yourself, and to injoy this crown of *Laconia* so much envied you: 'Till when, I lock these projects in the closet of your secrecy.

The good king was scarce gone from me, when I made *Lemnia* of counsel with me, who, seeing the fitness of the time, being my journey to *Nicos* was to be performed in the night, and the easy execution of so dan-

dangerless an enterprize, my guard being only two of the king's servants, she gives in charge to a sufficient number of such whom she knew faithful to her, to meet them mid way, and after they had well beaten my convoy, to discharge them of the suspicion of their consenting to the fact, to carry me to the next sea-port, where there staid a ship bound for *Delphos*; to which I needs would bend my course. This being resolved upon, the lady (equally troubled with the care of my safety, and the loss of my presence) wept many tears, which, I confess, had been ingratitude in me not to second; so as a while sorrow seemed to have flown thither to bathe her self in our eyes: but love, at length, in both of one another's good, had well-near claimed this passion, when the guard, appointed by the king, was come, and ready to carry me to court. But why should I, great sir, any longer stay you in a story, whose tediousness I am well assured hath tired you? Know therefore, That this mean of my safety was as fortunately executed, as happily contrived; the king not once daring to send to seek me, lest he should by that discover his own craft used in his dangerous deluding of the *Laconian* noblemen.

But I was scarce a month absent, when he, whose eyes held the reins of his constancy, the object being removed, married (as it was before determined) the beauteous *Lemnia*; who, now in possession of his love, sticked not to make known to him this whole matter, which otherwise, in her behalf I was bound to keep secret. Thus, Sir, if my desire to obey your commands hath made the story of my misfortunes tedious, you may excuse me, since all is done for your satisfaction.

Fair queen, replied *Basilius*, the sweetly-delivered strangeness of the story, would still ravish the hearers with a desire of a farther cause of attentiveness, did not a greater desire in us, who know your virtues, hasten to hear the end of your much-pitied distress: And so, calling *Amphialus* to him, having agreed on the day of marriage between the queen and him, they all arose; for now their appetites (growing jealous of the satisfaction their minds received by the former discourse) began to sollicite them in the behalf of their stomachs.

After

After dinner, when most of the company began to imp the wings of time with the feathers of several recreations, *Amphialus* and *Hellen* privately went together in an arbour in the garden, where, first with tears, the common apology of overjoyed affection, they spake their minds in silence, their panting hearts, as they imbraced, with mutual desire, beating their envious garments, that gave them not leave to meet. At length *Hellen*, gracefully shaking her head, as if she would shake away the drops that, like the morning-dew on full-ripe cherries, hung on her rosy cheeks: O *Amphialus!* said she, and then kissed him, as loth to leave so perfect a sentence without a comma; I will not say, you were unkind, but—— and there with his lips (loth, belike, to accuse him) she closed up her speech. My sole happiness! replied *Amphialus*, softly wringing her hand, though the foulness of my fault be no fit subject for her to speak of, who breathes nothing but goodness, yet I want not an accuser: My soul sets forth my ingratitude; nor can I yet conceive, how mercy can be so far removed from justice, as to find a pardon for my offence: but you have given it, and, if it be any requital, it shall be my after-life's study to love and honour your vertues, as it was hitherto to offend you. It is fit therefore, said *Hellen*, with the counterfeit settledness of majesty, we impose a penance upon you for your oversight, and this it shall be, That henceforth you neither speak nor think of that you account your fault: and to help you in obeying my commands, I must intreat you to keep your mind and tongue, for a time, busied in telling me what befell you in your travels since our being at *Corinth*; and do it not so niggardly, as if you meant to conceal what fame hath so largely blown abroad: yet, if you were exposed at any time to much danger, dwell not there too long, lest I forget I have you here.

Most dear lady, said *Amphialus*, to conform my-self to your last request, would make me disobedient to your first command. Shall I begin with my departure from you? Alas! at what time should I more employ my memory and speech in discovery of my faulty self than now? But I see your eyes begin to take anger

anger into them; I will no longer insist on mine own accusation.

Know therefore, most constant lady, That, accompanied only with *Fidutio* my page, when I had passed the limits of your dominion, at the time of day when the high-mounted sun makes least shadows, wearied with travel, and desirous of some shelter from the sun's violent rays, I laid my self under the protection of an olive-tree, thinking to set my mutinous thoughts at peace, but it would not be; these outward signs could not appease the fury of an inward enemy. Thus I lay, dearly purchasing the little ease of my body with the affliction of my mind, until mine ears, like faithful servants, desirous to end this dissention between their master and himself, caused all the powers of my mind to joyn in attentiveness: and mine eyes, loth to be out-gone in such good offices, did look that way from whence the noise came; where I might discern six men armed, on horse-back, carry a fair lady with them, whose tears and out-cries well shewed her indisposition to that journey. This sight moved compassion in me, and pity brought a desire to help her distress: but my horse (divining, belike, my intent, and unwilling to leave his food) could by no means be taken; so that, mad with anger, I began to repeat over all the misfortunes that ever had befallen me, to let this know it wanted no fellows, when there came posting that way, one whom, by his haste, I guessed to have been of the company gone before. Of him I intreated to know what fault could be so heinous, that might take away the name of injury from so unmanly a violence as they offered to so beauteous a lady: but he, with a scornful silence, smiled, and would be gone: and so, perhaps, he might, had not the narrowness of the way, and his courteous horse, that would not tread upon me, compelled him to stay. Whereat his anger burst forth into threats: Villain! said he, thy want of armour shall not excuse thee from a death wilfully drawn upon thee; and though there be no glory, there will be satisfaction in thy overthrow. Then, drawing his horse a little back, he lighted, and, without farther complement, ran towards me: but his fury brought him hastily to his death, for thinking, belike, his threatning mouth was

able

able to defend it self, he forgot to put by my sword, that, by good fortune lay in his way, and so justly his death entered at his mouth, whose life I think was in his tongue. At his fall *Fidutio* came in, who helping to fit on the armour, of which we had disfurnished this unserviceable knight, I mounted on his horse, that seemed to have regarded my haste more than mine own: and riding on the spur, I overtook my company, for so they would needs make themselves, saluting me by the name of my friend *Satibarsis*. But their better observance soon put them out of that opinion: so as guessing (indeed rightly) that I had killed *Satibarsis*, and by that means got his armour; without desire to be farther than by their conjecture satisfied, they joined all hands in his revenge. But the lady's cause was just, whose rescue I came to, and the all-seeing Providence, that would not see justice overlaid, fought for me. And now five of them had either received their well-deserved payment of death, or were kept by their wounds from farther opposition, when the sixth, who all this time had held the lady, and looked on, seeing my hand, (whose weakness had left such precedents of the effects of a good cause) now set against him alone, took his prisoner by the hair, and with his sword gave her a deep wound in the neck. That inhumane act would have given desire to the most barbarous, and power of revenge to the most cowardly: but he, as if he meant to save me a labour, making haste that their warm blood should meet, with the same sword runs himself thorough, dying as just a judge as he was a traiterous offender. Amazement would have fixed mine eyes upon him, but the lady's wound brought them to her succour. Experience on my self, made me skilful, and my fair patient officious: so that tying up the wound, for some time I stanched the blood; she, in mean time, with her watry eyes bent toward heaven, heartily praying for my good fortune, and many times thanking her destiny, that, with her death, had ended the miseries of her ever-dying life. When I had done comforting her, as I thought, with my opinion of her safety, I intreated to know her name, and the cause of this injury done to her. No, no, replied she, courteous stranger, the comfort of my near-coming death (in

(in ſpite of the torment the memory of my moſt wretched life puts me to) brings this chearfulneſs I now preſent in my looks: and though the leaſt delay of my end is accompanied with a world of ſorrows, yet I am glad, for ſatisfaction of your demand, my breath is a while preſerved.

My name is *Leaucade*, the only daughter to count *Brunio*, a man of large poſſeſſions in this country; whom, you may well think, becauſe in expectation of his lands, many ſued for, and thoſe not of the meaneſt eſteem: but my careleſsneſs of love had taught me ſuch a carriage, that farther than of the favour of my courteſy (of which they did all indifferently partake) none could boaſt. And this, till about a year ſince, was my daily practice, diſdaining (as moſt that have not known it, do) ſo ridiculous a paſſion as I then eſteemed love. At which time this *Fluento*, whoſe happy hand hath done us both right, came to my father's court: a neighbour prince, with whom (for incroaching upon the bounds of his territory) my father hath had much diſſention. But a reconcilement being made between them, and both alike thinking the beſt means to perſevere in amity, were to have us two joined in marriage; without my knowledge (as if it were fit I ſhould be a ſtranger to their proceeding) determine of the match. But, alas! Sir, at this time I was ſo far from being at their diſpoſe, that I was not at my own: for love (I think keeping miſchief until it were ripe for me) had preſented a gentleman to mine eyes, by birth noble; whoſe anceſtors, all to his father, being men of known vertue in the country, were admitted to the prime offices of the kingdom: but he, taking a pride to be unthrifty, and little eſteeming theſe publick imployments, laviſhed exceedingly both his fame and patrimony; yet it ſeemed he only made away his eſtate to purchaſe goodneſs for his child: ſuch a ſon he was father to, ſo rare, ſo excellent. His name was *Perſidas*; and at that word the tears guſhed forth in ſuch abundance, that it ſeemed her blood had changed his courſe and colour to run forth at the ſluices of her eyes: Alas! Sir, what ſhall I ſay of him? or who, from *Leaucade*, will believe the deſert of *Perſidas*? But, alas! if they deſerve no credit that love him, in this country

you must hear nothing of him; the knowledge of his person, and the love of his vertues, being things inseparable. In him begun this tragedy, in me it ends: for when my father and *Fluento* had drawn their agreement to a head, then, and not before, he thought it time, he said, to let me know my happiness. And thus, finding me alone, he breaks the matter to me: Dear child, I have, ever since the death of your virtuous mother (though much importuned by many) reserved you to these years unmarried, because your content should be of counsel with me in your choice: and happy was this delay for the honour of our house; for, behold! *Fluento* makes his fortunes serviceable to your will: Prince *Fluento*, daughter, whose powerful greatness the neighbour potentates stand in awe of; him I have won for you, and so forward we be, that this day-fortnight he is to take you to wife. Father, said I, that your wisdom hath deferred my marriage hitherto, to give me the comfort of election, my obedience, my only requital, shall be the same it ever was to you: and yet I wonder, that having attained to these years, when my judgment in my choice may be received, you will exclude me from the end for which I was so long reserved; just like a physician that tells his patient, He hath brought a potion to cure him, yet says, He must by no means take it. I must be married to prince *Fluento*, and yet your meaning is, I should have liberty to choose; as if this enforcement destroyed not my freedom of election. That he is a man, beyond all respects, as you praise him, fit for your estate, I may well grant you; but that he is unfit for your daughter, I am privileged to say. At this, his severe look, before he spake, began to lay before me my obedience: and when he had walked two or three turns in the room, Daughter, daughter, said he, I never thought you were so wilful! Where, I pray you, is there a match fit for your birth, if not *Fluento*? Beware, beware, you do not give your posterity just cause to curse you, that denied them so great, so good a father. I answered, That I thought it were too tender a respect of children, whom perhaps I might not have, or should not enjoy, to choose for them, and not a husband for my self; and too senseless a feeling of the honour of my house, to wrong my self to do

my

my birth right. Then kneeling on my knees, Sir, said I, sollicite me no more, I have not power to grant. He hastily, when it was scarce delivered, snatched this word: And why not power to grant? said he. Because *Persidas* is the anchor-hold of my life and love. *Persidas!* cried out my father, Now all misfortunes fall thick upon me: shall my means help to make up a bankrupt in his estate? accursed be my fate, that gave me life to hear it. *Persidas!* why, sure, it cannot be. Sir, said I, if my love were not far passed, my desperate presumption would not bring a truth, much less an untruth, to move your anger. And if those after-hopes have not clean compelled you to forget you are my father, have pity on me? If so, I crave the tryal of the law. This last request (after conference with *Fluento*) finding my obstinacy, he condescended to. But because, I perceive, Sir, you are a stranger here, and that the knowledge of this law doth much concern the story of my present mishap, I will make it known to you.

This kingdom of *Argos*, wherein you are, was governed not long since by *Phenissa*, a woman worthy to have come to that place by election, if nature had not bestowed it upon her by descent from her famous ancestors. This queen (that you may see we want not the precedent of greatness to excuse affection) in her father's life-time, though by him she was promised to *Deoxippus*, the tyrant of *Syracusa*, was enamoured of one *Eumenes*, governor (for the *Lacedemonians*) of the island and city of *Delphos*. And when it well might be thought the king's death, and her succession, had taken away the restraint of her will, yet she, growing less willing when she was most powerful, like a horse that finding the reins hang loose upon him, begins to stay his fury; so she, though by this change she had not received any slackness into her affection, began to tender the case of her country that lay open to the invasion of her proud enemy *Deoxippus*, if so she should have made him. Preferring therefore now this common respect, before her private satisfaction, as she had done her obedience in her father's life-time before her love, she buries her self in the grave of *Deoxippus*'s loathsome bed.

When the unexpected news of *Phenissa*'s marriage came to the ears of her faithful lover *Eumenes*, his passion (as *Agamemnon*'s at the death of *Iphigenia*) can best be expressed in silence; all the wild furies that distracted grief could gather, being summoned to the siege of his soon-overthrown heart: hastily thereupon to the temple his mad passion bears him; where, casting himself at the feet of *Apollo*, Unjust god! said he, have I for this thy ungratefulness, given up the offerings of my daily prayers? but if I wrong thy name, shew thy justice in revenging my death: whereat, transported with violence of sorrow, running his head against the altar, his bloody brains flew forth of their battered lodging. Soon after, the contagion of a most pestilent air brought such a plague among the *Argians*, that many daily felt the fury of the gods revenging indignation: amongst whom, theking and queen, (reserved, belike, the more to be punished in their subjects calamity) after the desolation of their well-peopled country, both in one day, by the same infection, ended their lives and government; wherewith this mortality ceased, as hitting now at length the mark it aimed at.

The few remnant of the nobility, sent to *Delphos*, to know, What fault of theirs had brought these miseries upon their country? where, being informed of what was passed, *Apollo* advised them to provide, that no such mischief should after happen. They, well weighing whence it arose, being fully satisfied by the oracle, enact this law: That neither private nor publick respect should detain a virgin from revealing her love; and if her friends, or parents, think another than she hath chosen more fit for her, the combat between them two shall determine the gods pleasure. How unwilling I was to hazard my *Persidas* in this trial, Love, that bleeds in the thought of a danger, can best assure you: but his earnestness that it might be so, and the hard constraint that it could not be otherwise, won me to it.

The day therefore being appointed, *Fluento* (upon whom fame, the flatterer of greatness, had pinned the opinion of valour) entered the lists, mounted on a bay courser, whose armour all over represented a green plain, through which ran little rivulets of blood, that sprang from the wounds of many centaurs, dispersed over all the

the field. In his ſhield he bore the counterfeit of *Hercules* and *Dejanira*, with theſe words, *Indeared by Conqueſt*. From him my *Perſidas* drew the eyes and hearts of all the company: his horſe was a fiery ſorrel: his armour like the azure sky, curiouſly ſpotted with many ſtars, (whoſe glimpſe the well-ſet diamonds, by reflection of the ſun, repreſented) ſhewed as if night had flown thither to end, in that aſſembly, ſome controverſy between her and her brother. In his ſhield he cauſed *Andromeda* and *Perſeus* to be ingraven, with theſe words, *Never too dearly bought*. But I muſt haſten to the event, ſaid ſhe; for long I find you may not enjoy your hiſtorian: Know, therefore, That my *Perſidas*, contenting himſelf only with the victory, when he might have taken (woe is me that he was ſo merciful!) *Fluento*'s life, was accepted by my father for his ſon-in-law; good fortune, as I then thought, changing my husband, and not my day of marriage. In mean time *Fluento*, repining at this diſgrace, and deſirous, even upon the baſeſt terms, to be revenged, plotted a treachery unheard-of againſt him. This morning, having before heard we were to hunt in this foreſt, *Fluento* (with that company your valour hath brought to their deſerved ends) lay in wait for us: and when my ſelf and my *Perſidas* (count *Brunio* my father, and the reſt, having followed the chace) were left alone, behold theſe bloody villains, coming unawares upon him, with many wounds, ſent his ſoul to that place whither mine (hoping to find a more laſting union in that life, than our loves hath found in this) doth haſten. And with this word, her dull languiſhing eyes began to roll as if they ſtrove to reſerve motion in ſpite of death: yet raiſing her ſelf a little, her love found breath to ſay this, Let me be buried by my *Perſidas!* and ſo graſping my hand, as it were, to put me in mind of her laſt words, alas! ſhe dies.

But many tears I could not have beſtowed as obſequies upon her, when ſome of her father's train, who by chance croſſing that way where *Perſidas* lay dead, guided by *Fidutio* (who, with their helps, had now taken my horſe) came to this place; to whom when I had related all what I learned from *Leaucade* of *Perſidas*'s death, together with her laſt will, we all joined

hands in carrying her to the next village: whither also certain of their fellows (whom they had left behind to that end) conveyed the body of *Persidas*; from whence, soon after, count *Brunio* (having begged of grief a little respite of life to fulfil his daughter's testament) brought them both with all funeral pomp, to his chief city *Coniga*, where he caused a stately tomb to be built for them, on which this Epitaph was ingraven,

Love, beauty, valour, when their death drew nigh,
Consulted long, where they should buried lie:
At length, with one consent, they hasten'd hither,
And chose this place to be intomb'd together.

Leaving the woful kingdom of *Argos*, no better accompanied then with *Fidutio*, yet better guarded by *Satibarsis*'s armour, my sorrow, I think, that bore infection with it, made all places where I came, fit stages for tragedies: for, descending unto a green valley, where, of each side, the rocky mountains threatened the humble earth with the frowns of their down-cast brows, I might see a young man leaning with both hands on his sword, breathing as over-toiled with labour, and round about him four or five cast prostrate at his feet, who were dead, or thought their counterfeiting to be so, would prove their best defense against this young man's fury. But the clashing of my armour had no sooner made known my approach, then he came running towards me, uttering words, whereby I might gather his quarrel to me brought the excuse of mistake with it. Not to draw on therefore his misconceived opinion, that his breathless companions did witness would be dangerous for me; Sir, replied I, I am so far from maintaining their cause, whose revenge upon a lone man, being so many, mine own eyes do persuade me was injurious, that had I come at the beginning of your fight (though this event shews I should but have robbed you of part of the honour of this action) I would have joyned my self to you.

Alas! Sir, said he, to oppose your self against me (though it were more unjust) would be the more secure way: for what you see is but a fore-runner of a certain destruction

deſtruction ſoon at hand. Leave me therefore, courteous ſir, and ſeek for ſafety: death to me is ſo grateful, that I envy you ſhould be a partner in ſo great a gain. But it were a fault unpardonable, to have abandoned the moſt acccompliſhed man, that ever mine eyes, before that time, beheld: my reſolution therefore, though hard againſt his will, muſt have prevailed with him: ſo that intreating to know the cauſe of his former fight, and farther doubt, I found his courteſy as forward in the relation of his own danger, as it was obſtinate in the care of my ſafety.

Sir, ſaid he, ſeeing my ſtory will be but a heap of misfortunes, I ſhall do well to lay the foundation my ſelf, than whom the ſun looks not upon a more miſerable creature: My name is *Cariclio*, nephew, by his brother *Caſtor*, to the king of *Natolia*, brought up, in my youth, in the good opinion of my uncle, and the great expectation of many; fortune, then belike, proroguing my miſeries until a more ſerious age ſhould make me more ſenſible of them: which time had no ſooner brought on, but that my ill fate, to train me up for the burthen of the miſchief that was prepared for me, began by little and little to make me acquainted with the courſe I was to run; firſt taking away my father, whoſe virtuous age deſerved (if that may be thought a recompence for deſert) a longer time in this life: When he was dead, and that the ſlippery ſteps of my raſh youth wanted the ſtay of his fatherly advice, preſently (not knowing what one man's hands I ſhould put the reins of my then unbridled youth into, and yet well ſeeing I might not truſt my ſelf with mine own government) I choſe many friends; and being by nature given to hate pride, to eſchew a vice ſo loathſom (thinking it might not be done otherwiſe) I began to affect popularity. But I had ſcarce lived thus a twelve-month, when my couſin the king's ſon, a young man, who (beſides the hope of ſucceſſion, for which the courtiers did adore him) had nothing more than ordinary in him, grew ſuſpicious of my practices, as he termed them: to which humour (beſides the miſtruſt of his own little deſert) his ſycophants, the bellows of this fire, did daily add further cauſes to increaſe his jealouſy. But ſeeing the diſcovery of his ſuſpicion would little pleaſe the king, who ever

since the death of my father, had doubled his care upon me; he was compelled to dissemble a good liking towards me. In mean time a truce, made for some few years with the duke of *Amasia*, being expired, the war grew hot on both sides: at length, after the trial of many changes in fortune, necessity mediating peace between them, my self being given as hostage for performance of certain conditions of my uncle's part, a perpetual league was concluded on: 'Twas now, and not before, mischief began to unmask her self, and take a pride to grow terrible. There was at court, during my abode there, attending upon the dutchess, a lady, by name *Alcida*, whose many excellencies won as many hearts as she had beholders, nature making her beauty and shape but the most fair cabinet of a far-fetched mind. To her, mine eyes at first sight gave up my heart, with so unfortunate an encounter in affection, that this surrender was but a mutual exchange, she having, in a merciful gratefulness, fixed her love on mine. But her parentage, though not base, was so mean in respect of my birth, that thence whole armies of afflictions did invade my mind, equally distracted between my desire to enjoy this my best of happiness, and fear of my uncle's displeasure; on whom this match (for his care and love of me) I was sure would draw on an untimely death. But before I could determine a doubt of so great consequence, the conditions of the league being faithfully performed, I was safely, at a day prefixed, sent back to *Natolia*, desirous, even in my soul desirous, I am sure, rather by their breach of covenant to have hazarded my life, than thus cruelly to be taken away from her presence, who, far beyond my life, was most dear to me. Soon after my return, the king, as if the gods had stayed him to see the quiet of his state, now that was brought to pass, worn with age, and much broken with travel and care in his last wars, left his kingdom to his degenerate son and successor, who had no sooner seized on the government, but, meaning to begin his reign with an admirable act of policy, now his power was unrestrained, limits me to the absence from my country, declaring my blood for ever uncapable of succession: and not content with this, to such a height his undeserved malice to me was raised,

raiſed, that he dealt with ſome bad miniſters of his wickedneſs, ſecretly to make me away. To prevent therefore what was plotted againſt me, diſguiſing my ſelf, I haſtily fled away, and, making uſe of neceſſity, to further my affection, I put my ſelf into the ſervice of a nobleman here in the court of *Amaſia*; eaſily remaining undiſcovered, among them who would ſooner fall out with their eyes, that believe that the greatneſs wherein they lately had ſeen me, could admit ſo great a change: by mean whereof, I enjoyed the preſence of my *Alcida*, whoſe conſtancy, neither time, nor abſence (the mothers of affection) nor what is more, this my change in fortune, could alter.

Thus, while I lived in this happineſs of ſervitude, *Mermidon* (brother to the duke) having commanded, with fortunate ſucceſs, againſt the *Dacians*, returned to court, where ſeeing this lady, he became enamoured of her, to no other end than to ſatisfy his luſt: and thinking, at firſt (becauſe he was in good eſteem with himſelf) ſhe would have ſtrained her modeſty to ſue for the acceptance of a preſent ſo grateful to him, a while he was ſilent; but when he perceived the vanity of his fruitleſs expectation, and found that this delay increaſed the fury of his paſſion, diſpenſing with the majeſty he had taken on, he began to make known his love to her, (for ſuch a title did he give ſo baſe a deſire) forgetting not withal, to tell her, That to excuſe her modeſty, he had firſt ſpoken her wiſhes. But the virtuous *Alcida*, loathing as much the thought of ſuch a ſin, as ſhe loved the memory of me, together with a reſolute denial, let him know how, baſe his mind was that made ſo injurious a requeſt. Whereat *Mermidon*, becauſe this anſwer came unexpected, was ſo much the more amazed. But bringing arguments from his late practice in the war, he began to think his honour would be the greater, if, after long reſiſtance, he did ſurprize a well-defended fort: and therefore daily, both by rich gifts, the baſe enamel of affection, and many promiſes (which, to win the more upon her, were ſent by one of her own ſex, who, if example might move her, could tell of ſuch a precedent in her ſelf) did he ſeek to undermine her reſolution. Mean time, my conſtant *Alcida*, ſeeing the intemperance of *Mermidon*'s

lust to bring the threats of force with it, not daring to speak with me, because our conference began to be suspected, sent me a letter to hasten her carrying away, appointing this the fatal place of our meeting.

I much rejoyced to be so near my happiness, the rather, that since our last conference, I received intelligence, that my young cousin of *Natolia* being made away by one whom he had raised to an undeserved height in his favour, the country was in great distress by the factious ambition of the nobility, and that the best affected to the state, much desired my presence. But these means, how well soever, as I thought, conducing to my happiness, by the unmercifulness of my hard destiny, were prevented, as one of those, whom it was my fortune to kill, at his death revealed: for *Mermidon* having intercepted the messenger, mad with rage to find his hopes crossed by so mean a man, as he took me to be, having again sealed up the letter, he caused it to be delivered, and determining to be revenged, sent these men to apprehend me, himself intending to follow presently, leading with him my dearest *Alcida*, whom, in my presence, (to add a glory to the execrableness of the offence) he means to ravish. And now, sir, you have heard, said he, of my birth and fortune, till this time (when, I am well assured, my end is near at hand) kept secret.

He scarce had closed up this lamentable story with a hearty sigh, the compendious abridgment of his sufferings, when we might discern *Mermidon*, with twenty more (so distrustful is treachery, though there be no cause to fear) make towards us: but that sight, together with the thought of *Alcida*'s distress, was a signal sufficient for *Cariclio* to begin his unequal encounter, so as, like a she-tyger, who, at her return to her cave, finds her little ones to be stollen, with a wild fury, breathing nothing but destruction, he runs amongst them, making way for my willingness to second his attempt. A while, the justness of the cause, and *Cariclio*'s valour (to which the glory is only due) with the death of many, did hold the victory in an equal ballance: At length, the multitude of our assailants made injury the stronger, bringing to a death much to be pitied, so incomparable a man at arms as was *Cariclio*; yet, not

not before he had, in the ſight of *Alcida*, ſent *Mermidon* to be his harbinger at *Charon's* ferry. And when by his death, the only ſtay and ſupport of the fight was removed, if ſometimes my deſire of revenge made good the ground that *Cariclio* had bequeathed me; alas! how could I long reſiſt without him? Know therefore, excellent lady, that here I was made priſoner, and, together with *Alcida*, carried back to court; though I call *Cariclio's* ghoſt to witneſs, I ſought all means to joyn myſelf, even in death, a companion to his virtues. The ſolemnity intended for our execution, and the preparation of new forms of torment for us that had been parties in the murder of the duke's brother, won ſome lingring days of life to the inward torture of our expectation: In mean time the everlaſting providence, that by changing the intentions and dooms of men, will let them know there is a power beyond theirs, ſent an unexpected mean to help our diſtreſs.

Plangus, the famous prince of *Iberia*, at this time making haſte with a few, ſuch as virtue had joined partners in his cauſe, and taking into his army ſuch of *Euarchus's* ſoldiers, as in a tempeſt at ſea were driven to *Bizantium*, to the ſuccour of *Erona* (whoſe ſtory you cannot be ignorant of) and being to paſs through *Amaſia*, ſent to the duke to demand a thorough-fare for his ſoldiers. But he, who of long time had obſerved an inviolable league with the *Armenians*, knowing the pretence of this war, and deſpiſing the weakneſs of thoſe few *Plangus* led with him, not only denied his requeſt, but, gathering a great power of ſoldiers (whom ſince his laſt wars he had kept in garriſon in his frontier towns) meant, with the overthrow of her ungrateful nephew, to gratify *Artaxia* and her ill-choſen husband *Plexirtus*. But the excellent *Plangus* (than whom this age ſhews not, for conduct in war, a better general) with the well-ordering thoſe few reſolute troops, and skilful induſtry in choice of advantages, in two ſet battels put him to the worſt; after which, the duke not able to reinforce his weakned power, put himſelf, with the relicts of his late overthrow, into his chief city, wherein we were priſoners; to which *Plangus*, finding no other reſiſtance, with wonderful celerity followed him: and though the town

by

by nature and art, for scite and fortification were thought impregnable, yet being defended but by such, who, by their own loss, held a too superstitious opinion of the enemies, it was soon forced by *Plangus* his victorious troops, who believed the success of nothing impossible, to which their ever-fortunate captain would lead them. With the sack of this city (wherein he took the duke, with his son, prisoners) *Plangus* having inriched his soldiers with the booty, and his own fame by the speedinesse of the conquest, not able to assure the country to his devotion, otherwise than by dismembring his army, and delaying his chief ends, moved with a necessary clemency, having first received six months pay for his soldiers, and the duke's son as hostage, to bar his desire of revenge, (making *Alcida* and myself, to secure our freedoms, companions in his travel) he leaves the *Amasians* to their former government.

Many days journey we had not been in our way to *Armenia*, when the good *Alcida*, by the inward working of her thoughts, began to find the burthen of her grief too heavy for her; which when the dulness of her ever-watry eyes, and the paleness of her cheeks had bewrayed to us, we carried her to a monastery near adjoyning dedicated to *Diana*, and much famed for the strictness of the virgins orders that be attendants on the goddess her ceremonies: where having recommended her to the governess of the house, alas! I left her, bound, even by the greatest tye of gratefulness, to follow him whom I owe my life to.

These former accidents, most dear lady, together with the excellent *Plangus* his company, in whom sorrow was drawn to the life, made me reflect upon my ungrateful self, and consider how cruel I had been to you, whose desert passed my best endeavours of requital; so that (far ingaged to the memory of your virtues) thenceforth the thought of my most dear *Hellen*, won my heart to a most passionate affection. The queen at this interrupted his speech, with this answer: My *Amphialus*, they, who follow examples in their actions, are to match rightly what they are to do, and what they see done. *Leaucada*, *Alcida*, and *Erona* might justly claim the reward of love; but *Hellen* (whose desert was far short) could expect but disdain,

Dis-

Disdain! said *Amphialus*, you renew a punishment your mercy did once forgive. And here, with tears in his eyes, he would have kneeled to beg a farther pardon; but *Hellen*, kissing away the burthen his eyes went with, made as much haste to prevente his suit with the like of her own; so that a friendly composition being made (as it well might be where both were parties, and both judges in one cause) the queen got the continuance of the story (which *Amphialus* would put off to another time) to boot; and then, willing to discharge himself of the debt he owed for so good a bargain, he thus began.

Madam, though my memory be a continued record of much sorrow, yet, among the many stories grief hath ingraven in me, there is none, compared with the disaster of *Plangus* and *Erona*, that deserves compassion: Know therefore, my only happiness, that *Plangus* having received advertisement how the nobleman, unto whose faithful custody *Erona* (upon the accord between him and *Artaxia*) was delivered, being hardly besieged by *Plexirtus*, and brought to an extremity by famine, had yielded to a composition, That if within five days he were not succoured, he must deliver the castle, *Plangus* therefore over-running the fame of his coming with his presence, the fifth night was near *Plexirtus*'s camp, where (by one of the enemies, whom his scouts had taken) he was informed, That late that evening, the keys of the city and fort were given up to *Plexirtus*, but that he deferred his entry till morning, leaving the next gate to the camp open, that all night his officers might prepare a magnificent triumph for him; as for *Erona*, he would determine nothing of her, until he had received the honour due to his victory. At this news *Plangus*, causing the reporter to be safely kept, and giving to his wearied soldiers some time to refresh themselves after the toil endured in their last day's travel, an hour before day (rightly imagining the air was then apt to disperse a dull sleepiness among *Plexirtus*'s careless soldiers) he calls his troops together, and setting before them the easiness of the victory, the riches of the camp, and the necessity of the time, he did incourage them with the repetition of their former conquest in *Amasia*, the justness of their cause, and the fame of their enterprize;

terprize; and then presently disposing of them for his most advantage, he sets upon his enemy, who dreamed of nothing but security. But what should I fright you, most dear lady, with the particulars of this fight; it will suffice you to know, That *Plangus* (doing things in his own person past the power of expression) made a bloody slaughter among them. Some few there were that escaped; among whom *Plexirtus* (fortune being alway indulgent to mischief) found, in the speed of his horse, a dishonourable safeguard for his wretched life. This tumult being soon perceived by the citizens (whom sorrow made watchful, and the well-known treacheries of *Plexirtus*, suspitious) they as soon imagined this was a practice of his, contrary to his faith given, to sack the town. This once conceited, it seemed by the hideous cries and confused lamentations, that, as sorrow had put on the vizard of night to make grief ugly, so black night had borrowed the mouth of sorrow to implore compassion. The people leaving their walls and houses, ran to their temples and altars, offering up, as they thought, their last devotions to their gods. Nor did this mistake bring forth the effect of mistrust only in the city; the camp had likewise this fear added to their present misfortune; for *Plexirtus*'s soldiers (like satyrs, frightned with the sound of the horn themselves blow) thinking the vanguard of the enemy had entered the town, and caused this confusion, durst not venture to make themselves masters of it; but between both, unable to determine of a mean of safety, stood fixed in a stupid irresolution.

Mean time *Aurora*, weary of aged *Titan*'s bed, began to warn *Phœbe* of her brother's approach; when *Erona* who had set down in her settled judgment, a death worthy the greatness of her birth, now first giving ear to the cries of the citizens, and misdoubting the same false measure they expected, and not long after, hearing a man armed coming up the stairs to her lodging, she took a poisoned cup, long before for that end prepared, and making haste lest she should be made a present to the proud conqueror the wicked *Plexirtus*, she drank more than half, when her eyes met with the eyes of *Plangus*, who, unfortunate gentleman! desirous

to

to be the meſſenger to *Erona* of *Erona*'s freedom, had made this haſte. The ſight of *Plangus* ſtayed her full draught a while; but, unable to ſatisfy herſelf how he might come thither, ſhe began to imagine, that it was the force of the poiſon which dimmed her eyes, and placed the character of *Plangus* (ever preſent to her mind) upon each object. With this thought ſhe was ready to begin again, when *Plangus*, falling at her feet, let her know the event of ſo many dangers undergone for her: whereat *Erona* being much aſtoniſhed, lifting him up from the ground, thus ſaid; Prince *Plangus*, you come in a fit time to receive a hearty welcome, and as hearty a farewel. What I mean by this leave taking, alas! you will too ſoon know: Now ſuffer me, only at ſuch a time when the end will aſſure you I did not flatter, ſpeak a few words I would have you believe; yet I am ſorry, for your ſake, I have practiſed ſuch a means to work a belief in you: True it is, moſt excellent *Plangus* (nor let that truth accuſe me of inconſtancy) that ſince the death of *Antiphilus*, whoſe memory even at this time is dear to me, though at firſt the exceſs of ſorrow had cloſed up my mind from the thought of a ſecond choice; yet, inforced by your deſert, and to reward mine own love in rewarding your deſires, I was reſolved to ſatisfy you, and make myſelf happy; but my envious fate, finding the times fit to cauſe me to deſpair, hath made yourſelf the inſtrument to bar our hopes for ever. Dear *Erona*, replied the prince, what may there now be that the moſt partial judgment can equal to the exceſs of content *Plangus* injoys in the welfare of his free and loving *Erona*? for this I have payed the merciful heavens the tribute of my vows and tears: to this harbour, through the ſea of grief, (having imbarked my careful love in the ſhip of my deſire) I have alway bent my courſe; and ſhall I now, when my wiſhes be at anchor in ſo ſecure a haven, fear fortune? No, no, moſt dear lady, you are the life and being of what I only eſteem happy. Alas! *Plangus*, ſaid the ſweet *Erona*, the teſtimonies of your love have been ſo many, that I fear (and only fear) they who have heard your undeſerved affection, and are not preſent at this my dying proteſtation, will for ever record, together with my want of judgment, my injury

to

to your virtues. Your dying protestation! said *Plangus*, affright not my soul with such heavy news. Long may you live; the fates must be indulgent to your youth and beauty. And perhaps, said she, so they might, had not myself hastned *Clotho* to cut in two the half-spun thread of my life. And then she let him know how (to prevent the tortures and disgraces *Artaxia*'s indignation had prepared for her, seeing the city brought to that desperate state in which he found it, and thinking himself to have been an officer sent by *Plexirtus* to bring her before him) she had poysoned herself. *Plangus* at these last words, with a fixed look upon *Erona*, as if his eyes would for ever dwell there, indenting his hands, and suffering them to fall down, or rather not able to stay them, sinks to the ground, and was a while happy in this excess of sorrow, that made him senseless of all sorrow. *Erona* would have forced herself to help him, but this sight (joined with the inward working of the poyson) constrained her to bear him company in his happy forgetfulness of his misfortunes. But when, by the help of her women, her senses were restored, and that my endeavours wrought the same effect on *Plangus*, as if this had been but grief's dumb shew; Alas! excellent prince, said she, what unexpected effects hath the speech of my death brought forth; and yet though I were silent, I believe the deadly signs in mine eyes, this trembling in my full-swoln veins, and the often set and rise of the blood in my cheeks, would express it. But, my *Plangus*, should you, whom the world is proud of, take it so to heart? *Erona* loves you; why so may a more deserving lady: Yet, *Plangus*, remember me, and it will be the best part of my soul's life to live in your memory. Then, taking his hand, and placing it on her heart, that now proudly began to beat the loud alarm of death, Feel here, said she, the battery is begun, and this fort is abandoned of all the powers of life, only my desire to be with you, desperately a while keeps the breach. But, O my *Plangus*! — and at that word death closed up, in eternal silence, her tongue, that yet still moved, as loth to leave her speech imperfect.

It was a desperate grief, and wild passion, that seized upon the heart of the poor *Plangus*. Accursed earth! did he say, how darest thou support the burthen of

these

these many mischiefs, cast by the spiteful heavens into this sink of misery? 'Twas I, *Erona*, brought an untimely set to thy sun-shine of goodness; and do the heavens mean I should breathe, that have so much wronged them? What do they do? Will they hear me speak that killed *Erona*? But they would have me live, to torture me with the memory of my guilt. No, no, I will prevent their project; that were a punishment fit for an ill-meant offence, not an unfortunate. And with these words, drawing his sword, and lifting up his bases, he would have run himself through the belly; but I stayed his hand from so unmanly, as I then alledged it, a violence, forcing (with the remembrance of our friendship, and my much-prevailing tears) the sword, but not his resolution from him. Then did I begin to alledge all that I thought in reason might remove him from his purpose; for well I might see in the unappalled stayedness of his countenance, the greatness of some determination. To all my objections, for a time, his eyes gave a more heedful attention, than did his ears; but when I came to call his valour in question, whose unspotted memory hitherto, I said, this last considerate act would accuse of but little firm constancy, in bearing the changes of fortune; Alas! said he, and will you, my friend, be cruel to me? Is it certain, *Amphialus*, that it well-becomes that courage you would have in your friend, to bear an equal temper both in the frowns and smiles of fortune? and is it not as certain, that when the malice of heaven hath joined with fortune in producing a monstrous effect, there cannot be left in man so infinite a power of suffering which he dare oppose to such unlimited works? No, I will not, gyant-like, bandy against the gods; such is their will; I must die. Then leading me softly over to *Erona*, as if he would persuade me the violence of passion had not been his guide to this resolution: See *Amphialus*, said he, This is she whom you would have me to live after; what can mine eyes, now she is gone, desire to look on! *Erona*, a woman, could die for *Plangus*, and would you have me wrong mankind with a greater fear of death, or my love with a less desire to die? This said (but with a countenance that promised no suddenness in the execution, especially to me who was master

of his sword, his only offensive weapon) behold! with a down-cast look, which sorrow excused, though deceit had then, I am sure, put it on for farther mischief, and such a pace as used slowness to the same end, he approached the window, where the remain of *Erona*'s intercepted draught, appointed by the destinies to be fatal to them both, stood in a gilt cup: This he hastily takes, and as hastily drinks off. I, all confused, pale and trembling, as if the poison had wrought its effect in me, made, alas! too slow speed to him. But *Plangus* (now first presenting an unfeigned chearfulness in his looks, as if this draught had given him life) kneeling near *Erona*; Divine soul, said he, if confidence in thy *Plangus*'s constancy makes thee hover near this sacred mansion of thine, to see the end of his sufferings; O stay a while, and bear me with thee; thy presence, when I appear before *Radamanth*, will be a countenance to my cause. Then turning himself to me, *Amphialus*, revenge, *Amphialus*, *Erona*'s death upon the wicked *Plexirtus*; his blood will be the best sacrifice to my ghost. Lead the army to *Bizantium*, and restore the *Amasian* hostage. Then putting his trembling lips to the pale lips of *Erona*, he coldly kissed away his life.

What my sorrow was, to be a looker on these tragedies, these tears, even at the remembrance of that time, may testify; yet leaving the bodies to be imbalmed with the nobleman, who, in her life-time, had been faithful to *Erona*, dissembling the death of *Plangus*, lest it should work an innovation among the soldiers, with some choice troops of light horsemen, I followed *Plexirtus*; who, posting to court, had received advertisement from thence, How *Arguto* (the admirable engine by whom he wrought much mischief) being lately fallen from the faith vowed to his practices, had revealed to *Artaxia* the purpose his master had to dispatch her out of his way, since now he had a son by her to whom he might be guardian: esteeming it more content to be great alone, then to share the royalties of her own kingdom with *Artaxia*. These news made his flight as dangerous as would be his stay; but when he understood (for the heavens had made this the rendezvous where his misfortunes should meet) That the princes

princes of *Thessaly* and *Macedon*; of whom his treacheries were to expect their just reward, did live, and should be happy in the addition of *Arcadia* to their greatness; That *Leonatus* had seized upon his seigniories in *Trebisond* for his treason to *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, of which not long before he had gloriously boasted; That there was no new form of dissimulation left, to which, in this extremity, he might have recourse: O then the uglines of his guilty conscience, that until this time had made peace with his wickedness, presented before him the progress of his ill-spent days, drawn to life in the colours of despair; Now his father, now his friends, *Tideus* and *Telenor*, were summoned by his soul to make party against him. In this fright he continued all that day, which scarce was time sufficient for him to read over his misdeeds; and when the silent night, drawn in her ebon chariot, had spread her curtains to hide her brother's face, *Plexirtus*, glad to see her flatter his mind in this likeness of darkness, resolved, by despair, that the gods wanted mercy for his faults, and well assured men had less, he secretly went into a garden, to which a back-door from his chamber led him; where, loathing as much to die, as wishing he were dead, he spent some time in execrations on himself. At length, tying a cord (newly taken out of his bed) to the stump of an elder tree, that stood with such convenience as if it would invite him to that exercise, he slipped into his death, easing the earth until morning of the burthen of so detestable a wretch.

But when the day appeared, and made known his death, the magistrates of the town, striving who could be best-sighted in the discovery of the murther, hoping to have the reward of their diligence from the queen *Artaxia*, soon found out, as a man to be most suspected, the messenger come from court, whom *Plexirtus* had, 'till late in the night, kept in his chamber, to know of him the particulars of *Arguto*'s revolt. This fellow, because none more likely, in the wild form of their popular justice, was to die a thousand manner of deaths; but he making just protestations of his innocency, being questioned what occasion he had so long to stay the last night with the king, if not for that end, he plainly let

them know what *Arguto* discovered, which he then reported to *Plexirtus*. The many-headed multitude called not the truth much in question of what they heard, but with the same violence as before, every one, in this also thinking to gratify the queen, ran to as uncertain a form of execution on the dead, as they did before to a judgment of the living; first they stripped the body naked, then dragged it through the streets; now they open his belly, and suffer his guts to mark forth his progress, doing many more indignities to him who had deserved many more. I much rejoyced to hear *Plexirtus* had been so just to himself; yet I determined to joyn *Erona*'s revenge on *Artaxia*, to *Plexirtus*'s judgment on himself; but her an untimely death had freed from my revenge; for taking to the heart *Plexirtus* his treacheries, and her brother *Tyridates*'s unrevenged death, she calmly gave herself over to a life-oppressing grief, leaving her kingdom and young son to the care of *Salinder*, whom she appointed protector during the minority.

Returning, therefore, somewhat grieved, that both *Plangus* and *Erona*'s death, without any help, had been revenged, I conveyed the bodies to *Lycia*, where the sumptuousness of their tombs shews their estates, and their everlasting fame their everliving virtues. From hence I would have parted private; but remembring *Plangus* his last will, I passed through *Amasia*, restoring his son to the duke, and coming to *Byzantium*, I gave up my charge into the hands of *Lisanus* a *Macedonian*, leaving the soldiers full of hearty sorrow for the death of *Plangus* their general.

Soon after, hearing of your death, and resolved to sacrifice my blood to your memory, to disingage myself of some part of my faultiness, leaving *Fidutio* in *Thrace*, lest by him I should be discovered, disguising myself in armour, fitly, as I thought, presenting the massacre of my naked heart; passing the court of *Elis* and *Argos*, and, lastly, coming hither, I met (what should I more say?) with thee my *Hellen*; reserved to be a blessing beyond what most I could desire. And so, with a sincere fervency, kissing her hand, they both walked towards the palace, where, having ended supper, where *Basilius* and *Euarchus*, with the rest, expected

pected a mask prepared for them; the queen of *Corinth* let them know what she had heard of *Plangus* and *Erona*, together with *Plexirtus*'s deserved end, and the death of *Artaxia*. The audience greatly pitied their fortunes, especially *Pyrocles*, who much grieved to hear of *Plangus* his death, for the love he bore his virtues, and was no less troubled at *Plexirtus* his mischance, for his dear servant *Zelmane*'s sake. But the entry of the maskers caused him to put over those thoughts to more solitariness, his eye being fed with dainty variety of representations, and his ears with most harmonious well-agreeing musick; to which the footing kept so good time, that doubtful it was whether the musick conformed itself to the life of their motion, or the maskers their motion to the musick's livelineſs. But night (masked in these sports) crept on undiscovered; and though *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* at other times would dispence with the length of the sports, yet now, in respect of the armfuls of joys they were to expect in bed, they thought them tedious; which once perceived, their dances were sooner at an end than was intended.

Thus days and nights passed over, as if they had no other sphere than delight to move in; and the appointed time for *Amphialus* his marriage was at hand; to which *Basilius* invited the shepherds, both to change their daily pleasures, as also to shew *Euarchus*, That though a greater cause had moved him to the solitary course of life by him embraced; yet the wits of *Arcadia*, and the pleasantness of their harmless life, might have drawn him to that retiredness.

The ECLOGUES.

KAlodulus now minded to marry his daughter, and uncertain whether he would bestow her on the contented young *Arcadian Menalcas*, or the much-having, much-wanting *Thessalian Corydon*, who both were then present, hearing of summons; put over their cause to be determined by *Basilius*; and *Strephon* and *Claius*, no less desirous to bring *Urania*'s name to court, joyned

themselves to the rest. Nor was *Agelastus* wanting, who, not for a mistress, but, *Heraclitus*-like, thinking man was made to mourn, and repining at the vanity of greatness, had maintained a religious sorrow. No sooner was the company set, and that their silence began to proclaim their expectation, but *Strephon*, who, before his coming, had prepared an *Epithalamium*, began thus to sing.

STREPHON.

Sweet link of hearts, joy's surest anchor-hold,
Love's peaceful crown, the harbour of desires,
Hymen, *approach, but think not* Pan *too bold,*
If to invoke thy name our love aspires.
Dwell here for ever, that this couple may
Renew the blessings of their marriage-day.

Firm be their root of love, and cause a bliss,
From forth this royal happy stock to spring;
That all the world may justly say, He is
Worthy to be, and to succeed a king.
But shorten not their days; for 'tis decreed,
The best can be but worthy to succeed.

Amphialus thanked *Strephon* for his hearty wishes; but he had scarce ended, when *Claius*, looking upon him with as sowre a countenance as their friendship could allow, thus said;

CLAIUS.

I pray thee, Strephon, *if these glorious shows*
Of courts admired greatness, do not close

Thy

Thy mind from former thoughts, where can thy lays
Find other subject than Urania's *praise?*
Or, dost thou fondly think, thou wert to blame
To breathe among these lords Urania's *name?*
Or, is it certain that her flames in thee
Are quench'd, that lately doubled were in me?

STREPHON.

Nor so, nor thus; that verse I last day made,
As with my flock I sate in Hestar's *shade:*
I studied it, yet all my study was,
I vow, to strive to let Urania *pass.*
For 'twas the only name my pen would write,
My thoughts imagine, or my lips indite.
Am I not bold when night's vast stage is set,
And all the stars and heavenly audience met,
To speak my mind, while their bright twinkling flame
Seems to rejoyce to hear Urania's *name?*
And shall I fear that what the heavens approv'd,
By men (though great men) should be disallow'd?
But where you think that I have check'd mine eye,
And freed your Strephon *from their treachery:*
O no, mine is the giant Titius's *maw,*
That doth increase to feel a vulture's paw.

CLAIUS.

No day runs over, but our love's deep sore
Renews his pain, and festers more and more:
Alas! where's pity then? belike it flies
The place we come to, frighted with our cries.

STREPHON.

Pity! why friend, 'tis certain that their eyes,
Who know they can o'recome, learn to despise:
Yet, Klaius, *why should we repine? our saint*
Is pleas'd sometime to hear our love's complaint.
And if mine eyes, to ease my inward pain,
Become not flatterers, she doth not disdain.

CLAIUS.

Disdain! that were a bliss, so great a weight
Might lift our sorrows to their utmost height;
And then, perhaps, our own despair would mend
Our lingring hopes, that must or break, or bend.
O no, ours is a worse calamity,
A heedless care, and careless courtesy.

Then *Claius*, pausing a while, with crossed arms and a down-cast look, began again these following verses to *Strephon*, whom he spake to as representing the person of Sorrow.

CLAIUS.

CLAIUS.

Foul Sorrow, wilt thou alway build thy neſt
In the wild mountains of my care-ſwoln breaſt?

STREPHON.

O yes, I find it happy for my breed,
And near your hearts, whereon I uſe to feed.

CLAIUS.

But, gentle grief, if not for pity, ſpare
Me for Urania's *ſake: ſhe hath a ſhare*
In theſe my wounds, and ſhe muſt feel the ſmart,
Whoſe image's carv'd ſo lively in my heart.

STREPHON.

O no, ſhe ſhares no pain, from whoſe fair eyes
The wound did firſt, and now the cure muſt riſe.

CLAIUS.

Why, gentle Grief, thou'rt witneſs of my love;
Then always ſigh my plaints, until you move.

STREPHON.

O no, there's too much rigor in ſuch laws,
They bind a man to ſpeak againſt his cauſe.

Sup-

Suppose I move, this is my recompence;
Joy must succeed, and I am banish'd hence.

CLAIUS.

Then must I die unpitied, no help's found,
Since you, my spokesman, do conceal my wound.

STREPHON.

O no, let not that make us to despair:
She know's we love her, but she know's she's fair.

When they ended, *Musidorus* (in whose memory their courtesy to him, had engraven a beholdenness) forgot not to approve what they had said. But the audience had little time to determine whether they deserved what the prince thought them worthy of; when *Corydon*, who longed to hear the debate between him and *Menalcas*, for *Kalodulus*'s daughter, ended, clapping him on the shoulder, thus said;

CORYDON.

Fond beardless boy! now shall the chastisement
(Fit for thy rash youth's unweigh'd attempt)
Fall heavy on thee; but you may relent,
I'll not be cruel if you do repent.
O no, you will not, you'll be alway blind,
That graceless smile betrays thy scornful mind.
Sing then, and shew these goodly dotes in thee,
With which thy brainless youth can equal me.

ME-

MENALCAS.

Gray-bearded frenzy, what canſt thou alledge,
To ſhun my blows, but thy age's privilege?
Thy tongue may ſafely ſnarl, while his offence
Is ſtill protected by that reverence.
The dotes, old dotard, I can bring to prove
My ſelf deſerves that choice, are only Love.
A priceleſs treaſure, not to be expreſs'd,
A gueſt too great for thy cough-breeding breaſt.

CORYDON.

Young man, thou ſpeak'ſt as if thy brains were wood;
Who can determine of that inward good?
I ſay, I love, and will Menalcas *grieve*
That all the world ſhould Corydon *believe?*
But, that's not it, thoſe flames will ſoon decay,
If they be not maintain'd ſome other way.
A thouſand ſheep I have, whoſe ſnow-white fleece
Do add a Luſtre to theſe parts of Greece:
On whom as many lambs do wait hard by,
That wear their dams white curled livery.
O! what a joy will't be to her I love;
Each morn, and even, to ſee her ſheep remove
From field to fold, where ſhe may freely ſay,
That lamb is fat, That lamb I'll eat to day?

MENAL-

MENALCAS.

Blind fortune, I'll confess, hath given you more;
Yet I am richer, my Content's my store.
A thousand sheep thou hast, 'tis very like,
But thy diseases want Arithmetick.
Nature between Our years a marriage made,
We bloom together, and at once may fade.
But your old age is gone too far before,
Time beats you on, and you'll return no more.

CORYDON.

Hasty young man, do not despise the end
To which your self, as to a centre, bend.
What, if I want your body's active toys,
My settled mind a greater good enjoys.

MENALCAS.

Old man, thou speak'st, as if thy brains were wood;
Who can determine of that inward good?
Thinkst thou, will that sweet beauty take delight
To hear thee cough a proverb in the night?
O no, there are some other joys in bed,
She must partake whom you desire to wed.

Corydon, inwardly out of countenance, to hear his own words bite so sore upon him, would have shrunk away: but hoping he had found a judge whom the cause

cause concerned, stood a while to attend what *Basilius* would have said. But the king put it over to *Musidorus*, who (glad to find an occasion to pleasure *Menalcas*, his first master in the practice of a shepherd's life) thus ended it.

Corydon, said he, could I as well lop away some of your over-grown years, to make your match with *Kalodulus*'s daughter equal, as I can add to *Menalcas*'s state, I would, for a time, suspend my judgment: for readily I know not whether of you two deserves best: but in the one, my power seconds my will; as in the other, my will over-goes my power. *Kalodulus*'s daughter I therefore adjudge to *Menalcas*, and I will make him worthy of her, the rather, that I know his rash youth would impatiently bear a repulse, where your experience (when it reflects upon itself) with more discretion may consider she was but a woman. Glad was *Menalcas* to speed so well: nor was *Corydon* displeased, because the prince, as he conceived, had entertained a good opinion of his wisdom. Thus, when they ended, *Pyrocles*, who marked *Agelastus*'s silent pensiveness, desired to hear him disburthen his mind of the thoughts that brought him to so deep a study: thinking that *Agelastus* stood fixed, with the eye of his mind cast upon the beauty of some fair mistress: but he, who thought of nothing less, thus answered his expectation.

AGELASTUS.

Nor fate, nor fortune, whose inforcing power,
Man still complains upon his state to lowre,
Do work these changes: man himself's the cause;
They be but wheels that keep their mover's laws:
Yet alway, when he sees his fault to late,
He turns it over upon chance, or fate.
Each man is born a king, his passions be
The practice of his sovereignty:

Who,

Who, though they still their sovereign's good pretend,
Conspire his ruine for their private end.
The love of skin-thick beauty draws his eye
To yield to love, his reason's majesty.
His fear throws bug-bears in his way; his state
Is still infested by revengeful hate.
His idle grief, for what he might prevent,
Or might not, doth usurp his government.
Thus he, whom God ordain'd a king to be,
Obeys his subjects, and is never free.
Besides, whose state's so firm, into whose way
The world flings not his joys injurious stay?
The surges of the deep, whose joys devour
The merchant's far-fetch'd hopes, the skies that pour
A second deluge on the plow-man's corn,
When now his fields are ready to be shorn:
The soldiers long remote, the doubtful chance
Of bloody war, the new-found ordinance;
The city-horns, the court's brave flattery,
Do force content to dwell with poverty.

Then looking round upon the princes, as if by their survey he were again enabled to speak, he thus said:

Honour, thou spongy idol of man's mind,
That soak'st content away, thou hast confin'd
Ambitious man, and not his destiny,
Within the bounds of form and ceremony.

Oh!

Oh! happy life of ſhepherds, whoſe content
Reſts in a ſoul that's free and innocent;
They ſtay their lodging, and remove their roof,
Not for their own, but for their flock's behoof.
While ſome (to fill the blanks of their mean ſtory)
Do travel in their cares, to gain vain-glory,
They never leave the plains, unleſs, ſome-time,
To look about them, they the mountains climb:
But dwell not there; for ev'n this change doth ſhow
What choicer ſweets they do enjoy below:
Here the rough winds do buzz about their ears,
The rocky ſteepneſs adds unto their fears:
Here they are ready to be torn aſunder,
By malice hateful blaſts, and envy's thunder:
From hence They may deſcend; but, greatneſs, ſtay,
If You come down, it muſt be th'other way:
For 'tis a bliſs, in which your honour ſhares,
That though you would, you cannot leave your cares.

When *Agelaſtus* ended, the company might ſee a man, who ſeemed to be misfortune's herald, with a rope about his neck, make towards the queen of *Corinth*, and caſt himſelf at her feet. They, thinking it had been ſome ſhepherdiſh invention, expected a while the conceit of it: but approaching, after a time, nearer to him, they might diſcern that it was *Tenarus* the uſurper of *Corinth*; who, hearing of the queen's welfare, and her happy marriage to *Amphialus*, (finding, in his own practice for the crown, the *Corinthians* aptneſs to embrace change, and conſidering the powerfulneſs of his enemies) had come thither, in the baſeſt form of humbleneſs, to ſet a belief upon his ſubmiſſion. Him the queen (becauſe he was a ſuitor on her

her marriage-day) pardoned, and restored to his possessions, forfeited by his treason to the crown; only she caused his liberty to be restrained until her going to *Corinth*: whither, after she had taken leave of *Basilius*, and the rest of the royal company, she took her journey; making *Amphialus*, within a year after her departure, a happy father of a much-promising son, whom they named *Haleamphialus*. *Euarchus* also, soon after, with his son *Pyrocles*, and *Philoclea*, and his nephew *Musidorus*, together with *Pamela* (who was desirous both to accompany her sister, and to see her mother of *Thessaly*) parted from *Mantinea*; leaving *Basilius* and *Gynesia*, when they had accompanied them to the frontiers of *Arcadia*, to the happy quiet of their after-life.

Tu longe sequere & vestigia semper adoro,
SIDNEI——— Statius.

END *of the* ARCADIA.

THE

THE POETICAL WORKS OF Sir *Philip Sidney*, Kt.

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THE DEFENSE OF POESY.

WHEN the right virtuous *E.W.* and I were at the Emperor's court together, we gave ourſelves to learn horſemanſhip of *Gio. Pietro Pugliano*, one that, with great commendation, had the place of an * Eſquire in his ſtable: and he, according to the fertileneſs of the *Italian* wit, did not only afford us the demonſtration of his practice, but ſought to inrich our minds with the contemplation therein, which he thought moſt precious. But with none, I remember, mine ears were at any time more loaden, than when (either angred with ſlow payment, or moved with our learner-like admiration) he exerciſed his ſpeech in the praiſe of his faculty. He ſaid, Soldiers were the nobleſt eſtate of mankind, and horſemen the nobleſt of ſoldiers. He ſaid, They were the maſters of war, and ornaments of peace, ſpeedy goers, and ſtrong abiders, triumphers both in camps and courts: nay, to ſo unbelieved a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred ſuch

* *Potiùs* Equerry.

wonder to a prince, as to be a good horseman: Skill of government, was but a *Pedanteria* in comparison. Then would he add certain praises, by telling what a peerless beast the horse was, the only serviceable courtier, without flattery, the beast of most beauty, faithfulness, courage, and such more, that if I had not been a piece of a *Logician* before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse. But thus much, at least, with his no few words, he drove into me, That self-love is better than any gilding, to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves be parties. Wherein, if *Pugliano*'s strong affection, and weak arguments, will not satisfy you, I will give you a nearer example of myself, who, I know not by what mischance, in these my not old years and idlest times, having slipped into the title of a Poet, am provoked to say something unto you in the defense of that my un-elected vocation; which if I handle with more good will, than good reasons, bear with me, since the scholar is to be pardoned that followeth the steps of his master. And yet I must say, That as I have more just cause to make a * pitiful defense of poor Poetry, which, from almost the highest estimation of learning, is fallen to be the laughing-stock of children; so have I need to bring some more available proofs, since the former is by no man barred of his deserved credit, whereas the silly latter hath had even the names of *Philosophers* using to the defacing of it, with great danger of civil war among the muses. And first, truly, to all them that, professing learning, inveigh against Poetry may justly be objected, That they go very near to ungratefulness, to seek to deface that, which, in the noblest nations and languages that are known, hath been the first light-giver to ignorance, and first nurse, whose milk by little and little, enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will you play the hedghog, that being received into the den, drove out his host? or rather the vipers, that with their birth kill their parents? Let learned *Greece*, in any of her manifold sciences, be able to shew me one book before *Musæus*, *Homer*, and *Hesiod*, all three nothing else but poets. Nay, let any history be brought, that can say any writ-

* Compassionate.

ers

ers were there before them, if they were not men of the same skill, as *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and some others are named, who having been the first of that country that made pens deliverers of their knowledge to posterity, may justly challenge to be called their Fathers in learning. For not only in time they had this priority (although in itself antiquity be venerable) but went before them, as causes to draw, with their charming sweetness, the wild untamed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as *Amphion* was said to move stones with his poetry to build *Thebes*, and *Orpheus* to be listened to by beasts, indeed stony and beastly people: So among the *Romans* were *Livius*, *Andronicus*, and *Ennius*: So in the *Italian* language, the first that made it to aspire to be a treasure-house of science, were the poets *Dante*, *Boccace*, and *Petrarch*: So in our *English*, were *Gower* and *Chaucer*; after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed to beautify our mother-tongue, as well in the same kind, as other arts. This did so notably shew itself, that the *Philosophers* of *Greece* durst not a long time appear to the world, but under the mask of Poets: So *Thales*, *Empedocles*, and *Parmenides*, sang their natural philosophy in verses: So did *Pythagoras* and *Phocyllides* their moral counsels: So did *Tyrteus* in war matters, and *Solon* in matters of policy; or rather, they being poets, did exercise their delightful vein in those points of highest knowledge, which before them lay hidden to the world: For that wise *Solon* was directly a poet, it is manifest, having written, in verse, the noble fable of the *Atlantick* island, which was continued by *Plato*. And, truly, even *Plato*, whosoever well considereth, shall find, that in the body of his work, though the inside and strength were Philosophy, the skin, as it were, and beauty, depended most of Poetry. For all stands upon dialogues, wherein he feigns, many honest burgesses of *Athens* speaking of such matters, that if they had been set on the rack, they would never have confessed them: besides, his poetical describing the circumstances of their meetings, as the well ordering of a banquet, the delicacy of a walk, and interlacing mere tales, as *Gyges's Ring*, and others, which, who knows not to be flowers of poetry, did never walk into *Apollo*'s garden. And

even *Historiographers*, although their lips sound of things done, and verity be written in their fore-heads, have been glad to borrow, both fashion, and, perchance, weight, of the Poets: So *Herodotus* intituled the Books of his history by the names of *The nine Muses*, and both he, and all the rest that followed him, either stole or usurped, of poetry, their passionate describing of passions, the many particularities of battles which no man could affirm, or, if that be denied me, long orations, put in the mouths of great kings and captains, which, it is certain, they never pronounced. So that, truly, neither *Philosopher*, nor *Historiographer*, could, at the first, have entered into the gates of popular judgments, if they had not taken a great disport of Poetry, which in all nations, at this day, where learning flourisheth not, is plain to be seen: in all which, they have some feeling of Poetry. In *Turkey*, besides their law-giving divines, they have no other writers but poets. In our neighbour-country *Ireland*, where, truly, learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in a devout reverence. Even among the most barbarous and simple *Indians*, where no writing is, yet have they their poets, who make, and sing songs, which they call *Arentos*, both of their ancestors deeds, and praises of their gods. A sufficient probability, that if ever learning come among them, it must-be by having their hard, dull wits softned and sharpned with the sweet delight of Poetry; for until they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge, will little persuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In *Wales*, the true remnant of the antient *Britons*, as there are good authorities to shew the long time they had poets, which they called *Bards*, so through all the conquests of *Romans*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normans*, some of whom did seek to ruin all memory of learning from among them, yet do their poets, even to this day, last; so as it is not more notable in the soon beginning, than in long continuing. But since the authors of most of our sciences were the *Romans*, and, before them, the *Greeks*, let us, a little, stand upon their authorities, but even so far, as to see what names they have given unto this now scorned skill. Among the *Romans*, a poet was called *Vates*, which is as much as a diviner, foreseer, or prophet, as by his conjoined words

words *Vaticinium*, and *Vaticinari*, is manifest, so heavenly a title did that excellent people bestow upon this heart-ravishing knowledge! And so far were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the changeable hitting upon any such verses, great fore-tokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of *Sortes Virgilianæ*, when, by sudden opening *Virgil's* book, they lighted upon some verse, as it is reported by many, whereof the histories of the *emperors* lives are full. As of *Albinus*, the governor of our Island, who, in his childhood, met with this verse,

Arma amens capio nec sat rationis in armis;

And in his age performed it: Although it were a very vain and godless superstition; as also it was, to think spirits were commanded by such verses: whereupon this word *charms*, derived of *Carmina*, cometh, so yet serveth it to shew the great reverence those wits were held in, and altogether not without ground, since both the oracles of *Delphos* and the *Sybils* prophesies were wholly delivered in verses; for that same exquisite observing of number and measure in the words, and that high-flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet, did seem to have some divine force in it. And may not I presume a little farther, to shew the reasonableness of this word *Vates*, and say, That the holy *David's* Psalms are a divine *Poem*? If I do, I shall not do it without the testimony of great learned men, both antient and modern. But even the name of Psalms, will speak for me, which being interpreted, is nothing but Songs: then, that it is fully written in metre, as all learned *Hebricians* agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly, and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awaking his musical instruments; the often and free changing of persons; his notable *Prosopopœias*, when he maketh you, as it were, see God coming in his majesty; his telling of the beasts joyfulness, and hills leaping, but a heavenly Poesy; wherein, almost, he sheweth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith? But, truly, now, having named him, I fear I seem to pro-

phane that holy name, applying it to Poetry, which is, among us, thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that, with quiet judgments, will look a little deeper into it, shall find the end and working of it such, as being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the church of *God*. But now let us see how the *Greeks* have named it, and how they deemed of it. The *Greeks* named him ποιητὴν, which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages; it cometh of this word ποιεῖν, which is *to make*: wherein, I know not whether by luck or wisdom, we *Englishmen* have met with the *Greeks* in calling him Maker! which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were known by marking the scope of other sciences, than by any partial allegation. There is no art delivered unto mankind, that hath not the works of nature for his principal object, without which, they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. So doth the *Astronomer* look upon the stars, and by that he seeth set down what order nature hath taken therein. So doth the *Geometrician* and *Arithmetician*, in their diverse sorts of quantities. So doth the *Musician*, in times, tell you, which by nature agree, which not. The *natural Philosopher* thereon hath his name, and the *moral Philosopher* standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or passions of man: And follow nature, saith he, therein, and thou shalt not err. The *Lawyer* saith what men have determined. The *Historian*, what men have done. The *Grammarian*, speaketh only of the rules of speech, and the *Rhetorician* and *Logician*, considering what in nature will soonest prove, and persuade thereon, give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The *Physician* weigheth the nature of man's body, and the nature of things helpful or hurtful unto it. And the *Metaphysick*, though it be in the second, and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he, indeed, build upon the depth of nature. Only the *Poet*, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature: in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite

quite anew, forms such as never were in nature, as the *Heroes*, *Demi-gods*, *Cyclops*, *Chymeras*, *Furies*, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiack of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as diverse poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely; Her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden. But let those things alone, and go to Man, for whom, as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her uttermost cunning is employed, and know, Whether she have brought forth so true a lover as *Theagenes*, so constant a friend as *Pylades*, so valiant a man as *Orlando*, so right a prince as *Xenophon*'s *Cyrus*, and so excellent a man every way as *Virgil*'s *Æneas*? Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential, the other in imitation or fiction; for every understanding knoweth the skill of each artificer standeth in that *idea*, or foreconceit of the work, and not in the work it self. And that the poet hath that *idea*, is manifest, by the delivering them forth in such excellency as he had imagined them; which delivering forth, also, is not wholly imaginative, as we were wont to say by them that build castles in the air; but so far substantially it worketh, not only to make a *Cyrus*, which had been but a particular excellency, as nature might have done, but to bestow a *Cyrus* upon the world to make many *Cyrusses*, if they will learn aright, why, and how that Maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison, to ballance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honour to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond, and over all the works of that second nature, which in nothing he shewed so much as in Poetry, when, with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings, with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of *Adam*, since our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by

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fewer granted: Thus much I hope will be given me, that the *Greeks*, with some probability of reason, gave him the name above all names of learning. Now let us go to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be the more palpable; and so, I hope, though we get not so unmatched a praise, as the *etymology* of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will deny, shall not justly be barred from a principal Commendation. *Poesy* therefore, is an Art of *imitation*; for so *Aristotle* termeth it in the word μίμησις, that is to say, A representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth, to speak metaphorically. A speaking *picture*, with this end, To teach and delight. Of this have been three general kinds; the chief, both in antiquity and excellency, were they that did imitate the unconceivable excellencies of God; such were *David* in his *Psalms*; *Solomon* in his *Song of Songs*, in his *Ecclesiastes* and *Proverbs*; *Moses* and *Deborah* in their hymns; and the writer of *Job*; which, besides others, the learned *Emanuel Tremellius*, and *Fr. Junius* do intitle, The poetical part of the scripture: Against these none will speak that hath the Holy Ghost in due holy reverence. In this kind, though in a full wrong divinity, were *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, *Homer* in his Hymns, and many others, both *Greeks* and *Romans*. And this *Poesy* must be used by whosoever will follow St. *Paul*'s counsel, in singing psalms when they are merry; and I know is used with the fruit of comfort by some, when, in sorrowful pangs of their death-bringing sins, they find the consolation of the never-leaving goodness. The second kind, is of them that deal with matter philosophical; either Moral, as *Tyrteus*, *Phocylides*, *Cato*; or Natural, as *Lucretius*, and *Virgil*'s *Georgicks*; or Astronomical, as *Manilius* and *Pontanus*; or Historical, as *Lucan*; which who mislike, the fault is in their judgment, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge. But because this second sort is wrapped within the fold of the proposed subject, and takes not the free course of his own invention, whether they properly be Poets, or no, let *Grammarians* dispute, and go to the third, indeed right Poets, of whom chiefly this question ariseth: Betwixt whom and these second is such a kind of difference, as betwixt the meaner sort

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of Painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them; and the more excellent, who having no law but wit, bestow that in colours upon you which is fittest for the eye to see, as the constant, though lamenting look of *Lucretia*, when she punished in her self another's fault: Wherein he painteth not *Lucretia*, whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a vertue. For these three be they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight; and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or shall be, but range only, reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be, and should be. These be they, that, as the first and most noble sort, may justly be termed *Vates*: So these are waited on in the excellentest languages and best understandings, with the fore-described name of *Poets*. For these, indeed, do merely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to move men to take that goodness in hand, which, without delight, they would fly as from a stranger, and teach to make them know that goodness whereunto they are moved; which being the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to bark at them. These be subdivided into sundry more special denominations: The most notable be the *heroick*, *lyrick*, *tragick*, *comick*, *satirick*, *iambick*, *elegiack*, *pastoral*, and certain others; some of these being termed according to the matter they deal with; some by the sort of verse they liked best to write in; for indeed the greatest part of poets have apparelled their poetical inventions in that numerous kind of writing which is called *verse*. Indeed but apparelled verse, being but an ornament, and no cause to poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets. For *Xenophon*, who did imitate so excellently as to give us *effigiem justi imperij*, the portraiture of a just empire, under the name of *Cyrus*, as *Cicero* saith of him, made therein an absolute heroical poem. So did *Heliodorus*, in his sugared invention of that picture of love in *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, and yet both these wrote in prose; which I speak to shew, that it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet (no

more

more than a long gown maketh an advocate, who, though he pleaded in armour, should be an advocate and no soldier;) but it is that feigning notable images of vertues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by. Although indeed the senate of poets have chosen verse as their fittest rayment; meaning, as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to go beyond them, not speaking, table-talk fashion, or like men in a dream, words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but piecing each syllable of each word by just proportion, according to the dignity of the subject. Now therefore it shall not be amiss, first, To weigh this latter sort of poetry, By his works, and then, By his parts; and if in neither of these anatomies he be commendable, I hope we shall receive a more favourable sentence. This purifying of wit, this inriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end soever it be directed, the final end is, To lead and draw us to as high a perfection, as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay lodgings, can be capable of: This, according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impressions: for some that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be so high or heavenly as to be acquainted with the stars, gave themselves to *astronomy*; others persuading themselves to be *demi-gods*, if they knew the causes of things, became natural and supernatural *philosophers*. Some an admirable delight drew to *musick*; and some the certainty of demonstrations to the *mathematicks*; but all one and other having this scope, To know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body, to the enjoying his own divine essence. But when, by the ballance of experience, it was found that the *astronomer*, looking to the stars, might fall in a ditch; that the enquiring *philosopher* might be blind in himself; and the *mathematician* might draw forth a strait line with a crooked heart; then, lo! did proof, the over-ruler of opinions, make manifest, that all these are but serving sciences, which, as they have a private end in themselves, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the

mistress

mistress knowledge, by the *Greeks* [called] ἀρχιτεκτονικὴ, which stands, as I think, in the knowledge of a man's self, in the ethick and politick consideration, with the end of well-doing, and not of well-knowing only: Even as the sadler's next end is to make a good saddle, but his farther end, to serve a nobler faculty, which is horsemanship; so the horseman's to soldiery; and the soldier not only to have the skill, but to perform the practice of a soldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning, being vertuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that, have a most just title to be princes over all the rest; wherein, if we can shew it rightly, the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors: Among whom principally to challenge it, step forth the moral *Philosophers*, whom, methinks, I see coming towards me with a sullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by day-light, rudely cloathed, for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things, with books in their hands against glory, whereto they set their names; sophistically speaking against subtlety, and angry with any man in whom they see the foul fault of anger. These men casting largesses as they go, of definitions, divisions, and distinctions, with a scornful interrogative, do soberly ask, Whether it be possible to find any path so ready to lead a man to vertue, as that which teacheth what vertue is; and teacheth it not only by delivering forth his very being, his causes and effects, but also by making known his enemy Vice, which must be destroyed, and his cumbersome servant Passion, which must be mastered, by shewing the generalities that contain it, and by the specialities that are derived from it: lastly, by plain setting down how it extends it self out of the limits of a man's own little world, to the government of families, and maintaining of publick societies? The *Historian* scarce gives leisure to the *Moralist* to say so much, but that he, (loaden with old mouse-eaten records, authorizing himself, for the most part, upon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built upon the notable foundation *Hearsay*, having much ado to accord differing writers, and to pick truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thousand years ago, than with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goes, than how

his

his own wit runs; curious for antiquities, and inquisitive of novelties, a wonder to young folks, and a tyrant in table-talk) denieth, in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of vertue and vertuous actions, is comparable to him. I am *Testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuncia vetustatis.* The *philosopher*, saith he, teacheth a disputative vertue, but I do an active; his vertue is excellent in the dangerless *academy* of *Plato*, but mine sheweth forth her honourable face in the battels of *Marathon*, *Pharsalia*, *Poictiers*, and *Agincourt*: He teacheth vertue by certain abstract considerations; but I only bid you follow the footing of them that have gone before you: Old-aged experience goeth beyond the fine-witted *philosopher*; but I give the experience of many ages: Lastly, If he make the song-book, I put the learner's hand to the lute; and if he be the guide, I am the light. Then would he alledge you innumerable examples, confirming story by stories, How much the wisest senators and princes have been directed by the credit of history, as *Brutus*, *Alphonsus* of *Aragon*, (and who not? if need be.) At length, the long line of their disputation makes a point in this, that the one giveth the precept, and the other the example. Now whom shall we find, since the question standeth for the highest form in the school of learning, to be mediator? Truly, as me seemeth, the Poet; and if not a moderator, even the man that ought to carry the title from them both, and much more from all other serving sciences. Therefore compare we the *Poet* with the *Historian*, and with the moral *Philosopher*; and if he go beyond them both, no other human skill can match him: For as for the *Divine*, with all reverence, he is ever to be excepted, not only for having his scope as far beyond any of these, as eternity exceedeth a moment, but even for passing each of these in themselves: And for the *Lawyer*, though *Jus* be the daughter of *Justice*, the chief of vertues, yet because he seeks to make men good rather *formidine pœnæ*, than *virtutis amore*, or, to say righter, doth not endeavour to make men good, but that their evil hurt not others, having no care so he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be: Therefore, as our wickedness maketh him necessary, and necessity maketh him honourable, so is he

not

not in the deepest truth to stand in rank with these, who all endeavour to take naughtiness away, and plant goodness even in the secretest cabinet of our souls: and these four, are all that any way deal in the consideration of mens manners, which being the supreme knowledge, they that best breed it, deserve the best commendation. The *Philosopher* therefore, and the *Historian*, are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example; but both, not having both, do both halt. For the *Philosopher* sitting down with the thorny arguments, the bare rule is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him, shall wade in him until he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and general, that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy, that can apply what he doth understand. On the other side, The *Historian*, wanting the precept, is so tied, not to what should be, but to what is; to the particular truth of things, and not to the general reason of things; that his example draweth not necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine. Now doth the peerless Poet perform both; for whatsoever the Philosopher saith should be done, he giveth a perfect picture of it, by some one by whom he pre-supposeth it was done, so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture (I say) for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul, so much as that other doth. For as, in outward things, to a man that had never seen an *elephant*, or a *rhinoceros*, who should tell him most exquisitely, all their shape, colour, bigness, and particular marks? or of a gorgeous palace, an *architect*, who declaring the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeat, as it were, by rote, all he had heard, yet should never satisfy his inward conceit, with being witness to itself of a true living knowledge: But the same man, as soon as he might see those beasts well painted, or that house well in model, should straitways grow, without need of any description, to a judicial comprehending of them: So, no doubt, the

Philo-

Philosopher, with his learned definitions, be it of virtues or vices, matters of publick policy or private government, replenisheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which, notwithstanding, lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of *Poesy*. *Tully* taketh much pains, and many times not without poetical helps, to make us know what force the love of our country hath in us. Let us but hear old *Anchises*, speaking in the midst of *Troy*'s flames, or see *Ulysses*, in the fulness of all *Calypso*'s delights, bewail his absence from barren and beggarly *Ithaca*: Anger, the *Stoicks* said, was a short madness; let but *Sophocles* bring you *Ajax* on a stage, killing or whipping sheep and oxen, thinking them the army of *Greeks*, with their chieftains *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*: and tell me, If you have not a more familiar insight into anger, than finding in the schoolmen his *genus* and *difference*? See whether wisdom and temperance in *Ulysses* and *Diomedes*, valour in *Achilles*, friendship in *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, even to an ignorant man, carry not an apparent shining; and, contrarily, the remorse of conscience in *Oedipus*; the soon repenting pride in *Agamemnon*; the self-indevouring cruelty in his father *Atreus*; the violence of ambition in the two *Theban* brothers; the sowre sweetness of revenge in *Medea*; and, to fall lower, the *Terentian Gnatho*, and our *Chaucer*'s *Pander*, so expressed, that we now use their names, to signify their trades: And, finally, all virtues, vices, and passions, so, in their own natural states, laid to the view, that we seem not to hear of them, but clearly to see through them? But even in the most excellent determination of goodness, what *Philosopher*'s counsel can so readily direct a Prince, as the feigned *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*? Or a virtuous man in all fortunes, as *Æneas* in *Virgil*? Of a whole common-wealth, as the way of Sir *Thomas Moore*'s *Utopia*? I say, The way, because where Sir *Thomas Moore* erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the poet: for that way of patterning a common-wealth, was most absolute, though he, perchance, hath not so absolutely performed it. For the question is, Whether the feigned image of Poetry, or the regular instruction of Philosophy, hath the more force in teaching. Wherein, if the *Philosophers*

losophers have more rightly shewed themselves *Philosophers*, than the *Poets* have attained to the high top of their profession (as in truth,

——— *Mediocribus esse poetis*
Non Dij, non homines, non concessere columnæ.) *

It is, I say again, not the fault of the art, but that by few men that art can be accomplished. Certainly, even our Saviour Christ, could as well have given the moral common places of uncharitableness and humbleness, as the divine narration of *Dives* and *Lazarus*, or of disobedience and mercy, as the heavenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious father; but that his thorough-searching wisdom knew the estate of *Dives* burning in hell, and of *Lazarus* in *Abraham*'s bosom, would more constantly, as it were, inhabit both the memory and judgment. Truly, for myself (me seems) I see before mine eyes, the lost child's disdainful prodigality turned to envy a swine's dinner: which, by the learned *Divines*, are thought not historical acts, but instructing parables.

For conclusion, I say, The *Philosopher* teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only, can understand him; that is to say, He teacheth them that are already taught. But the Poet is the food for the tender stomachs; the Poet is, indeed, the right popular *Philosopher*. Whereof *Æsop*'s tales give good proof, whose pretty Allegories, stealing under the formal tales of beasts, make many more beastly then beasts, begin to hear the sound of virtue from those dumb speakers.

But now may it be alledged, That if this managing of matters be so fit for the imagination, then must the *Historian* needs surpass, who brings you images of true matters, such as, indeed, were done, and not such as fantastically or falsely may be suggested to have been done. Truly, *Aristotle* himself, in his Discourse of *Poesy*, plainly determineth this question, saying, That *Poetry* is φιλοσοφότερόν & σπουδαιότερον, that is to say, It is more philosophical, and more than history. His reason is,

* HORATIUS.

Because *Poesy* dealeth with καθολου, that is to say, With the universal consideration, and the history with καθέκαστον, the particular. Now, saith he, the universal ways, what is fit to be said or done, either in likelihood or necessity, which the Poesy considereth in his imposed names: and the particular only maketh, whether *Alcibiades* did or suffered this or that: thus far *Aristotle.* Which reason of his, as all his, is most full of reason. For, indeed, if the question were, Whether it were better to have a particular act truly, or falsely set down? there is no doubt which is to be chosen, no more than whether you had rather have *Vespasian*'s picture right as he was, or, at the painter's pleasure, nothing resembling? But if the question be, for your own use and learning, Whether it be better to have it set down as it should be, or as it was? then, certainly, is more doctrinable the feigned *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, than the true *Cyrus* in *Justin*; and the feigned *Æneas* in *Virgil*, than the right *Æneas* in *Dares Phrygius:* As to a lady that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a painter should more benefit her to portrait a most sweet face, writing *Canidia* upon it, than to paint *Canidia* as she was, who, *Horace* sweareth, was full ill-favoured. If the *Poet* do his part aright, he will shew you in *Tantalus*, *Atreus*, and such like, nothing that is not to be shunned; in *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, *Ulysses*, each thing to be followed: where the *Historian*, bound to tell things, as things were, cannot be liberal, without he will be poetical of a perfect pattern; but, as in *Alexander*, or *Scipio* himself, shew doings, some to be liked, some to be mis-liked; And then how will you discern what to follow, but by your own discretion, which you had without reading *Q. Curtius*? And whereas, a man may say, though in universal consideration of doctrine, the *Poet* prevaileth, yet that the history, in his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that he shall follow. The answer is manifest, That if he stand upon that *was*, as if he should argue, because it rained yesterday, therefore it should rain to day, then, indeed, hath it some advantage to a gross conceit. But if he know an example only informs a conjectured likelihood, and so go by reason, the *Poet* doth so far exceed him, as he is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable,

sonable, be it in warlike, politick, or private matters, where the *Historian* in his bare, *was*, hath, many times, that which we call fortune, to over-rule the best wisdom. Many times he must tell events, whereof he can yield no cause, or if he do, it must be poetically. For, that a feigned example hath as much force to teach, as a true example, for as for to move, it is clear, since the feigned may be tuned to the highest key of passion: let us take one example wherein an *Historian* and a *Poet* did concur. *Herodotus* and *Justin*, do both testify, That *Zopyrus*, King *Darius*'s faithful servant, seeing his master long resisted by the rebellious *Babylonians*, feigned himself in extreme disgrace of his king; for verifying of which, he caused his own nose and ears to be cut off, and so flying to the *Babylonians*, was received, and, for his known valour, so far credited, that he did find means to deliver them over to *Darius*. Much-like matters doth *Livy* record of *Tarquinius* and his son. *Xenophon* excellently feigned such another stratagem, performed by *Abradatus* in *Cyrus*'s behalf. Now would I fain know, If occasion be presented unto you, to serve your prince by such an honest dissimulation, why do you not as well learn it of *Xenophon*'s fiction, as of the other's verity? and, truly, so much the better, as you shall save your nose by the bargain; for *Abradatus* did not counterfeit so far. So, then, the best of the *Historians* is subject to the *Poet*; for, whatsoever action or faction, whatsoever counsel, policy, or war-stratagem, the *Historian* is bound to recite, that may the *Poet*, if he list, with his imitation, make his own, beautifying it both for farther teaching, and more delighting, as it please him, having all, from *Dante*'s heaven to his hell, under the authority of his pen. Which, if I be asked, What *Poets* have done so? as I might well name some, so yet, say I, and say again, I speak of the art, and not of the artificer. Now, to that which commonly is attributed to the praise of history, in respect of the notable learning which is got by marking the success, as tho' therein a man should see virtue exalted, and vice punished: truly, that commendation is peculiar to Poetry, and far off from History; for, indeed, Poetry ever sets virtue so out in her best colours, making fortune her well-waiting hand-maid, that one must needs

be enamoured of her. Well may you see *Ulysses* in a storm, and in other hard plights; but they are but exercises of patience and magnanimity, to make them shine the more in the near following prosperity: And, of the contrary part, if evil men come to the stage, they ever go out (as the tragedy-writer answered to one that misliked the shew of such persons) so manacled, as they little animate folks to follow them: But the History being captived to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terror from well-doing, and an encouragement to unbridled wickedness. For see we not valiant *Miltiades* rot in his fetters? The just *Phocion*, and the accomplished *Socrates*, put to death like traytors? The cruel *Severus* live prosperously? The excellent *Severus* miserably murthered? *Sylla* and *Marius* dying in their beds? *Pompey* and *Cicero* slain then when they would have thought exile a happiness? See we not virtuous *Cato* driven to kill himself, and rebel *Cæsar* so advanced, that his name yet, after Sixteen hundred years, lasteth in the highest honour? And mark but even *Cæsar*'s own words of the fore-named *Sylla* (who, in that, only, did honestly to put down his dishonest tyranny) *Literas nescivit*: as if want of learning caused him to do well. He meant it not by Poetry, which, not content with earthly plagues, deviseth new punishments in hell for tyrants: nor yet by Philosophy, which teacheth *Occidentes esse*, but, no doubt, by skill in History; for that, indeed, can afford you *Cypselus*, *Periander*, *Phalaris*, *Dionysius*, and I know not how many more of the same kennel, that speed well enough in their abominable injustice of usurpation.

I conclude, therefore, that he excelleth History, not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserves to be called and accounted good: which setting forward, and moving to well-doing, indeed, setteth the lawrel crown upon the *Poets* as victorious, not only of the *Historian*, but over the *Philosopher*, howsoever, in teaching, it may be questionable. For suppose it be granted, that which I suppose, with great reason, may be denied, That the *Philosopher*, in respect of his methodical proceeding, teach more perfectly than the *Poet*, yet do I think, That no man is so much φιλοφιλόσοφος, as to compare the

Philo-

Philosopher in moving with the *Poet*. And, that moving is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appear, that it is well-nigh both the cause and effect of teaching; for who will be taught, if he be not moved with desire to be taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth (I speak still of moral doctrine) as that it moveth one to do that which it doth teach. For, as *Aristotle* saith, It is not γνῶσις but πρᾶξις must be the fruit: and how πρᾶξις can be, without being moved to practise, it is no hard matter to consider. The *Philosopher* sheweth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many bye-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man, but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already past half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholden to the *Philosopher* but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much overmastered passion, as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in itself, is as good as a *Philosopher*'s book, since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although, not in the words of art which *Philosophers* bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the *Philosophers* drew it: But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, *hoc opus, hic labor est*.

Now, therein, of all Sciences, I speak still of human, and, according to the human conceit, is our *Poet* the *Monarch*. For he doth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it: Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well-inchanting skill of *musick*, and with a tale, forsooth,

he cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste: which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the *Aloes* or *Rhabarbarum* they should receive, would sooner take their physick at their ears than at their mouth; so is it in men (most of which are childish in the best things, 'till they be cradled in their graves) glad they will be to hear the tales of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour and justice; which, if they had been barely (that is to say, Philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again. That imitation whereof *Poetry* is, hath the most conveniency to nature of all other: insomuch that, as *Aristotle* saith, Those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monsters, are made, in poetical imitation, delightful. Truly, I have known men, that even with reading *Amadis de Gaul*, which, God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect *Poesy*, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who readeth *Æneas* carrying old *Anchises* on his back, that wisheth not, it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act? Whom doth not those words of *Turnus* move (the tale of *Turnus* having planted his image in the imagination)

——*Fugientem hæc terra videbit?*
Usque adeone mori miserum est? *

Where the *Philosophers* (as they think) scorn to delight, so much they be content little to move, saving wrangling whether *Virtus* be the chief or the only good; whether the contemplative or the active life do excel: Which *Plato* and *Boetius* well knew; and therefore made mistress *Philosophy* very often borrow the masking raiment of *Poesy*.

* VIRGILIUS.

For

For even thoſe hard-hearted evil men, who think virtue a ſchool-name, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*, and therefore deſpiſe the auſtere admonitions of the *Philoſopher*, and feel not the inward reaſon they ſtand upon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good-fellow *Poet* ſeems to promiſe; and ſo ſteal to ſee the form of goodneſs, which ſeen, they cannot but love, e'er themſelves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries.

Infinite proofs of the ſtrange effects of this poetical invention might be alledged; only two ſhall ſerve, which are ſo often remembred, as, I think, all men know them. The one of *Menenius Agrippa*, who, when the whole people of *Rome* had reſolutely divided themſelves from the *Senate*, with apparent ſhew of utter ruin, though he were, for that time, an excellent orator, came not among them upon truſt, either of figurative ſpeeches, or cunning inſinuations, and much leſs with far-fetched *maxims* of *Philoſophy*, which, eſpecially if they were *Platonick*, they muſt have learned *Geometry* before they could have conceived: but, forſooth, he behaveth himſelf like a homely and familiar *Poet*. He telleth them a tale, That there was a time, when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conſpiracy againſt the belly, which they thought devoured the fruits of each other's labour: they concluded, they would let ſo unprofitable a ſpender ſtarve. In the end, to be ſhort, (for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale) with puniſhing the belly, they plagued themſelves. This, applied by him, wrought ſuch effect in the people, as I never read that only words brought forth; but then, ſo ſudden, and ſo good an alteration, for upon reaſonable conditions, a perfect reconcilement enſued. The other is of *Nathan* the Prophet, who, when the holy *David* had ſo far forſaken God, as to confirm adultery with murther, when he was to do the tendereſt office of a friend, in laying his own ſhame before his eyes, being ſent by God to call again ſo choſen a ſervant, how doth he it? but by telling of a man whoſe beloved lamb was ungratefully taken from his boſom. The application moſt divinely true, but the diſcourſe itſelf feigned; which made *David* (I ſpeak of the ſecond and inſtrumental cauſe) as in a glaſs ſee his own

filthiness, as that heavenly Psalm of mercy well testifieth.*

By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest, that the *Poet*, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth. And so a conclusion, not unfitly, ensues, That as Virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so *Poetry*, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work, is the most excellent workman. But I am content, not only to decypher him by his works (although works in commendation and dispraise, must ever hold a high authority) but more narrowly will examine his parts; so that (as in a man) though all together may carry a presence full of majesty and beauty, perchance, in some one defectuous piece we may find blemish.

Now in his parts, kinds, or species, as you list to term them, it is to be noted, that some *Poesies* have coupled together two or three kinds, as the *Tragical* and *Comical*, whereupon is risen, the *Tragi-Comical*; some, in the manner, have mingled prose and verse, as *Sannazara* and *Boetius*; some have mingled matters *heroical* and *pastoral*, but that cometh all to one in this question; for if severed they be good, the conjunction cannot be hurtful: Therefore, perchance, forgetting some, and leaving some as needless to be remembred, it shall not be amiss, in a word, to cite the special kinds, to see what faults may be found in the right use of them.

Is it then the *pastoral Poem* which is misliked? (For, perchance, where the hedge is lowest, they will soonest leap over) is the poor pipe disdained, which sometimes, out of *Mælibeus*'s mouth, can shew the misery of people under hard lords and ravening soldiers? And again, by *Tyterus*, What blessedness is derived to them that lie lowest, from the goodness of them that sit highest? Sometimes under the pretty tales of wolves and sheep, can include the whole considerations of wrong doing,

* PSAL. LI.

and

and patience; sometimes shew, that contentions for trifles, can get but a trifling victory; where, perchance, a man may see, that even *Alexander* and *Darius*, when they strove who should be cock of this world's dunghil, the benefit they got, was, that the after livers may say,

Hæc memini & victum frustra contendere Thyrsim;
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis. *

Or is it the lamenting *Elegiack*, which, in a kind heart, would move rather pity than blame, who bewaileth, with the great Philosopher *Heraclitus*, the weakness of mankind, and the wretchedness of the world; who, surely, is to be praised, either for compassionately accompanying just causes of lamentations, or for rightly painting out how weak be the passions of wofulness?

Is it the bitter, but wholesome, *Iambick*, who rubs the galled mind, in making shame the trumpet of villainy, with bold and open crying out against naughtiness?

Or the *Satirick*, who,

Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit Amico,

Who sportingly never leaveth, until he make a man laugh at folly, and at length, ashamed to laugh at himself; which he cannot avoid, without avoiding the folly? who, while *Circum præcordia ludit*, giveth us to feel how many head-aches a passionate life bringeth to? How, when all is done,

Est ulubris animus, si nos non deficit æquus?

No, perchance, it is the *Comick*, whom naughty playmakers and stage-keepers, have justly made odious. To the arguments of abuse, I will after answer, only thus much now is to be said, That the *Comedy* is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that

* VIRGILIUS.

may

may be; ſo as it is impoſſible that any beholder can be content to be ſuch a one. Now, as in *Geometry*, the oblique muſt be known as well as the right, and in *Arithmetick*, the odd as well as the even; ſo in the actions of our life, who ſeeth not the filthineſs of evil, wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the *Comedy* handle ſo in our private and domeſtical matters, as, with hearing it, we get, as it were, an experience of what is to be looked for of a niggardly *Demea*, of a crafty *Davus*, of a flattering *Gnatho*, of a vain-glorious *Thraſo*: and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be ſuch, by the ſignifying badge given them by the *Comedian*. And little reaſon hath any man to ſay, That men learn the evil by ſeeing it ſo ſet out, ſince, as I ſaid before, there is no man living, but by the force truth hath in nature, no ſooner ſeeth theſe men play their parts, but wiſheth them in *Piſtrinum*, although, perchance, the ſack of his own faults lie ſo behind his back, that he ſeeth not himſelf to dance the ſame meaſure: whereto, yet, nothing can more open his eyes, than to ſee his own actions contemptibly ſet forth. So that the right uſe of *Comedy*, will, I think, by no body be blamed.

And much leſs of the high and excellent *Tragedy*, that openeth the greateſt wounds, and ſheweth forth the *Ulcers* that are covered with *Tiſſue*; that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants to manifeſt their tyrannical humours; that with ſtirring the affections of *admiration* and *commiſeration*, teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilded roofs are builded: that maketh us know, *Qui ſceptra ſævus duro imperio regit, Timet timentes, metus in authorem redit.* But how much it can move, *Plutarch* yieldeth a notable teſtimony of the abominable tyrant *Alexander Pheræus*, from whoſe eyes a *Tragedy*, well made and repreſented, drew abundance of tears, who, without all pity, had murthered infinite numbers, and ſome of his own blood; ſo as he that was not aſhamed to make matters for *Tragedies*, yet would not reſiſt the ſweet violence of a *Tragedy*. And if it wrought no farther good in him, it was, that he, in deſpight of himſelf, withdrew himſelf from hearkening to that which might mollify his hardened heart. But it

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is not the *Tragedy* they do miſlike, for it were too abſurd to caſt out ſo excellent a repreſentation of whatſoever is moſt worthy to be learned.

Is it the *Lyrick* that moſt diſpleaſeth, who with his tuned *Lyre*, and well accorded voice, giveth praiſe, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts? who giveth moral precepts and natural problems? who ſometimes raiſeth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in ſinging the lauds of the immortal God? Certainly, I muſt confeſs mine own barbarouſneſs, I never heard the old * ſong of *Piercy* and *Douglas*, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet is it ſung but by ſome blind crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude ſtile: which being ſo evil apparelled in the duſt and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of *Pindar*? In *Hungary*, I have ſeen it the manner at all feaſts, and other ſuch-like meetings, to have ſongs of their anceſtors valour, which that right ſoldier-like nation, think one of the chiefeſt kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable *Lacedæmonians* did not only carry that kind of *muſick* ever with them to the field, but even at home, as ſuch ſongs were made, ſo were they all content to be ſingers of them: when the luſty men were to tell what they did, the old men, what they had done, and the young, what they would do. And where a man may ſay, That *Pindar*, many times, praiſeth highly victories of ſmall moment, rather matters of ſport than virtue; as it may be anſwered, It was the fault of the *Poet*, and not of the *Poetry*, ſo, indeed, the chief fault was in the time and cuſtom of the *Greeks*, who ſet thoſe toys at ſo high a price, that *Philip* of *Macedon* reckoned a horſe-race won at *Olympus*, among his three fearful felicities. But as the inimitable *Pindar* often did, ſo is that kind moſt capable, and moſt fit, to awake the thoughts from the ſleep of idleneſs, to embrace honourable enterprizes.

There reſts the *Heroical*, whoſe very name, I think, ſhould daunt all back-biters. For by what conceit can

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* The Ballad of *Chevy-Chaſe*.

a tongue

a tongue be directed to ſpeak evil of that which draweth with him no leſs champions then *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, *Turnus*, *Tydeus*, *Rinaldo*? Who doth not only teach and move to truth, but teacheth and moveth to the moſt high and excellent truth? Who maketh magnanimity and juſtice ſhine through all miſty fearfulneſs and foggy deſires? Who, if the ſaying of *Plato* and *Tully* be true, That who could ſee virtue, would be wonderfully raviſhed with the love of her beauty. This man ſetteth her out, to make her more lovely, in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign not to diſdain until they underſtand. But if any thing be already ſaid in the defenſe of ſweet *Poetry*, all concurreth to the maintaining the *Heroical*, which is not only a kind, but the beſt and moſt accompliſhed kind of *Poetry*. For, as the image of each action ſtirreth and inſtructeth the mind, ſo the lofty image of ſuch worthies, moſt inflameth the mind with deſire to be worthy, and informs with counſel how to be worthy. Only let *Æneas* be worn in the tablet of your memory, how he governeth himſelf in the ruin of his country, in the preſerving his old father, and carrying away his religious ceremonies; in obeying God's commandments, to leave *Dido*, though not only all paſſionate kindneſs, but even the human conſideration of virtuous grateſulneſs, would have craved other of him: How in ſtorms, how in ſports, how in war, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious, how beſieged, how beſieging, how to ſtrangers, how to allies, how to enemies, how to his own; laſtly, How in his inward ſelf, and how in his outward government; and, I think, in a mind moſt prejudiced with a prejudicating humour, he will be found in excellency fruitful. Yea, as *Horace* ſaith, *Melius, Chryſippo, & Crantore*: But, truly, I imagine it falleth out with theſe Poet-whippers, as with ſome good women, who often are ſick, but, in faith, they cannot tell where. So the name of *Poetry* is odious to them, but neither his cauſe nor effects, neither the ſum that contains him, nor the particularities deſcending from him, give any faſt handle to their carping diſpraiſe.

Since, then, *Poetry* is of all human learning the moſt antient, and of moſt fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings; Since it is

ſo univerſal, that no learned nation doth deſpiſe it, nor barbarous nation is without it: Since both *Roman* and *Greek* gave ſuch divine names unto it, the one of *prophe-ſying*, the other of *making*, and that, indeed, that name of *making* is fit for him, conſidering, that where all other arts retain themſelves within their ſubject, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the *Poet* only, only bringeth his own ſtuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of the matter, but maketh matter for a conceit. Since neither his deſcription, nor end, containing any evil, the thing deſcribed cannot be evil; Since his effects be ſo good as to teach goodneſs, and delight the learners of it; Since therein (namely in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledges) he doth not only far paſs the *Hiſtorian*, but, for inſtructing, is well nigh comparable to the *Philoſopher*; for moving, leaveth him behind him. Since the holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanneſs) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Chriſt vouchſafed to uſe the flowers of it: Since all his kinds are not only in their united forms, but in their ſevered diſſections fully commendable, I think (and think I think rightly) the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains, doth worthily, of all other learnings, honour the *Poet*'s triumph.

But becauſe we have ears as well as tongues, and that the lighteſt reaſons that may be, will ſeem to weigh greatly, if nothing be put in the counter-ballance, let us hear, and, as well as we can, ponder what objections be made againſt this art, which may be worthy either of yielding or anſwering. Firſt, truly, I note, not only in theſe *μυσομύσοι* Poet-haters, but in all that kind of people who ſeek a praiſe by diſpraiſing others, that they do prodigally ſpend a great many wandering words in quips and ſcoffs, carping and taunting at each thing, which, by ſtirring the ſpleen, may ſtay the brain from a thorough beholding the worthineſs of the ſubject. Thoſe kind of objections, as they are full of a very idle eaſineſs, ſince there is nothing of ſo ſacred a majeſty, but that an itching tongue may rub itſelf upon it, ſo deſerve they no other anſwer, but, inſtead of laughing at the jeſt, to laugh at the jeſter. We know a playing wit can praiſe the diſcretion of an aſſe, the comfortableneſs of being in debt, and the jolly commodities of being

ſick

ſick of the plague: So, of the contrary ſide, if we will turn *Ovid*'s verſe,

Ut lateat virtus proximitate mali.

That good lies hid in nearneſs of the evil, *Agrippa* will be as merry in the ſhewing the vanity of ſcience, as *Eraſmus* was in the commending of folly: neither ſhall any man or matter eſcape ſome touch of theſe ſmiling railers. But for *Eraſmus* and *Agrippa*, they had another foundation than the ſuperficial part would promiſe. Marry, theſe other pleaſant fault-finders, who will correct the *Verb* before they underſtand the *Noun*, and confute others knowledge, before they confirm their own, I would have them only remember, That ſcoffing cometh not of wiſdom; ſo as the beſt title in true *Engliſh* they get with their merriments, is to be called *good fools*; for ſo have our grave fore-fathers ever termed that humorous kind of Jeſture. But that which giveth greateſt ſcope to their ſcorning humour, is rhyming and verſing. It is already ſaid (and, as I think, truly ſaid) It is not rhyming and verſing that maketh *Poeſy*: one may be a *Poet* without verſing, and a Verſifier without *Poetry*. But yet, preſuppoſe it were inſeparable, as, indeed, it ſeemeth *Scaliger* judgeth truly, it were an inſeparable commendation: For if *Oratio* next to *Ratio*, Speech next to Reaſon, be the greateſt gift beſtowed upon *mortality*, that cannot be praiſeleſs, which doth moſt poliſh that bleſſing of ſpeech; which conſidereth each word, not only, as a man may ſay, by his forcible quality, but by his beſt meaſured quantity; carrying even in themſelves a *harmony*, without, perchance, number, meaſure, order, proportion, be in our time grown odious. But lay aſide the juſt praiſe it hath, by being the only fit ſpeech for *muſick* (*muſick*, I ſay, the moſt divine ſtriker of the ſenſes;) thus much is undoubtedly true, That if reading be fooliſh without remembring, memory being the only treaſure of knowledge, thoſe words which are fitteſt for memory, are likewiſe moſt convenient for knowledge. Now, that verſe far exceedeth proſe, in the knitting up of the memory, the reaſon is manifeſt, the words (beſides their delight, which hath a great affinity to memory) being ſo ſet, as one cannot be

be loſt, but the whole work fails: which accuſing itſelf, calleth the remembrance back to itſelf, and ſo moſt ſtrongly confirmeth it. Beſides, one word ſo, as it were, begetting another, as be in rhyme or meaſured verſe, by the former a man ſhall have a near gueſs to the follower. Laſtly, even they that have taught the art of memory, have ſhewed nothing ſo apt for it, as a certain room divided into many places, well and thoroughly known: Now that hath the verſe in effect perfectly, every word having his natural ſeat, which ſeat muſt needs make the word remembred. But what needs more in a thing ſo known to all men? Who is it, that ever was a ſcholar, that doth not carry away ſome verſes of *Virgil*, *Horace*, or *Cato*, which in his youth he learned, and even to his old age ſerve him for hourly leſſons? as,

Percontatorem fugito nam garrulus idem eſt;
Dum tibi quiſque placet credula turba ſumas.

But the fitneſs it hath for memory, is notably proved by all delivery of arts, wherein, for the moſt part, from *Grammar* to *Logick*, *Mathematicks*, *Phyſick*, and the reſt, the rules chiefly neceſſary to be borne away, are compiled in verſes. So that verſe being in itſelf ſweet and orderly, and being beſt for memory, the only handle of knowledge, it muſt be in jeſt that any man can ſpeak againſt it.

Now, then, go we to the moſt important imputations laid to the poor *Poets*; for aught I can yet learn, they are theſe.

Firſt, That there being many other more fruitful knowledges, a man might better ſpend his time in them, than in this.

Secondly, That it is the mother of lyes.

Thirdly, That it is the nurſe of abuſe, infecting us with many peſtilent deſires, with a *Syren* ſweetneſs, drawing the mind to the ſerpent's tail of ſinful fancies; and herein, eſpecially, *Comedies* give the largeſt field to ear, as *Chaucer* ſaith, How both in other nations, and

and in ours, before *Poets* did soften us, we were full of courage, given to martial exercises, the pillars of manlike liberty, and not lulled asleep in shady idleness with *Poets* pastimes.

And, *lastly*, and chiefly, They cry out, with open mouth, as if they had over-shot *Robin Hood*, That *Plato* banished them out of the Common-wealth. Truly, this is much, if there be much truth in it.

First, To the first, That a man might better spend his time, is a reason indeed: but it doth, as they say, but *petere principium*. For if it be, as I affirm, that no learning is so good, as that which teacheth and moveth to vertue, and that none can both teach and move thereto so much as *Poesy*, then is the conclusion manifest, That ink and paper cannot be to a more profitable purpose employed. And certainly, though a man should grant their first assumption, it should follow (methinks) very unwillingly, that good is not good, because better is better. But I still and utterly deny, that there is sprung out of the earth a more fruitful knowledge.

To the *Second*, therefore, That they should be the principal lyars, I answer *Paradoxically*, but truly, I think truly, That of all writers under the Sun, the *Poet* is the least lyar, and though he would, as a *Poet*, can scarcely be a lyar. The *Astronomer*, with his cousin the *Geometrician*, can hardly escape when they take upon them to measure the height of the stars. How often, think you, do the *Physicians* lye, when they aver things good for sicknesses, which afterwards send *Charon* a great number of souls drowned in a potion before they come to his ferry? And no less of the rest which take upon them to affirm: Now for the *Poet*, he nothing affirmeth, and therefore never lyeth; for, as I take it, to lye, is to affirm that to be true which is false: So as the other *Artists*, and especially the *Historian*, affirming many things, can, in the cloudy knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from many lyes: But the *Poet*, as I said before, never affirmeth, the *Poet* never maketh any circles about your imagination, to conjure you to believe for true what he writeth: He citeth not authorities of other histories, but even for his entry, calleth the sweet *Muses* to aspire unto him a good invention: In troth, not labouring to tell you what is, or is not, but

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what should, or should not be. And therefore though he recount things not true, yet because he telleth them not for true, he lyeth not, unless we will say, That *Nathan* lyed in his speech, before alledged, to *David*; which, as a wicked man durst scarce say, so think I, none so simple would say, That *Æsop* lyed in the tales of his beasts; for who thinketh that *Æsop* wrote it for actually true, were well worthy to have his name chronicled among the beasts he writeth of. What child is there, that coming to play, and seeing *THEBES* written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is *Thebes*? If then a man can arrive to the child's age, to know that the *Poets* persons and doings, are but pictures what should be, and not stories what have been, they will never give the lye to things not affirmitively, but allegorically and figuratively, written; and therefore, as in History, looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falshood, so in *Poesy*, looking but for fiction, they shall use the narration but as an imaginative ground-plat of a profitable invention. But hereto is replied, That the *Poets* give names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actual truth, and so not being true, proveth a falshood. And doth the *Lawyer* lye then, when, under the names of *John* of the *Stile*, and *John* of the *Nokes*, he putteth his case? But that is easily answered, Their naming of men, is but to make their picture the more lively, and not to build any history. Painting men, they cannot leave men nameless: We see we cannot play at Chess, but that we must give names to our chess-men; and yet, methinks, he were a very partial champion of truth, that would say we lyed, for giving a piece of wood the reverend title of a Bishop. The *Poet* nameth *Cyrus* and *Æneas* no other way, than to shew what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates, should do.

Their *Third* is, How much it abuseth mens wit, training it to a wanton sinfulness, and lustful love. For, indeed, that is the principal, if not, only, abuse, I can hear alledged. They say, The *Comedies* rather teach then reprehend amorous conceits. They say the *Lyrick* is larded with passionate *sonnets*, the *Elegiack* weeps the want of his mistress, and that even to the *Heroical*, *Cupid* hath ambitiously climbed. Alas! Love, I would

thou couldst as well defend thy self, as thou canst offend others! I would those on whom thou dost attend, could either put thee away, or yield good reason why they keep thee! But grant love of beauty to be a beastly fault, although it be very hard, since only man, and no beast, hath that gift to discern beauty; grant that lovely name of Love to deserve all hateful reproaches, although even some of my masters the *Philosophers* spent a good deal of their lamp-oyl in setting forth the excellency of it; Grant, I say, what they will have granted, That not only love, but lust, but vanity, but, if they list, scurrility, possess many leaves of the *Poet's* books, yet, think I, when this is granted, they will find their sentence may, with good manners, put the last words foremost; and not say, that *Poetry* abuseth man's wit, but that man's wit abuseth *Poetry*. For I will not deny, but that man's wit may make *Poesy*, which should be ῥικαστικὴ: which some learned have defined figuring forth good things, to be φαντασικὴ, which doth contrariwise infect the fancy with unworthy objects, as the painter, who should give to the eye either some excellent perspective, or some fine picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it some notable example, as *Abraham* sacrificing his son *Isaac*, *Judith* killing *Holofernes*, *David* fighting with *Goliah*, may leave those, and please an ill-pleased eye with wanton shews of better hidden matters. But what! shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious? Nay, truly, though I yield that *Poesy* may not only be abused, but that being abused, by the reason of his sweet charming force, it can do more hurt than any other army of words, yet shall it be so far from concluding, that the abuse shall give reproach to the abused, that, contrariwise, it is a good reason, that whatsoever being abused, doth most harm, being rightly used (and upon the right use, each thing receives his title) doth most good. Do we not see skill of Physick, the best rampire to our often assaulted bodies, being abused, teach poyson, the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of law, whose end is, to even and right all things, being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Doth not (to go in the highest) God's word abused, breed heresy, and his name abused, become blasphemy? Truly, a needle

needle cannot do much hurt, and as truly (with leave of ladies be it spoken) it cannot do much good. With a sword thou mayst kill thy father, and with a sword thou mayst defend thy prince and country: so that, as in their calling *Poets*, fathers of lyes, they said nothing, so in this their argument of abuse, they prove the commendation.

They alledge herewith, That before *Poets* began to be in price, our nation had set their heart's delight upon action, and not imagination, rather doing things worthy to be written, than writing things fit to be done. What that before time was, I think scarcely *Sphynx* can tell: since no memory is so ancient, that gives not the precedence to *Poetry*. And certain it is, that in our plainest homelinesse, yet never was the *Albion* nation without *Poetry*. Marry, this Argument, though it be levelled against *Poetry*, yet is it indeed a chain-shot against all learning or bookishness, as they commonly term it. Of such mind were certain *Goths*, of whom it is written, That having in the spoil of a famous city, taken a fair library, one hangman belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murthered a great number of bodies, would have set fire in it. *No*, said another, very gravely, *take heed what you do, for while they are busy about those toys, we shall, with more leisure, conquer their countries.* This, indeed, is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many words sometimes I have heard spent in it: but because this reason is generally against all learning, as well as *Poetry*, or rather all learning but *Poetry*; because it were too large a digression to handle it, or at least too superfluous, since it is manifest that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge best, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I only say with *Horace*, to him that is of that opinion,

Jubeo stultum esse libenter——

For as for *Poetry* it self, it is the freest from this objection, for *Poetry* is the companion of camps. I dare undertake, *Orlando Furioso*, or honest king *Arthur*, will never displease a soldier: but the quiddity of *Ens* and *Prima materia*, will hardly agree with a corselet.

And therefore, as I said in the beginning, even *Turks* and *Tartars* are delighted with *Poets*. *Homer* a *Greek*, flourished before *Greece* flourished: and if a slight conjecture, a conjecture may be opposed, truly it may seem, that as by him their learned men took almost their first light of knowledge, so their active men received their first motions of courage. Only *Alexander*'s example may serve, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of such vertue, that fortune was not his guide, but his footstool, whose acts speak for him, though *Plutarch* did not, to be indeed the *Phœnix* of warlike Princes. This *Alexander*, left his Schoolmaster, living *Aristotle*, behind him, but took dead *Homer* with him. He put the Philosopher *Calisthenes* to death, for his seeming philosophical, indeed mutinous stubborness; but the chief thing he was ever heard to wish for, was, that *Homer* had been alive. He well found he received more bravery of mind by the pattern of *Achilles*, than by hearing the definition of fortitude. And therefore, if *Cato* misliked *Fulvius* for carrying *Ennius* with him to the field, it may be answered, That if *Cato* misliked it, the noble *Fulvius* liked it, or else he had not done it, for it was not the excellent *Cato Uticensis*, whose authority I would much more have reverenced: but it was the former, in truth a bitter punisher of faults, but else a man that had never sacrificed to the *Graces*. He misliked and cried out against all *Greek* learning, and yet, being fourscore years old, began to learn it, belike fearing that *Pluto* understood not *Latin*. Indeed the *Roman* laws allowed no person to be carried to the wars, but he that was in the soldiers roll. And therefore though *Cato* misliked his mustered person, he misliked not his work. And if he had, *Scipio Nysica* (judged by common consent the best *Roman*) loved him: both the other *Scipio* brothers, who had by their vertues no less surnames then of *Asia* and *Africk*, so loved him, that they caused his body to be buried in their sepulture. So as *Cato*'s authority being but against his person, and that answered with so far greater than himself, is herein of no validity.

But now indeed my burthen is great, that *Plato*'s name is laid upon me, whom I must confess of all *Philosophers*, I have ever esteemed most worthy of reverence;

rence; and with good reason, since of all *Philosophers*, he is the most *Poetical*: yet if he will defile the fountain out of which his flowing streams have proceeded, let us boldly examine with what reasons he did it.

First, truly, a man might maliciously object, That *Plato*, being a *Philosopher*, was a natural enemy of *Poets*. For, indeed, after the *Philosophers* had picked out of the sweet mysteries of *Poetry*, the right discerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith putting it in method, and making a school art of that which the *Poets* did only teach by a divine delightfulness, beginning to spurn at their guides, like ungrateful apprentices, were not content to set up shop for themselves, but sought by all means to discredit their masters, by the force of delight being barred them, the less they could overthrow them, the more they hated them. For indeed they found for *Homer*, seven cities strove who should have him for their citizen, where many cities banished *Philosophers*, as not fit members to live among them. For only repeating certain of *Euripides*'s Verses, many *Athenians* had their lives saved of the *Syracusians*, where the *Athenians* themselves thought many *Philosophers* unworthy to live. Certain *Poets*, as *Simonides*, and *Pindar*, had so prevailed with *Hiero* the first, that of a tyrant they made him a just king: where *Plato* could do so little with *Dionysius*, that he himself, of a *Philosopher*, was made a slave. But who should do this, I confess, should requite the objections made against *Poets*, with like cavilations against *Philosophers*: as likewise one should do, that should bid one read *Phædrus* or *Symposium* in *Plato*, or the discourse of Love in *Plutarch*, and see whether any *Poet* do authorize abominable filthiness as they do.

Again, A man might ask, Out of what commonwealth *Plato* doth banish them? In sooth, thence where he himself alloweth community of women. So as belike, this banishment grew not for effeminate wantonness, since little should poetical *sonnets* be hurtful, when a man might have what woman he listed. But I honour philosophical instructions, and bless the wits which bred them, so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to *Poetry*. Saint *Paul* himself sets

a watch-word upon *Philosophy*, indeed upon the abuse. So doth *Plato* upon the abuse, not upon *Poetry*. *Plato* found fault that the *Poets* of his time, filled the world with wrong opinions of the Gods, making light tales of that unspotted essence; and therefore would not have the youth depraved with such opinions. Herein may much be said: Let this suffice; The *Poets* did not induce such Opinions, but did imitate those opinions already induced. For all the *Greek* stories can well testify, that the very religion of that time, stood upon many, and many-fashioned Gods: not taught so by *Poets*, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who list may read in *Plutarch*, the discourses of *Isis*, and *Osiris*, Of the cause why Oracles ceased, Of the divine providence, and see whether the *Theology* of that nation, stood not upon such dreams, which the *Poets* indeed superstitiously observed. And truly since they had not the light of Christ, did much better in it than the *Philosophers*, who shaking off superstition, brought in *Atheism*.

Plato, therefore, whose authority I had much rather justly construe, than unjustly resist, meant not in general of *Poets*, in those words of which *Julius Scaliger* saith; *Qua authoritate barbari quidam atque insipidi abuti velint ad Poetas Republica exigendos*. But only meant to drive out those wrong opinions of the deity: whereof now, without farther law, *Christianity* hath taken away all the hurtful belief, perchance as he thought, nourished by then esteemed *Poets*. And a man need go no farther than to *Plato* himself, to know his meaning: who in his Dialogue called *Ion*, giveth high, and rightly, divine commendation unto *Poetry*. So as *Plato* banishing the abuse, not the thing, not banishing it, but giving due honour to it, shall be our patron, and not our adversary. For, indeed, I had much rather, since truly I may do it, shew their mistaking of *Plato*, under whose lyon's skin they would make an ass-like braying against *Poesy*, than go about to overthrow his authority; whom, the wiser a man is, the more just cause he shall find to have in admiration: especially since he attributeth unto *Poesy* more than my self do; namely, To be a very inspiring of a divine force,

orce, far above man's wit, as in the forenamed Dia-ogue is apparent.

Of the other side, who would shew the honours have been by the best sort of judgments granted them, a whole sea of examples would present themselves; *Alexanders*, *Cæsars*, *Scipios*, all favourers of *Poets*: *Lælius*, called the Roman *Socrates*, himself a *Poet*; so as part of *Heautontimeroumenon* in *Terence*, was supposed to be made by him. And even the *Greek Socrates*, whom *Apollo* confirmed to be the only wise man, is said to have spent part of his old time in putting *Æsop*'s Fables into verse. And therefore, full evil should it become his scholar *Plato*, to put such words in his master's mouth against *Poets*. But what needs more? *Aristotle* writes the Art of *Poesy*; and why, if it should not be written? *Plutarch* teacheth the use to be gathered of them, and how, if they should not be read? And who reads *Plutarch*'s either History or *Philosophy*, shall find he trimmeth both their garments with gards of *Poesy*.

But I list not to defend *Poesy* with the help of his underling *Historiographer*. Let it suffice to have shewed, it is a fit soil for praise to dwell upon, and what dispraise may be set upon it, is either easily overcome, or transformed into just commendation. So that since the excellencies of it may be so easily and so justly confirmed, and the low creeping objections so soon trodden down; it not being an art of lyes, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateness, but of notable stirring of courage; not of abusing man's wit, but of strengthening man's wit; not banished, but honoured by *Plato*; let us rather plant more laurels for to ingarland the *Poets* heads (which humour of being laureat, as besides them only triumphant captains were, is a sufficient authority to shew the price they ought to be held in) than suffer the ill-favoured breath of such wrong speakers once to blow upon the clear springs of *Poesy*.

But since I have run so long a carreer in this matter, methinks, before I give my pen a full stop, it shall be but a little more lost time to inquire, Why *England*, the mother of excellent minds, should be grown so hard a step-mother to *Poets*, who, certainly, in wit, ought to

pass all others, since all only proceeds from their wit, being, indeed, makers of themselves, not takers of others. How can I but exclaim,

Musa mihi causas memora quo numine læso.

Sweet *Poesy*, that hath antiently had kings, emperors, senators, great captains, such as, besides a thousand others, *David*, *Adrian*, *Sophocles*, *Germanicus*, not only to favour *Poets*, but to be *Poets*: and of our nearer times, can present for her patrons, a *Robert* king of *Sicily*, the great king *Francis* of *France*, king *James* of *Scotland*; such cardinals as *Bembus* and *Bibiena*; such famous preachers and teachers as *Beza* and *Melanchon*; so learned *philosophers* as *Fracastorius* and *Scaliger*; so great orators as *Pontanus* and *Muretus*; so piercing wits as *George Buchanan*; so grave counsellors, as besides many, but before all, that *Hospital* of *France*; than whom, I think, that realm never brought forth a more accomplished judgment, more firmly builded upon virtue; I say, These, with numbers of others, not only to read others *Poesies*, but to *poetise* for others reading: that *Poesy*, thus embraced, in all other places, should only find, in our time, a hard welcome in *England*. I think the very earth laments it, and therefore decks our soyl with fewer laurels than it was accustomed; for heretofore *Poets* have in *England* also flourished, and, which is to be noted, even in those times when the trumpet of *Mars* did sound loudest. And now, that an over-faint quietness should seem to strew the house for *Poets*, they are, almost, in as good reputation, as the *mountebanks* at *Venice*. Truly, even that, as of the one side it giveth great praise to *Poesy*, which, like *Venus* (but to better purpose) had rather be troubled in the net with *Mars*, than enjoy the homely quiet of *Vulcan*; so serveth it for a piece of a reason, why they are less grateful to idle *England*, which now can scarce endure the pain of a pen. Upon this, necessarily followeth, That base men, with servile wits, undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer: and so as *Epaminondas* is said, with the honour of his virtue, to have made an office, by his exercising it, which before was contemptible, to become highly

highly respected; so these men, no more but setting their names to it, by their own disgracefulness, disgrace the most graceful *Poesy*. For now, as if all the *muses* were got with child, to bring forth bastard Poets, without any commission, they do post over the banks of *Helicon*, until they make the readers more weary than post-horses; while, in the mean time, they

Queis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan,

Are better content to suppress the out-flowings of their wit, than by publishing them to be accounted knights of the same order. But I that, before ever I durst aspire unto the dignity, am admitted into the company of the *Paper-blurrers*, do find the very true cause of our wanting estimation, is want of desert, taking upon us to be *Poets* in despite of *Pallas*. Now wherein we want desert, were a thank-worthy labour to express. But if I knew, I should have mended myself; but as I never desired the title, so have I neglected the means to come by it, only, over-mastered by some thoughts, I yielded an inky tribute unto them. Marry, they that delight in *Poesy* itself, should seek to know what they do: and how they do, especially, look themselves in an unflattering glass of reason, if they be inclinable unto it. For *Poesy* must not be drawn by the ears, it must be gently led, or rather it must lead, which was partly the cause that made the antient learned affirm, It was a divine, and no human skill, since all other knowledges lie ready for any that have strength of wit: A *Poet* no industry can make, if his own *genius* be not carried into it. And therefore is an old proverb, *Orator fit, Poeta nascitur*. Yet confess I always, That as the fertilest ground must be manured, so must the highest flying wit have a *Dædalus* to guide him. That *Dædalus*, they say, both in this, and in other, hath three wings to bear itself up into the air of due commendation: that is, *Art*, *Imitation*, and *Exercise*. But these, neither artificial rules, nor imitative patterns, we much cumber ourselves withal. Exercise, indeed, we do, but that, very fore-backwardly; for where we should exercise to know, we exercise as having known; and so is our brain delivered of much matter, which never was begotten by know-

knowledge. For there being two principal parts, matter to be expressed by words, and words to express the matter, in neither, we use art or imitation rightly. Our matter is *Quodlibet*, indeed, though wrongly performing *Ovid*'s Verse:

Quicquid conabor dicere, versus erit.

Never marshalling it into any assured rank, that, almost, the readers cannot tell where to find themselves.

Chaucer, undoubtedly, did excellently in his *Troilus* and *Cressida*, of whom, truly, I know not whether to marvel more, either that he, in that misty time, could see so clearly, or that we, in this clear age, go so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so great an antiquity. I account *The Mirror of Magistrates*, meetly furnished of beautiful parts. And in the Earl of *Surrey*'s *Lyricks*, many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind. The *Shepherd*'s *Kalander* * hath much *Poetry* in his Eclogues, indeed, worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his stile to an old rustick language, I dare not allow: since neither *Theocritus* in *Greek*, *Virgil* in *Latin*, nor *Sannazara* in *Italian*, did affect it. Besides these, I do not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed that have poetical sinews in them. For proof whereof, let but most of the verses be put in proof, and then ask the meaning, and it will be found, that one verse did but beget another, without ordering, at the first, what should be at the last, which becomes a confused mass of words, with a tinkling sound of rhyme, barely accompanied with reason. Our tragedies and comedies, not without cause, cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility, nor skilful *poetry*. Excepting *Gorboduc* † (again I say of those that

* By SPENSER.

† This Play was written by THOMAS SACKVILE, Esq; (afterwards Lord BUCKHURST, and Earl of DORSET) and Mr. THOMAS NORTON. It was first printed in the year

that I have ſeen) which notwithſtanding, as it is full of ſtately ſpeeches, and well-ſounding phraſes, climbing to the height of *Seneca* his ſtile, and as full of notable morality, which it doth moſt delightfully teach, and ſo obtain the very end of *Poeſy*, yet, in truth, it is very defectuous in the circumſtances, which grieves me, becauſe it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two neceſſary companions of all corporal actions. For where the ſtage ſhould always repreſent but one place; and the uttermoſt time pre-ſuppoſed in it, ſhould be, both by *Ariſtotle*'s precept, and common reaſon, but one day; there is both many days and many places, inartificially imagined.

But if it be ſo in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the reſt? where you ſhall have *Aſia* of the one ſide, and *Africk* of the other, and ſo many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, muſt ever begin with telling where he is, or elſe the tale will not be conceived. Now, you ſhall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we muſt believe the ſtage to be a garden. By-and-by, we hear news of a ſhipwreck in the ſame place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that, comes out a hideous monſter with fire and ſmoke, and then the miſerable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the mean time, two armies fly in, repreſented with four ſwords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Now of time, they are much more liberal: For ordinary it is, that two young princes fall in love; after many traverſes, ſhe is got with child; delivered of a fair boy, he is loſt, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours ſpace: which, how abſurd it is in ſenſe, even ſenſe may imagine: and art hath taught, and all anci-

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year 1565. under the title of FERREX and PORREX; but in 1590. it was changed to that of *The Tragedy of* GORBODUC. It was preſented by the Gentlemen of the *Inner-Temple*, before Queen ELIZABETH, and accounted an excellent piece. See *The Poetical Regiſter*, p. 193.

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ent examples justified, and at this day, the ordinary players in *Italy* will not err in. Yet will some bring in an example of *Eunuch* in *Terence*, that containeth matter of two days, yet far short of twenty years. True it is; and so was it to be played in two days, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though *Plautus* have in one place done amiss, let us hit it with him, and not miss with him.

But they will say, How then shall we set forth a story which contains both many places, and many times? And do they not know, That a tragedy is tied to the laws of Poesy, and not of History, not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience? Again, many things may be told, which cannot be shewed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speak, though I am here, of *Peru*, and in speech digress from that, to the description of *Calecut*: but in action, I cannot represent it, without *Pacolet*'s horse. And so was the manner the ancients took by some *Nuntius*, to recount things done in former time, or other place.

Lastly, If they will represent an History, they must not (as *Horace* saith) begin *above*, but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed. I have a story of young *Polydorus*, delivered, for safety's sake, with great riches by his father *Priamus*, to *Polymnestor* king of *Thrace*, in the *Trojan* war time. He, after some years, hearing of the overthrow of *Priamus*, for to make the treasure his own, murthereth the child; the body of the child is taken up, *Hecuba*, she, the same day, findeth a sleight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where, now, would one of our tragedy-writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then should he sail over into *Thrace*, and so spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth *Euripides*? Even with the finding of the body, leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of *Polydorus*. This needs no farther to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it.

But

But besides these gross absurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies, nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion: so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained. I know *Apuleius* did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment: and I know the antients have one or two examples of tragicomedies, as *Plautus* hath *Amphytrio.* But if we mark them well, we shall find, That they never, or very daintily, match horn-pipes and funerals. So falleth it out, that having, indeed, no right comedy in that comical part of our tragedy, we have nothing but scurrility, unworthy of any chaste ears, or some extream shew of doltishness, indeed, fit to lift up a loud laughter, and nothing else: where the whole tract of a comedy should be full of delight, as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well raised admiration.

But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed two together. Nay, in themselves, they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety. For delight we scarcely do, but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves, or to the general nature. Laughter, almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature: Delight hath a joy in it either permanent or present: Laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example, We are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter: We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein, certainly, we cannot delight: We delight in good chances: We laugh at mischances: We delight to hear the happiness of our friends and country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at, that would laugh: We shall, contrarily, sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, and go down the hill against the byass; in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorry, he cannot chuse but laugh, and

and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not, but that they may go well together; for, as in *Alexander*'s picture well set out, we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad anticks we laugh without delight: so in *Hercules*, painted with his great beard and furious countenance, in a woman's attire, spinning at *Omphale*'s commandment, it breeds both delight and laughter; for the representing of so strange a power in love, procures delight, and the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter.

But I speak to this purpose, That all the end of the comical part be not upon such scornful matters as stir laughter only, but mix with it that delightful teaching, which is the end of *Poesy*. And the great fault, even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by *Aristotle*, is, That they stir laughter in sinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous, or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar, and a beggarly clown: or, against the law of hospitality, to jest at strangers, because they speak not *English* so well as we do? What do we learn, since it is certain,

Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit?

But rather a busy loving courtier, and a heartless threatning *Thraso*; a self-wise seeming school-master; a wry-transformed traveller: these, if we saw walk in stage names, which we play naturally, therein were delightful laughter, and teaching delightfulness; as in the other, the tragedies of *Buchanan* do justly bring forth a divine admiration.

But I have lavished out too many words of this play-matter; I do it, because, as they are excelling parts of *Poesy*, so is there none so much used in *England*, and none can be more pitifully abused; which, like an unmannerly daughter, shewing a bad education, causeth her mother *Poesy*'s honesty to be called in question.

Other sort of *Poetry*, almost, have we none, but that *Lyrical* kind of songs and sonnets,* which, if the Lord gave

* The PSALMS of DAVID.

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us so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, both private and publick, in singing the praises of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodness of that God, who giveth us hands to write, and wits to conceive; of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing, but we should ever have new budding occasions.

But, truly, many of such writings as come under the banner of unresistable love, if I were a mistress, would never persuade me they were in love; so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather read lovers writings, and so caught up certain swelling phrases, which hang together like a man that once told me, *The wind was at North-west and by South*, because he would be sure to name winds enough, than that, in truth, they feel those passions, which easily, as I think, may be bewrayed by the same forcibleness, or *Energia* (as the *Greeks* call it) of the writer. But let this be a sufficient, though short note, that we miss the right use of the material point of *Poesy*.

Now for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may term it) *Diction*, it is even well worse: so is it the honey-flowing matron *Eloquence*, apparelled, or rather disguised in a courtezan-like painted affectation. One time with so far-fetcht words that many seem monsters, but must seem strangers to any poor *Englishman:* Another time with coursing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a Dictionary: Another time with figures and flowers, extreamly winter-starved.

But I would this fault were only peculiar to versifiers, and had not as large possession among prose-printers: and, which is to be marvailed, among many scholars, and, which is to be pitied, among some preachers. Truly, I could wish, if at least I might be so bold to wish, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity, the diligent imitators of *Tully* and *Demosthenes*, most worthy to be imitated, did not so much keep *Nizolian* paper-books of their figures and phrases, as by attentive translation, as it were, devour them whole, and make them wholly theirs. For now they cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served at the table: like those

Indians

Indians, not content to wear ear-rings, at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their nose and lips, because they will be sure to be fine. *Tully*, when he was to drive out *Catiline*, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often useth the figure of repetition, as *Vivit & vincit, imo in senatum venit, imo in senatum venit, &c.* Indeed inflamed with a well-grounded rage, he would have his words (as it were) double out of his mouth, and so do that artificially, which we see men in choler do naturally. And we having noted the grace of those words hale them in sometimes to a familiar epistle, when it were too much choler to be cholerick.

How well, store of *Similiter Cadences* doth sound with the gravity of the pulpit, I would but invoke *Demosthenes*'s soul to tell, who with a rare daintiness useth them. Truly, they have made me think of the *sophister*, that with too much subtlety would prove two eggs three, and though he might be counted a *sophister*, had none for his labour. So these men bringing in such a kind of eloquence, well may they obtain an opinion of a seeming fineness, but persuade few, which should be the end of their fineness.

Now for similitude in certain printed discourses, I think all herbalists, all stories of beasts, fouls and fishes are rifled up, that they may come in multitudes to wait upon any of our conceits, which certainly is as absurd a surfeit to the ears as is possible. For the force of a similitude not being to prove any thing to a contrary disputer, but only to explain to a willing hearer, when that is done, the rest is a most tedious pratling, rather overswaying the memory from the purpose whereto they were applied, then any whit informing the judgment already either satisfied, or by similitudes not to be satisfied.

For my part, I do not doubt, when *Antonius* and *Crassus*, the great forefathers of *Cicero* in eloquence, the one (as *Cicero* testifieth of them) pretended not to know art, the other not to set by it, because with a plain sensibleness they might win credit of popular ears, which credit is the nearest step to persuasion (which persuasion is the chief mark of oratory) I do not doubt, I say, but that they used these knacks very sparingly; which

which who doth generally use, any man may see, doth dance to his own musick, and so to be noted by the audience, more careful to speak curiously than truly. Undoubtedly (at least to my opinion undoubtedly) I have found in diverse small-learned courtiers a more sound stile, than in some professors of learning; of which I can guess no other cause, but that the courtier following that which by practice he findeth fittest to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to art, though not by art: where the other, using art to shew art, and not hide art (as in these cases he should do) flyeth from nature, and indeed abuseth art.

But what? methinks I deserve to be pounded for straying from *Poetry* to *Oratory:* but both have such an affinity in the wordish considerations, that I think this digression will make my meaning receive the fuller understanding: which is not to take upon me to teach *Poets* how they should do, but only finding my self sick among the rest, to shew some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of writers; that, acknowledging ourselves somewhat awry, we may bend to the right use both of matter and manner: Whereto our language giveth us great occasion, being, indeed, capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say, It is a mingled language: And why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say, It wanteth Grammar. Nay, truly, it hath that praise that it wants not Grammar; for Grammar it might have, but it needs it not, being so easy in itself, and so void of those cumbersome difference of *Cases*, *Genders*, *Moods*, and *Tenses*, which, I think, was a piece of the tower of *Babylon*'s curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world, and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, near the *Greek*, far beyond the *Latin*, which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language.

Now of versifying, there are two sorts, the one *antient*, the other *modern*; the *antient* marked the quantity of each syllable, and according to that framed his verse; the *modern*, observing only number, with some regard

of the accent, the chief life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call rhime. Whether of those be the more excellent, would bear many speeches, the antient, no doubt, more fit for musick, both words and time observing quantity, and more fit lively to express diverse passions by the low or lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter likewise, with his rhime striketh a certain musick to the ear; and, in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the same purpose, there being in either sweetness, and wanting in neither majesty. Truly, the *English*, before any vulgar language, I know, is fit for both sorts; for, for the antient, the *Italian* is so full of vowels, that it must ever be cumbred with *Elysions*. The *Dutch* so, of the other side, with consonants, that they cannot yield the sweet *sliding* fit for a verse. The *French*, in his whole language, hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable, saving two, called *Antepenultima*; and little more hath the *Spanish*, and therefore very gracelesly may they use *Dactiles*. The *English* is subject to none of these defects. Now for rhime, though we do not observe quantity, yet we observe the accent very precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely. That *cæsura*, or breathing-place, in the midst of the verse, neither *Italian* nor *Spanish* have, the *French*, and we never almost fail of. Lastly, even the very rhime itself the *Italian* cannot put it in the last syllable, by the *French* named the *Masculine* rhime, but still in the next to the last, which the *French* call the *Female*; or the next before that, which the *Italian* call * *Sdrucciola*: the example of the former, is *Buono*, *Suono*; of the *Sdrucciola*, is *Femina*, *Semina*. The *French*, of the other side, hath both the *Male*, as *Bon*, *Son*, and the *Female*, as *Plaise*, *Taise*; but the *Sdrucciola* he hath not: where the *English* hath all three, as *Due*, *True*, *Father*, *Rather*, *Motion*, *Potion*, with much more which might be said, but that already I find the triflings of this discourse is much too much inlarged.

---

i. e. The easy *sliding* of words of Three, or more, Syllables.

So

So that since the ever praise-worthy *Poesy* is full of vertue, breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in *England*, is the fault of poet-apes, not Poets: Since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour *Poesy*, and to be honoured by *Poesy*; I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine *Muses*, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of *Poesy*; no more to laugh at the name of *Poets*, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverend title of a rhymer, but to believe, with *Aristotle*, That they were the ancient treasures of the *Grecians* divinity; To believe, with *Bembus*, That they were first bringers in of all civility; To believe, with *Scaliger*, That no *Philosopher*'s precepts can sooner make you an honest man, than the reading of *Virgil*; To believe, with *Clauserus*, the translator of *Cornutus*, That it pleased the heavenly Deity by *Hesiod* and *Homer*, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge, *Logick*, *Rhetorick*, *Philosophy* Natural and Moral, and *Quid non*? To believe, with me, That there are many mysteries contained in *Poetry*, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused: To believe, with *Landin*, That they are so beloved of the gods, that whatsoever they write, proceeds of a divine fury. Lastly, To believe themselves, when they tell you, They will make you immortal by their verses.

Thus doing, your names shall flourish in the printers shops: Thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface: Thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; You shall dwell upon superlatives: Thus doing, though you be *Libertino patre natus*, you shall suddenly grow *Herculea proles*.

Si quid mea Carmina possunt.

Thus doing, your soul shall be placed with *Dante*'s *Beatrix*, or *Virgil*'s *Anchises*.

But if (fie of such a *But!*) you be born so near the dull-making *Cataract* of *Nilus*, that you cannot hear the planet-like musick of *Poetry*; if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift it self up to look to the sky of *Poetry*, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a Mome, as to be a *Momus* of *Poetry*: Then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of *Midas*, nor to be driven by a *Poet's* verses, as *Bubonax* was, to hang himself, not to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in *Ireland*; yet thus much curse I must lend you in the behalf of all *Poets*, That while you live, you live in love, and ever get favour, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.

ASTRO-

ASTROPHEL

AND

*STELLA.**

LOVING in truth, and fain in verſe my love to ſhow,
That ſhe, dear ſhe! might take ſome pleaſure of my pain:
Pleaſure might cauſe her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain:
I ſought fit words to paint the blackeſt face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain:
Oft turning others leaves, to ſee if thence would flow
Some freſh and fruitful ſhowers upon my ſun-burn'd brain.

---

* This Piece is reputed to have been written in compliment to the Lady RICH, who is ſhadowed under the name of PHILOCLEA in the ARCADIA. It was firſt printed in *Quarto*, 1591. *In it the Excellency of ſweet* Poeſy *is concluded.* See WOOD's *Athen. Oxon.* p. 228.

But words came halting forth, wanting invention's stay,
Invention, nature's child, fled step-dame study's blows,
And others feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.
Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throws,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,
Fool! said my muse to me, look in thy heart, and write.

II.

Not at first sight, nor with a dribbed shot,
Love gave the wound, which, while I breathe, will bleed;
But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
'Till, by degrees, it had full conquest got.
I saw, and lik'd; I lik'd, but loved not;
I lov'd, but straight did not what *love* decreed:
At length, to *love*'s decrees, I, forc'd, agreed,
Yet, with repining at so partial lot.

Now, ev'n, that foot-step of lost liberty
Is gone, and now, like slave-born *Muscovit*,
I call it praise to suffer tyranny;
And now employ the remnant of my wit,
To make myself believe, that all is well,
While, with a feeling skill, I paint my hell.

III.

Let dainty wits cry on the sisters nine,
That, bravely mask'd, their fancies may be told:
Or, *Pindar*'s apes, flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enam'ling, with py'd flowers, their thoughts of gold.

Or

Or else, let them in statelier glory shine,
Ennobling new found tropes, with problems old:
Or, with strange similes, inrich each line,
Of herbs, or beasts, which *Ind* or *Africk* hold.

For me, in sooth, no muse but one I know,
Phrases and problems from my reach do grow,
And strange things cost too dear for my poor sp'rits.
How then? even thus, In *Stella*'s face I read,
What love and beauty be, then all my deed
But copying is, what in her Nature writes.

IV.

Virtue, alas! now let me take some rest,
Thou sett'st a bait betwixt my will and wit,
If vain love have my simple soul oppress'd,
Leave what thou likest not, deal not thou with it.
Thy scepter use in some old *Cato*'s breast;
Churches, or Schools, are for thy seat more fit:
I do confess, pardon a fault confess'd,
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.

But, if that needs thou wilt usurping be,
The little reason that is left in me,
And still th' effect of thy persuasions prove,
I swear, my heart such one shall shew to thee,
That shrines in flesh so true a deity,
That, *Virtue*, thou thy self shalt be in love.

V.

It is most true, that eyes are form'd to serve
The inward light; and, that the heav'nly part
Ought to be king, from whose rules who do swerve,
Rebels to Nature, strive for their own smart.

It is most true, what we call *Cupid*'s dart,
An image is, which for ourselves we carve;
And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
'Till that good god, make church, and church-men, starve.

True, that true beauty virtue is, indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
Which, elements, with mortal mixture breed:
True, that, on earth, we are but pilgrims made,
And should, in soul, up to our country move;
True! and yet true, that I must *Stella* love.

VI.

Some lovers speak, when they their muses entertain,
Of hopes begot by fear, of wot not what desires,
Of force of heav'nly beams, infusing hellish pain,
Of living deaths, dear wounds, fair storms, and freezing fires;
Some one his song in *Jove*, and *Jove*'s strange tales attires,
Border'd with bulls and swans, powder'd with golden rain:
Another, humbler wit, to shepherd's pipe retires,
Yet, hiding royal blood, full oft, in rural vein.

To some, a sweetest plaint, a sweetest stile affords,
While tears pour out his ink, and sighs breathe out of words;
His paper pale despair, and pain his pen doth move:
I can speak what I feel, and feel as much as they,
But think, that all the map of my state I display,
When trembling voice brings forth, That I do *Stella* love.

VII.

When Nature made her chief work, *Stella*'s eyes,
In colour black, why wrap'd she beams so bright?
Would she, in beamy black, like painter wise,
Frame daintiest lustre, mix'd of shades and light?
Or, did she, else, that sober hue devise,
In object best, to knit and strength our sight,
Lest, if no veil these brave gleams did disguise,
They, sun-like, should more dazle than delight?

Or, would she her mirac'lous power show,
That, whereas black seems beauty's contrary,
She! even in black, doth make all beauty flow?
Both so, and thus, she, minding *love*, should be
Plac'd ever there, gave him his mourning weed,
To honour all their deaths, who for her bleed.

VIII.

Love, born in *Greece*, of late fled from his native place,
Forc'd, by a tedious proof, that *Turkish* harden'd heart
Is no fit mark to pierce with his fine pointed dart,
And, pleas'd with our soft peace, staid here his flying race,
But, finding these north climes do coldly him embrace,
Not us'd to frozen clips, he strave to find some part,
Where, with most ease and warmth, he might employ his dart;
At length, he pearch'd himself in *Stella*'s joyful face;

Whose

Whose fair skin, beamy eyes, like morning sun on snow,
Deceiv'd the quaking boy, who thought, from so pure light,
Effects of lively heat, must needs in nature grow:
But she! most fair, most cold, made him thence take his flight
To my close heart, where, while some firebrands he did lay,
He burnt, un'wares, his wings, and cannot fly away.

IX.

Queen *Virtue*'s court, which some call *Stella*'s face,
Prepar'd by nature's choicest furniture,
Hath his front built of alabaster pure;
Gold is the covering of that stately place.
The door, by which, sometimes, comes forth her grace,
Red porphyr is, which lock of pearl makes sure;
Whose porches rich (which name of cheeks endure)
Marble, mix'd red, and white, do interlace.

The windows now, thro' which this heav'nly guest
Looks o'er the world, and can find nothing such,
Which dare claim from those lights the name of best,
Of touch they are, that, without touch, doth touch,
Which *Cupid*'s self, from beauty's mind did draw:
Of touch they are, and, poor I! am their straw.

X.

Reason! in faith, thou art well serv'd, that still
Would'st brabling be with sense and love in me;
I rather wish'd thee climb the muses hill;
Or reach the fruit of nature's choicest tree;

Or

Or seek heav'ns course, or heav'ns inside to see:
Why shouldst thou toil our thorny soil to till?
Leave sense, and those which senses objects be,
Deal thou with powers of thoughts, leave love to will.

But thou wouldst needs fight, both with love and sense,
With sword of wit, giving wounds of dispraise,
'Till down-right blows did foil thy cunning fence;
For soon as they struck thee with *Stella*'s rays,
Reason, thou kneeld'st, and offered'st straight to prove,
By reason good, good reason her to love.

XI.

In truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind
Thou dost proceed, in thy most serious ways,
That when the heav'n to thee his best displays,
Yet of that best, thou leav'st the best behind:
For, like a child, that some fair book doth find,
With gilded leaves, or colour'd velum plays,
Or, at the most, on some fine picture stays,
But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind:

So when thou saw'st, in nature's cabinet,
Stella, thou straight look'st babies in her eyes,
In her cheeks pit, thou did'st thy pitfold set,
And in her breast, bo-peep, or couching, lies,
Playing, and shining in each outward part;
But, fool! seek'st not to get into her heart.

XII.

Cupid, because thou shin'st in *Stella*'s eyes,
That from her looks, thy dances none 'scapes free,
That those lips swell'd, so full of thee they be,
That her sweet breath, makes oft thy flames to rise,

That

That in her breast thy pap well sugar'd lies,
That her grace, gracious makes thy wrongs, that she,
What words soe'er she speak, persuades for thee,
That her clear voice lifts thy fame to the skies.

Thou counteſt *Stella* thine, like those whose powers
Having got up a breach by fighting well,
Cry, Victory! This fair day all is ours!
O no, her heart is such a citadel,
So fortified with wit, stor'd with disdain,
That to win it, is all the skill and pain.

XIII.

Phœbus was judge between *Jove*, *Mars*, and *Love*,
Of those three gods, whose arms the fairest were:
Jove's golden shield did eagles sables bear,
Whose talons held young *Ganymede* above:
But in *vert* field *Mars* bore a golden spear,
Which through a bleeding heart his point did shove?
Each had his *creſt*, *Mars* carry'd *Venus'* *glove*,
Jove, on his *helm*, the thunder-bolt did rear.

Cupid then smiles, for on his *creſt* there lies
Stella's fair hair, her face he makes his *shield*,
Where roses *gules* are borne in *silver field*.
Phœbus drew wide the curtains of the skies,
To *blaze* these last, and sware devoutly then,
The first, thus match'd, were scantly gentlemen.

XIV.

Alas! have I not pain enough, my friend,
Upon whose breast a fiercer gripe doth tire,
Than did on him who first stole down the fire,
While *Love* on me doth all his quiver spend;

But

But with your rhubarb words ye must contend,
To grieve me worse, in saying, That desire
Doth plunge my well-form'd soul even in the mire
Of sinful thoughts, which do in ruin end?

If that be sin which doth the manners frame,
Well staid with truth in word, and faith, of deed,
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but shame;
If that be sin, which in fix'd hearts doth breed
A loathing of all loose unchastity,
Then Love is sin, and let me sinful be.

XV.

You that do search for every purling spring,
Which from the ribs of old *Parnassus* flows,
And ev'ry flower, not sweet, perhaps, which grows
Near there-abouts, into our Poesy-ring.
You that do *Dictionary*'s method bring
Into your rhymes, running in ratling rows;
You that poor *Petrarch*'s long deceased woes,
With new-born sighs, and denizen'd wit to sing:

You take wrong ways, those far-fetch'd helps be such,
As do bewray a want of inward touch.
And sure, at length, stoll'n goods do come to light;
But if (both for your love and skill) your name
You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of fame,
Stella behold, and then begin t' indite.

XVI.

In nature, apt to like, when I did see,
Beauties, which were of many carets fine,
My boiling sp'rits, did thither soon incline;
And, Love! I thought, that I was full of thee;

But,

But, finding not those restless flames in me,
Which others said, did make their souls to pine,
I thought those babes of some pin's hurt did whine,
By my soul judging what love's pain might be.

But while I, fool! thus with this lyon play'd,
Mine eyes (shall I say curst, or blest?) beheld
Stella; now she is nam'd, need more be said?
In her sight, I a lesson new have spell'd;
I now have learn'd Love right, and learn'd ev'n so,
As who, by being poison'd, doth poison know.

XVII.

His mother dear, *Cupid* offended late,
Because that *Mars*, grown slacker in her love,
With pricking shot, he did not throughly move,
To keep the pace of their first loving state.
The boy refus'd for fear of *Mars*'s hate,
Who threatned stripes, if he his wrath did prove;
But she, in chafe, him from her lap did shove,
Brake bow, brake shafts, while *Cupid* weeping sat;

'Till that his grandame *Nature*, pitying it,
Of *Stella*'s brows, made him two better bows,
And in her eyes, of arrows infinite.
O how for joy he leaps! O how he crows!
And straighe therewith, like wags new got to play,
Falls to shrewd turns, and I was in his way.

XVIII.

With what sharp checks I in my self am shent,
When into reason's audit I do go:
And by just 'compts my self a bankrupt know
Of all those goods, which heav'n to me hath lent:

Unable

Unable quite to pay even nature's rent,
Which unto it by birthright I do owe:
And, which is worse, no good excuse can show,
But that my wealth I have most idly spent?

My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toys,
My wit doth strive those passions to defend,
Which, for reward, spoil it with vain annoys.
I see, my course to lose my self doth bend:
I see and yet no greater sorrow take,
Than that I lose no more for *Stella*'s sake.

XIX.

On *Cupid*'s bow how are my heart-strings bent,
That see my wreck, and yet embrace the same?
When most I glory, then I feel most shame:
I willing run, yet while I run, repent;
My best wits still their own disgrace invent:
My very ink turns straight to *Stella*'s name;
And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,
Avise themselves that they are vainly spent.

For though she pass all things, yet what is all
That unto me, who fare like him that both
Looks to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall?
O let me prop my mind yet in his growth,
And not in nature, for best fruits unfit:
Scholar, saith *Love*, bend hitherward your wit.

XX.

Fly, fly, my friends, I have my death's wound! fly,
See there that boy, that murthering boy, I say,
Who, like a thief, hid in dark bush, doth lie,
Till bloody bullet get him wrongful prey.

So,

So, tyrant he, no fitter place could spy,
Nor so fair level in so secret stay,
As that sweet black which veils the heavenly eye:
There himself with his shot he close doth lay.

Poor passenger! pass now thereby I did;
And staid, pleas'd with the prospect of the place;
While that black hue from me the bad guest hid:
But straight I saw motions of lightning grace;
And then descry'd the glistering of his dart:
But e'er I could fly thence, it pierc'd my heart.

XXI.

Your words, my friend (right healthful caustics) blame
My young mind marr'd, whom *Love* doth wind, as so
That mine own writings, like bad servants, show
My wits quick in vain thoughts, in vertue lame:
That *Plato* I read for nought; But if he tame
Such coltish years, that to my birth I owe
Nobler desires, lest else that friendly foe,
Great expectation, were a train of shame.

For since mad *March* great promise made of me,
If now the *May* of my years much decline,
What can be hop'd my harvest-time will be?
Sure, you say well, your wisdom's golden mine,
Dig deep with learning's spade, now tell me this,
Hath this world aught so fair as *Stella* is?

XXII.

In highest way of heav'n the sun did ride,
Progressing then from fair twins golden place:
Having no scarf of clouds before his face,
But shining forth of heat in his chief pride;

When

When ſome fair Ladies, by hard promiſe ty'd,
On horſeback met him in his furious race,
Yet each prepar'd with fans well-ſhading grace,
From that foe's wounds their tender skins to hide:

Stella, alone, with face unarmed, march'd
Either to do like him with open ſhone:
Or, careleſs of the wealth, becauſe her own:
Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parch'd;
Her daintieſt bare went free; the cauſe was this,
The Sun, which others burn'd, did her but kiſs.

XXIII.

The curious wits, ſeeing dull penſiveneſs
Bewray it ſelf in my long ſettled eyes,
Whence thoſe ſame fumes of melancholy riſe;
With idle pains, and miſſing aim, do gueſs.
Some that know how my ſpring I did addreſs,
Deem that my muſe ſome fruit of knowledge plies;
Others, becauſe the Prince my ſervice tries,
Think that I think ſtate-errors to redreſs.

But harder judges judge ambition's rage,
Scourge of it ſelf, ſtill climbing ſlipp'ry place,
Holds my young brain captiv'd in golden cage.
O fools, or over-wiſe, alas! the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither ſtop nor ſtart,
But only *Stella*'s eyes, and *Stella*'s heart.

XXIV.

Rich fools there be, whoſe baſe and filthy heart,
Lies hatching ſtill the goods wherein they flow:
And damning their own ſelves to *Tantal*'s ſmart,
Wealth breeding want, more bleſt, more wretched grow;

Yet to thoſe fools heav'n doth ſuch wit impart,
As what their hands do hold, their heads do know,
And knowing *love*, and loving lay apart,
As ſacred things, far from all dangers ſhow.

But that rich fool, who by blind Fortune's lot,
The richeſt gem of love and life enjoys,
And can with foul abuſe ſuch beauties blot;
Let him, depriv'd of ſweet, but unfelt joys,
(Exil'd for aye from thoſe high treaſures, which
He knows not) grow in only folly rich.

XXV.

The wiſeſt ſcholar of the wight moſt wiſe,
By *Phœbus*' doom, with ſugar'd ſentence ſays,
That vertue, if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of *Love* it in our ſouls would raiſe.
But for that man with pain this truth deſcries,
Whilſt he each thing in ſenſe's ballance weighs,
And ſo, nor will, nor can, behold thoſe skies,
Which inward ſun t' *heroick* mind diſplays.

Vertue of late, with vertuous care to ſtir
Love of her ſelf, took *Stella*'s ſhape, that ſhe
To mortal eyes might ſweetly ſhine in her,
It is moſt true, for ſince I her did ſee,
Vertue's great beauty in that face I prove,
And find th'effect, for I do burn in love.

XXVI.

Though duſty wits dare ſcorn Aſtrology,
And fools can think thoſe lamps of pureſt light,
Whoſe numbers weigh greatneſs, eternity,
Promiſing wonders, wonder do invite:

To

To have, for no cause, birthright in the sky,
But for to spangle the black weeds of night:
Or for some brawl, which in that chamber high,
They should still dance to please a gazer's sight.

For me, I do nature un-idle know,
And know, great causes great effects procure:
And know, those bodies high reign on the low.
And if these rules did fail, proof makes me sure,
Who oft fore-judge my after-following race,
By only those two stars in *Stella*'s face.

XXVII.

Because I oft, in dark abstracted guise,
Seem most alone in greatest company:
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise.
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie:
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on my self, and others do despise:

Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflatt'ring glass:
But one worse fault, *Ambition*, I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his power, even unto *Stella*'s grace.

XXVIII.

You that with allegory's curious frame,
Of others children changlings use to make,
With me those pains, for God's sake, do not take;
I list not dig so deep for brazen fame.

When I say, *Stella*, I do mean the same
  Princess of beauty, for whose only sake,
  The reins of *Love* I love, though never slack,
And joy therein, though nations count it shame.

  I beg no subject to use eloquence,
Nor in hid ways do guide Philosophy:
  Look at my hands for no such quintessence;
But know, that I, in pure simplicity,
  Breathe out the flames which burn within my heart,
  Love only reading unto me this art.

XXIX.

  Like some weak lords, neighbour'd by mighty kings,
To keep themselves, and their chief cities free,
Do eas'ly yield, that all their coasts may be
  Ready to store their camps of needful things:
So *Stella*'s heart, finding what power *Love* brings,
  To keep it self in life and liberty,
  Doth willing grant, that in the frontiers he
Use all to help his other conquerings:

    And thus her heart escapes, but thus her eyes,
Serve him with shot, her lips his heralds are:
Her breasts his tents, legs his triumphal car.
  Her flesh his food, her skin his armour brave,
    And I, but for because my prospect lies
  Upon that coast, am giv'n up for a slave.

XXX.

  Whether the *Turkish* new-moon minded be
To fill his horns this year on Christian coast?
How *Poles* right king means, without leave of host,
  To warm, with ill-made fire, cold *Muscovy*?

If *French* can yet three parts in one agree?
What now the *Dutch* in their full Diets boast?
How *Holland* hearts, now so good towns be lost,
Trust in the shade of pleasant *Orange*-tree?

How *Ulster* likes of that same golden bit,
Wherewith my father once made it half tame?
If in the *Scotch* court be no weltring yet?
These questions busy wits to me do frame;
I, cumbred with good manners, answer do,
But know not how, for still I think of You.

XXXI.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that, ev'n in heav'nly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long, with *Love*-acquainted eyes,
Can judge of *Love*, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.

Then ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant *Love* deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn, whom that *love* doth possess?
Do they call *Vertue* there Ungratefulness?

XXXII.

Morpheus, the lively son of deadly sleep,
Witness of life to them that living die:
A prophet oft, and oft an history,
A Poet eke, as humours fly or creep,

Since thou in me so sure a power dost keep,
That never I with close-up sense do lie,
But by thy work (my *Stella*) I descry,
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weep:
Vouchsafe, of all acquaintance, this to tell,
Whence hast thou ivory, rubies, pearl and gold,
To shew her skin, lips, teeth, and head so well?
Fool! answers he, no *Ind's* such treasure hold,
But from thy heart, while my fire charmeth thee,
Sweet *Stella*'s image I do steal to me.

XXXIII.

I might, unhappy word! O me! I might,
And then would not, or could not, see my bliss:
Till now, wrapt in a most infernal night,
I find, how heav'nly day, wretch! I did miss.
Heart! rent thy self, thou dost thy self but right,
No lovely *Paris* made thy *Hellen* his:
No force, no fraud, robb'd thee of thy delight,
Nor fortune of thy fortune author is:

But to my self, my self did give the blow,
While too much wit (forsooth) so troubled me,
That I respects for both our sakes must show:
And yet could not, by rising Morn, foresee
How fair a day was near. O punish'd eyes!
That I had been more foolish, or more wise!

XXXIV.

Come, let me write, and to what end? to ease
A burthen'd heart; how can words ease, which are
The glasses of the daily vexing care?
Oft cruel sights, well pictur'd forth, do please;

Art

Art not asham'd to publish thy disease?
Nay, that may breed my fame, it is so rare:
But will not wise men think thy words fond ware?
Then be they close, and so none shall displease.

What idler thing, than speak, and not be heard?
What harder thing, than smart, and not to speak?
Peace, foolish wit, with wit my wit is marr'd.
Thus write I, while I doubt to write, and wreak
My harms on ink's poor loss, perhaps some find
Stella's great power, that so confuse my mind.

XXXV.

What may words say? or what may words not say,
Where truth it self must speak like flattery?
Within what bounds can one his liking stay,
Where nature doth with infinite agree?
What *Nestor*'s counsel can my flames allay,
Since reason self doth blow the coal in me?
And, ah! what hope, that hope should once see day,
Where *Cupid* is sworn page to chastity?

Honour is honour'd, that thou dost possess
Him as thy slave, and now long needy fame
Doth even grow rich, naming my *Stella*'s name.
Wit learns in thee perfection to express,
Not thou by praise, but praise in thee is rais'd:
It is a praise to praise, when thou art prais'd.

XXXVI.

Stella, whence doth this new assault arise,
A conquer'd golden ransack'd heart to win?
Whereto long since, through my long batter'd eyes,
Whole armies of thy beauties entred in.

And there, long since, *Love*, thy lieutenant, lies,
My forces rais'd, thy banners rais'd within:
Of conquest, do not these effects suffice,
But wilt now war upon thine own begin?

With so sweet voice, and by sweet nature, so
In sweetest strength, so sweetly skill'd withal,
In all sweet stratagems, sweet art can show,
That not my soul, which at thy foot did fall,
Long since, forc'd by thy beams, but stone nor tree,
By sense's privilege, can 'scape from thee.

XXXVII.

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be;
Listen then, *lordings*, with good ear to me,
For of my life, I must a riddle tell.
Toward *Aurora*'s Court a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man's eye can see;
Beauties so far from reach of words, that we,
Abase her praise, saying, She doth excel:

Rich in the treasure of deserv'd renown;
Rich in the riches of a royal heart;
Rich in those gifts which give th' eternal crown;
Who, tho' most rich in these and ev'ry part
Which make the patents of true worldly bliss,
Hath no misfortune, but, that *Rich* * she is.

XXXVIII.

This night, while sleep begins, with heavy wings,
To hatch mine eyes, and that unbitted thought
Doth fall to stray, and my chief powers are brought
To leave the scepter of all subject things;

* *i. e.* The Lady *Rich* above-mentioned.

The

The firſt that ſtraight my fancy's error brings
Unto my mind, is *Stella*'s image, wrought
By *Love*'s own ſelf, but, with ſo curious draught,
That ſhe, methinks, not only ſhines, but ſings:

I ſtart, look, hark! but what in clos'd-up ſenſe
Was held, in open'd ſenſe it flies away,
Leaving me nought but wailing eloquence:
I, ſeeing better ſights, in ſights decay,
Call'd it anew, and wooed ſleep again;
But him, her hoſt, that unkind gueſt had ſlain.

XXXIX.

Come, ſleep: O ſleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the priſoner's releaſe,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With ſhield of proof, ſhield me from out the preſs
Of thoſe fierce darts, deſpair at me doth throw:
O make in me thoſe civil wars to ceaſe;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do ſo.

Take thou of me, ſmooth pillows, ſweeteſt bed;
A chamber deaf to noiſe, and blind to light;
A roſy garland, and a weary head:
And if theſe things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou ſhalt, in me,
Livelier than elſewhere, *Stella*'s image ſee.

XL.

As good to write, as for to lie and groan,
O *Stella* dear! how much thy power hath wrought,
That haſt my mind, none of the baſeſt, brought
My ſtill kept courſe, while others ſleep, to moan.

Alas!

Alas! if from the height of virtue's throne,
Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought
Upon a wretch that long thy grace hath sought;
Weigh then, how I by thee am overthrown:

And then, think thus, Altho' thy beauty be
Made manifest by such a victory,
Yet noble conquerors do wrecks avoid:
Since then thou hast so far subdued me,
That, in my heart, I offer still to thee,
O do not let thy temple be destroy'd.

XLI.

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance,
Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the judgment of the *English* eyes,
And of some sent from that sweet en'my *France*;
Horsemen, my skill in horsemanship advance;
Town-folks, my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise:
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance:

Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think nature me a man of arms did make:
How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
Stella look'd on, and from her heav'nly face,
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

XLII.

O eyes! which do the spheres of beauty move,
Whose beams be heav'n, whose joys all vertues be,
Who, while they make *Love* conquer, conquer *Love*,
The schools where *Venus* hath learn'd chastity.

O eyes!

O eyes! where humble looks moſt glorious prove,
Only lov'd tyrants, juſt in cruelty,
Do not, O do not, from poor me remove,
Keep ſtill my *Zenith*, ever ſhine on me:

For though I never ſee them, but ſtraightways
My life forgets to nouriſh languiſh'd ſp'rites,
Yet ſtill on me, O eyes! dart down your rays;
And if, from majeſty of ſacred lights
Oppreſſing mortal ſenſe, my death proceed,
Wrecks triumphs be, which *Love* (high ſet) doth breed.

XLIII.

Fair eyes, ſweet lips, dear heart, that fooliſh I,
Could hope, by *Cupid*'s help, on you to prey,
Since to himſelf, he doth your gifts apply,
As his main force, choice ſport, and eaſeful ſtay:
For when he will ſee who dare him gainſay,
Then with thoſe eyes he looks; lo! by-and-by,
Each ſoul doth at *Love*'s feet his weapon lay,
Glad, if, for her, he give them leave to die.

When he will play, then in her lips he is,
Where bluſhing red, that *Love*'s ſelf them doth love,
With either lip he doth the other kiſs;
But when he will, for quiet-ſake, remove
From all the world, her heart is then his rome,
Where, well he knows, no man to him can come.

XLIV.

My words, I know, do well ſet forth my mind,
My mind bemoans his ſenſe of inward ſmart,
Such ſmart may pity claim of any heart,
Her heart, ſweet heart, is of no tyger's kind:

And

And yet she hears, and yet no pity I find;
But now I cry, less grace she doth impart,
Alas! what cause is there so overthwart,
That nobleness itself makes thus unkind?

I much do guess, yet find no truth, save this,
That when the breath of my complaints doth touch
Those dainty doors unto the court of bliss,
The heav'nly nature of that place is such,
That, once come there, the sobs of mine annoys
Are metamorphos'd straight to tunes of joys.

XLV.

Stella oft sees the very face of woe
Painted in my beclowded stormy face;
But cannot skill to pity my disgrace,
Not though thereof the cause herself she know.
Yet hearing late a fable, which did show,
Of lovers, never known, a grievous case,
Pity thereof, 'gat in her breast such place,
That, from that sea deriv'd, tears spring did flow.

Alas! if fancy, drawn by imag'd things,
Tho' false, yet, if free scope, more grace doth breed
Than servants wreck, where new doubts honour brings;
Then think, my dear, that you in me do read,
Of lover's ruin, some sad tragedy:
I am not I; pity the tale of me.

XLVI.

I curst thee oft; I pity now thy case,
Blind-hitting boy, since she, that thee and me
Rules with a beck, so tyrannizeth thee,
That thou must want or food or dwelling-place;

For

For ſhe proteſts to baniſh thee her face;
Her face? O *Love!* a rogue thou then ſhouldſt be!
If *Love* learn not alone to love and ſee,
Without deſire to feed of farther grace.

Alas! poor wag, that now a ſcholar art,
To ſuch a ſchool-miſtreſs, whoſe leſſons new
Thou needs muſt miſs, and ſo thou needs muſt ſmart.
Yet, dear, let me his pardon get of you,
So long (tho' he from book * myche to deſire)
Till without fewel you can make hot fire.

XLVII.

What! have I thus betray'd my liberty?
Can thoſe black beams ſuch burning marks engrave
In thy free ſide? or am I born a ſlave,
Whoſe neck becomes ſuch yoke of tyranny?
Or want I ſenſe to feel my miſery?
Or ſp'rite diſdain of ſuch diſdain to have?
Who for long faith, tho' daily help I crave,
May get no alms, but ſcorn of beggary.

Virtue, awake; Beauty, but beauty is,
I may, I muſt, I can, I will, I do
Leave following that, which it is gain to miſs.
Let her do — Soft! but here ſhe comes! Go to;
Unkind! I love you not: — O me! that eye
Doth make my heart give to my tongue the lye.

XLVIII.

Soul's joy, bend not thoſe morning ſtars from me,
Where virtue is made ſtrong by beauty's might;
Where *Love* is chaſteneſs, pain doth learn delight,
And humbleneſs grows on with majeſty:

* *i. e.* To play truant.

What-

Whatever may enſue, O let me be
Copartner of the riches of that ſight:
Let not mine eyes be hell-driv'n from that light:
O look! O ſhine! O let me die, and ſee!

For though I oft myſelf of them bemoan,
That through my heart their beamy darts be gone:
Whoſe cureleſs wounds, e'en now, moſt freſhly bleed:
Yet, ſince my death-wound is already got,
Dear killer, ſpare not thy ſweet cruel ſhot:
A kind of grace it is to ſlay with ſpeed.

XLIX.

I on my horſe, and *Love* on me doth try
Our horſemanſhips, while, by ſtrange work, I prove
A horſeman to my horſe, a horſe to *Love*;
And now man's wrongs in me, poor beaſt, deſcry.
The rein wherewith my rider doth me tie,
Are humbled thoughts, which bit of rev'rence move,
Curb'd in with fear, but with gilt boſs above,
Of hope, which makes it ſeem fair to the eye.

The wand is will; thou, fancy, ſaddle art,
Girt faſt by memory, and while I ſpur
My horſe, he ſpurs, with ſharp deſire, my heart:
He ſits me faſt, however I do ſtir,
And now hath made me to his hand ſo right,
That in the menage myſelf takes delight.

L.

Stella! the fulneſs of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be ſtaid within my panting breaſt;
But they do ſwell and ſtruggle forth of me,
'Till that in words thy figure be expreſt:

And

And yet, as ſoon as they ſo formed be,
According to my lord *Love*'s own beheſt,
With ſad eyes I their weak proportion ſee,
To portrait that which in this world is beſt;

So that I cannot chuſe but write my mind,
And cannot chuſe but put out what I write,
While theſe poor babes their death in birth do find;
And now my pen theſe lines had daſhed quite;
But that they ſtopp'd his fury from the ſame,
Becauſe their fore-front bear ſweet *Stella*'s name.

LI.

Pardon mine ears, both I and they do pray,
So may your tongue ſtill fluently proceed,
To them that do ſuch entertainment need;
So may you ſtill have ſomewhat new to ſay.
On ſilly me do not the burthen lay
Of all the grave conceits your brain doth breed;
But find ſome *Hercules* to bear, inſtead
Of *Atlas* tyr'd, your wiſdom's heav'nly ſway.

For me, while you diſcourſe of courtly tides,
Of cunning fiſhers in moſt troubled ſtreams,
Of ſtraying ways, when valiant error guides;
Mean while my heart confers with *Stella*'s beams,
And is e'en irkt that ſo ſweet comedy,
By ſuch unſuited ſpeech ſhould hindred be.

LII.

A ſtrife is grown between *Virtue* and *Love*,
While each pretends that *Stella* muſt be his:
Her eyes, her lips, her all, ſaith *Love*, do this
(Since they do wear his badge) moſt firmly prove;

But

But *Virtue* thus that little doth disprove,
That *Stella*, O dear name! that *Stella* is
That virtuous soul, sure heir of heav'nly bliss:
Not this fair outside, which your hearts doth move;

And, therefore, tho' her beauty and her grace
Be *Love*'s, indeed, in *Stella*'s self he may,
By no pretence, claim any manner place.
Well, *Love*, since this demur our suit doth stay,
Let *Virtue* have that *Stella*'s self; yet thus,
That *Virtue* but that Body grant to us.

LIII.

In martial sports I had by cunning try'd,
And yet, to break more staves, did me address,
While, with the people's shouts, I must confess,
Youth, luck and praise, e'en fill'd my veins with pride;
When *Cupid*, having me, his slave, descry'd
In *Mars*'s livery, prancing in the press:
What now, sir fool? said he, I would no less:
Look here, I say;——I look'd, and *Stella* spy'd;

Who, hard by, made a window send forth light:
My heart then quak'd, then dazled were mine eyes,
One hand forgot to rule, th'other to fight.
Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries;
My foe came on, and beat the air for me,
'Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

LIV.

Because I breathe not love to ev'ry one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear;
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair;
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan;

The

The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them, who, in their lips, *Love*'s ſtandard bear;
Where he? ſay they of me, now dare I ſwear,
He cannot love: no, no; let him alone.

And think ſo ſtill, ſo *Stella* know my mind,
Profeſs, indeed, I do not *Cupid*'s art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true ſhall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart:
Dumb Swans, not charping Pies, do lovers prove,
They love, indeed, who quake to ſay they love.

LV.

Muſes! I oft invok'd your holy aid,
With choiceſt flowers, my ſpeech t' engarland ſo,
That it deſpis'd in true, but naked ſhew,
Might win ſome grace in your ſweet grace array'd;
And oft whole troops of ſaddeſt words I ſtaid,
Striving abroad a foraging to go,
Until, by your inſpiring, I might know,
How their black banner might be beſt diſplay'd;

But now I mean no more your help to try,
Nor other ſug'ring of my ſpeech to prove,
But on her name inceſſantly to cry;
For let me but name her whom I do love,
So ſweet ſounds ſtraight mine ear and heart do hit,
That I well find no eloquence like it.

LVI.

Fie, ſchool of patience, fie, your leſſon is
Far, far too long to learn it without book:
What! a whole week without one piece of look,
And think I ſhould not your large precepts miſs?

When I might read those letters fair of bliss,
Which in her face teach virtue, I could brook
Somewhat thy lead'n counsels, which I took,
As of a friend, that meant not much amiss;

But now, that I, alas! do want her sight,
What, dost thou think, That I can ever take
In thy cold stuff a flegmatick delight?
No, patience, if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come, and hear, with patience, my desire,
And then, with patience, bid me bear my fire.

LVII.

Who having made, with many fights, his own,
Each sense of mine, each gift, each power of mind,
Grown now his slaves, he forc'd them out to find
The thoroweſt words, fit for woe's self to groan,
Hoping, that when they might find *Stella* alone,
Before she could prepare to be unkind,
Her soul, arm'd but with such a dainty rind,
Should soon be pierc'd with sharpness of the moan:

She heard my plaints, and did not only hear,
But them (so sweet is she) most sweetly sing,
With that fair breast, making woe's darkness clear:
A pretty case; I hoped her to bring
To feel my griefs, and she, with face and voice,
So sweets my pains, that my pains me rejoice.

LVIII.

Doubt there hath been, when, with his golden chain,
The orator so far mens hearts doth bind,
That no pace else, their guided steps can find,
But as he them more short or slack doth rein;

Whe-

Whether with words this sovereignty he gain,
Cloath'd with fine tropes, with strongest reasons lin'd?
Or else, pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
Prints his own lively form in rudest brain?

Now judge by this, in piercing phrases late,
Th' anatomy of all my woes I wrate:
Stella's sweet breath, the same to me did read:
O voice! O face! maugre my speech's might,
Which wooed woe, most ravishing delight;
Ev'n those sad words, ev'n in sad me did breed.

LIX.

Dear! Why make you more of a dog than me?
If he do love, I burn, I burn in love;
If he wait well, I never thence would move:
If he be fair, yet but a dog can be:
Little he is, so little worth is he;
He barks, my songs thine own voice oft doth prove:
Bidden, perhaps, he fetcheth thee a glove,
But I, unbid, fetch ev'n my soul to thee.

Yet, while I languish, him that bosom clips,
That lap doth lap; nay, lets, in spite of spite,
This sowre-breath'd mate, taste of those sugar'd lips:
Alas! if you grant only such delight
To witless things, then *Love*, I hope (since wit
Becomes a clog) will soon ease me of it.

LX.

When my good angel guides me to the place
Where all my good I do in *Stella* see,
That heav'n of joys, throws only down on me,
Thund'ring disdains, and lightnings of disgrace;

But when the rugged'ſt ſtep of fortune's race
Makes me fall from her ſight, then, ſweetly, ſhe
With words, wherein the muſe's treaſures be,
Shews love and pity to my abſent caſe.

Now I, wit-beaten long by hardeſt fate,
So dull am, that I cannot look into
The ground of this fierce *love*, and lovely *hate*;
Then, ſome good body, tell me, How I do,
Whoſe preſence abſence, abſence preſence is;
Bliſt in my curſe, and curſed in my bliſs?

LXI.

Oft with true ſighs, oft with uncalled tears,
Now with ſlow words, now with dumb eloquence,
I *Stella*'s eyes aſſay'd, invade her ears;
But this, at laſt, is her ſweet-breath'd defence:
That who, indeed, in felt affection bears,
So captives to his ſaint both ſoul and ſenſe;
That, wholly hers, all ſelfneſs he forbears,
Then his deſires he learns his life's courſe thence.

Now, ſince her chaſte mind hates this love in me,
With chaſten'd mind, I ſtraight muſt ſhew, That ſhe
Shall quickly me, from what ſhe hates, remove.
O doctor *Cupid!* thou for me reply,
Driv'n, elſe, to grant, by angels ſophiſtry,
That I love not, without I leave to love.

LXII.

Late tir'd with woe, ev'n ready for to pine
With rage of *Love*, I call'd my love unkind;
She, in whoſe eyes *Love*, tho' unfelt, doth ſhine,
Sweet ſaid, That I true love in her ſhould find;

I joy'd,

I joy'd, but straight thus water'd was my wine,
That love she did, but lov'd a love not blind,
Which would not let me, whom she lov'd, decline
From nobler course, fit for my birth and mind:

And therefore, by her love's authority,
Will'd me these tempests of vain love to fly,
And anchor fast myself on *Virtue*'s shore.
Alas! if this the only metal be
Of *Love*, new-coin'd to help my beggary,
Dear! love me not, that you may love me more.

LXIII.

O Grammar rules! O now your virtues show!
So children still read you with awful eyes,
As my young dove, may, in your precepts wise,
Her grant to me, by her own virtue know;
For, late, with heart most high, with eyes most low,
I crav'd the thing which ever she denies:
She, lightning *Love*, displaying *Venus*' skies,
Lest once should not be heard, twice said, No, no.

Sing then, my muse, now *Io Pean* sing;
Heav'ns, envy not at my high triumphing;
But Grammar's force, with sweet success confirm;
For Grammar says (O this, dear *Stella!* say)
For Grammar says (To Grammar who says nay?)
That in one speech two Negatives affirm.

SONG.

DOUBT you to whom my muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast, o'ercharg'd, to musick lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state with pleasure?
Who keeps the key of nature's chiefest treasure?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only for you the heav'n forgat all measure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in fairness reigneth?
Who womankind, at once, both decks and staineth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only by you Cupid *his crown maintaineth.*

Who hath the feet, whose step of sweetness planteth?
Who else for whom Fame-worthy *trumpets wanteth?*
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only to you her scepter Venus *granteth.*

Who hath the breast, whose milk doth passions nourish?
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only thro' you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which, without stroke, subdueth?
Who long-dead beauty with increase reneweth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only at you all envy hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair, which loosest, fastest tieth?
Who makes a man live then, glad when he dieth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voice, which soul from senses sunders?
Whose force, but yours, the bolts of beauty thunders?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only with you, not miracles are wonders.

Doubt

Doubt you, to whom my muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast, o'ercharg'd, to musick lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

LXIV.

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try,
O give my passions leave to run their race:
Let fortune lay on me her worst disgrace:
Let folk o'ercharg'd with brain, against me cry,
Let clouds be dim, my face break in mine eye;
Let me no steps then of lost labour trace:
Let all the earth with scorn recount my case,
But do not will me from my *love* to fly.

I do not envy *Aristotle*'s wit,
Nor do aspire to *Cæsar*'s bleeding fame;
Nor aught do care, tho' some above me sit:
Nor hope, nor with another course to frame,
But that which once may win thy cruel heart;
Thou art my Wit, and thou my Virtue art.

LXV.

Love, by sure proof, I may call thee unkind,
That giv'st no better ear to my just cries:
Thou whom to me such my good turns shou'd bind,
As I may well recount, but none can prize:
For when, nak'd boy, thou could'st no harbour find
In this old world, grown now so too, too wise:
I lodg'd thee in my heart, and being blind
By nature born, I gave to thee my eyes.

Mine eyes, my light, my heart, my life, alas!
If so great services may scorned be:
Yet let this thought thy tygrish courage pass:
That I perhaps am somewhat kin to thee;
Since in thine arms, if learn'd fame truth hath spread,
Thou bear'st the arrow, I the arrow-head.

LXVI.

And do I see some cause a hope to feed,
Or doth the tedious burden of long woe
In weaken'd minds, quick apprehending breed
Of ev'ry image which may comfort show?
I cannot brag of word, much less of deed,
Fortune's wheels still with me in one sort slow;
My wealth no more, and no whit less my need,
Desire still on the stilts of fear doth go.

And yet amid all fears, as hope there is,
Stol'n to my heart since last fair night, nay, day;
Stella's eyes sent to me the beams of bliss,
Looking on me, while I look'd other way:
But when mine eyes back to their heav'n did move,
They fled with blush, which guilty seem'd of love.

LXVII.

Hope! art thou true? or dost thou flatter me?
Doth *Stella* now begin with piteous eye,
The ruins of her conquest to espy?
Will she take him, before all wreck'd he be?
Her eyes-speech is translated thus by thee:
But fail'st thou not in phrase so heav'nly high?
Look on again, the fair text better try:
What blushing notes dost thou in margin see?

What

What sighs stol'n out, or kill'd before full born?
  Hast thou found such and such like arguments?
Or art thou else to comfort me forsworn?
  Well, how so thou interpret the contents,
I am resolv'd thy error to maintain,
Rather than by more truth to get more pain.

LXVIII.

  Stella, the only planet of my light;
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Chief good, whereto my hope doth only aspire;
  World of my wealth, and heav'n of my delight;
  Why dost thou spend the treasures of thy sp'rite,
With voice more fit to wed *Amphion*'s lyre,
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,
  Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy sight?

And all in vain, for while thy breath most sweet,
  With choicest words, thy words with reasons rare,
Thy reasons firmly set on *Virtue*'s *feet*,
  Labour to kill in me this killing care:
O, think I then, what paradise of joy
It is, so fair a Virtue to enjoy?

LXIX.

  O joy! too high for my low stile to show:
O bliss! fit for a nobler state then me:
Envy, put out thine eyes, lest thou do see
  What oceans of delight in me do flow.
  My friend, that oft saw, through all masks, my woe,
Come, come, and let me pour my self on thee;
Gone is the winter of my misery:
  My spring appears, O see what here doth grow.

For

For *Stella* hath his words, where faith doth shine,
Of her high heart giv'n me the monarchy;
I, I, O I may say, That she is mine:
And though she give but this, conditionally,
This realm of bliss, while virtuous course I take,
No kings be crown'd, but they some cov'nants make.

LXX.

My muse may well grudge at my heav'nly joy,
If still I force her in sad rhimes to creep:
She oft hath drunk my tears, now hopes t' enjoy
Nectar of mirth, since I *Love*'s cup do keep.
Sonnets, be not bound 'prentice to annoy:
Treble sing high, as well as Bases deep:
Grief, but *love*'s winter-livery is, the boy
Hath cheeks to smile, as well as eyes to weep.

Come then, my muse, shew thou height of delight;
In well rais'd-notes, my pen, the best it may,
Shall paint out joy, though but in black and white.
Cease, eager muse; peace, pen, for my sake stay,
I give you here my hand for truth of this,
Wise silence is best musick unto bliss.

LXXI.

Who will in fairest book of Nature know,
How virtue may best lodg'd in beauty be,
Let him but learn of *love* to read in thee,
Stella, those fair lines, which true goodness show;
There shall he find all vices overthrow,
Not by rude force, but sweetest soveraignty
Of reason, from whose light those night-birds fly,
That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so.

And

And not content to be perfection's heir
  Thy self, dost strive all minds that way to move:
Who mark in thee what is in thee most fair:
  So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,
As fast thy Virtue bends that love to good:
But, ah! desire still cries, Give me some food.

LXXII.

  Desire, tho' thou my old companion art,
And oft so clings to my pure love, that I
One from the other scarcely can descry,
  While each doth blow the fire of my heart;
  Now from thy fellowship I needs must part;
Venus is taught with *Dian's* wings to fly:
I must no more in thy sweet passions lie;
  Virtue's gold now must head my *Cupid*'s dart.

Service and honour, wonder with delight,
  Fear to offend, well worthy to appear;
Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sp'rite:
  These things are left me by my only dear;
But thou, desire, because thou would'st have all,
Now banish'd art; but yet, alas! how shall?

SONG.

HAVE I caught my heav'nly jewel,
  Teaching sleep most fair to be?
  Now will I teach her too that she,
When she waketh, is too cruel.

Since

Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charm'd,
The two only darts of Love:
Now will I, with that boy, prove
Some play, while he is disarm'd.

Her Tongue, waking, still refuseth,
Giving frankly niggard No:
Now will I attempt to know,
What No her Tongue, sleeping, useth.

She the hand with waking guardeth;
Sleeping grants a free resort:
Now will I invade the fort;
Cowards Love *with loss rewardeth.*

But, O fool! think of the danger
Of her just and high disdain:
Now will I, alas! refrain;
Love *fears nothing else but anger.*

Yet those lips, so sweetly smelling,
Do invite a stealing kiss:
Now will I but venture this;
Who will read, must first learn spelling.

Oh! sweet kiss! but ah! she's waking;
Low'ring beauty chastens me:
Now will I away hence flee:
Fool! more fool! for no more taking.

LXXIII.

Love, still a boy, and oft a wanton, is
School'd only by his mother's tender eye;
What wonder then, if he his lesson miss,
When for so soft a rod, dear play he try?

And

And yet my Star, becauſe a ſugar'd kiſs
In ſport I ſuck'd, while ſhe aſleep did lie,
Doth low'r, nay, chide, nay, threat for only this:
Sweet, it was ſawcy *Love*, not humble I.

But no ſcuſe ſerves, ſhe makes her wrath appear
In beauty's throne; ſee now, who dares come near
Thoſe ſcarlet judges, threat'ning bloody pain?
O heav'nly fool! thy moſt kiſs-worthy face,
Anger inveſts with ſuch a lovely grace,
That anger ſelf, I needs muſt kiſs again.

LXXIV.

I never drank of *Aganippe*'s well,
Nor ever did in ſhade of *Tempe* ſit:
And Muſes ſcorn with vulgar brains to dwell:
Poor layman I, for ſacred rites unfit.
Some do I hear of Poets fury tell,
But (God wot) wot not what they mean by it:
And this I ſwear, by blackeſt brook of hell,
I am no pick-purſe of another's wit.

How falls it then, that with ſo ſmooth an eaſe
My thoughts I ſpeak, and what I ſpeak doth flow
In verſe, and that my verſe beſt wits doth pleaſe?
Gueſs we the cauſe? What, is it thus? Fie, no:
Or ſo? Much leſs: How then? Sure thus it is,
My lips are ſweet, inſpir'd with *Stella*'s kiſs.

LXXV.

Of all the kings, that ever here did reign,
Edward, nam'd fourth, as firſt in praiſe, I name,
Not for his fair outſide, nor well-lin'd brain;
Although leſs gifts imp feathers oft on fame:

Nor

Nor that he could, young wise, wise-valiant, frame
His sire's revenge, join'd with a kingdom's gain:
And gain'd by *Mars*, could yet mad *Mars* so tame,
That ballance weigh'd what sword did late obtain.

Nor that he made the *flower-de-luce* so 'fraid,
Though strongly hedg'd, of bloody lyon's paws,
That witty *Lewis* to him a tribute paid:
Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause,
But only, for this worthy knight durst prove
To lose his crown, rather then fail his love.

LXXVI.

She comes, and strait therewith her shining twins do move
Their rays to me, who in her tedious absence lay
Benighted in cold woe; but now appears my day,
The only light of joy, the only warmth of *love*.
She comes with light and warmth, which, like *Aurora*, prove
Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play
With such a rosy morn, whose beams, most freshly gay,
Scorch not, but only do dark chilling sp'rits remove.

But, lo! while I do speak, it groweth noon with me;
Her flamy glist'ring lights increase with time and place;
My heart cries Ah! it burns, mine eyes now dazled be:
No wind, no shade can cool; what help then in my case?
But with short breath, long looks, staid feet, and walking head,
Pray that my sun go down, with meeker beams, to bed.

LXXVII. Those

LXXVII.

Thoſe looks, whoſe beams be joy, whoſe motion is delight;
That face, whoſe lecture ſhews what perfect beauty is:
That preſence, which doth give dark hearts a living light:
That grace, which *Venus* weeps that ſhe her ſelf doth miſs:
That hand, which without touch holds more than *Atlas* might;
Thoſe lips, which makes death's pay a mean price for a kiſs:
That skin, whoſe paſs-praiſe hue ſcorns this poor term of white:
Thoſe words, which do ſublime the quinteſſence of bliſs:
That voice, which makes the ſoul plant himſelf in the ears:
That converſation ſweet, where ſuch high comforts be,
As conſtru'd, in true ſpeech, the name of heav'n it bears;
Makes me in my beſt thoughts, and quiet'ſt judgment, ſee
That in no more but theſe I might be fully bleſt:
Yet, ah! my maiden muſe doth bluſh to tell the beſt.

LXXVIII.

O how the pleaſant airs of true love be
Infected by thoſe vapours, which ariſe
From out that noiſom gulf, which gaping lies
Between the jaws of helliſh jealouſy!

A mon-

A monster, others harm, self-misery,
Beauty's plague, virtue's scourge, succour of lyes:
Who his own joy to his own hurt applies,
And only cherish doth with injury.

Who, since he hath, by Nature's special grace,
So piercing paws, as spoil when they embrace;
So nimble feet as stir still, though on thorns:
So many eyes, aye seeking their own woe;
So ample ears, as never good news know:
Is it not evil, that such a devil wants horns?

LXXIX.

Sweet kiss, thy sweets I fain would sweetly indite,
Which ev'n of sweetness, sweetest sweetner art:
Pleasing'st consort, where each sense holds a part;
Which coupling doves guides *Venus*' chariot right:
Best charge, and brav'st retreat in *Cupid*'s fight;
A double key, which opens to the heart,
Most rich, when most his riches is impart:
Nest of young joys, schoolmaster of delight;

Teaching the mean at once, to take and give;
The friendly fray, where blows both wound and heal:
The pretty death, while each in other live:
Poor hope's first wealth, hostage of promis'd weal,
Breakfast of *love*:—But, lo! lo! where she is,
Cease we to praise, now pray we for a kiss.

LXXX.

Sweet swelling lip, well may'st thou swell in pride,
Since best wits think it wit thee to admire:
Nature's praise, Virtue's stall, *Cupid*'s cold fire;
Whence words, not words, but heav'nly graces slide.

The

The new *Parnaſſus*, where the Muſes bide;
Sweetner of muſick, wiſdom's beautifier:
Breather of life, and faſtner of deſire,
Where Beauty's bluſh in Honour's grain is dy'd.

Thus much my heart compell'd my mouth to ſay,
But now, ſpite of my heart, my mouth will ſtay,
Loathing all lyes, doubting this flatt'ry is:
And no ſpur can his reſty race renew,
Without, how far this praiſe is ſhort of you;
Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one ſweet kiſs.

LXXXI.

O kiſs! which doſt thoſe ruddy gems impart,
Or gems, or fruits, of new-found *Paradiſe*:
Breathing all bliſs and ſweet'ning to the heart;
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exerciſe.
O kiſs! which ſouls, ev'n ſouls, together ties
By links of *Love*, and only Nature's art:
How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
Or of thy gifts, at leaſt, ſhade out ſome part?

But ſhe forbids, with bluſhing words, ſhe ſays,
She builds her fame on higher-ſeated praiſe:
But my heart burns, I cannot ſilent be.
Then ſince (dear life) you fain would have me peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to ceaſe,
Stop you my mouth, with ſtill, ſtill kiſſing me.

LXXXII.

Nymph of the garden, where all beauties be,
Beauties, which do in excellency paſs
His, who, till death, look'd in a watry glaſs;
Or hers, whom nak'd the *Trojan* boy did ſee:

Sweet garden Nymph, which keeps the cherry-tree,
Whose fruit doth far th' *Hesperian* taste surpass:
Most sweet-fair, most fair-sweet, do not, alas!
From coming near those cherries banish me:

For tho', full of desire, empty of wit,
Admitted late by your best-graced grace,
I caught, at one of them, a hungry bit,
Pardon that fault, once more, grant me the place;
And I do swear, ev'n by the same delight,
I will but kiss, I never more will bite.

LXXXIII.

Good brother *Philip*, I have borne you long,
I was content you should in favour creep,
While craftily you seem'd your cut to keep,
As tho' that fair soft hand did you great wrong:
I bare (with envy) yet, I bare your song,
When in her neck, you did *love* ditties peep;
Nay, more, fool I, oft suffer'd you to sleep,
In lilly's nest, where *Love*'s self lies along.

What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
Is sawciness reward of courtesy?
Cannot such grace your silly self content,
But you must needs with those lips billing be?
And thro' those lips drink nectar from that tongue,
Leave that, Sir *Phip*, lest off your neck be wrung.

SONG.

IF Orpheus' voice had force to breathe such musick's love,
Thro' pores of senseless trees, as it could make them move:

If

If stones good measure danc'd, the Theban *walls to build,*
To cadence of the tunes, which Amphion's *lyre did yield;*
More cause, a like effect, at least-wise bringeth:
O stones! O trees! learn hearing, Stella *singeth.*

If love might sweeten so a boy of shepherd brood,
To make a lizard dull, to taste love's dainty food:
If eagle fierce could so in Grecian *maid delight,*
As his light was her eyes, her death his endless night:
Earth, give that love; heaven, I trow, love refineth:
O beasts! O birds! look, love! lo! Stella *shineth.*

The birds, beasts, stones, and trees feel this, and feeling love:
And if the trees, nor stones, stir not the same to prove;
Nor beasts, nor birds do come unto this blessed gaze,
Know, that small love is quick, and great love doth amaze:
They are amaz'd, but you with reason arm'd,
O eyes! O ears of men! how are you charm'd?

LXXXIV.

High-way, since you my chief *Parnassus* be;
And that my muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horse's feet,
More oft than to a chamber melody.
Now blessed you, bear onward blessed me,
To her, where I my heart safely'st shall meet;
My muse and I must you of duty greet,
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully.

Be you still fair, honour'd by publick heed;
By no incroachment wrong'd, nor time forgot:
Nor blam'd for blood, nor sham'd for sinful deed;
And that you know, I envy you no lot,
Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss,
Hundreds of years you *Stella*'s feet may kiss.

LXXXV.

I see the house, my heart, thy self contain;
Beware full sails, drown not thy tottering barge:
Lest joy by Nature apt spirits to inlarge,
Thee to thy wreck, beyond the limits strain.
Nor do like lords, whose weak confused brain;
Not pointing to fit folks each under-charge,
While ev'ry office themselves will discharge;
With doing all, leave nothing done but pain.

But give apt servants their due place, let eyes
See beauties to all sum, summ'd in her face:
Let ears hear speech, which wit to wonder ties;
Let breath suck up those sweets, let arms embrace
The globe of weal, lips *love*'s indentures make:
Thou, but of all the kingly tribute take.

SONG.

ONLY joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care:
Let my whisp'ring voice obtain,
Sweet reward for sharpest pain:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Night

Night hath clos'd all in her cloke,
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke:
Danger hence good care doth keep,
Jealousy it self doth sleep:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's *yoke, to loose or bind:*
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

This small light the moon bestows,
Serves thy beams but to disclose;
So to raise my hap more high;
Fear not else, none can us spy:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumb sleep holdeth all the house:
Yet asleep, methinks they say,
Young folks, take time, while you may:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Niggard time threats, if we miss,
This large offer of our bliss:
Long stay, e'er he grant the same.
Sweet, then, while each thing doth frame:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Your fair mother is a-bed,
Candles out, and curtains spread:
She thinks you do letters write:
Write, but let me first endite:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Sweet, alas! why strive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us:
Leave to Mars *the force of hands,*
Your power in your beauty stands:
Take thee to me, and me to thee.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Woe to me, and do you swear
Me to hate? But I forbear;
Cursed be my destin's all,
That brought me so high to fall:
Soon with my death I will please thee,
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

LXXXVI.

Alas! whence came this change of looks? If I
Have chang'd, let mine own conscience be
A still-felt plague, to self-condemning me:
Let woe gripe on my heart, shame load mine eye.
But if all faith, like spotless Ermine, lie
Safe in my soul, which only doth to thee,
(As his sole object of felicity)
With wings of *love* in air of wonder fly.

O ease your hand, treat not so hard your slave:
In justice, pains come not till faults do call;
Or, if I needs (sweet judge) must torments have,
Use something else to chasten me withal,

Than

Than those blest eyes, where all my hopes do dwell;
No doom should make once heav'n become his hell.

SONG.

WHILE favour fed my hope, delight with hope is brought;
Thought waited on delight, and speech did follow thought;
Then grew my tongue and pen records unto thy glory:
I thought all words were lost, that were not spent of thee;
I thought each place was dark, but where thy lights would be,
And all ears worse than deaf, that heard not out thy story.

I said, Thou wert most fair, and so, indeed, thou art;
I said, Thou art most sweet, sweet poison to my heart;
I said, My soul was thine, O that I then had lyed!
I said, Thine eyes were stars, thy breasts the milken way,
Thy fingers Cupid's *shafts, thy voice the angels Lay:*
And all I said so well, as no man it denied.

But now, that hope is lost, unkindness kills delight,
Yet thought and speech do live, tho' metamorphos'd quite;
For rage now rules the reins, which guided were by pleasure;
I think now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praise;
That speech falls now to blame, which did thy honour raise;
The same key open can, which can lock up a treasure.

Thou, then, whom partial heav'ns conspir'd in one to frame;
The proof of beauty's worth, th' inheretrix of fame;

The mansion seat of bliss, and just excuse of lovers;
See now those feathers pluck'd, wherewith thou flew most high;
See what clouds of reproach shall dark thy honour's sky;
Whose own fault casts him down, hardly high seat recovers.

And, O my muse! though oft you lull'd her in your lap,
And then, a heav'nly child, gave her Ambrosian pap:
And to that brain of hers your hidden'st gifts infused,
Since she disdaining me, doth you, in me, disdain,
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we suffer pain:
Princes in subjects wrong'd must deem themselves abused.

Your client, poor my-self, shall Stella *handle so?*
Revenge, revenge, my muse! defiance trumpet blow,
Threaten what may be done, yet do no more than threaten:
Ah, my suit granted is, I feel my breast doth swell;
Now, child, a lesson new you shall begin to spell:
Sweet babes must babies have, but shrewd girls must be beaten.

Think now no more to hear of warm fine odour'd snow,
Nor blushing lillies, nor pearls ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden sea, whose waves in curls are broken;
But of thy soul, so fraught with such ungratefulness,
As where thou soon might'st help, most faith dost most oppress:
Ungrateful who is call'd, the worst of evils is spoken.

Yet worse than worst, I say, Thou art a thief.—A thief!
Now God forbid: A thief, and of worst thieves, the chief!

Thieves

Thieves steal for need, and steal but goods which pain recover;
But thou, rich in all joys, dost rob my joys from me,
Which cannot be restor'd by time nor industry:
Of foes the spoil is evil, far worse of constant lovers.

Yet, gentle English *thieves do rob, but will not slay;*
Thou English *murdering thief, wilt have hearts for thy prey?*
The name of murd'rer now on thy fair forehead sitteth:
And ev'n while I do speak, my death-wounds bleeding be:
Which, I protest, proceed from only cruel thee,
Who may, and will not save, murder, in truth, committeth.

But, murder, private fault! seems but a toy to thee,
I lay then to thy charge unjustest tyranny,
If rule, by force, without all claim, a tyrant sheweth;
For thou dost load my heart, who am not born thy slave,
And, which is worse, makes me most guiltless torments have,
A rightful prince, by unright deeds, a tyrant groweth.

Lo! you grow proud with this, for tyrants make folk bow:
Of foul rebellion then I do appeach thee now;
Rebel by nature's law, rebel by law of reason,
Thou, sweetest subject, wert born in the realm of Love,
And yet, against the prince thy force dost daily prove:
No virtue merits praise, once touch'd with blot of treason.

But valiant rebels oft, in fools mouths, purchase fame:
I now then stain thy white with vagabonding shame,

Both

Both rebel to the son, and vagrant from the mother;
For wearing Venus' *badge in every part of thee,*
Unto Diana's *train thou, run-away, didst flee:*
Who faileth one is false, though trusty to another.

What! is not this enough? nay, far worse cometh here;
A witch, I say, thou art, though thou so fair appear;
For, I protest, my sight never thy face enjoyeth,
But I in me am chang'd; I am alive and dead:
My feet are turn'd to roots, my heart becometh lead,
No witchcraft is so evil, as which man's mind destroyeth.

Yet witches may repent, thou art far worse than they:
Alas! that I am forc'd such evil of thee to say:
I say, Thou art a devil, tho' cloath'd in angel's shining;
For thy face tempts my soul to leave the heav'n for thee,
And thy words of refuse, do pour even hell on me:
Who tempt, and tempted plague, are devils in true defining.

You then, ungrateful thief, you murd'ring tyrant, you,
You rebel, runaway, to lord and lady untrue,
You witch, you devil (alas!) you still of me beloved,
You see what I can say, mend yet your froward mind,
And such skill in my muse, you, reconcil'd, shall find,
That all these cruel words your praises shall be proved.

SONG.

O You that hear this voice,
O you that see this face,
Say, whether of the choice
Deserves the former place?
Fear not to judge this 'bate,
For it is void of hate.

This

This side doth beauty take,
For that doth musick speak;
Fit orators to make
The strongest judgments weak:
The bar to plead their right,
Is only true delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
These gentle lawyers wage,
Like loving brother's case,
For father's heritage:
That each, while each contends,
Itself to other lends.

For beauty beautifies,
With heav'nly hue and grace,
The heav'nly harmonies;
And in this faultless face,
The perfect beauties be
A perfect harmony.

Musick more lofty swells
In speeches nobly placed;
Beauty as far excells,
In action aptly graced;
A friend each party draws
To countenance his cause.

Love more affected seems
To beauty's lovely light,
And wonder more esteems
Of musick's wondrous might;
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

Musick doth witness call,
The ear his truth to try;
Beauty brings to the hall
Eye-judgment of the eye;
Both in their objects such,
As no exceptions touch.

The common sense, which might
Be arbiter of this,
To be, forsooth, upright,
To both sides partial is:
He lays on this side chief praise,
Chief praise on that he lays.

Then reason, princes high,
Whose throne is in the mind,
Which musick can in sky
And hidden beauties find;
Say, whether thou wilt crown,
With limit, less renown?

SONG.

WHOSE senses in so evil consort their step-dame nature lays,
That ravishing delight in them most sweet tunes do not raise;
Or if they do delight therein, yet are so clos'd with wit,
As with sententious lips to set a little vein on it:
O let them here these sacred tunes, and learn in wonders schools,
To be in things past bounds of wit-fools, if they be not fools.

Who

Who have so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet beauty's show;
Or, seeking, have so wooden wits, as not that worth to know;
Or, knowing, have so muddy minds, as not to be in love;
Or, loving, have so frothy thoughts, as eas'ly thence to move:
O let them see these heav'nly beams, and in fair letters read
A lesson fit, both sight, skill, love, and firm love to breed.

Hear then, but then with wonder hear; see, but adorning, see,
No mortal gifts, no earthly fruits, now here descended be:
See! do you see this face? a face! nay, image of the skies,
Of which, the two life-giving lights are figur'd in her eyes?
Hear you this soul-invading voice, and count it but a voice?
The very essence of their tunes, when angels do rejoice.

SONG.

IN a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton musick made,
May, *then young, his py'd-weeds shewing,*
New perfum'd, with flowers fresh growing:

Astrophel *with* Stella *sweet,*
Did for mutual comfort meet,
Both within themselves oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harms had taught much care,
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare,
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept

Wept they had, alas! the while,
But now tears themselves did smile,
While their eyes, by love directed,
Interchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now, betwixt
Sighs of woes, were glad sighs mix'd;
With arms crost, yet testifying
Restless rest, and living dying.

Their ears hungry of each word,
Which the dear tongue would afford;
But their tongues restrain'd from walking,
'Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speak,
Love itself did silence break;
Love did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speak in love and wonder.

Stella! *sovereign of my joy,*
Fair triumpher of annoy:
Stella! *star of heav'nly fire:*
Stella! *loadstar of desire:*

Stella! *in whose shining eyes*
Are the lights of Cupid's *skies,*
Whose beams, where they once are darted,
Love therewith is straight imparted:

Stella! *whose voice, when it speaks,*
Senses all asunder breaks;
Stella! *whose voice, when it singeth,*
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

Stella!

Stella! *in whose body is*
Writ each character of bliss;
In whose face all beauty passeth,
Save thy mind, which yet surpasseth.

Grant! O grant! but speech, alas!
Fails me, fearing one to pass:
Grant!—O me! what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying.

Grant—O dear! on knees I pray
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
That not I, but, since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.

Never season was more fit;
Never room more apt for it;
Smiling air, allows my reason;
These birds sing, Now use the season.

This small wind which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss,
Each tree in his best attiring,
Sense of love to love inspiring.

Love makes earth the water drink;
Love to earth makes water sink;
And, if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heav'nly grace want pity?

There his hand, in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain;
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse all grace excelling.

Then

Then she spake; her speech was such,
As not ear, but heart did touch:
While such wise she love denied,
As yet love she signified.

Astrophel, *said she, my love,*
Cease, in these effects, to prove;
Now be still, yet still believe me,
Thy grief, more than death would grieve me.

If that any thought in me
Can taste comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish.

If those eyes you praised, be
Half so dear as you to me,
Let me home return, stark blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.

If to secret of my heart,
I do any wish impart,
Where thou art not foremost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced.

If more may be said, I say,
All my bliss in thee I lay;
If thou love, my love content thee,
For all love, all faith is meant thee.

Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try;
Tyrant honour doth thus use thee,
Stella's *self might not refuse thee.*

Therefore,

Therefore, dear! this no more move,
Lest, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed,
I should blush when thou art named.

Therewithal away she went,
Leaving him to passion rent,
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

SONG.

GO, my flock, go, get you hence,
Seek a better place of feeding,
Where you may have some defence
For the storms in my breast breeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leave a wretch, in whom all woe
Can abide to keep no measure;
Merry flock, such one forego,
Unto whom mirth is displeasure,
Only rich in mischiefs treasure.

Yet, alas! before you go,
Hear your woeful master's story,
Which to stones I else would show,
Sorrow only then hath glory,
When 'tis excellently sorry.

Stella! *fiercest shepherdess,*
Fiercest, but yet fairest ever;
Stella! *whom, O heav'ns! bless,*
Tho' against me she persever,
Tho' I bliss inherit never.

Stella *hath refused me;*
Stella! *who more love hath proved,*
In this caitiff heart to be,
Then can in good ewes be moved
Toward lambkins *best beloved.*

Stella *hath refused me!*
Astrophel, *that so well served*
In this pleasant spring, must see,
While in pride flowers be preserved,
Himself only winter starved.

Why, alas! doth she then swear,
That she loveth me so dearly,
Seeing me so long to bear,
Coals of love that burn so clearly;
And yet leave me helpless merely?

Is that love? forsooth, I trow,
If I saw my good dog grieved,
And a help for him did know,
My love should not be believed,
But he were by me relieved.

No, she hates me; well away,
Feigning love, somewhat to please me;
For she knows, if she display
All her hate, death soon would seize me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then

Then adieu, dear flock, adieu;
But, alas! if in your straying
Heav'nly Stella *meet with you,*
Tell her, in piteous blaying,
Her poor slave's unjust decaying,

LXXXVII.

When I was forc'd from *Stella*, ever dear,
Stella! food of my thoughts, heart of my heart;
Stella! whose eyes make all my tempests clear,
By iron laws of duty to depart:
Alas! I found, that she, with me, did smart;
I saw, that tears did in her eyes appear;
I saw, that sighs her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words, my saddest sense did hear:

For me, I wept to see pearls scatter'd so,
I sigh'd her sighs, and wailed for her woe,
Yet swam in joy, such love in her was seen:
Thus, while th' effect most bitter was to me,
And nothing than the cause more sweet could be,
I had been vex'd, if vex'd I had not been.

LXXXVIII.

Out, traytor absence! dar'st thou counsel me,
From my dear captainness to run away,
Because, in brave array, here marcheth she,
That, to win me, oft shews a present pay?
Is faith so weak? or is such force in thee?
When sun is hid, can stars such beams display?
Cannot heav'ns food, once felt, keep stomachs free
From base desire, on earthly cates to prey?

Tush, absence, while thy mists eclipse that light,
My orphan sense flies to the inward sight,
Where memory sets forth the beams of love,
That were before heart-lov'd, and eyes did see,
In heart both sight and love now coupled be;
United powers make each the stronger prove.

LXXXIX.

Now, that of absence, the most irksome night,
With darkest shade, doth overcome my day;
Since *Stella*'s eyes, wont to give me my day,
Leaving my hemisphere, leave me in night:
Each day seems long, and longs for long-staid night;
The night, as tedious, woos th' approach of day;
Tir'd with the dusty toils of busy day,
Languish'd with horrors of the silent night;

Suff'ring the evils both of day and night,
While no night is more dark than is my day,
Nor no day hath less quiet than my night:
With such bad mixture of my night and day,
That living thus in blackest winter night,
I feel the flames of hottest summer day.

XC.

Stella! think not that I by verse seek fame,
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee?
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history:
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree:
In truth I swear, I wish not there should be
Grav'd in my epitaph a Poet's name:

Ne, if I would, I could juſt title make,
That any laud to me thereof ſhould grow;
Without my plumes from others wings I take:
For nothing from my wit, or will, doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,
And love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

XCI.

Stella, now while, by humour's cruel might,
I am from you, light of my life, miſled,
And that fair you, my ſun, thus overſpread
With abſence veil, I live in ſorrow's night.
If this dark place yet ſhew like candle-light;
Some beauty's piece, as amber-colour'd head,
Milk hands, roſe cheeks, or lips more ſweet, more red;
Or ſeeing jet's black, but in blackneſs bright;

They pleaſe, I do confeſs, they pleaſe mine eyes;
But why? becauſe of you they models be:
Models! ſuch be wood-globes of gliſt'ring skies.
Dear, therefore be not jealous over me,
If you hear that they ſeem my heart to move:
Not them, no, no, but you in them I love.

XCII.

Be your words made (good Sir) of *Indian* ware,
That you allow me them by ſo ſmall rate?
Or do you courted *Spartans* imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to ſpare,
That to my queſtions you ſo total are?
When I demand of *Phœnix-Stella*'s ſtate,
You ſay (forſooth) you left her well of late:
O God! think you, that ſatisfies my care?

I would know whether ſhe do ſit or walk?
How cloath'd? How waited on? Sigh'd ſhe, or ſmil'd?
Whereof? With whom? how often did ſhe talk?
With what paſtime, time's journey ſhe beguil'd?
If her lips deign'd to ſweeten my poor name?
Say all, and all well ſaid, ſtill ſay the ſame.

SONG.

O Dear life, when ſhall it be,
That mine eyes thine eyes may ſee;
And in them thy mind diſcover,
Whether abſence have had force,
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of thy lover?

Or, if I my ſelf find not,
After parting aught forgot:
Nor debarr'd from beauty's treaſure,
Let not tongue aſpire to tell,
In what high joys I ſhall dwell;
Only thought aims at the pleaſure.

Thought, therefore, I will ſend thee,
To take up the place for me;
Long I will not after tarry;
There, unſeen, thou may'ſt be bold
Thoſe fair wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do carry.

Thought, ſee thou no place forbear,
Enter bravely every where;

Seize

Seize on all to her belonging:
But, if thou would'ſt guarded be,
Fearing her beams, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Think of that moſt grateful time,
When thy leaping heart will climb,
In my lips to have his biding;
There thoſe roſes for to kiſs,
Which do breathe a ſugar'd bliſs,
Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

Think of my moſt princely power,
Which I, bleſſed, ſhall devour
With my greedy liqu'riſh ſenſes,
Beauty, muſick, ſweetneſs, love,
While ſhe doth againſt me prove
Her ſtrong darts but weak defences.

Think, think, of thoſe dallyings:
When with dove-like murmurings:
With glad moaning paſſed anguiſh;
We change eyes, and heart for heart,
Each to other to depart,
Joying till joy makes us languiſh.

O my thoughts! my thoughts ſurceaſe,
Your delights my woes increaſe;
My life melts with too much thinking:
Think no more, but die in me,
Till thou ſhalt revived be,
At her lips my Nectar drinking.

XCIII.

O fate! O fault! O curse! child of my bliss,
What sobs can give words grace my grief to show?
What ink is black enough to paint my woe?
Thro' me, wretch me! even *Stella* vexed is.
Yet, truth (if caitiff's breath may call thee) this
Witness with me, That my soul stumbling so,
From carelessness did in no manner grow;
But wit, confus'd with too much care, did miss.

And do I then my life this vain sense give?
I have (live I, and know this?) harmed thee,
Tho' words quit me, shall I my self forgive?
Only with pains, my pains thus eased be;
That all my hurts, in my heart's wreck I read;
I cry, Thy sighs, my dear, thy tears I bleed.

XCIV.

Grief, find thy words, for thou hast made my brain
So dark with misty vapours, which arise
From out thy heavy mould, that inbent eyes,
Can scarce discern the shape of mine own pain.
Do thou then (for thou canst) do thou complain
For my poor soul, which now that sickness tries,
Which ev'n to sense, sense of itself denies,
Tho' harbinger of death lodge there his train.

Or, if thy love of plaint yet mine forbears,
As of a caitiff worthy so to dye,

Yet wail thyſelf, and wail, with cauſeful tears,
  That tho' in wretchedneſs thy life doth lie,
Yet grow'ſt more wretched then thy nature bears,
  By being plac'd in ſuch a wretch as I.

XCV.

  Yet ſighs, dear ſighs! indeed true friends you are,
That do not leave your left friend at the worſt;
But as you with my breaſt I oft have nurſt,
  So, grateful now, you wait upon my care.
  Faint coward joy no longer tarry dare,
Seeing hope yield, when this woe ſtrake him firſt:
Delight proteſts he is not for th' accurſt,
  Tho' oft himſelf my mate in arms he ſware.

Nay, ſorrow comes with ſuch main rage, that he
  Kills his own children tears, finding that they
By love were made apt to conſort with me.
  Only, true ſighs, you do not go away;
Thank may you have for ſuch a thankful part;
Thank, worthieſt yet, when you ſhall break my heart.

XCVI.

  Thought, with good cauſe, thou lik'ſt ſo well the night,
Since kin or chance gives both one livery;
Both ſadly black, both blackly darken'd be;
  Night barr'd from ſun, thou from thy own ſun's light;
Silence in both diſplays his ſullen might,
  Low heavineſs in both holds on degree;
  That full of doubts, thou of perplexity:
Thy tears expreſs night's native moiſture right.

In

In both amazeful solitarinesſ :
In night of ſpirits, the ghaſtly powers to ſtir ;
In thee, or ſp'rits, or ſp'rited ghaſtlineſs :
But, but (alas!) night's ſide the odds hath far ;
For that, at length, yet doth invite ſome reſt,
Thou, tho' ſtill tir'd, yet ſtill doſt it deteſt.

XCVII.

Dian', that fain would chear her friend the night,
Shews her oft, at the full, her faireſt face,
Bringing with her thoſe ſtarry nymphs, whoſe chace
From heav'nly ſtanding hits each mortal wight.
But ah! poor night, in love with *Phœbus*' light,
And endleſs deſpairing of his grace ;
Her ſelf (to ſhew no other joy hath place)
Silent and ſad, in mourning weeds doth dight :

Even ſo (alas!) a lady, *Dian*'s peer,
With choice delights, and rareſt company,
Wou'd fain drive clouds from out my heavy cheer :
But, woe is me ! tho' joy it ſelf were ſhe,
She could not ſhew my blind brain ways of joy,
While I deſpair my ſun's ſight to enjoy.

XCVIII.

Ah, bed! the field where joy's peace ſome do ſee ;
The field where all my thoughts to war be train'd ;
How is thy grace by my ſtrange fortune ſtain'd !
How thy lee-ſhores by my ſighs ſtormed be !

With

With sweet soft shades, thou oft inviteſt me
To steal some reſt; but, wretch! I am conſtrain'd,
(Spurr'd with love's spur, tho' gold and shortly rein'd
With care's hard hand) to turn and toſs in thee.

While the black horrors of the silent night
Paint woe's black face so lively to my sight,
That tedious leisure makes each winkled line:
But when *Aurora* leads out *Phœbus'* dance,
Mine eyes then only wink, for spite perchance,
That worms should have their sun, and I want mine.

XCIX.

When far-spent night persuades each mortal eye,
To whom not art, nor nature, granteth light,
To lay his then mark-wanting shafts of sight,
Clos'd with their quivers, in sleep's armory;
With windows ope, then most my mind doth lie,
Viewing the shape of darkness and delight;
Takes in that sad hue, which, with th' inward night
Of his maz'd powers, keep perfect harmony:

But when birds charm, and that sweet air, which is
Morn's messenger, with rose-enamell'd skies,
Calls each wight to salute the flower of bliss;
In tomb of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forc'd by their lord, who is asham'd to find
Such light in sense, with such a darken'd mind.

C.

O tears! no tears, but rain, from beauty's skies,
Making those lillies and those roses grow,
Which aye most fair, now more than most fair show,
While graceful pity beauty beautifies.

O hony'd

O honey'd ſighs! which from that breaſt do riſe,
Whoſe pants do make unſpilling cream to flow;
Wing'd with whoſe breath, ſo pleaſing *Zephyrs* blow,
And can refreſh the hell where my ſoul fries.

O plaints! conſerv'd in ſuch a ſugar'd phraſe,
That eloquence itſelf envies your praiſe;
While ſobb'd, our words a perfect muſick give.
Such tears, ſighs, plaints, no ſorrow is, but joy:
Or, if ſuch heav'nly ſighs muſt prove annoy,
All mirth farewel, let me in ſorrow live.

CI.

Stella is ſick, and in that ſick-bed lies
Sweetneſs, which breathes and pants as oft as ſhe:
And grace, ſick too, ſuch fine concluſions tries,
That ſickneſs brags itſelf beſt grace to be.
Beauty is ſick, but ſick in ſo fair guiſe,
That in that paleneſs beauty's white we ſee;
And joy, which is unſever'd from thoſe eyes,
Stella, now learn (ſtrange caſe!) to weep in thee.

Love moves thy pain, and like a faithful page,
As thy looks ſtir, comes up and down, to make
All folks preſs'd at thy will, thy pain t'aſſuage;
Nature with care ſweats for her darling's ſake,
Knowing worlds paſs, e'er ſhe enough can find,
Of ſuch heav'n-ſtuff to cloath ſo heav'nly mind.

CII.

Where be thoſe roſes gone, which ſweeten'd ſo our eyes?
Where thoſe red cheeks, which oft, with fair increaſe, doth frame
The height of honour in the kindly badge of ſhame?
Who hath the crimſon weeds ſtol'n from my morning skies?
How doth the colour fade of thoſe vermillion dies,
Which nature ſelf did make, and ſelf-ingrain'd the ſame?
I wou'd know by what right this paleneſs overcame
That hue, whoſe force my heart ſtill unto thraldom ties?

Galen's adoptive ſons, who by a beaten way
Their judgments hackney on, the fault on ſickneſs lay,
But feeling pulſe makes me (ſay they) miſtake it far.
It is but love which makes this paper perfect white,
To write therein more freſh the ſtory of delight,
While beauty's reddeſt ink *Venus* for him doth ſtir.

CIII.

O happy *Thames*, that didſt my *Stella* bear,
I ſaw thee with full many a ſmiling line,
Upon thy chearful face joy's livery wear:
While thoſe fair planets on thy ſtreams did ſhine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
While wanton winds, with beauties ſo divine,
Raviſh'd, ſtaid not, till in her golden hair
They did themſelves (O ſweeteſt priſon!) twine.

And

And fain those *Æol*'s youth there wou'd their stay
Have made, but forc'd by nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display:
She, so dishevell'd, blush'd; from window I
With sight thereof cry'd out, O fair disgrace,
Let honour self to thee grant highest place.

CIV.

Envious wits, what hath been mine offence,
That with such pois'nous care my looks you mark,
That to each word, nay, sigh of mine, you hark,
As grudging me my sorrow's eloquence?
Ah! is it not enough, that I am thence,
Thence, so far thence, that scarcely any spark
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon dark,
Where rig'rous exile locks up all my sense?

But if I by a happy window pass,
If I but stars upon mine armour bear;
Sick, thirsty, glad (tho' but of empty glass:)
Your mortal notes straight my hid meaning tear
From out my ribs, and, puffing, prove that I
Do *Stella* love: fools! who doth it deny?

SONG.

WHO is it that this dark night,
Underneath my window plaineth?
It is one, who from thy sight,
Being (ah!) exil'd, disdaineth
Ev'ry other vulgar light.

Why,

Why, alas! and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies chang'd?
Dear, when you find change in me,
Tho' from me you be estrang'd,
Let my change to ruin be.

Well, in absence this will die;
Leave to see, and leave to wonder.
Absence sure will help, if I
Can learn, how my self to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will these thoughts remove:
Time doth work what no man knoweth.
Time doth as the subject prove,
With time still affection groweth,
In the faithful turtle-dove.

What if ye new beauties see,
Will not they stir new affection?
I will think they pictures be,
(Image-like, of saint-perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

But your reason's purest light,
Bids you leave such minds to nourish.
Dear, do reason no such spite;
Never doth thy beauty flourish
More, than in thy reason's sight.

But the wrongs love bears, will make
Love at length leave undertaking.
No, the more fools it doth shake,
In a ground of so firm making;
Deeper still they drive the stake.

Peace!

Peace! I think that some give ear;
Come no more, lest I get anger.
Bliss, I will my bliss forbear;
Fearing (sweet) you to endanger;
But my soul shall harbour there.

Well, begone; begone, I say,
Lest that Argus' *eyes perceive you.*
O unjust is fortune's sway!
Which can make me thus to leave you;
And from louts to run away.

CV.

Unhappy sight, and hath she vanish'd by
So near, in so good time, so free a place?
Dead glass, dost thou thy object so embrace,
As what my heart still sees thou canst not spy?
I swear by her I love and lack, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazling race,
Only unto the heav'n of *Stella*'s face;
Counting but dust what in the way did lie.

But cease, mine eyes, your tears do witness well,
That you, guiltless thereof, your Nectar miss'd:
Curst be the page from whom the bad torch fell:
Curst be the night, which did your will resist;
Curst be the coach-man which did drive so fast,
With no less curse than absence makes me taste.

CVI.

O abſent preſence, *Stella* is not here;
Falſe flattering hope, that with ſo fair a face
Bare me in hand, that in this orphan place,
Stella, I ſay, my *Stella*, ſhould appear?
What ſay'ſt thou now? where is the dainty cheer
Thou told'ſt mine eyes ſhou'd help their famiſh'd caſe?
But thou art gone, now that ſelf-felt diſgrace,
Doth make me moſt to wiſh thy comfort near.

But here I do ſtore of fair ladies meet,
Who may with charm of converſation ſweet,
Make in my heavy mould new thoughts to grow.
Sure they prevail as much with me, as he
That bad his friend, but then new maim'd, to be
Merry with him, and not think of his woe.

CVII.

Stella, ſince thou ſo right a Princeſs art
Of all the pow'rs which life beſtows on me,
That e'er by them aught undertaken be,
They firſt reſort unto that ſoveraign part;
Sweet, for a while give reſpite to my heart,
Which pants as though it ſtill ſhou'd leap to thee:
And on my thoughts give thy lieutenancy,
To this great cauſe, which needs both uſe and art.

And as a Queen, who from her preſence ſends
Whom ſhe employs, diſmiſs from thee my wit,
Till it hath wrought what thy own will attends.
On ſervants ſhame oft maſters blame doth ſit;
O! let not fools in me thy works reprove,
And ſcorning ſay, See what it is to love?

CVIII.

When sorrow (using mine own fire's might)
Melts down his lead into my boiling breast,
Thro' that dark furnace to my heart oppreſt;
There ſhines a joy from thee my only light:
But ſoon as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my young ſoul flutters to thee his neſt;
Moſt rude deſpair, my daily unbidden gueſt,
Clips ſtraight my wings, ſtraight wraps me in his night:

And makes me then bow down my head, and ſay,
Ah! what doth *Phœbus*' gold that wretch avail,
Whom iron doors do keep from uſe of day?
So ſtrangely (alas!) thy works in me prevail,
That in my woes for thee, thou art my joy,
And in my joys for thee, my only annoy.

A REMEDY FOR LOVE.

PHILOCLEA, and PAMELA ſweet,
By chance, in one great houſe did meet;
And meeting, did ſo join in heart,
That th' one from th' other could not part:
And who, indeed (not made of ſtones)
Would ſeparate ſuch lovely ones?
The one is beautiful, and fair
As orient pearls and rubies are;
And ſweet as, after gentle ſhow'rs,
The breath is of ſome thouſand flow'rs:
For due proportion, ſuch an air
Circles the other, and ſo fair,
That it her brownneſs beautifies,
And doth inchant the wiſeſt eyes.

Have you not ſeen, on ſome great day,
Two goodly horſes, white and bay,
Which were ſo beauteous in their pride,
You knew not which to chuſe or ride?
Such are theſe two; you ſcarce can tell,
Which is the daintier bonny *belle*;
And they are ſuch, as, by my troth,
I had been ſick with love of both,
And might have ſadly ſaid, Good-night
Diſcretion and good fortune quite;
But that young *Cupid*, my old maſter,
Preſented me a ſov'reign plaiſter:
Mopſa! ev'n *Mopſa!* (precious peat)
Whoſe lips of marble, teeth of jet,
Are ſpells and charms of ſtrong defenſe,
To conjure down concupiſcence.

How oft have I been reft of ſenſe,
By gazing on their excellence,
But meeting *Mopſa* in my way,
And looking on her face of clay,
Been heal'd, and cur'd, and made as ſound,
As though I ne'er had had a wound?
And when in tables of my heart,
Love wrought ſuch things as bred my ſmart,
Mopſa would come, with face of clout,
And in an inſtant wipe them out.
And when their faces made me ſick,
Mopſa would come, with face of brick,
A little heated in the fire,
And break the neck of my deſire.

Now

Now from their face I turn mine eyes,
But (cruel Panthers!) they ſurprize
Me with their breath, that incenſe ſweet,
Which only for the gods is meet;
And jointly from them doth reſpire,
Like both the *Indies* ſet on fire:
Which ſo o'ercomes man's raviſh'd ſenſe,
That ſouls, to follow it, fly hence.
No ſuch-like ſmell you, if you range
By th' *Stocks*, or *Cornhill*'s ſquare *Exchange*;
There ſtood I ſtill as any ſtock,
'Till *Mopſa* (with her *Puddle-dock*)
Her compound, or electuary,
Made of old ling, and young canary;
Bloat-herring, cheeſe, and voided phyſick,
Being ſomewhat troubled with a phthiſick,
Did cough, and fetch a ſigh ſo deep,
As did her very bottom ſweep:
Whereby to all ſhe did impart,
How love lay rankling at her heart:
Which, when I ſmelt, deſire was ſlain,
And they breath'd forth perfumes in vain.
Their angel-voice ſurpriz'd me now;
But *Mopſa*, her *Too-whit*, *To-hoo*,
Deſcending through her hoe-boy noſe,
Did that diſtemper ſoon compoſe.

And, therefore, O thou precious owl!
The wiſe *Minerva*'s only fowl;
What, at thy ſhrine, ſhall I deviſe
To offer up a ſacrifice?
Hang *Æſculapius*, and *Apollo*,
And *Ovid*, with his precious ſhallow.

Mopſa is love's beſt medicine,
True water to a lover's wine.
Nay, ſhe's the yellow antidote,
Both bred and born to cut Love's throat:
Be but my ſecond, and ſtand by,
(Mopſa) and I'll them both defy;
And all elſe of thoſe gallant races,
Who wear infection in their faces;
For thy face (that *Meduſa*'s ſhield!)
Will bring me ſafe out of the field.

SON-

SONNETS

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

SINCE ſhunning pain, I eaſe can never find;
Since baſhful dread ſeeks where he knows me harmed;
Since will is won, and ſtopped ears are charmed;
Since force doth faint, and ſight doth make me blind;
Since looſing long, the faſter ſtill I bind;
Since naked ſenſe can conquer reaſon armed;
Since heart, in chilling fear, with ice is warmed;
In fine, Since ſtrife of thought but mars the mind,
I yield, O Love! unto thy loathed yoke,
Yet craving law of arms, whoſe rule doth teach,
That, hardly us'd, who ever priſon broke,
In juſtice quit, of honour made no breach:
Whereas, if I a grateful garden have,
Thou art my lord, and I thy vowed ſlave.

WHEN Love, puſt up with rage of high diſdain,
Reſolv'd to make me pattern of his might,
Like foe, whoſe wits, inclin'd to deadly ſpite,
Would often kill, to breed more feeling pain;

He would not, arm'd with beauty, only reign
On thoſe affects which eaſily yield to ſight;
But virtue ſets ſo high, that reaſon's light,
For all his ſtrife, can only bondage gain:

So that I live to pay a mortal fee,
Dead-palſy ſick of all my chiefeſt parts,
Like thoſe whom dreams make ugly monſters ſee,
And can cry help with naught but groans and ſtarts:

Longing to have, having no wit to wiſh,
To ſtarving minds ſuch is God *Cupid*'s diſh.

To the TUNE *of*

Non credo gia che piu infelice Amante.

I.

THE Fire, to ſee my wrongs, for anger burneth;
The Air in rain for my affliction weepeth:
The Sea to ebb, for grief, his flowing turneth;
The Earth, with pity, dull the center keepeth;

Fame is with wonder blazed;
Time runs away for ſorrow;
Place ſtandeth ſtill amazed
To ſee my night of evils, which hath no morrow.

Alas! a lovely She no pity taketh
To know my miſeries; but, chaſte and cruel,
My fall her glory maketh,
Yet ſtill her eyes give to my flames their fuel.

II.

Fire! burn me quite, 'till ſenſe of burning leave me;
Air! let me draw no more thy breath in anguiſh;
Sea! drown'd in thee, of tedious life bereave me;
Earth! take this earth, wherein my ſpirits languiſh:

Fame

Fame, ſay I was not born;
Time, haſte my dying hour;
Place, ſee my grave up-torn;
Fire, Air, Sea, Earth, Fame, Time, Place, ſhew your pow'r.

Alas! from all their help I am exiled;
For hers am I, and Death fears her diſpleaſure.
Fie, Death! thou art beguiled,
Tho' I be hers, ſhe makes of me no treaſure.

To the ſame Tune.

I.

THE nightingale, as ſoon as *April* bringeth,
Unto her reſted ſenſe, a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new cloathing, ſpringeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her ſong-book making;

And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expreſſeth
What grief her breaſt oppreſſeth,
For *Thereus'* force on her chaſte will prevailing.

O *Philomela* fair! O take ſome gladneſs,
That here is juſter cauſe of plaintful ſadneſs:
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without; my thorn my heart invadeth.

II. Alas!

II.

Alas! ſhe hath no other cauſe of anguiſh,
But *Thereus'* love, on her by ſtrong-hand wroken,
Wherein ſhe ſuffering, all her ſpirits languiſh,
Full woman-like, complains her will was broken.

But I, who daily craving,
Cannot have to content me,
Have more cauſe to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe than too much having.

O *Philomela* fair! O take ſome gladneſs,
That here is juſter cauſe of plaintful ſadneſs:
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without; my thorn my heart invadeth.

To the Tune of Baſcia mi vita mia.

SLEEP, baby mine, Deſire, nurſe-beauty, ſingeth;
Thy cries, O baby! ſet mine head on aking:
The babe cries, '*Way, thy love doth keep me waking.*

Lully, lully, my babe, Hope cradle bringeth
Unto my children alway good reſt taking:
The babe cries, '*Way, thy love doth keep me waking.*

Since, baby mine, from me thy watching ſpringeth,
Sleep then a little, pap Content is making;
The babe cries, *Nay, for that abide I waking.*

To

To the Tune of the Spanish *Song*,
Si tu ſennora no dueles de mi.

O Fair! O ſweet! when I do look on thee,
In whom all joys ſo well agree,
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.
This you hear, is not my tongue,
Which once ſaid what I conceived;
For it was of uſe bereaved,
With a cruel anſwer ſtung.
No! though tongue to roof be cleaved,
Fearing leſt he chaſtiſed be,
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.

O fair! O ſweet! *&c.*
Juſt accord all muſick makes;
In thee juſt accord excelleth,
Where each part in ſuch peace dwelleth,
One of other beauty takes.
Since then truth to all minds telleth,
That in thee lives harmony,
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.

O fair! O ſweet! *&c.*
They that heav'n have known, do ſay,
That whoſo that grace obtaineth,
To ſee what fair ſight there reigneth,
Forced are to ſing alway:
So then ſince that heav'n remaineth
In thy face I plainly ſee,
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.

In

O fair! O ſweet! &c.
Sweet! think not I am at eaſe:
For becauſe my chief part ſingeth;
This ſong from death's ſorrow ſpringeth:
As to Swan in laſt diſeaſe:
For no dumbneſs, nor death bringeth
Stay to true love's melody:
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.

Theſe Four following SONNETS *were made when his Lady had a Pain in her Face.*

I.

THE ſcourge of life, and death's extreme diſgrace;
The ſmoke of hell, the monſter called Pain;
Long ſham'd to be accurs'd in ev'ry place,
By them who of his rude reſort complain;

Like crafty wretch, by time and travel taught,
His ugly evil in other's good to hide;
Late harbours in her face, whom nature wrought
As treaſure-houſe where her beſt gifts do bide;

And ſo by privilege of ſacred ſeat,
A ſeat where beauty ſhines and virtue reigns,
He hopes for ſome ſmall praiſe, ſince ſhe hath great,
Within her beams, wrapping his cruel ſtains.
Ah! ſaucy pain, let not thy terror laſt,
More loving eyes ſhe draws, more hate thou haſt.

II. WOE!

II.

WOE! woe to me, on me return the ſmart:
My burning tongue hath bred my miſtreſs pain;
For oft in pain, to pain my painful heart,
With her due praiſe did of my ſtate complain.

I prais'd her eyes, whom never chance doth move;
Her breath, which makes a ſowre anſwer ſweet;
Her milken breaſts, the nurſe of child like love:
Her legs (O legs!) her aye well-ſtepping feet:

Pain heard her praiſe, and full of inward fire;
(Firſt ſealing up my heart, as prey of his)
He flies to her, and, bolden'd with deſire,
Her face (this age's praiſe) the thief doth kiſs.

O pain! I now recant the praiſe I gave,
And ſwear, ſhe is not worthy thee to have.

III.

THOU pain, the only gueſt of loath'd conſtraint;
The child of curſe, man's weakneſs, foſter-child;
Brother to woe, and father of complaint:
Thou pain, thou hated pain, from heav'n exil'd:

How

How hold'ſt thou her, whoſe eyes conſtraint doth fear,
Whom curſt, do bleſs; whoſe weakneſs, virtue's arm;
Who others woes and plaints can chaſtely bear:
In whoſe ſweet heav'n angels of high thoughts ſwarm.

What courage ſtrange hath caught thy crafty heart?
Fear'ſt not a face, that oft whole hearts devours?
Or, art thou from above bid play this part,
And ſo no help 'gainſt envy of thoſe powers?
If thus, alas! yet while thoſe parts have woe;
So ſtay her tongue, that ſhe no more ſay, No.

IV.

AND have I heard her ſay, O cruel pain!
And doth ſhe know what mould her beauty bears?
Mourns ſhe in truth, and thinks that others feign?
Fears ſhe to feel, and feels not others fears?

Or, doth ſhe think all pain the mind forbears?
That heavy earth, not fiery ſp'rits, may plain?
That eyes weep worſe than heart in bloody tears?
That ſenſe feels more than what doth ſenſe contain?

No, no, ſhe is too wiſe, ſhe knows her face
Hath not ſuch pain as it makes others have:
She knows the ſickneſs of that perfect place
Hath yet ſuch health, as it my life can ſave.
But this, ſhe thinks, our pain high cauſe excuſeth,
Where her, who ſhould rule pain, falſe pain abuſeth.

Tranſlated

Tranſlated out of HORACE, *Book* II. *Ode* x. *beginning,*

—— Rectius vives, Licini, &c.

YOU better ſure ſhall live, not evermore
Trying high ſeas; nor, while ſea's rage you flee,
Preſſing too much upon ill-harbour'd ſhore.

The golden mean who loves, lives ſafely free
From filth of foreworn houſe, and quiet lives,
Releas'd from court, where envy needs muſt be.

The wind moſt oft the hugeſt pine-tree grieves:
The ſtately towers come down with greater fall:
The higheſt hills the bolt of thunder cleaves.

Evil haps do fill with hope, good haps appall
With fear of change the courage well prepar'd:
Foul winters as they come, away they ſhall.

Though preſent times, and paſt, with evils be ſnar'd,
They ſhall not laſt: With Cittern ſilent muſe,
Apollo wakes, and bow hath ſometime ſpar'd.

In hard eſtate, with ſtout ſhows, valour uſe,
The ſame man ſtill, in whom wiſdom prevails;
In too full wind draw in thy ſwelling ſails.

Out

Out of CATULLUS.

NULLI se, dicit mulier mea, nubere malle,
Quam mihi, non si se Jupiter *ipse petat:*
Dicit sed mulier, Cupido quæ dicit amanti,
In vento aut rapida scribere optat aqua.

ENGLISHED.

UNTO no body, my woman saith, she had rather a wife be
Than to my self, not tho' *Jove* grew a suiter of hers:
These be her words, but a woman's words to a love that is eager,
In wind or water's stream do require to be writ.

QUI sceptra sævus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes, metum in authorem redit.

FAIR, seek not to be fear'd; most lovely, beloved by thy servants;
For true it is, that they fear many, whom many fear.

LIKE as the Dove, which seeled up, doth fly:
Is neither freed, nor yet to service bound;
But hopes to gain some help by mounting high,
Till want of force do force her fall to ground.

Right ſo my mind, caught by his guiding eye,
  And thence caſt off, where his ſweet hurt he found,
Hath neither leave to live, nor doom to die;
  Nor held in evil, nor ſuffer'd to be ſound.

But with his wings of fancies up he goes,
  To high conceits, whoſe fruits are oft but ſmall;
Till wounded, blind, and wearied ſpirit, loſe
  Both force to fly, and knowledge where to fall,
O happy Dove, if ſhe no bondage ty'd!
More happy I, might I in bondage bide!

E. D.*

I.

PRometheus, when firſt from heav'n high
  He brought down fire, till then on earth not ſeen;
Fond of delight, a ſatyr ſtanding by,
  Gave it a kiſs, as it like ſweet had been.

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
  Wood with the ſmart, with ſhouts and ſhrieking ſhrill,
He ſought his eaſe in river, field, and bower;
  But for the time his grief went with him ſtill.

So ſilly I, with that unwonted ſight,
  In human ſhape, an angel from above,
Feeding mine eyes, the impreſſion there did light;
  That ſince I run and reſt as pleaſeth love,
The difference is, the ſatyr's lips, my heart,
He for a while, I evermore have ſmart.

* This Piece, Mr. *Wood* informs us, was wrote by Sir *Edward Dyer*, Chancellor of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter. See *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. 1. *p.* 14.

II.

A Satyr once did run away for dread,
With ſound of horn, which he himſelf did blow:
Fearing and fear'd, thus from himſelf he fled;
Deeming ſtrange evil in that he did not know.

Such cauſeleſs fears, when coward minds do take,
It makes them fly that which they fain would have:
As this poor beaſt, who did his reſt forſake,
Thinking not why, but how, himſelf to ſave.

Ev'n thus might I, for doubts which I conceive
Of mine own words, my own good hap betray;
And thus might I for fear of may-be, leave
The ſweet purſuit of my deſired prey.
Better like I thy Satyr, deareſt dyer,
Who burnt his lips to kiſs fair ſhining fire.

MY miſtreſs lowers, and ſaith, I do not love:
I do proteſt, and ſeek with ſervice due,
In humble mind, a conſtant faith to prove;
But for all this, I cannot her remove
From deep vain thought, that I may not be true.

If others might ſerve, ev'n by the *Stygian* lake,
Which poets ſay, the gods themſelves do fear;
I never did my vowed word forſake:
For why ſhould I, whom free choice ſlave doth make,
Elſe-what in face than in my fancy bear?

My muſe, therefore, (for only thou canſt tell)
Tell me the cauſe of this my cauſeleſs woe?
Tell, how ill thought diſgrac'd my doing well?
Tell, how my joys and hopes thus foully fell
To ſo low ebb that wonted were to flow?

O this it is, the knotted ſtraw is found;
In tender hearts, ſmall things ingender hate:
A horſe's worth laid waſte the *Trojan* ground:
A three-foot ſtool in *Greece* made trumpets ſound:
An Aſs's ſhade e'er now hath bred debate.

If *Greeks* themſelves were mov'd with ſo ſmall cauſe,
To twiſt theſe broils, which hardly would untwine:
Should ladies fair be ty'd to ſuch hard laws,
As in their moods to take a ling'ring pauſe?
I would it not, their metal is too fine.

My hand doth not bear witneſs with my heart,
She ſaith, becauſe I make no woeful lays,
To paint my living death, and endleſs ſmart:
And ſo for one that felt god *Cupid*'s dart,
She thinks I lead and live too merry days.

Are *poets* then the only lovers true,
Whoſe hearts are ſet on meaſuring a verſe?
Who think themſelves well bleſt, if they renew
Some good old dump that *Chaucer*'s miſtreſs knew;
And uſe but you for matters to rehearſe.

Then, good *Apollo*, do away thy bow:
Take harp and ſing in this our verſing time:
And in my brain ſome ſacred humour flow:
That all the earth my woes, ſighs, tears may knew;
And ſee you not that I fall now to rhime.

As

As for my mirth, how could I but be glad,
Whilſt that me thought I juſtly made my boaſt,
That only I the only Miſtreſs had?
But now, if e'er my face with joy be clad,
Think *Hannibal* did laugh when *Carthage* loſt.

Sweet Lady, as for thoſe whoſe ſullen chear,
Compar'd to me, made me in lightneſs ſound:
Who, ſtoick-like, in cloudy hue appear:
Who ſilence force to make their words more dear:
Whoſe eyes ſeem chaſte, becauſe they look on ground:

Believe them not, for Phyſick true doth find,
Choler aduſt is joy'd in woman-kind.

IN wonted walks, ſince wonted fancies change,
Some cauſe there is, which of ſtrange cauſe doth riſe:
For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range;
Part of my pain, me-ſeems, ingraved lies.

The rocks, which were of conſtant mind the mark,
In climbing ſteep, now hard refuſal ſhow:
The ſhading woods ſeem now my ſun to dark,
And ſtately hills diſdain to look ſo low.

The reſtful caves now reſtleſs viſions give;
In dales I ſee each way a hard aſcent:
Like late mown meads, late cut from joy I live;
Alas! ſweet brooks do in my tears augment:

Rocks, woods, hills, caves, dales, meads, brooks,
answer me;
Infected minds infect each thing they see.

IF I could think how these my thoughts to leave,
Or thinking still, my thoughts might have good end;
If rebel sense would reason's law receive;
Or reason foil'd, would not in vain contend:
Then might I think what thoughts were best to think:
Then might I wisely swim, or gladly sink.

If either you would change your cruel heart,
Or cruel (still) time did your beauties stain:
If from my soul this love would once depart,
Or for my love some love I might obtain;
Then might I hope a change, or ease of mind,
By your good help, or in my self to find.

But since my thoughts in thinking still are spent,
With reason's strife, by senses overthrown;
You fairer still, and still more cruel bent,
I loving still a love that loveth none:
I yield and strive, I kiss and curse the pain,
Thought, reason, sense, time, You, and I, maintain.

A FARE-

A FAREWEL.

OFT have I mus'd, but now at length I find,
Why thoſe that Die, men ſay, They do Depart:
Depart! a word ſo gentle to my mind,
Weakly did ſeem to paint death's ugly dart.

But now the ſtars, with their ſtrange courſe, do bind
Me one to leave, with whom I leave my heart,
I hear a cry of ſpirits faint and blind,
That parting thus, my chiefeſt Part I part.

Part of my life, the loathed part to me,
Lives to impart my weary clay ſome breath;
But that good part, wherein all comforts be,
Now dead, doth ſhew departure is a death:

Yea, worſe than death, death's part both woe and joy,
From joy I part, ſtill living in annoy.

FINDING thoſe beams, which I muſt ever love,
To mar my mind, and with my hurt to pleaſe,
I deem'd it beſt, ſome abſence for to prove,
If farther place might further me to eaſe.

My eyes thence drawn, where lived all their light,
  Blinded forthwith in dark despair did lie,
Like to the mole, with want of guiding sight,
  Deep plung'd in earth, deprived of the sky.

In absence blind, and wearied with that woe,
  To greater woes, by presence, I return;
Even as the fly, which to the flame doth go,
  Pleas'd with the light, that his small coarse doth burn:

Fair choice I have, either to live or dye
A blinded mole, or else a burned fly.

The SEVEN WONDERS *of England.*

I.

NEAR *Wilton* sweet, huge heaps of stones are found,*
  But so confus'd, that neither any eye
  Can count them just, nor reason reason try,
What force brought them to so unlikely ground.

To stranger weights my mind's waste soil is bound,
  Of passion-hills, reaching to reason's sky,
From fancy's earth, passing all numbers bound,
  Passing all guess, whence into me should fly,
So maz'd a mass; or, if in me it grows,
A simple soul should breed so mixed woes.

* *Stone-henge* on *Salsbury-Plain.*

II. The

II.

The *Bruertons* have a lake, which, when the ſun
Approaching warms (not elſe) dead logs up ſends
From hideous depth; which tribute, when it ends,
Sore ſign it is, the lord's laſt thread is ſpun.

My lake is ſenſe, whoſe ſtill ſtreams never run
But when my ſun her ſhining twins there bends;
Then from his depth with force in her begun,
Long drowned hopes to watry eyes it lends;
But when that fails my dead hopes up to take,
Their maſter is fair warn'd his Will to make.

III.

We have a fiſh, by ſtrangers much admir'd,
Which caught, to cruel ſearch yields his chief part:
(With gall cut out) clos'd up again by art,
Yet lives until his life be new requir'd.

A ſtranger fiſh, myſelf, not yet expir'd,
Tho' wrap'd with beauty's hook, I did impart
My-ſelf unto th' anatomy deſir'd,
Inſtead of gall, leaving to her my heart:
Yet live with thoughts clos'd up, 'till that ſhe will,
By conqueſt's right, inſtead of ſearching, kill.

IV.

Peak hath a cave, whoſe narrow entries find
Large rooms within, where drops diſtil amain:
'Till knit with cold, tho' there unknown remain,
Deck that poor place with alabaſter lin'd.

Mine

Mine eyes the ſtreight, the roomy cave, my mind;
Whoſe cloudy thoughts let fall an inward rain
Of ſorrows drops, 'till colder reaſon bind
Their running fall into a conſtant vein
Of truth, far more than alabaſter pure,
Which, tho' deſpis'd, yet ſtill doth truth endure.

V.

A field there is, where, if a ſtake be preſt
Deep in the earth, what hath in earth receipt,
Is chang'd to ſtone in hardneſs, cold and weight,
The wood above doth ſoon conſuming reſt.

The earth her ears; the ſtake is my requeſt;
Of which, how much may pierce to that ſweet ſeat,
To honour turn'd, doth dwell in honour's neſt,
Keeping that form, tho' vain of wonted heat;
But all the reſt, which fear durſt not apply,
Failing themſelves, with wither'd conſcience die.

VI.

Of ſhips, by ſhipwreck caſt on *Albion* coaſt,
Which rotting on the rocks, their death do die:
From wooden bones, and blood of pitch, doth fly
A bird, which gets more life, than ſhip had loſt.

My ſhip, deſire, with wind of luſt long toſt,
Brake on fair cliffs of conſtant chaſtity:
Where plagu'd for raſh attempt, gives up his ghoſt,
So deep in ſeas of virtue, beauties lie;
But of this death flies up the pureſt love,
Which ſeeming leſs, yet nobler life doth move.

VII. Theſe

VII.

Theſe Wonders *England* breeds; the laſt remains
A lady, in deſpite of nature, chaſte,
On whom all love, in whom no love is plac'd,
Where fairneſs yields to wiſdom's ſhorteſt reins.

An humble pride, a ſcorn that favour ſtains;
A woman's mould, but like an an angel grac'd;
An angel's mind, but in a woman cas'd;
A heav'n on earth, or earth that heav'n contains:
Now thus this wonder to myſelf I frame;
She is the cauſe that all the reſt I am.

To the Tune of Wilhelmus van Naſſau, *&c.*

WHO hath his fancy pleaſed,
With fruits of happy ſight?
Let here his eyes be raiſed
On nature's ſweeteſt light:
A light which doth diſſever,
And yet unite the eyes;
A light which dying never,
Is, 'cauſe the looker dies.

She never dies, but laſteth
In life of lover's heart;
He ever dies that waſteth
In love his chiefeſt part.

Thus

Thus is her life ſtill guarded,
In never dying faith;
Thus is his death rewarded,
Since ſhe lives in his death.

Look then and die, the pleaſure
Doth anſwer well the pain;
Small loſs of mortal treaſure,
Who may immortal gain.
Immortal be her graces,
Immortal is her mind;
They, fit for heav'nly places,
This heav'n in it doth bind.

But eyes theſe beauties ſee not,
Nor ſenſe that grace deſcries;
Yet eyes deprived be not
From ſight of her fair eyes:
Which, as of inward glory
They are the outward ſeal;
So may they live ſtill ſorry,
Which die not in that weal.

But who hath fancies pleaſed,
With fruits of happy ſight,
Let here his eyes be raiſed
On nature's ſweeteſt light.

The Smokes of MELANCHOLY.

I.

WHO hath e'er felt the change of love,
And known those pangs that lovers prove,
May paint my face without seeing me,
And write the state how my fancies be,
The loathsome buds grown on sorrow's tree.

But who by hearsay speaks, and hath not fully felt
What kind of fires they be, in which those spirits melt,
Shall guess, and fail, what doth displease,
Feeling my pulse, miss my disease.

II.

O no! O no! tryal only shows
The bitter juice of forsaken woes;
Where former bliss, present evils do stain;
Nay, former bliss adds to present pain,
While remembrance doth both states contain.

Come, learners, then to me, the model of mishap,
Ingulphed in despair, slid down from fortune's lap;
And, as you like my double lot,
Tread in my steps, or follow not.

III. For

III.

For me, alas! I am full resolv'd
Those bands, alas! shall not be dissolv'd;
Nor break my word, though reward come late;
Nor fail my faith in my failing fate;
Nor change in change, tho' change change my state:

But always own myself, with eagle-ey'd truth, to fly
Up to the sun, altho' the sun my wings do fry;
For if those flames burn my desire,
Yet shall I die in *Phœnix*' fire.

WHEN, to my deadly pleasure,
When to my lively torment,
Lady, mine eyes remained
Joined, alas! to your beams.

With violence of heav'nly
Beauty, ty'd to virtue;
Reason abash'd retir'd;
Gladly my senses yielded.

Gladly my senses yielding,
Thus to betray my heart's fort,
Left me devoid of all life.

They to the beamy suns went,
Whereby the death of all deaths,
Find to what harm they hastned.

Like

Like to the ſilly *Sylvan*,
Burn'd by the light he beſt liked,
When with a fire he firſt met.

Yet, yet, a life to their death,
Lady you have reſerved;
Lady the life of all love.

For though my ſenſe be from me,
And I be dead, who want ſenſe,
Yet do we both live in you.

Turned anew, by your means,
Unto the flower that turns,
As you, alas! my ſun bends.

Thus do I fall to riſe thus;
Thus do I die to live thus;
Changed to change, I change not.

Thus may I not be from you;
Thus be my ſenſes on you;
Thus what I think is of you;
Thus what I ſeek is in you;
All what I am, it is you.

To the Tune of a Neapolitan *Song, which beginneth,* No, no, no, no.

NO, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Altho' with cruel fire,
First thrown on my desire,
She sacks my render'd sp'rite;
For so fair a flame embraces
All the places,
Where that heat, of all heats springeth,
That it bringeth
To my dying heart some pleasure,
Since his treasure
Burneth bright in fairest light. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Altho' *&c.*
Since our lives be not immortal,
But to mortal
Fetters ty'd, do wait the hour
Of death's power,
They have no cause to be sorry,
Who, with glory,
End the way, where all men stay. No, no, no, no.

No,

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Altho' &c.
No man doubts, whom beauty killeth,
Fair death feeleth,
And in whom fair death proceedeth,
Glory breedeth:
So that I, in her beams dying,
Glory trying,
Tho' in pain, cannot complain. No, no, no, no.

To the Tune of a Neapolitan *Villanel.*

ALL my ſenſe thy ſweetneſs gained;
Thy fair hair my heart inchained;
My poor reaſon thy words moved,
So that thee, like heav'n, I loved.

Fa, la, la, leridan, dan, dan, dan, deridan:
Dan, dan, dan, deridan, deridan, dei:
While to my mind the outſide ſtood,
For meſſenger of inward good.

Now thy ſweetneſs ſowre is deemed;
Thy hair not worth a hair eſteemed;
Reaſon hath thy words removed,
Finding that but words they proved.

Fa, la, la, leridan, dan, dan, dan, deridan,
Dan, dan, dan, deridan, deridan, dei:
For no fair sign can credit win,
If that the substance fail within.

No more in thy sweetness glory,
For thy knitting hair be sorry;
Use thy Words but to bewail thee,
That no more thy beams avail thee;
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
Lay not thy colours more to view,
Without the picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas! she weepeth!
Fool! in me what folly creepeth?
Was I to blaspheme enraged,
Where my soul I have engaged?
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
And, wretched I, must yield to this;
The fault I blame, her chastness is.

Sweetness! sweetly pardon folly;
Tie me, hair, your captive wholly:
Words! O words of heav'nly knowledge!
Know, my words their faults acknowledge;
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
And all my life I will confess,
The less I love, I live the less.

Translated

Tranſlated out of La Diana de Monte-Mayor, *in* Spaniſh: *Where* Sireno, *a Shepherd, pulling out a little of his Miſtreſs* Diana's *Hair, wrapped about with Green Silk, who now had utterly forſaken him; To the Hair he thus bewailed himſelf.*

WHAT changes here, O Hair!
I ſee, ſince I ſaw you?
How ill fits you this green to wear,
For hope, the colour due?
Indeed, I well did hope,
Tho' hope were mix'd with fear,
No other ſhepherd ſhould have ſcope
Once to approach this Hair.

Ah, Hair! how many days
My *Diana* made me ſhow,
With thouſand pretty childiſh plays,
If I were you or no:
Alas! how oft with tears,
O tears of guileful breaſt!
She ſeemed full of jealous fears,
Whereat I do but jeſt?

Tell me, O Hair of gold,
If I then faulty be,
That truſt thoſe killing eyes I would,
Since they did warrant me ?
Have you not ſeen her mood,
What ſtreams of tears ſhe ſpent,
'Till that I ſware my faith ſo ſtood,
As her words had it bent ?

Who hath ſuch beauty ſeen
In one that changeth ſo ?
Or where one's love ſo conſtant been,
Who ever ſaw ſuch woe ?
Ah, Hair! are you not griev'd
To come from whence you be,
Seeing, how once you ſaw I liv'd,
To ſee me as you ſee ?

On ſandy bank of late,
I ſaw this woman ſit ;
Where, *Sooner die than change my ſtate*,
She with her finger writ :
Thus my belief was ſtaid,
Behold Love's mighty hand
On things were by a woman ſaid,
And written in the ſand.

The ſame Sireno *in* MONTE-MAYOR, *holding his Miſtreſs's Glaſs before her, looking upon her while ſhe viewed herſelf, thus ſang:*

OF this high grace, with bliſs conjoyn'd,
No further debt on me is laid,
Since that in ſelf-ſame metal coin'd,
Sweet Lady, you remain well paid;
For if my place give me great pleaſure,
Having before my nature's treaſure,
In face and eyes unmatched being,
You have the ſame in my hands, ſeeing
What in your face mine eyes do meaſure.

Nor think the match unev'nly made,
That of thoſe beams in you do tarry,
The glaſs to you but gives a ſhade,
To me mine eyes the true ſhape carry;
For ſuch a thought, moſt highly prized,
Which ever hath Love's yoke deſpiſed,
Better than one captiv'd perceiveth,
Though he the lively form receiveth,
The other ſees it but diſguiſed.

RING out your bells, let mourning ſhews be ſpread,
For Love is dead:
All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep diſdain:
Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And Faith fair ſcorn doth gain.
From ſo ungrateful fancy;
From ſuch a female frenzy;
From them that uſe men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us.

Weep, neighbours, weep, do you not here it ſaid,
That Love is dead?
His death-bed, peacock's folly;
His winding-ſheet, is ſhame;
His will, falſe-ſeeming holy,
His ſole exec'tor, blame.
From ſo ungrateful, *&c.*

Let Dirge be ſung, and Trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead:
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My miſtreſs' marble-heart;
Which epitaph containeth,
Her eyes were once his dart.
From ſo ungrateful, *&c.*

Alas!

Alas! I lye: Rage hath this error bred;
Love is not dead, but ſleepeth
In her unmatched mind:
Where ſhe his counſel keepeth
'Till due deſerts ſhe find.
Therefore from ſo vile fancy,
To call ſuch wit a frenzy:
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us.

THOU blind man's mark; thou fool's ſelf-choſen ſnare,
Fond fancy's ſcum, and dregs of ſcatter'd thought;
Band of all evils; cradle of cauſeleſs care;
Thou web of will, whoſe end is never wrought:

Deſire! Deſire! I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled mind, thy worthleſs ware;
Too long, too long, aſleep thou haſt me brought,
Who ſhouldſt my mind to higher things prepare;

But yet in vain thou haſt my ruin ſought;
In vain thou mad'ſt me to vain things aſpire;
In vain thou kindleſt all thy ſmoaky fire:
For virtue hath this better leſſon taught,
Within myſelf to ſeek my only hire,
Deſiring nought but how to kill Deſire.

LEAVE me, O Love! which reacheſt but to duſt;
And thou, my mind, aſpire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which never taketh ruſt;
What ever fades, but fading pleaſure brings.

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that ſweet yoke, where laſting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both ſhine, and give us ſight to ſee.

O take faſt hold! let that light be thy guide,
In this ſmall courſe, which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to ſlide,
Who ſeeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.

Then farewell, World, thy uttermoſt I ſee,
Eternal Love, maintain thy Love in Me!

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

THE

LADY of MAY.

A

MASQUE.

INTERLOCUTORES.

The SUITER, *Mother of the* MAY-LADY.

The MAY-LADY.

THERION, a Foreſter } Suiters of the *May-Lady.*
ESPILUS, a Shepherd }

ROMBUS, a School-maſter.

LALUS, an Old Shepherd.

DORCAS, a Shepherd.

RIXUS, a Foreſter.

The LADY *of* MAY.

A

MASQUE.

Her Most Excellent Majesty walking in Wanstead *Garden, as she passed down into the Grove, there came suddenly among the Train one apparelled like an honest Man's Wife of the Country; where, crying out for Justice, and desiring all the Lords and Gentlemen to speak a good Word for her, she was brought to the Presence of Her Majesty, to whom, upon her Knees, she offered a Supplication, and used this Speech.*

The SUITER.

MOST fair Lady! for as for other your titles of state, statelier persons shall give you, and thus much mine own eyes are witnesses of; Take here the complaint of me, poor wretch! as deeply plunged in misery, as I wish to you the highest point of happiness.

Only one daughter I have, in whom I had placed all the hopes of my good hap, so well had she, with her good parts, recompenced my pain of bearing her, and care

care of bringing her up: but now, alas! that ſhe is come to the time I ſhould reap my full comfort of her, ſo is ſhe troubled with that notable matter, which we in the country call Matrimony, as I cannot chuſe but fear the loſs of her wits, at leaſt of her honeſty. Other women may think they may be unhappily cumbred with one maſter-husband; my poor daughter is oppreſſed with two, both loving her, both equally liked of her, both ſtriving to deſerve her. But now, laſtly (as this jealouſy, forſooth, is a vile matter) each have brought their partakers with them, and are, at this preſent, without your preſence redreſs it, in ſome bloody controverſy; Now, ſweet lady, help; your own way guides you to the place where they encumber her. I dare ſtay here no longer, for our men ſay in the country, the ſight of you is infectious.

And with that ſhe went away a good pace, leaving the ſupplication with her Majeſty, which very formally containeth this.

SUPPLICATION.

Moſt Gracious Sovereign!

TO one, whoſe ſtate is raiſed over all,
Whoſe face doth oft the braveſt ſort inchant;
Whoſe mind is ſuch as wiſeſt minds appall;
Who in one's ſelf theſe divers gifts can plant:
How dare I, wretch! ſeek there my woes to reſt,
Where ears be burnt, eyes dazled, hearts oppreſt?

Your ſtate is great, your greatneſs is your ſhield;
Your face hurts oft, but ſtill it doth delight;
Your mind is wiſe, but ſtill it makes you mild:
Such planted gifts inrich ev'n beggars ſight:
So dare I, wretch! my baſhful fear ſubdue,
And feed mine ears, mine eyes, my heart in you.

Herewith,

Herewith, the woman-ſuiter being gone, there was heard in the wood, a confuſed noiſe, and forthwith there came out ſix ſhepherds, with as many foſters, halling and pulling to whither ſide they ſhould draw the *Lady of May*, who ſeemed to incline neither to the one, nor the other ſide. Among them was maſter *Rombus* a School-maſter of a village thereby, who, being fully perſuaded of his own learned wiſdom, came thither, with his authority to part their fray; where, for anſwer, he received many unlearned blows. But the Queen coming to the place where ſhe was ſeen of them, tho' they knew not her eſtate, yet ſomething there was which made them ſtartle aſide, and gaze upon her: till old father *Lalus* ſtepped forth (one of the ſubſtantialleſt ſhepherds) and making a leg or two, ſaid theſe few words.

Lalus *the old Shepherd.*

May it pleaſe your dignity to give a little ſuperfluous intelligence to that, which, with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth ſhall deliver unto you. So it is, right worſhipful audience, that a certain ſhe-creature, which we ſhepherds call a Woman, of a minſical countenance; but (by my white lamb) not three quarters ſo beauteous as your ſelf, hath diſannulled the brain-pan of two of our featiouſt young men. And will you wot how? By my mother *Kit*'s ſoul, with a certain frenzical malady they call Love: when I was a young man they called it flat Folly. But here is a ſubſtantial School-maſter can better diſnounce the whole foundation of the matter, altho', in ſooth, for all his loquence, our young men were nothing dutious to his clarkſhip. Come on, come on, maſter ſchool-maſter, be not ſo baſhleſs; we ſay, That the faireſt are ever the gentleſt: tell the whole caſe, for you can much better vent the points off than I.

Then

Then came forward Master Rombus, *and, with many special Graces, made this Learned Oration.*

Now the thunder-thumping *Jove* transfund his dotes into your excellent formosity, which have, with your resplendent beams, thus segregated the enmity of these rural animals: I am *potentissima domina*, a School-master; that is to say, a Pedagogue, one not a little versed in the disciplinating of the juvenile fry, wherein (to my laud, I say it) I use such geometrical proportion, as neither wanted mansuetude nor correction: for so it is described

Parcare subjectos, & debellire superbos.

Yet hath not the pulchritude of my virtues protected me from the contaminating hands of these Plebeians; for coming, *solum modo*, to have parted their sanguinolent fray, they yielded me no more reverence, than if I had been some *pecorius asinus*. I, even I, that am, who am I? *Dixi*; *verbus sapiento satum est*. But what said that *Trojan Æneas*, when he sojourn'd in the surging sulks of the sandiferous seas?

Hæc olim memonasse juvebit.

Well, well, *ad propositos revertebo*; The purity of the verity is, That certain *pulcra puella profecto*, elected and constituted by the integrated determination of all this topographical region, as the sovereign Lady of this dame *May*'s month, hath been, *quodammodo*, hunted, as you would say; pursued by two, a brace, a couple, a cast of young men, to whom the crafty coward *Cupid* had, *inquam*, delivered his dire-dolorous dart.

But

But here the May-*Lady interrupted his Speech, saying to him;*

Away, away, you tedious fool! your eyes are not worthy to look to yonder princely sight; much less your foolish tongue to trouble her wise ears.

At which Master Rombus, *in a great chafe, cried out,*

O Tempori, O Moribus! in profession a child; in dignity a woman; in years a lady; in *cæteris* a maid; should thus turpify the reputation of my doctrine, with the superscription of a fool!—*O Tempori, O Moribus!*

But here again the May-*Lady saying to him,*

Leave off, good *Latin*-fool, and let me satisfy the long desire I have had to feed mine eyes with the only sight this age hath granted to the world.

The poor School-Master went his way back, and the Lady kneeling down, said in this Manner:

Do not think (sweet and gallant lady) that I do abase my self thus much unto you because of your gay apparel; for what is so brave as the natural beauty of the flowers? nor because a certain gentleman here by seeks to do you all the honour he can in his house; that is not the matter, he is but our neighbour, and these be our own groves; nor yet because of your great estate, since no estate can be compar'd to be the lady of the whole month of *May*, as I am. So that since both this place, and this time are my servants, you may be sure I would look for reverence at your hands, if I did not see something in your face which makes

makes me yield to you: The truth is, You excel me in that wherein I desire most to excel, and that makes me give this homage unto you, as to the beautifullest lady these woods have ever received. But now, as old father *Lalus* directed me, I will tell you my fortune, that you may be judge of my mishaps, and others worthiness. Indeed so it is, that I am a fair wench, or else I am deceived, and therefore by the consent of all our neighbours, have been chosen for the absolute lady of this merry month. With me have been (alas! I am asham'd to tell it) two young men, the one a forester named *Therion*, the other *Espilus* a shepherd, very long even in love, forsooth. I like them both, and love neither: *Espilus* is the richer, but *Therion* the livelier. *Therion* doth me many pleasures, as stealing me venison out of these forests, and many other such like pretty and prettier services; but withal, he grows to such rages, that sometimes he strikes me, sometimes he rails at me. This shepherd *Espilus*, of a mild disposition; as his fortune hath not been to me great service, so hath he never done me any wrong; but feeding his sheep, sitting under some sweet bush, sometimes, they say, he records my name in doleful verses. Now the question I am to ask you, fair Lady, is, Whether the many deserts and many faults of *Therion*; or the very small deserts, and no faults of *Espilus*, be to be preferred? But before you give your judgment (most excellent lady) you shall hear what each of them can say for themselves in their rural songs.

Thereupon Therion *challenged* Espilus *to sing with him, speaking these six Verses.*

THERION.

COME, Espilus, *come, now declare thy skill;*
Shew how thou canst deserve so brave desire:
Warm well thy wits, if thou wilt win her will;
For water cold did never promise fire:
Great, sure, is she, on whom our hopes do live,
Greater is She who must the judgment give.

But

But *Espilus*, as if he had been inspired with the Muses, began forthwith to sing, whereto his fellow-shepherds set in with their Recorders, which they bare in their bags like pipes; and so of *Therion*'s side did the Foresters, with the Cornets they wore about their necks, like hunting-horns in baudrikes.

ESPILUS.

Tune up, my voice, a higher note I yield
To high conceits; the song must needs be high,
More high than stars; more firm than flinty field,
Are all my thoughts, in which I live or die:
Sweet soul, to whom I vowed am a slave,
Let not wild woods so great a treasure have.

THERION.

The highest note comes oft from basest mind,
As shallow brooks do yield the greatest sound;
Seek other thoughts thy life or death to find,
Thy stars be fall'n, plow'd is thy flinty ground:
Sweet soul, let not a wretch that serveth sheep,
Among his flock so sweet a treasure keep.

ESPILUS.

Two thousand sheep I have, as white as milk,
Tho' not so white as is thy lovely face;
The pasture rich, the wooll as soft as silk:
All this I give, let me possess thy grace:
But still take heed, lest thou thy self submit,
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit,

THERION.

Two thousand deer in wildest woods I have;
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold:
He is not poor, who can his freedom save:
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would:
But take this beast, if beasts you fear to miss,
For of his beasts, the greatest beast he is.

ESPILUS kneeling to the Queen.

Judge you, to whom all beauty's force is lent:

THERION.

Judge you of love, to whom all love is bent.

But as they waited for the judgment her Majesty should give of their deserts, the Shepherds and Foresters grew to a great contention, whether of their fellows had sung better, and so whether the estate of Shepherds or Foresters were the more worshipful. The speakers were *Dorcas* an old Shepherd, and *Rixus* a young Foster, between whom the School-master *Rombus* came in as a moderator.

DORCAS *the Shepherd.*

Now all the blessing of my old grandame (silly *Espilus*) light upon thy shoulders for this honey-comb singing of thine; now, of my honesty, all the bells in the town could not have sung better: if the proud heart of the harlotry lie not down to thee now, the sheeps rot catch her, to teach her that a fair woman hath not her fairness to let it grow rustish.

RIXUS

RIXUS *the Foſter.*

O *Midas!* why art not thou alive now to lend thine ears to this drivel? By the precious bone of a huntſman, he knows not the bleaying of a calf from the ſong of a nightingale; but if yonder great Gentlewoman be as wiſe as ſhe is fair, *Therion*, thou ſhalt have the prize; and thou, old *Dorcas*, with young maſter *Eſpilus*, ſhall remain tame fools, as you be.

Dorcas. And, with cap and knee be it ſpoken, it is your pleaſure, neighbour *Rixus*, to be a wild fool?

Rixus. Rather then a ſheepiſh dolt.

Dorcas. It is much refreſhing to my bowels, you have made your choice; for my ſhare, I will beſtow your leavings upon one of your fellows.

Rixus. And art not thou aſhamed (old fool!) to liken *Eſpilus* a ſhepherd to *Therion* of the noble vocation of huntſmen, in the preſence of ſuch an one as even with her eye only can give thee cruel puniſhment?

Dorcas. Hold thy peace, I will neither meddle with her, nor her eyes; they feign in our town they are dangerous both; neither will I liken *Therion* to my boy *Eſpilus*, ſince one is a thieviſh prowler, and the other is as quiet as lambs that now came from ſucking.

Rombus *the Schoolmaſter.*

Heu! Ehem! Hei! Inſipidum! Incitium vulgorum & populorum. Why, you brute *Nebulons*, have you had my *Corpuſculum* ſo long among you, and cannot yet tell how to edify an argument? Attend and throw your ears to me, for I am gravidated with child, till I have

endoctrinated your plumbeous cerebrocities. First, you must divisionate your point, *quasi* you should cut a cheese into two particles; for thus must I uniform my speech to your obtuse conceptions: for *prius dividendum oratio antequam definiendum*; *exemplum gratia*, Either *Therion* must conquer this dame *Mydas*' nymph, or *Espilus* must overthrow her, and that *secundum* their dignity, which must also be sub-divisionated into three equal *species*, either according to the penetrancy of their singing, or the meliority of their functions; or, lastly, the superancy of their merits. *De* singing *satis*. *Nunc*, are you to argumentate of the qualifying of their estate first; And then, Whether hath more infernally, I mean, deeply, deserved.

Dorcas. O poor *Dorcas*! poor *Dorcas*! that I was not set in my young days to school, that I might have purchased the understanding of master *Rombus*'s mysterious speeches. But yet thus much I concern of them, that I must even give up what my conscience doth find in the behalf of shepherds. O sweet honey-milken lambs! And is there any so flinty a heart, that can find about him to speak against them, that have the charge of such good souls as you be, among whom there is no envy, and all obedience, where it is lawful for a man to be good if he list, and hath no outward cause to withdraw him from it? where the eye may be busied in considering the works of nature, and the heart quietly rejoyced in the honest using them? If templation, as clerks say, be the most excellent, which is so fit a life for templars as this is, neither subject to violent oppression, nor servile flattery? How many courtiers, think you, have I heard under our field, in bushes, making their woful complaints; some, Of the greatness of their mistress's estate, which dazled their eyes, and yet burned their hearts; some, Of the extremity of her beauty mixed with extreme cruelty; some, Of her too much wit, which made all their loving labours folly? O how often have I heard one name sound in many mouths, making our vales witnesses of their doleful agonies! So that with long lost labour, finding their thoughts bare no other wooll but despair, of young courtiers, they grew

old

old ſhepherds. Well, ſweet lambs, I will end with you as I began; He that can open his mouth againſt ſuch innocent ſouls, let him be hated as much as a filthy fox; let the taſte of him be worſe than muſty cheeſe; the ſound of him be more dreadful than the howling of a wolf; his ſight more odible than a toad in one's porrage.

Rixus. Your life, indeed, hath ſome goodneſs.

Rombus *the School-maſter.*

O tace, tace! or all the fat will be ignified, firſt let me dilucidate the very intrinſical marrow-bone of the matter. He doth uſe a certain rhetorical invaſion into the point, as if, indeed, he had conference with his lambs; but the truth is, He doth equitate you in the mean time, Maſter *Rixus*; for thus he ſaith, That the ſheep are good, *ergo*, the ſhepherd is good, an *Enthymeme a loco contingentibus*, as my finger and my thumb are *contingentes:* Again he ſaith, Who liveth well, is likewiſe good; but ſhepherds live well, *ergo* they are good; Syllogiſm in *Darius* king of *Perſia a conjugatis*; as you would ſay, A man coupled to his wife, two bodies, but one ſoul; but do you but acquieſcate to my exhortation, and you ſhall extinguiſh him. Tell him his *major* is a knave, his *minor* is a fool, and his *concluſion* both, *Et ecce homo blancatus quaſi lilium.*

Rixus. I was ſaying, The ſhepherd's life had ſome goodneſs in it, becauſe it borrowed of the country-quietneſs ſomething like ours, but that is not all; for ours, beſides that quiet part, doth both ſtrengthen the bodies, and raiſe up the mind with this gallant ſort of activity. O ſweet contentation! to ſee the long life of the hurtleſs trees! to ſee how in ſtraight growing up, though never ſo high, they hinder not their fellows! they only enviouſly trouble which are crookedly bent. What life is to be compared to ours, where the very growing things are enſamples of goodneſs? we have no hopes, but we may quickly go about them, and going about them, we ſoon obtain them; not like thoſe that have long followed

one (in troth) most excellent chase, do now, at length, perceive she could never be taken, but that, if she staid at any time near the pursuers, it was never meant to tarry with them, but only to take breath to fly farther from them. He therefore that doubts, that our life doth not so far excel all others, let him also doubt, that the well-deserving and painful *Therion*, is not to be preferred before the idle *Espilus*; which is even as much as to say, As that the roes are not swifter than sheep, nor the stags more goodly than goats.

Rombus. Bene, bene, nunc de quæstione prepositus; that is as much as to say, Well, well, now of the proposed question; that was, Whether the many great services, and many great faults of *Therion*, or the few small services, and no faults of *Espilus*, be to be preferred, incepted or accepted by the former?

The May-Lady.

No, no, your ordinary brains shall not deal in that matter, I have already submitted it to one, whose sweet spirit hath passed through greater difficulties; neither will I that your blockheads lie in her way.

Therefore, O Lady! worthy to see the accomplishment of your desires, since all your desires be most worthy of you, vouchsafe our ears such happiness, and me that particular favour, as that you will judge, Whether of these two be more worthy of me? or, Whether I be worthy of them? and this I will say, That in judging me, you judge more than me in it.

This being said, it pleased her Majesty to judge, That *Espilus* did the better deserve her; but what words, what reasons she used for it, this paper, which carrieth so base names, is not worthy to contain. Sufficeth it, That upon the judgment given, the shepherds and foresters made a full consort of their Cornets and Recorders, and then did *Espilus* sing this song, tending to the greatness of his own joy, and yet to the comfort of the other side, since they were overthrown by a most worthy adversary. The song contained two short tales; and thus it was.

SILVANUS,

SILVANUS, *long in love, and long in vain,*
At length obtain'd the point of his desire;
Who being ask'd, Now that he did obtain
His wished weal, What more he could require?
Nothing, said he, for most I joy in this,
That Goddess mine my blessed being sees.

When wanton Pan, *deceiv'd with lion's skin,*
Came to the bed, where wound for kiss he got,
To woe and shame the wretch did enter in,
'Till this he took for comfort of his lot;
Poor Pan *(he said) although thou beaten be,*
It is no shame, since Hercules *was he.*

Thus joyfully in chosen tunes rejoyce,
That such an one is witness of my heart,
Whose clearest eyes I bless, and sweetest voice;
That see my good, and judgeth my desert:
Thus woful I, in woe, this salve do find,
My foul mishap came yet from fairest mind.

The Musick fully ended, the May-Lady *took her leave in this sort.*

Lady, YOUR-SELF, for other titles do rather diminish than add unto you; I and my little company must now leave you; I should do you wrong to beseech you to take our follies well, since your bounty is such, as to pardon greater faults. Therefore I will wish you good-night, praying to God, according to the title I possess, That, as hitherto it hath excellently done, so henceforward the flourishing of *May*, may long remain in you, and with you.

POST.

POSTSCRIPT.

IN the GUARDIAN (N° 18) is the following passage relating to our Author.

" Our gallant country-man, Sir *Philip* " *Sidney*, was a noble example of courage " and devotion. I am particularly pleased " to find, that he hath translated the whole book of " *Psalms* into *English* Verse. A friend of mine in- " forms me, That he hath the Manuscript by him, " which is said, in the title, to have been done *By* " *the most noble and virtuous Gent.* Sir *Philip Sidney*, " Knight. They having never been printed, I shall " present the publick with one of them, which my " correspondent assures me he hath faithfully tran- " scribed, and wherein I have taken the *liberty* only to " alter *one* word.*

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* A *Liberty* which ought not to have been taken (and which *Liberties* are very injurious to the Memory of any Ancient Writer) notwithstanding the Author of the *Guardian* was the Aggressor.

PSALM

POSTSCRIPT.

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.

NIGH ſeated where the river flows,
That wat'reth *Babel*'s thankful plain,
Which then our tears, in pearled rows,
Did help to water with the rain:
The thought of *Sion* bred ſuch woes,
That tho' our harps we did retain,
Yet uſeleſs and untouched there,
On willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our harps were hanged ſo,
The men, whoſe captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs inſulting go;
And, more to grieve us, thus did ſay;
You that of muſick make ſuch ſhow,
Come ſing us now a *Sion*'s lay:
Oh no! we have no voice nor hand
For ſuch a ſong, in ſuch a land.

III.

Tho' far I be, ſweet *Sion* hill,
In foreign ſoil, exil'd from thee,
Yet let my hand forget his skill,
If ever thou forgotten be;
And let my tongue, faſt glewed ſtill
Unto my roof, lie mute in me,
If thy neglect within me ſpring,
Or aught I do but *Salem* ſing.

IV. But

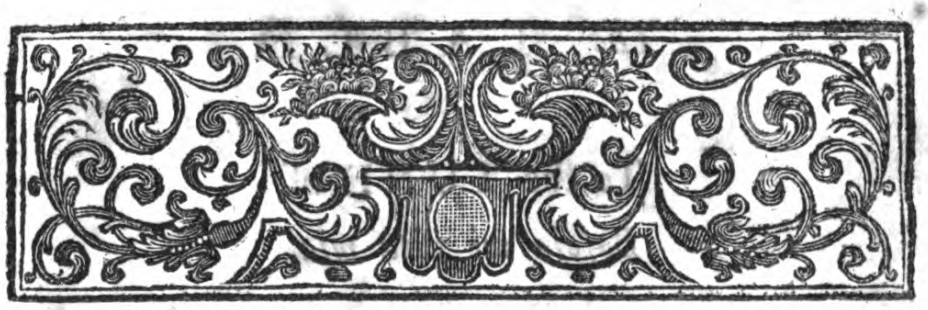
IV.

But thou, O Lord, ſhalt not forget
To quit the pains of *Edom*'s race,
Who cauſeleſly, yet hotly, ſet
Thy holy city to deface,
Did thus the bloody victors whet,
What time they enter'd firſt the place,
Down, down with it at any hand,
Make all a waſte, let nothing ſtand.

V.

And, *Babylon*, that didſt us waſte,
Thyſelf ſhall one day waſted be:
And, happy he, who, what thou haſt
Unto us done, ſhalt do to thee;
Like bitterneſs ſhall make thee taſte;
Like woeful objects make thee ſee:
Yea, happy who thy little ones
Shall take, and daſh againſt the ſtones.

FINIS.



THE TABLE.

To

To the TUNE of,
Bascia mi vita mia.

Four SONNETS made when his LADY had a *Pain* in her *Face*, viz.

SONNETS, *&c. viz.*

In

SONG. To the TUNE of,
Wilhelmus van Nassau, &c.

SON-