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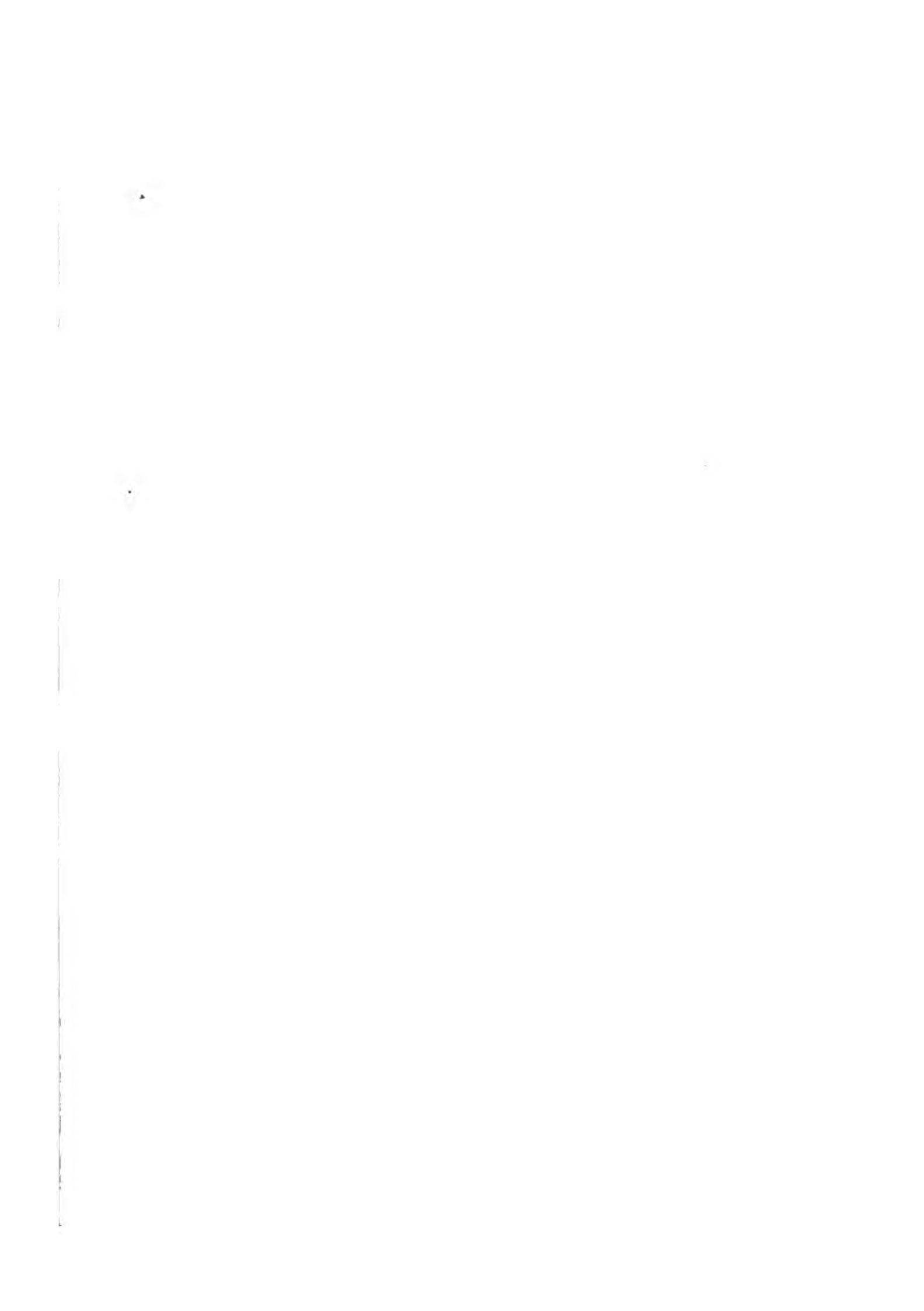
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English Reprints.

THOMAS WATSON.

POEMS.

VIZ. :—

*The Ἐκατομιαθία or Passionate Centurie
of Love.*

[1582.]

Melibæus, sive Ecloga Inobitum, &c.

1590.

*An Eglogue upon the death of Right
Honorable Sir Francis Walsingham.*

1590.

The Teares of Fancy or Love disdained.

Posthumously published in 1593.

From the unique copy in the collection of S. Christie-Miller, Esq.

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,

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

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15. b. 29

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SOME ACCOUNT of the WRITINGS of
THOMAS WATSON.

LIKE a diver returning from the deep, we here gladly present four lost Pearls of English Literature. The oblivion which has hitherto covered the name and works of Thomas Watson has been wholly unmerited. Adequately acknowledged in his own time, he gradually became lost amidst the host of competitors for the Attention of the Nation: until he himself has become unknown even to writers of Guides or Handbooks to English Literature; and his works have become among the scarcest of the scarce in our language. Not but what there have been a succession of Scholar-Critics from Steevens to Collier, who have understood and quoted him; and have commenced a reaction in his favour. Nevertheless, it has come to pass, that Watson—singular and sweet Poet though he was—the author too of ten separately printed works, besides others which never came to the press: that this remarkable Poet has disappeared from the ordinary Literary History of England.

Among assignable reasons for this: is the timidity or incapacity of most men for original discrimination and appreciation; and for the bold avowal of an unaccredited Poet. This liability not to understand, to inflict unintentionally the injury of neglect, is not uncommon. A teacher or interpreter seems ever to attend on the works of the highest literary creators; not so much from flaws in genius and creative power; as from the multiplicity of books, or from our want of judgment, or from our hesitation to venture an adequate recognition in the teeth of ignorance. It needed Addison to point out the superlative majesty of *Paradise Lost*: and Pope had to teach the English Nation the greatness of Shakespeare. Comparing greater with smaller things: there is need for some one to call attention to Watson. Let us join together in ascertaining his true position in the Story of English Mind. Let us restore—after nearly three centuries of obliteration—his name, in golden letters, to the great Bead-Roll of the acknowledged Poets of Great Britain.

The forgetfulness of Watson is strikingly shown by the way in which his printed works have perished. No Public Library can pretend to a complete set of them. To reproduce—as far as they can now be reproduced—the four works here reprinted; recourse has been obligatory to two of the most celebrated private collections of English works in this country, those at Britwell and Stand Rectory: while I have been quite unable to meet with the Author's *Amyntas*, his translation of Coluthus, or his *Compendium Memoriae localis*.

Further, in the *Ἐκατομπαθία* as will be seen below, there are references to works by Watson, which apparently never came to the press at all. These or any of them, if still in existence, have yet to be made known. It would be well if search should henceforward be made after these and other unprinted compositions that were possibly written by Watson, during the concluding ten years of his life.

Under all these circumstances; it is a matter for great congratulation that we can here present all admirers of true Poesy with four of Watson's works, one Latin, and three English, all complete; with the exception of two leaves in *The Teares of Fancy*, unfortunately wanting, but which, it is to be hoped, with a higher estimation of the Poet in future stimulating the search, will not be lost to us for ever.

What we now desire, is to give—more by way of temporary preface than any exhaustive enquiry, satisfying all reasonable interest—a short sketch of Watson's ascertained writings: leaving the Texts here presented, to the study, appreciation, and delight of every Reader.

To Anthony-a-Wood's account of his Life, we can add but little.

THOMAS WATSON, a Londoner born, did spend some time in this university, not in logic and philosophy, as he ought to have done; but in the smooth and pleasant studies of poetry and romance, whereby he obtained an honourable name among the students in those faculties. Afterward retiring to the metropolis, studied at common law at riper years. [*Melibæus* and *Amyntæ Gaudia* are then referred to.] He hath written other things of that nature or strain, and something pertaining to pastoral, which I have not yet seen, and was highly valued among ingenious men, in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth. *Ath. Oxon.* i. 601. Ed. by Bliss. 1813.

As our Poet was but young on the publication of his *Antigone* in 1581, we may guess him to have been born about the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession in 1557, and consequently dying in 1592, to have finished his career in the prime of life, probably between forty and fifty years of age. His publications tell us, in one way or another, that he was of gentle blood; born in London; educated at Oxford; a student at law, probably a member of one of the Inns of Court; and that before 1581 he sojourned some while at Paris, probably associating there with the Walsingham family. In his Latin-English Eclogue *Melibæus*, he puts these lines into the mouth of Thomas Walsingham (Tityrus)—Thy tunes have often pleas'd mine eare of yore,

when milk-white swans did flocke to heare the sing,
Where *Seane* in Paris makes a double shore.

See p. 157.

He appears to have returned to England, and to have employed some part if not all the remaining twelve years of his life, in the study of poetry and polite literature: publishing in that period five Latin and three English works, and leaving, without all doubt, behind him, considerable unpublished pieces in both these languages. One in Latin, *Amintæ Gaudia*, was published in 1592, immediately after his death: and *The Teares of Fancy* in 1593: others, we know from the *Ἐκατομπαθία*, to have been far proceeded with: while some few, as will be presently seen, did actually escape to light in Poetical Miscellanies subsequently published.

Though Watson apparently took no degree at Oxford, he must have been a prodigious Student in those branches of knowledge to which he addicted himself. As regards languages, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, with his own mother tongue, were at his command. He made himself at home with the entire body of Greek and Latin poets, and consequently with the whole ancient Pagan mythology. He early occupied himself with translating Petrarch's Sonnets from the Italian into Latin; and seems to have delighted in many of the minor Italian poets of that school. WILLIAM BIRD and he first published Madrigals in English. With the works of PIERRE DE RONSARD, ESTIENNE FORCADEL, and other like French poets, he seems also to have been familiar. CHAUCER is referred to at p. 41, and SPENSER magnified in the beautiful Elegy at p. 173. So varied was his reading, so catholic his appreciation.

He wrote at first and chiefly in Latin, then the speech of European culture; afterwards and possibly to a less degree in English. In connection with this, we should recollect his date. Contemporary with Spenser and Sidney, and rather before Shakespeare. His works tell us of his aristocratic acquaintance, PHILIP HOWARD, Earl of ARUNDEL, EDWARD VERE, Earl of OXFORD, SIR PHILIP and Lady MARY SIDNEY, the WALSINGHAM family, and the like; and also of his literary friends, such as W. CAMDEN, J. LYLLY, M. ROYDON, T. ACHELEY, G. PEELE, who complimented him in verse; as well as SPENSER, WHETSTONE and OCKLANDE to whom he rendered like tribute.

We now come to Watson's position among the *English* poets of his time. If English Imaginative Poesy were classified, it might group under three classes. The earliest in time—the ALLEGORICAL—represented by Chaucer, Gower, Stephen Hawes, Spenser, Giles Fletcher, and others. The next in our history—the AMATORY—brought into England by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, as will be seen in our approaching Reprint of Tottel's *Miscellany*. The DRAMATIC—represented by Shakespeare and a host of others.

Of these Watson belongs to the second group of Writers. He is, in the History of our Poesy, a lineal successor of Surrey and Wyatt. Among all English poems published during his lifetime, his English poetical works—if an opinion might be ventured—should rank next to Spenser. That is, he should be placed before Sidney as a Poet. Richard Barnfield in his *Affectionate Shepherde*, 1596, in upbraiding Love, thus refers to them all three.

By thee great Collin lost his libertie,

By thee sweet Astrophel forwent his ioy;

By thee Amyntas wept incessantly.

They are all equally original; each writing after a different manner, yet in power of gifts, genius, and learning, we would put Spenser first; Watson, second; and Sidney, third. Though the Amatory group of Poets imitated foreign authors more largely than those of the other two classes, yet it was not servilely done. Their close contact with some of the best foreign Poets did but bring out the good that was in themselves; and the reader of this Reprint will recognize in it some very choice English poetry.

We have now to chronicle year by year, such scattered notices of our Poet as we have been able to collect, merely expressing a hope that subsequent gleaners will be able to add much more to our knowledge of him and his works. We shall distinguish by (a) (b) (c) &c. such additional poems by Watson as are not included in the four texts here reprinted.

And here first, we must notice several works which are referred to in *The Ἐκατομπαθία*.

(a) "And where he mentioneth that once hee scorned loue, he alludeth to a peece of worke, whiche he wrote long since, *De Remedio Amoris*, which he hath lately perfected, to the good likinge of many that haue seene and perused it, though not fully to his owne fancy, which causeth him as yet to kepe it backe from the print."—See I., p. 37.

(b) "The Authour borroweth from certaine Latine verses of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abuses of *Iuppiter* in a certaine peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde; which he hath not yet wholie perfected to the print."—See LXXV., at p. 111.

(c) The annotation to VI., at p. 42, begins thus. "This passion is a translation into latine of the selfe same sonnet of *Petrarch* which you red lastly alleaged, and commeth somewhat neerer vnto the Italian phrase then the English doth. The Author when he translated it, was not then minded euer to haue imboldned him selfe so farre, as to thrust in foote amongst our english Poets. But beinge busied in translating *Petrarch* his sonnets into latin new clothed this amongst many others, which one day may perchance come to light."

(d) The Latin verses *Quid Amor*, at p. 134, "which because they may well importe a passion of the writer, and aptly befitte the present title of his ouerpassed *Loue*, he setteth them downe in this next page following, but not as accomptable for one of the hundreth passions of this booke."—See XCVIII.

These, and possibly other like completed poems in Latin, soon circulated in MS. Stephen Broelmann, a German Jurist and Poet, of Cologne, wrote to Watson while he was at Paris, the following verses (reprinted before the *Antigone*), urging him to print his works.

Si nostræ tecum preculæ Watsonæ, valerent,
 Non tua tot chartis scrinia plena forent;
 Sub prælo tua Musa foret, lucemque viderent
 Iudice quæ Phæbo candido metra facis.
 Atque ego si quicquàm sapio, nouique Heliconæ,
 Carminis ille tui est ex Helicone liquor.
 Classica siuè canis, teneros seu dicis amores,
 Mars tumido, tenui carmine gestit amor.
 Thuscanus Petrarcha tuo stat carmine diues:
 Mundo vtinam fieret notior ille labor.
 Plebs ignara licèt Phæbeæ frondis honores
 Negligat, et quicquid clarius esse potest:
 Tu tamèn a doctis doctus dicère Poëta,
 Inque suo precio nobile carmen erit.
 Præsertim Antigenen vel Zoilus ipse probabit,
 Ad prælum duci si paciariis opus.
 Ergò tuum celebris portet super æthera nomen
 Fama, nec in tenebris ampliùs esse sinat.
 Nàm licèt es iuuenis, tamen haud iuuenilia pangis,
 Et vena polles, ingenioque bono.
 Ah pudet vltèrius iuuenum laudare senili
 Carmine, quòd nostro carmine maior eas.
 Eia age; percolito dulces ante omnia Musas:
 Vtilis ille labor, dulcis et ille labor.
 Sed Venus irata est, dum celas carmen amoris:
 Phæbus et ipse dolet, dum sua dona tegis.
 Si semper Danaën tenuisset ahænea turris,
 Aurea non essent pondera nota Iouis.

1581. I. We now come to Watson's first publication; a translation into Latin of Sophocles' *Antigone*: thus entered by the clerk of the Stationers' Company.

"31 July 1581. John Wolfe. Lycenced vnto him, &c. Aphoclis Antigone, Thoma Watsono interprete. . . . vjd."
 J. P. COLLIER. *Ext. from Regs. of Stat. Co. ii. 149. Ed. 1849.*

Of this work, there is a copy in the British Museum. [Press mark, 1070. m. 31.] The title runs thus: "Sophoclis Antigone. *Interprete* Thoma Watsono *J.V. studioso*. Huic adduntur pompæ quædam, ex singulis Tragædiæ actis deriuatæ; et post eas, totidem themata sententijs referatissima; eodem THOMA WATSONO Autore. LONDINI. Excudebat Iohannes Wolfius. 1581."

As his earliest known published poem, and his own account of his early studies, we here give his entire Dedicatory Epistle.

(e) Nobilissimo proceri, claroque multis nominibus, PHILIPPO HOWARDO Comiti Arundeliæ, THOMAS WATSONVS solidam fœlicitatem precatur.

Nobilibus prædiues auis, virtutibus aucte,
 Dotibus Aonijs nobilitate Comes
 Accipe tantilli iuuenilia carmina vatis,
 Et multi medicum volue laboris opus.
 Nec mea Callimachi, neque Coi Musa Philætoæ est:
 Quodque ferat, vulpes nil nisi tegmen habet.
 Sed curant hominum mentes, non munera Diui:
 Ergò age, cœlitibus par, imitare Deos.
 Quid si mendosus fuerit meus iste libellus?
 Quid si neglecto carmine culpa subest?
 Candida et atra suo perlustrat Cynthia vultu:
 Phœbus adit radijs candida et atra suis.
 Vestraque consueto capiet clementia vultu,
 Quæ sunt in versu candida et atra meo.
 Marsiæ, Arachnæ, Iri, Smyntheus, Tritonia, Cræsus,
 Cantus, fila, stipem, postulat, optat, amat:
 Cantus, fila, stipem, Smyntheus, Tritonia, Cræsus,
 Nec dedignatur, musicus, alma, potens.
 Tuque minora meis (recinit si vera propellus)
 Carmina carminibus muneris instar habes.
 Atque ego non tanti primæuos duco Poetas,
 Vt nihil in nostris laudibus esse velim.
 Forsitan et Phœbo, fecique volente Minerua,
 Vnde meo partus Marte triumphus eat.
 Tu benè si censes, ego te censore beatus
 Apponam stimulos viribus ipse meis.
 Et faciam lætus quod multi sæpè rogarunt,
 Plura vt sub præli pondere scripta crepent.
 Ipse licèt Momus vano submurmuret ore,
 Inuidus et piceo Zoilus vngue premat:
 Iudicij censura tui superabit vtrumque,
 Et capiti ponet laurea sarta meo.
 Inde satis fœlix, dicar tuus esse Poeta,
 Et famulus fieri cum Ganymède Iouis.
 Scilicet hoc olim cœpi sperare lucellum,
 Dum studijs totus tempora prima dedi:
 Dumque procùl patria lustrum mediumque perègi,
 Discere diuersis œdere verba sonis.
 Tùm satis Italiæ linguas moresque notabam;
 Et linguam, et mores Gallia docta tuos.
 Vt potui, colui Musas, quòdcunque ferebar:
 Charus et imprimis Iustinianus erat.
 Sæpè sed inuitam turbauit Pallada Mauors,
 Sæpè meo studio bella fuère moræ.
 Castra tamen fûgi, nisi quæ Phœbeia castra
 Cum Musis Charites continuère pias.
 Bartole magnus eras, neque circumferre licebat,
 Nec legum nodos Balde diserte tuos;
 Arripui Sophoclem, docui mitescere Musas:
 E Græcis prepigi metra Latina modis.
 Talitèr absumens turbatus vtilis horas,
 Antigonem docui verba Latina loqui.
 Mòmenti res magna, meis quoque viribus impar,
 Nì daret ipsa mihi sedula Pallas opem.

Tandem opus exactum volui lacerare, vel igni
 Tradere, quòd Latio Græcia maior erat.
 Plurima sed vetuit prudentium turba virorum :
 Me simul Eulogijs concelebrare suis.
 Indè rudes iterum cœpi limare camœnas,
 Et magis intenta consolidare manu.
 Tùm quærendus erat, mihi qui Patronus adesset,
 Et mea qui tegeter numine scripta suo ;
 Qui Phœbo charus, Musis qui charus alumnus
 Esset, et Aonij fontis amaret aquas ;
 Qui claris ortus proavis, pietatis amicus
 Esset, et ipsius candida cura Iouis ;
 Tu quia talis eris, et masculagloria regni,
 Supplice Mæcœnas voce vocandus eras.
 Ergò tantilli non aspernare clientis,
 Quod tua iam virtus sola proposcit, opus.
 Fabula trita, olim murem fecisse, Leoni
 Quod satis acceptum, quodque salubre fuit.
 Quàmuis indignus, quàmuis ignotus adesset,
 Sumpsit ab infirmo paupere Pyrrhus aquam.
 Sic mihi sit facilis cultura potentis amici,
 Sim licèt ignotus, nec meruisse queam.
 Velle meum pro posse datur, pro munere carmen,
 Et cupit Antigone charior esse tibi.
 Charior esse tibi sperat, quàm chara Creonti,
 Quàm fuerit patrio vel peramata solo.
 Iamque reuiuiscens, et Musis ducta Latinis
 Hùc venit, et Thœbis amplius esse timet.
 Mira tibi referet, si vis miracula nosse :
 Atque pium faceret, nì pius antè fores.
 Illicitam legem tumidis mordebit Iambis ;
 Fascibus impauido, præferet ore Deos ;
 Tum quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid vtile, quid non,
 Dicet : et imperij quàm sit amarus amor ;
 Quàm noceat veri monitus contemnere vatis :
 Quàm vertat celerem Sors malesana rotam ;
 Principis et placitum quàm pendula turba sequatur,
 Et quanti faciant cœtera membra caput.
 Hæc, et plura tuis planè præfiget ocellis
 Antigone, studio docta docere meo.
 Viue, vale Generose Comes : quot sæcula ceruus
 Viuit, tot fœlix sæcula viue : vale.

Vestri honoris obseruantissimus, Thomas Watsonus Londoniensis.

(f) The *Pompæ* are four groups of impersonations such as *IUSTITIA, cum sceptro*. *IMPIETAS, vir cum mucrone*, &c., in short poems too numerous to quote here ; and are preceded by this second dedication to Lord Howard of Arundell.

Hæc mea si quicquam placuit translatio, Cômes
 Inclute ; materies aut bona si qua subest :
 Hæc mea pompa simul positque legenti,
 Quam totam Antigones fabula tristis habet.
 Insuper apposui pompis, quæ digna notatu,
 Themata ; quæque probes vtilitate sua.
 Tu dignare igitur vultu lustrare benigno,
 Quod dedit ignoti Musa benigna viri.

Vestri honoris studiosissimus Tho. Watsonus.

(g) The four *Themata* " diducted out of the bowelles of *Antigone* in *Sophocles* (which he lately translated into Latine and published in print."—See p. 115) are apparently exercises in different kinds of Latin verse. They are severally as follows :—

(1) *Cæcam philautian multarum calamitatum, causam esse, ex Creontis exemplo discimus*, written in Iambics.

(2) *Quam sit malum publico Magistratus edicto non parere, Antigona exemplum docet*, written in Anapæstic Dimeters.

(3) *Quæ corrigere non possumus, ea attentare nò velimus docet Ismene, vitæ quietæ formam tradens*, written in Sapphics.

(4) *Amare simul et sapere vix cuiquam dari, interitus Hæmonis docet*, written in Choriambic Asclepiædean verse. The 3rd, 4th; 8th, 9th, and 10th lines of this *Thema* are quoted at p. 115.

To this work among others W. CAMDEN contributed the following lines.

M. Thoma Watsoni Antigonen.

A Nè Sophoclæo Genio fas laude litare?
 Fas est thure Deo, laude litare viro.
 Tum Watsone tibi victurâ laude litandum:
 Laus tua sitque tibi quod sua thura Ioui.
 Namque Sèphoclæus Genius tibi mente receptus
 Insidet, Ausonium seque subindè stupet.
 Antigonem quicumque legit, sic iudicat; illam
 Qui lêget, relegit: quique relêgit amat.
 Vnus in alterutro Genius sic eminet, vno
 Alterutro, Tragicis vnus vterque modis.
 Perculit ille suis numeris Orchestra Pelasgum,
 Tu pompis Latiis nostra Theatra quatis.
 Verba illi Græco, vernant tibi flore latino,
 Venaque dicendi diues vtrique fluit.
 Sed tibi quid laudes venâ de paupere promo?
 Sic solem fumis irradiare paro.
 En victura comus Phæbi tibi laurus obumbret.
 Et decus hoc minus est, quàm meruisse decus.

Soon after the appearance of the *Antigone*, Watson must have summoned up courage to 'thrust in foote among our English Poets.' George Peele refers to

These layes of *Loue*, as myrth to melancholie
 To follow fast thy sad *Antigone*.

See p. 36.

1582. (h) The earliest printed *English* verses by Watson with which I am acquainted, are the following prefixed to G. Whetstone's *Heptameron of Ciuill Discourses*, &c. [*Ent. Stat. Hall*, 11 Jan. 1582.]

T. W. Esquier, In the commendation of the Aucthor, and his needefull Booke.

EVEN as the fruitfull *Bee*, doth from a thousand Flowers,
 Sweet Honie draine, and layes it vp, to make the profit ours
 So, Morall *Whetstone*, to his Countrey doth impart,
 A Worke of worth, culd from ye wise, with Iudgement, wit and art
 No Stage Toy, he sets foorth, or thundring of an Hoast,
 But his rare *Muse*, a passage makes, twixt burnyng fier and frost
 Suche Vertues as besee me, the worthy Gentles breast,
 In proper colours he doth blaze, by followyng of the best:
 The Vertue is but rare, and Vice not yet in vse,
 That modestly he not commends, or mildely shewes th' abuse
 Such matter in good wordes, these few leaues doo reueale,
 Vnforst, or strainde, as yat it seemes, a naturall common weale.
 Of forced *Marriage*, he dooth shew the foule euent,
 When Parents ioyne, the Childrens hands, before their harts consent
 And how these fortunes eke, in wedlock seeldom proue,
 Vnequall choice, in birth, in yeeres: and Childrens hasty loue.
 Yet he with learned prooffes, this sacred state dooth raise,
 (As it deserues) about the Skies, in wordes of modest praise.
 More, every Page, heere doth present, the Readers eyes,
 With such regardes, as help the weake, and doo confirm ye wise.
 Which needelesse were, to blase, in prayes to allure:
The holy Bush, may wel be sparde, where as the Wine is pure.

II. Watson must have contributed these verses, about the time he was finishing a number of English poems, comprising a portior of those forming, with the three Latin ones, *The Passionate Centurie* [*i.e.* Hundred Songs] of *Loue*; of which, as he tells us at p. 25, the Earl of Oxford 'willinglie voutsafed the acceptance.' And 'since the world hath vnderstood (I know not how) that your Honor willinglie voutsafed the acceptance of this worke, and at conuenient leisures fauorable perused it, being as yet but in written hande, many haue

oftentimes and earnestly called vpon mee to put it to the presse, that for their mony they might but see, what your Lordship with some liking hath alreadie perused.'—*p.* 25.

Watson spontaneously wrote these poems without much definite purpose as to number. That the title of the book was the last thing thought of, is proved by the interposition in the 'Centurie' of three Latin poems; one, No. VI., being part of the Latin version of Petrarch's sonnets above referred to, and another, No. XLV., 'when he compiled' 'he thought not to haue placed among these his English toys;' also by his composition of an additional poem, No. LXVII., while the work was at the press [?in honour of the Earl of Oxford]; with the consequent thrusting out of the 'Centurie' of another Latin poem *Quid Amor*, possibly in the first instance including in it. In this way the *Ἐκατομπαθία* was built up.

We take it that Watson in the ceaseless activity of his mind, composed as subjects suggested themselves to him in his multifarious reading. Whether in these youthful days, unrequited affection turned him to amatory poetry; whether there was any foundation in his life for these Love-Songs and Love-Dirges, we do not know.

He tells us, at *p.* 27, he wrote this work more for Poetry than Passion. 'Yet for this once I hope thou wilt in respect of my trauaile in penning these loue passions, or for pitie of my paines in suffering them (although but supposed). . . . And it is quite true as he states at *p.* 28, 'that although Venus be my verse, yet her slipper is left out.' So that, as these four works fully show, he is one of the purest as he is one of the sweetest of our Poets.

Though there is no date in it, the *Ἐκατομπαθία* was published in 1582. The registration entry of it runs thus—

"31 Mar. 1582. Mr. Cawoode. Licenced to him, &c., Watsons Passions, manifestinge the true frenzy of loue. . . . vjd."
J. P. COLLIER. *Ext. from Regs. of Stat. Co. ii.* 162. *Ed.* 1849.

Whoever reads this remarkable work will wonder how it could have fallen into such oblivion. On the poems themselves we shall here say nothing. They reveal themselves. Each of them is headed with an 'annotation.' To these short introductions we would call attention. They are most skilfully written. Who wrote them? Who was the Annotator? May he have been the Earl of Oxford? Was he the friend, whom Watson addresses in No. LXXI., as

Deere *Titus* mine, my auncient frend?
Or was he the author himself, writing in the third person? We cannot say. Whoever he were, he was perfectly informed—certainly by the Poet himself—as to every allusion made, every Author imitated or referred to.

The object of these annotations is stated in them. They were written to bring Watson's erudite verse to the appreciation 'of him that is no great clarke,' *p.* 83. 'That the vulgar may the better vnderstand this Passion, I will briefly touch those, whom the Authour nameth herein,' *p.* 98. 'Wherefore know they which know it not alreadie,' *p.* 128. 'Yet the vnlearned may haue this helpe geuen them by the way to know what *Galaxia* is, or *Pactolus*, which perchance they haue not read often in our vulgar Rimes,' *p.* 67.

Though they failed in their attempt to popularize the book: these annotations show us the vast learning of our Author. They also introduce us to foreign poets utterly unknown to cultivated Englishmen of the present day. May we here venture to suggest to the numerous verse-translators of our time, the benefit of varying their ceaseless translation of the same ancient classics with versions of the Latin or vernacular verse of the 16th century. May the testimony of Watson's friend, the Annotator; which is virtually that of Watson himself, be put in evidence respecting these. He refers to 'the works of *Hercules Strozza*, who in his *Somnium* hath written so exquisitely, that the *Dreame* will quite his trauaile, that shall peruse it with due attention,' *p.* 68: describing as 'a noble man of *Italy*, and one of the best Poets in all his age,' *p.* 121. Or *Estienne Forcadet*, to whom he refers under his latinized name of '*Stephanus Forcatulus* (an excellent Ciuilian, and one of the beste Poetes of Fraunce for these many yeares),' *p.* 74. And so on, of all the rest. These annotations may well be made a starting point of enquiry in the Imaginative Poesy of Europe at that time: which being now forgotten, would by recovery become new again.

Harl. MS. 3277. is a copy, in the handwriting of the end of the sixteenth century, of the greater part of the 'Εκατομπαθια under the following title.

A Looking glasse for Louers; Wherein are conteyned two sortes of amorous passions: the one expressing the trewe estate and perturbations of hym, that is overgon with loue: the other, a flatt defiance to loue and all his lawes.

The first half hundred poems are all transcribed: but in the second, there are many omissions.

1582. CHRISTOPHER OCKLANDE, Headmaster first of the School founded by Queen Elizabeth at Southwark, afterwards of Cheitenham School, wrote a Latin poem 'Ειρηναρκια siue Elizabetha,' of which two editions appeared this year at the end of a work entitled *Anglorum praelia*, &c. This work was ordered on 7 May 1582 by the High Commission 'too bee receuyed and publiquesly read and taught in all Grammar and Free Scholes.' To this work Watson contributed the following *Decastichon*:

(i) *Ad Oclandum, de Eulogiis serinissimæ nostræ Elizabethæ post Anglorum praelia cantatis.*

Rectè post Martis lituos pacalis Oliua
Suggeritur calamo cane Poëta tuo.
Scilicet, vt feruens Martem laudauerat ætas,
Palladis expetiit ramus habere senem.
Et Martis lituos ornas, virgâmque Mineruæ
Grandia siue canis, dulcia siue canis.
Seu pacem, seu bellum refers, in vtraque camœna
Vel Deus exprimitur, vel Dea maior eo.
At mihi si credes, cantus imitabere Cygni,
Funeris vt sit laus Elisabetha tui.—*Thomas Watsonus.*

1585. III. "*Amyntas.* Thomæ Watsoni I.V. studiosi. Excudebat Henricus Marsh, ex assignatione Thomæ Marsh. 1585. 16mo, 27 leaves. Dedicated to 'Henrico Noello.'"—*Lowndes*, p. 2856. [*Since the first Impression of this Keprint, a copy of Amyntas has been pointed out to me in the British Museum, Press Mark 1213 d. 5.*]

The next two works we have not seen; we can but quote them.

? IV. *Compendium Memoriae Localis* (Autore Thoma Watsoni Londinensi J. V. studioso.) Dedicated to 'Henrico Noello vere nobiliviro.' A copy of this work was sold in 1831 at Heber's sale. Part vi. 3800: 'but, as it was imperfect at the end the date and printer are unknown.'—*J. P. Collier, Bib. Cat. ii.* 490.

We place it here on account of its Dedicatee being the same.

1586. V. "*Coluthus' Raptus Helena.* Tho. Watsonæ Londinensi. London 1586. 4to. Dedicated to the Duke of Northumberland.' *Lowndes*, p. 503.

In a MS. volume, transcribed by John Lilliat, formerly in Hearne's possession, now among Dr. Rawlinson's collection in the Bodleian MSS. *Rawl. Poet.* 148: are the following lines, which we reprint from *Brit. Bibli. ii.* 543. *Ed.* 1812.

(h) "*A gratification vnto Mr. John Case, for his learned Booke, lately made in the prayes of Musick.*

1. Let others praies what likes them best,
I like his lynes aboue the rest,
Whose pen hath paynted Musicks praies:
By nature's lawe by wisdomes rule,
He soundly blames the scencelesse foole,
And barb'rous Scithian of our dayes.
2. He writes of angels harmony,
Aboue the harpe of *Mercurie*
He writes of sweetly turning spears:
How birds and beasts, and wormes reioyce,
How dolphins lou'd *Arions* voyce,
He makes a frame for *Midas* ears.
3. Then may the solemne stoicke finde,
That *Momus* and him self ar blynde,
And that rude *Marsia* wanteth skill:
Whiles will and witlesse ears are bent,
Against *Apollo's* sweet consent,
The nurse of good, ye scourge of ill.

4. Let Eris then delight in warrs,
 Let Enuy barke against the starrs,
 Let Folly sayle which may thee please:
 With him I wish my dayes to spende
 Whose quill hath stood fayre *Musicks* friend,
 Chief friend to peace, chief port of ease. q^d Tho. Watson."

1587. ABRAHAM FRAUNCE, a versifier, published this year "*The Lamentations of Amyntas for the death of Phillis*, paraphrastically translated out of Latine into English Hexameters by Abraham Fraunce. London, 1587." Of this work there is a copy in the Bodleian Library. For it, Fraunce wrote the following dishonest dedication, in which he makes no allusion whatever to Watson.

To the Right Honourable, vertuous and learned Ladie, the Ladie Mary, Countesse of Penbroke.

Myne afflicted mind and crased bodie, together with other externall calamities haue wrought such sorrowfull and lamentable effects in me, that for this whole yeare I haue wholly giuen ouer my selfe to mournfull meditations. Among others, Amintas is one, which being first prepared for one or two, was afterwards by the meanes of a few, made common to manie, and so pitifully disfigured by the boisterous handling of vnskilful pen men, that he was like to haue come abroad so vnlike himselfe, as that his own Phillis would neuer haue taken him for Amintas. VVhich vtter vndoing of our poore shepeheard, I knew not well otherwise how to preuent, but by repairing his ragged attire, to let him passe for a time vnder your honourable protection. As for his foes, they either generallie mislike this vnusual kind of verse, or els they fancie not my peculiar trauaile. For the first, I neuer heard better argument of them then this, such an one hath done but ill, therefore no man can doe wel, which reason is much like their own rimes, in condemning the art, for the fault of some artificers. Now for the second sort of reprehenders who think well of the thing, but not of my labour therein, mine answer is at hand. If there were any penaltie appointed for him that would not reade, he might well complaine of me that publish it to be read. But if it be in euerie mans choise to reade it, or not to reade, why then not in mine also to publish or not to publish it? He that will, let him see and reade; he that will neither reade nor see, is neither bound to see nor read. He that taketh no delight in reading, let him thinke that among so manie men so diuersly affected, there may be some found of a contrarie humor. If anie begin to read, when he beginneth to take no delight, let him leaue and goe no further. If he folow on in reading without pleasure, let him neither blame me that did what I could, nor be angrie with the thing which hath no sense, but reprehend himselfe who would continue reading without any pleasure taking. Your honours most affectionat, Abraham Fraunce.

Mr. Collier, *Bib. Cat. i.* 296, has the following. "Ritson (*B. P. p.* 241) gives the date of this work as 1588, adding that it was printed by Charleywood; this was in fact, the second impression; and, although it has never been mentioned, there was a third in 1589, professing to have been 'newly corrected.' It was then 'Printed by Robert Robinson' for Newman and Gubbin."

1589. (1) THOMAS NASH, writing *To the Gentlemen Students of both Vniuersities*, in Green's *Menaphon*, has the following curious passage.

But fortune the Mistres of change with a pitying compassion, respecting Master Stanihursts praise, would that *Phaer* shoulde fall that hee might rise, whose heroicall Poetrie infired, I should say inspired, with an hexameter furie, recalled to life, what euer hissed barbarisme, hath bin buried this hundred yeare; and reuiued by his rugged quill, such carterlie varietie, as no hodge plowman in a countrie, but would haue held as the extremitie of clownerie; a patterne whereof, I will propoude to your iudgements, as neere as I can, being parte of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus,

*Then did he make, heavens vault to rebounde, with rounce robble hobble
 Of ruffe raffe roaring, with thwack thwack thurlery bouncing.*

Which straunge language of the firmament neuer subiect before to our common phrase, makes vs that are not vsed to terminate heauens moueings, in the accents of any voice, esteeme of their triobulare interpreter, as of some Thrasionically huffe snuffe, for so terrible was his stile, to all milde cares, as

would haue affrighted our peaceable Poets, from intermeddling hereafter, with that quarelling kinde of verse; had not sweete Master *France* by his excellent translation of Master *Thomas Watsons* sugred *Amintas*, animated their dulled spirits, to such high witted endeours. . . .

In trueth, (Master *Watson* except, whom I mentioned before) I knowe not almost any of late dayes that hath shewed himselve singular in any speciall Latine Poëm, whose *Amintas*, and translated *Antigone* may march in equipage of honour, with any of our ancient Poets.

1589. Robert Greene's '*Ciceronis Amor*, Tullies Love,' was first published this year. Among other verse placed before the text: is *Ad Lectorem Hexasticon*: which runs thus in the earliest edition, 1597, to which I have had access.

- (l) In lucem prodit tenebris exuta malignis
Romelei petulans, væsanaque flammula Phœbi:
Rorantem Authori (Lectores) spargite florem,
Intyba, Narcissos, Latacen, pictique roseti
Dulces diuitias: Illum concingite lauru:
Emerito solers industria reddat honorem. *Thomas Watson*, Oxon.

1599. VI. This was a prolific year for Watson. (1) There appeared "¶ The first sett, Of Italian Madrigalls Englished, not to the sense of the originall dittie, but after the affection of the noate. By Thomas Watson Gentleman. There are also heere inserted two excellent madrigalls of Master William Byrds, composed after the Italian vaine at the request of the sayd Thomas Watson. London 1599." [*British Museum*. Press mark, C. 130.]

This work, Watson thus dedicated to Lord Essex.

Clarissimo, et honoratissimo Heroi, Domino Roberto Deurox Comiti Essexiæ, Georgiani Ordinis Equiti aurato, multisque alijs nomimbus illustrissimo. S. P.

- (m) **I** Nclyte Mauortis, Musarum dulcis alumne,
Accipe iuncta Italis Anglia verba notis:
Atque Marenzæos cantus, quos approbet auris
Attica, quos Charites, quosque D I A N A velit.
Si ruidis quid inest, id nostri culpa laboris:
Et melior primo fortè secundus erit.
Attamen Hespericæ Philomenæ subdere voces
Non est exigui debile Martis opus.
Tu dignare, precor, sinceræ munera mentis,
Siuè sonent placido murmure, siuè graui.
Candida et atra suo percurrit lumine Phœbus:
Candida et atra volens accipe, Phœbus eris.
Phœbus eris, nisi te sacro culmine Mauors
Auferat, armipotens vt fera bella geras.
Ecquis enim vestræ nescit conamina Musæ,
Metraque ad Aoniam sæpè canenda lyram?
Sed mitto quoscunque tuæ virtutis honores:
Maior es eulogijs, carminibusque meis.
Aurea concedat foelicis tempora vitæ
Iupiter, et cœptis nolit abesse tuis.

Honoris tui studiosissimus Thomas Watsonus.

He also wrote the following of the celebrated Italian composer.

Luçæ Marenzio Musicæ artis peritissimo Tho. Watsonus.

- (n) **H** Ei, quotiès morimur nimia dulcedine rapti,
Pulsat Appollineam dùm tua Musæ chelyn?
O, igitur dulcis plectrum depone Marenzi:
Nè sit læsa tuis plurima vita sonis.
Attamèn ô dulcis plectro modulare Marenzi:
Si morimur, vitam dant tua plectra nouam.
O liceat nobis, vitâ sub morte repertâ,
Sæpè tuo cantu viuere, sæpè mori.
Mille neces patior, vitas totidemque: resumo,
Dùm tua multiplici gutture musa placet:
Somnio septeno gyrantes murmure splæras:
Somnio cantantis Numina blanda salii

Somnio Thræiceum Cytharædam saxa mouentem :
Somnio mulcentem carmine monstra Deum :
Somnio Musarum concentus protinus omnes :
Omnio Marenzi, dum canis, vnus habes.

VII. (2) He also produced *Melibæus*, here reprinted on the *even* numbered pp. from 139-174. The British Museum copy [Press mark 1070. l. 4] has the top of the Latin dedication, see p. 142, torn : and we are indebted to the kindness of Rev. T. Corser for its completion, from the copy in his famed collection at Stand Rectory, near Manchester.

VIII. (3) *An Eglogue*, &c., being a translation of the same into English : here reprinted on opposite pages to the *Melibæus*. Watson distinctly refers to Fraunce's unhandsome conduct, when he says at p. 147, 'I interpret my self, lest Melibæus in speaking English by an other mans labour, should leese my name in his change, as my *Amyntas* did.' [*Brit. Mus.* Press-mark 161. m. 56.]

1591. Fraunce prints for the fourth time his translation under the title of "*The Countesse of Pembrokes Yuychurch*. Containing the affectionate life, and unfortunate death of Phillis and Amyntas : That in a Pastorall ; This in a Funerall : both in English Hexameters. By Abraham Fraunce. London 1591." Its registration runs thus :

"9 Feb. 1591. W^m. Ponsonbye. Entred for his copie, &c. A booke intituled the Countesse of Pembrokes *luy Chirche* and *Emanuel*. vjd."

J. P. COLLIER, *Regs. of Stat. Co.* See *N. & Q.*, 3rd Series, i. 44.

In the dedication, he at length acknowledges the authorship of *Amyntas*.

IF *Amyntas* found fauour in your gracious eyes, let *Phillis* bee accepted for *Amyntas* sake. I haue some what altered *S. Tasso's* Italian, and *M. Watson's* Latine *Amyntas*, to make them both one English. But *Tasso's* is Comically, therefore this verse vnusual : yet it is also Pastoral, and in effect nothing els but a continuation of *æglogues*, therefore no verse fitter than this. . . .

1592. GABRIEL HARVEY, writing at London; the third of his *Foure Let-Sep. 8-9. ters and certaine Sonnets*, printed this year : thus enumerates Watson among a number of writers, all evidently then living.

I cordially recommend to the deere Louers of the Muses : and namely to the professed Sonnes of the same, *Edmond Spencer*, *Richard Staninurst*, *Abraham Fraunce*, *Thomas Watson*, *Samuel Daniell*, *Thomas Nash*, and the rest : whome I affectionately thancke for their studious endeouours, commendably employed in enriching, and polishing their natiue Tongue, neuer so furnished, or embellished, as of late.—p. 48.

Mr. Collier, in his *Bibl. Cat.* ii. 490, Ed. 1865.

"Thomas and Watson could not be uncommon names ; but in the register of St. Bartholomew the Less, in which parish various literary men resided, we meet with the following entry of a burial, the date of which accords with the period when it is likely that our poet expired :—

'26 Sept. 1592. Thomas Watson, gent, was buried.'

It has never been anywhere cited, but we have little doubt that it applies to our poet."

Soon after this is the following entry :

1592. IX. "x^o die Novembris [1592]. Mr. Ponsonby. Entered for his copie, A booke intituled *Aminte gaudia*, Authore Thom. Watsono, Londi[n]ensi iuris studioso. vjd."

J. P. COLLIER. *Regs. of Stat. Co.* See *N. & Q.*, 3rd S., i. 322.

The title of this work is as follows : (4) "*Amintæ Gaudia*. Authore Thoma Watsono, Londoninensi, iuris Studioso. Londini, Impri-mis, Guilhelmi Ponsonbei. 1592 : " and it has the following dedication :

Illustrissimæ Heroinæ omnibus et animi, et corporis dotibus ornatissimæ,
Mariæ Penbrokiæ Comitissæ.

L Aurigera stirpe prognata Delia, Sydnæi vatis Apollinei genuuia soror ; Alma literarum parens, ad cuius immaculatos amplexus, confugit virtus, barbariei et ignorantia impetu violata, vt olim a Threicio Tyranno Philomela ; Poetarum nostri temporis, ingeniorumque omnium foelicissime pullulantium, Musa ; Dia proles, quæciam rudi calamo, spiritus infundis elati furoris, quibus ipse misellus, plus mihi videor præstare posse, quam cruda nostra indoles proferre solet : Dignare Posthumo huic Amyntæ, vt tuo adoptiuo

filio patrocinari: Eoque magis quodd moribundus pater, illius tutelam humillimè tibi legauerat. Et licet illustre nomen tuum non solùm apud nos, sed exterarum etiam nationes, latius propagatum est, quàm aut vnquam possit æruginosa Temporis vetustate aboleri, aut mortalium encomijs augeri, (quomodd enim quicquam possit esse infinito plus?) multorum tamèn camœnis, quasi siderum diademate redimita *Ariadne*, noli hunc purum Phœbi sacerdotem, stellam alteram coronæ tuæ largientem, aspernari: sed animi candore, quem sator hominum, atque deorum, Iupiter, prænobili familiæ tuæ quasi hæreditarum alligauit, accipe, et tuere. Sic nos, quorum opes tenuissimæ, littorea sunt Myrtus Veneris, Nymphæque Peneiæ semper virens coma, prima quaque poematis pagina, Te Musarum dominam, in auxilium invocabimus: tua denique virtus, quæ virtutem ipsam; ipsam quoque æternitatem superabit.

Honoris tui studiosissimus, C. M. [? Christopher Marlowe.]
The registration and dedication of *Amintæ Gaudia*, with Harvey's allusion, show how correct Mr. Collier's opinion is.

1593. GEORGE PEELE, M.A., has the following lines in *Ad Mæcenatum Prologus*, in his work entitled *The Honour of the Garter*.

Why thither post not all good wits from hence,
To Chaucer, Gowre, and to the fayrest Phaer
That ever ventured on great Virgils works?
To Watson, worthy many Epitaphes
For his sweet Poesie, for Amintas teares
And ioyes so well set downe.

The word 'Epitaphes' confirms Watson's death anterior to the composition of this Prologue.

1593. A rare Poetical Miscellany. "*The Phoenix Nest, &c.* Set forth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, Gentleman. *Never before this time published;*" contains three following poems by T. W. Gent.: that is, Thomas Watson, as is proved by the first of them appearing, with variations, in *Englands Helicon*, 1602, with his name in full after it.

Not having seen the Latin text, we can but surmise that the first is a translation of the Eighth day of *Amyntas*: and we presume that as Watson translated *Melibæus*: so he intended to have turned *Amyntas* into English. A reference to Fraunce's hexameters will show that Watson was a true Poet: and Fraunce a scribbling versifier.

(c) Aurora now, began to rise againe,
From watrie couch, and from old Tithons side,
In hope to kisse vpon Acteian plaine,
Yong Cephalus, and through the golden glide,
On Easterne coast, she cast so great a light,
That Phœbus thought it time to make retire,
From Thetis Bowre, wherein he spent the night,
To light the world againe with heauenly fire.
Nor sooner gan his winged steedes to chase
The Stigian night, mantled in duskie vale,
But poore Amyntas, hasteth him apace,
In desarts thus, to weepe a wofull tale.
Now silent shades, and all that dwell therein,
As Birds, or Beasts, or Wormes that creepe on grounde,
Dispose your selues to teares, while I begin,
To rew the grieffe, of mine eternall wounde.
And dolefull ghosts, whose nature flies the light,
Come seate your selues with me on eu'ry side,
And whilst I die for want of my delight,
Lament the woes that Fancie me betide.
Phillis is dead, the marke of my desire,
My cause of loue, and shipwracke of my ioyes,
Phillis is gone, that set my hart on fire,
That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyes.
Phillis is fled, and bides I wot not where,
Phillis (alas) the praise of woman kinde,
Phillis, the Sun of this our hemisphere,
Whose beames made me and many others blinde.

But blinded me (poore man) aboue the rest,
 That like olde Oedipus, I liue in thrall,
 Still feele the worst, and neuer hope the best,
 My mirth is mone, my honie drownd in gall.
 Hir faire, but cruell eies, bewicht my sight,
 Hir sweete, but fading speech, enthrald my thought,
 And in hir deeds I reaped such delight,
 As brought both will, and libertie to nought.

Therefore, all hope of happines adue,
 Adue desire the source of all my care,
 Dispaire me tels my weale will nere renue,
 Till this my soule, doth passe in Charons Crare.

Meane time, my minde must suffer Fortunes skorne,
 My thoughts stil wound, like wounds that stil are green
 My weakned lymes, be laide on beds of thorne,
 My life decaies, although my death foreseene.

Mine eies, now eies no more, but seas of teares,
 Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning brest.
 Where Loue did place desire, twixt hope, and feares,
 (I say) desire, the author of vnrest.

And (would to gods) Phillis where ere thou be,
 Thy soule did see, the sowre of mine estate,
 My ioyes eclipst, for onely want of thee,
 My being with my selfe at foule debate.

My humble vowes, my sufferance of woe
 My sobs, and sighes, and euerwatching eies,
 My plaintife teares, my wandring to and froe,
 My will to die, my neuer ceasing cries.

No doubt but then, thy sorrows would perswade
 The doome of death to cut my vitall twist,
 That I with thee, amidst the infernall shade,
 And thou with me, might sport vs as we list.

O if thou waite on faire Proserpines traine
 And hearest Orpheus, neere th' Elisian springs
 Entreat thy Queene, to free thee thence againe
 And let the Thracian guide thee with his strings. *T. W. Gent.*

(p) Away, dispaire, the death of hopeles harts,
 For hope and truth, assure me long agoe,
 That pleasure is the end of lingring smarts,
 When time, with iust content, rewardeth woe.
 Sweet vertues throne is built in labours towre,
 Where Lawrell wreath's are twist for them alone,
 Whose gals are burst with often tasted sowre,
 Whose blis from bale is sprong, whose mirth from mone.

I therefore striue by toyles, to raise my name,
 And Iason like, to gaine a golden fleece,
 The end of eu'ry worke doth crowne the same,
 As witnes well, the happie harmes of Greece;
 For if the Greekes, had soone got Pryams seat,
 The glory of their paines, had not been great. *T. W. Gent.*

(q) I hope and feare, that for my weale or woe
 That heau'nly lampe, which yeelds both heat and light,
 To make a throne, for gods on earth belowe,
 Is cut in twaine, and fixt in my delight,
 Which two faire hemispheres, through light and heat,
 Planting desire, driue reason from hir seate.
 No, no, my too forgetfull toong blasphemes,
 I should haue saide, that where these hemispheres,
 In harts, though eies, fixe hot and lightsome beames,
 There reason works desire, and hopes breed feares,

O onely obiect, for an Eagles eie,
 Whose lighte and heat, make men to liue and die.
 Twixt these, a daintie paradise doth lie,
 As sweete as in the Sunne the Phenix Bowre,
 As white as snowe, as smooth as Iuorie,
 As faire, as Psyches bosome, in that howre,
 When she disclosde the boxe of Beauties Queene,
 All this and more, is in Sibilla scene.

T. W. Gent.

Reprinted in J. P. Collier's *Seven English Poet. Misc.* 1867, pp. 122-126.

1593. X. We now come to a work in many respects of superlative interest. By the courteous kindness of S. Christie-Miller, Esq. of Britwell, near Maidenhead, the Reader may now peruse Watson's principal English posthumous work, reprinted at the end of this volume. Its authorship is established by the initials T. W. at the end: and more positively by the following registration.

"11 Aug. [1593]. John Danter. Item entred for his copie, &c., a booke intituled *The teares of fansie, or loue disdained*. By T. Watson. vj^d."

J. P. COLLIER. *Regs. of Stat. Co.* See *N. & Q.*, 3rd S., i. 402.

This work, which appears to have received but little attention while passing through the press, is here reprinted page for page. The loss of the eight Sonnets is much to be regretted.

1594. Richard Barnfield's allusion to Watson in his *Affectionate Shepheard* of this year, we have already quoted at p. 4.

1595. (1) In a work entitled *Polimanteia*, &c., written by W. C., and published at Cambridge [*Gren. Coll: Brit. Museum*, 537] there is at R. 3, a reference in the side notes connecting, in a literary sense, Watson with Shakespeare, (who then just began to appear in print) in a way that may best appear by reproducing the passage line for line.

All praise
 worthy.
 Lucrecia
 Sweet Shak-
 speare.
 Eloquent
 Gaueston.

Let o-
 ther countries (sweet Cambridge) enuie,
 (yet admire) my *Virgil*, thy petrarch, di-
 uine *Spenser*. And vnlesse I erre, (a thing
 easie in such simplicitie) deluded by
 dearlie beloued *Delia*, and fortunatelie
 fortunate *Cleopatra*; *Oxford* thou maist
 extoll thy courte-deare-verse happie
Daniell, whose sweete refined muse, in
 contracted shape, were sufficient a-
 mongst men, to gaine pardon of the
 sinne to *Rosemond*, pittie to distressed
Cleopatra, and euerliuing praise to her
 louing *Delia*:

Wanton
 Adonia
 Watson
 heyre.

- (2) In this year also appeared Spensers *Colin Clouts come home again*, in which occur the following lines: which under correction, we take to refer to Watson.

There also is (ah no, he is not now !)
 But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
 Hauing his *Amaryllis* left to mone.
 Helpe, O ye shepheards, help ye all in this,
 Helpe *Amaryllis* this her losse to mourne:
 Her losse is yours, your losse *Amyntas* is,
Amyntas, floure of shepheards pride forlorne,
 He whilest he liued was the noblest swaine,
 That euer piped in an oaten quill:
 Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
 And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.

1596. THOMAS NASHE, laggardly replying in his *Hauc with you to Saffron-walden* to Gabriel Harvey, has the following allusions to our Poet, evidently then dead, at the end of that work.

"To a bead-roll of learned men and Lords hee appeales, *whether he be an Asse or no*, in the forefront of whom, he puts *M. Thomas VVatson*, the Poet: A man he was that I dearly lou'd and honor'd, and for all things hath left few his equalls in *England*, he it was that in the company of diuers Gentlemen one night at supper at the Nags head in *Cheape*; first told me of his vanitie, and those Hexameters made of him

*But o what newes of that good Gabriell Haruey
Knowne to the world for a foole and clapt in the Fleet for a Rimer."*

"He [Gabriel Harvey] raild vpon me vnder the name of *Piers Pennilesse*, and for a bribe that I should not reply on him, praised me, and reckond me (at the latter end) among the famous Schollers of our time, as *S. Philip Sidney*, *M. VVatson*, *M. Spencer*, *M. Daniell*, whom he hartily thank't, and promised to endow with manie complements for so enriching our *English Tongue*." V 2.

1598. FRANCIS MERES, in *Palladis Tamia*, refers four times to Watson. ". . . . So also these Englishmen being Latine Poets, *Gualter Haddon*, *Nicholas Car*, *Gabriel Haruey*, *Christopher Ocland*, *Thomas Newton* with his *Leyland*, *Thomas Watson*, *Thomas Campion*, *Brunswerd* and *Willey*, haue attained a good report and honorable aduancement in the Latin Empyre."—f. 280, a.

"As Italy had *Dante*, *Boccace*, *Petrarch*, *Tasso*, *Celiano*, and *Ariosto*: so England had *Mathew Roydon*, *Thomas Aichelow*, *Thomas Watson*, *Thomas Kid*, *Robert Greene* and *George Peele*."—f. 282, b.

"These are our best for Tragedie *Marlow*, *Peele*, *Watson*, *Kid*, *Shakespeare*, *Drayton*, *Chapman*, *Decker*, and *Beniamin Iohnson*."—f. 283, a.

"As *Theocritus* in Greeke, *Virgil* and *Mantuan* in Latine, *Sanazar* in Italian, and the Authour of *Amyntæ Gaudia* and *Walsinghams Melibæus* are the best for pastorall."—f. 284, a.

1600. In another Poetical Miscellany, *England's Helicon*, there are five poems by Watson. The *Amyntas* already given above. The poems reprinted at pp. 44, 128, 73: and the following new one.

(r) *The Nymphes meeting their May Queene, entertaine her with this Dittie.*

With fragrant flowers we strew the way,
And make this our cheefe holy-day.
For though this clime were blest of yore;
Yet was it neuer proud before.

O beauteous Queene of second Troy:
Accept of our vnfayned ioy.

Now th' Ayre is sweeter than sweet Balme,
And Satires daunce about the Palme,
Now earth with verdure newly dight,
Giues perfect signes of her delight.

O beauteous Queene, &c.

Now birds record new harmonie,
And trees doo whistle melodie,
Now euery thing that Nature breedes,
Dooth clad it selfe in pleasant weedes.

O beauteous Queene, &c. *Tho. Watson.*

See Mr. Collier's Reprint, p. 57: in *Seven Eng. Poet. Misc.* 1867.

1602. In another Poetical collection, Davison's *Poetical Rapsodie*: ten poems of the *Ἐκατομπαθία* are quoted; but nothing fresh.

1606. A book of poetical quotations, known as *Englands Parnassus* has two dozen quotations from Watson, all from the *Ἐκατομπαθία*.

We have done. Enough has been adduced to show how high Watson stood in the estimation of his contemporaries. Upon the darkness which has since covered him we will not dwell. May it prove but a long eclipse. May he be justified of his works. May he in future be better known: and recognized as our Scholler-Poet of Love, our English Petrarch.

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THE Ἑκατομπαθία OR PASSIONATE CENTURIE OF LOVE.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. [1582]. London. 1 vol. 4to. See title on p. 23. A partial comparison of the text of the British Museum copy with Mr. Corser's copy, reprinted by the Spenser Society; shows that the original edition varies in some *minutiæ*, in different copies.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

I. *As a separate publication.*

2. 1869. Manchester. *The Spenser Society*. Issue No. VI. [A Facsimile 1 vol. 4to. Reprint, limited to two hundred copies.]

II. *With other Works.*

3. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

MELIBŒUS SIVÈ ECLOGA INOBITUM, &C.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. 1590. London. 1 vol. 4to. See title at p. 140.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. *With other Works.*

2. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

AN EGLOGUE VPON THE DEATH, &C.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. 1590. London. 1 vol. 4to. See title at p. 141.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. *With other Works.*

2. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

THE TEARES OF FANCY OR LOVE DISDAINED.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

None.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. 1593. Lond. 1 vol. 4to. See title at p. 177. The only copy now known is in the collection of S. Christie-Miller, Esq., at Britwell.

II. *With other Works.*

2. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

∴ It will be seen, that three out of the above four works are now reprinted for the first time. When, at Professor HENRY MORLEY'S suggestion, the present Reprint was determined upon, it was not known that the Spenser Society's edition of the first of them was in contemplation. That edition has appeared in the interval, and there is but one regret in connection with it; that the issue of it should be limited to the two hundred members forming that society: beyond which number no copy can be obtained for love or money. When will the day of limited issues come to an end?

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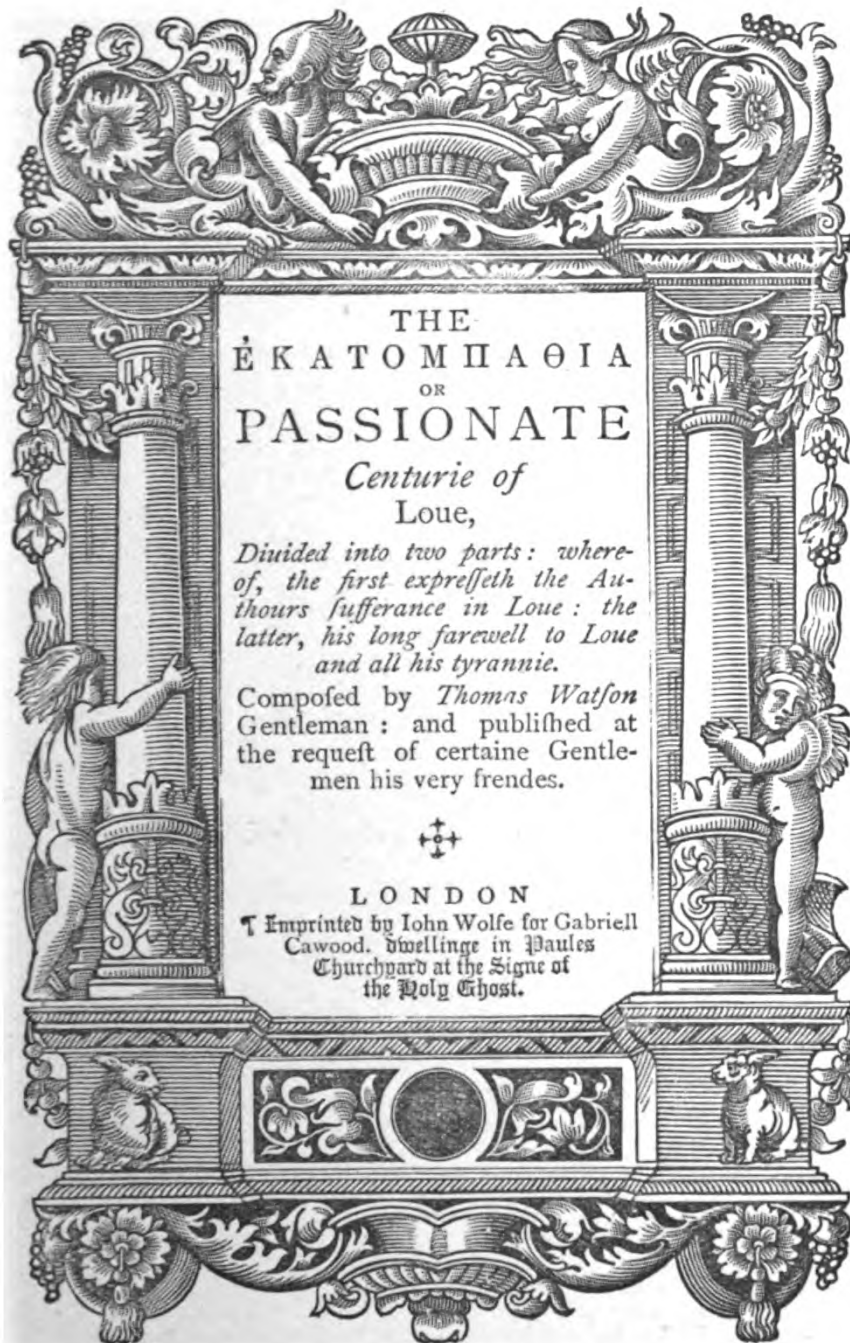
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G. BUCKE.

T. ACHELEY.

C. DOWNHALL.



THE
ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ
OR
PASSIONATE
Centurie of
Loue,

*Diuided into two parts: where-
of, the first expreffeth the Au-
thours sufferance in Loue: the
latter, his long farewell to Loue
and all his tyrannie.*

Composed by *Thomas Watson*
Gentleman: and published at
the request of certaine Gentle-
men his very frendes.



L O N D O N

Printed by John Wolfe for Gabriell
Cawood. dwellinge in Pauls
Churchyard at the Signe of
the Holy Ghost.



To the Right Honorable my
*very good Lord Edward de Vere, Earle
of Oxenford, Vicount Bulbecke, Lord
of Escales, aud Badlesmere, and Lord High
Chamberlaine of England, all
happineffe.*

A*lexander the Great, passing on a time by the
workeshop of Apelles, curiouslie surueyed
some of his doinges : whose long stay in
viewing them, brought all the people into
so great a good liking of the painters worke-
manship, that immediatelie after, they bought vp all his
pictures, what price soeuer he set them at.*

*And the like good happe, (Right Honorable,) befel vnto
mee latelie, concerning these my Loue Pafsions, which then
chaunced to Apelles, for his Portraites. For since the
world hath vnderstood, (I know not how) that your
Honor had willinglie vouchsafed the acceptance of this
worke, and at conuenient leisures fauourablie perused it,
being as yet but in written hand, many haue oftentimes
and earnestly called vpon mee, to put it to the presse,*

that for their mony they might but see, what your Lordship with some liking had alreadie perused. And therewithall some of them said (either to yeeld your Honour his due prayse, for soundnes of iudgement; or to please me, of whome long since they had conceiued well) that Alexander would like of no lines, but such as were drawen by the cunning hand, and with the curious penfill of Apelles. Which I fet not downe here to that end, that I would conferre my Poemes with Apelles Portraites for worthinesse; albeit I fitlie compare your Honors person with Alexanders, for excellencie. But how bold foeuer I haue bene, in turning out this my pettie poore flocke vpon the open Common of the wide world, where euerie man may behold their nakednesse, I humbly make request, that if any storme fall vnlooked for (by the fault of malicious high foreheads, or the poyson of euill edged tongues) these my little ones maye shrowde them selues vnder the broad leafed Platane of your Honours patronage. And thus at this present, I humbly take my leaue; but first wishing the continuall encrease of your Lordships honour, with abundance of true Friends, reconciliation of all Foes, and what good foeuer tendeth vnto perfect happines.

Your Lordships humbly at commaund

Thomas VVatson.

To the frendly Reader.



Ourteous Reader, if anie thing herein either please or profite thee, afforde me thy good worde in recompence of my paines : if ought offend or hurt thee, I desire that thou forget the one, and forgiue the other. This toye being liked, the next may prooue better ; being discouraged, wil cut of the likelihood of my trauaile to come. But by that meanes all will be well, and both parties pleased. For neither shall I repent my labour in the like, nor thou be anie more troubled with my faultes or follies.

Yet for this once I hope that thou wilt in respect of my trauaile in penning these louepassions, or for pitie of my paines in suffering them (although but supposed) so suruey the faultes herein escaped, as eyther to winke at them, as ouersightes of a blinde Louer ; or to excuse them, as idle toyes proceedinge from a youngling frenzie ; or lastlie, to defend them, by saying, it is nothing *Præter decorum* for a maiemed man to halt in his pase, where his wound enforceth him, or for a Poete to falter in his Poëme, when his matter requireth it. *Homer* in mentioning the swiftnes of the winde, maketh his verse to runne in posthaste all vpon *Dactilus* : and *Virgill* in expressing the striking downe of an oxe, letteth the end of his hexameter fall withall, *Procumbit humi bos*.

Therefore if I roughhewed my verse, where my sense was vnsetled, whether through the nature of the passion, which I felt, or by rule of art, which I had learned, it may seeme a happie fault ; or if it were so framed by counsell, thou mayest thinke it well donne : if by chaunce, happelie.

Yet write I not this to excuse my selfe of such errorrs, as are escaped eyther by dotage, or ignorance: but those I referre to thy gentle curtisie and fauourable construction, or lay manie of them vpon the Printers necke, whom I would blame by his owne presse, if he would suffer me.

As for any Aristarchus, Momus, or Zoilus, if they pinch me more then is reasonable, thou courteous Reader, which arte of a better disposition, shalt rebuke them in my behalfe; saying to the first, that my birdes are al of mine own hatching, and that my onelie ouermuch hast made *Sol* angrie in their Birthday; to the second, that although *Venus* be in my verse, yet her slipper is left out; to the last and worst, that I rather take vpon me to write better then *Chærilus*, than once suppose to imitate *Homer*.

I am ouer long, as well for the feare I had to be bitten by such as are captious, as for the desire I haue to please thee that art frendlie. But since I now wel remember me, that nothing is more easlie let flowne, nothing soner disperfed, nothing later recalled backe againe, then the bitter blast of an euill spoaken man, and that he, whome it shall hurt, had no recure but by patience; I will fet it behinde my heele, as a hurt remedileffe, or els, when it comes, salue it vp with patience.

In the meane space (courteous Reader) I once againe craue the fauourable iudgement: and so, for breuitie sake, abruptlie make an end; committing the to God, and my worke to thy fauour.

Thine, as thou art his.
Thomas Watfon.

John Lyly to the Authour his friend.



MY good friend, I haue read your new passions, and they haue renewed mine old pleasures, the which brought to me no lesse delight, then they haue done to your selfe commendations. And certes had not one of mine eies about serious affaires beene watchfull, both by being too too busie had beene wanton: such is the nature of perswading pleasure, that it melteth the marrowe before it scorch the skin, and burneth before it warmeth: Not vnlike vnto the oyle of Ieat, which rotteth the bone and neuer ranckleth the flesh, or the Scarab flies, which enter into the roote and neuer touch the rinde.

And whereas you desire to haue my opinion, you may imagine that my stomake is rather cloyed, then quesie, and therefore mine appetite of lesse force then mine affection, fearing rather a surfet of sweetenes, then desiring a satisfying. The repeating of Loue, wrought in me a remembrance of liking, but serching the very vaines of my hearte, I could finde nothing but a broad scarre, where I left a deepe wounde: and loose stringes, where I tyed hard knots: and a table of steele, where I framed a plot of wax.

Whereby I noted that young swannes are grey, and the olde white, young trees tender, and the old tough, young men amorous, and growing in yeeres, either wiser or warier. The Corall in the water is a soft weede, on the land a hard stone: a sworde frieth in the fire like a blacke ele, but layd in earth like white snowe: the heart in loue is altogether passionate, but free from desire, altogether carelesse.

But it is not my intent to inueigh against loue, which women account but a bare word, and that men reuerence as the best God: onely this I would add without offence to Gentlewomen, that were not men more superstitious in their praises, then women are constant in their passions: Loue would either shortly be worne out of vse, or men out of loue, or women out of lightnes. I can condemne none but by coniecture, nor commend any but by lying, yet suspition is as free as thought, and as farre as I see as necessary, as credulitie.

Touching your Mistres I must needs thinke well, seeing you haue written so well, but as false glasses shewe the fairest faces, so fine gloses amend the baddest fancies. Apelles painted the Phenix by hearesay not by sight, and Lysippus engraued Vulcan with a streight legge, whome nature framed with a poult foote, which proueth men to be of greater affection their iudgement. But in that so aptly you haue varied vppon women, I will not vary from you, so confesse I must, and if I should not, yet mought I be compelled, that to Loue were the sweetest thing in the earth: If women were the faithfullest, and that women would be more constant if men were more wise.

And seeing you haue vsed mee so friendly, as to make me acquainted with your passions, I will shortly make you pryue to mine, which I woulde be loth the printer shoulde see, for that my fancies being neuer so crooked he would put them in streight lines, unfit for my humor, necessarie for his art, who setteth downe, blinde, in as many letters as seeing.

Farewell.



Authoris ad Libellum
suum Protrepticon.



*Ade, precor, timidus patrium mittende per orbem,
Nec nugas iacta parue libelle tuas.
Si quis Aristarchus mordaci læserit ore,
Culparum causas ingeniosus habe.
Si rogat, unde venis, dic tu de paupere Vena,
Non ambire tuas laurea ferta comas.*

*Sique rogat, verbis quis adauxit metra solutis,
Ex animo nomen dic cecidisse tibi.
Forfitan intrabis nostræ sacraria Diuæ,
Quam colit in medijs multa Diana rosis,
Quæ Cybele cæli nostri; quæ gloria regni
Vnica: quæque sui sola Sybilla soli;
Quæ vatum lima est; quæ doctis doctior ipsa;
Iuno opibus, Pallas moribus, ore Venus;
Quæ superat Reges, quantum querceta myricas;
Quam recinat Famæ buccina nulla fatis,
Illa tuos sancto si spectet lumine rithmos,
O quantum gemino Sole beatus eris?
Tu sed stratus humi, supplex amplectere plantas,*

Cuius erit vili pondere læsa manus.
Hic tamen, hinc moneo, ne speres tanta futura ;
Attica non auris murmura vana probat.
Hic quoque seu subeas Sydnæi, siue Dyeri
Scrinia, quæ Musis area bina patet ;
Dic te Xeniolum non diuitis esse clientis,
Confectum Dryadis arte, rudique manu ;
Et tamen exhibitum Vero, qui magna meretur
Virtute et vera nobilitate sua.
Indè sereno vultu te mitis uterque
Perleget, et nœuos condet uterque tuos.
Dum famulus Verum comitans in aurea tecta,
Officij semper sit tibi cura tui.
Tum fortasse pijs Nymphis dabit ille legendum,
Cum de Cyprigeno verba iocosa ferent.
Si qua tui nimium Domini miseretur amantis,
Sic crepita folijs, ut gemuisse putet.
Tetrica si qua tamen blandos damnauerit ignes,
Dic tu, mentito me tepuisse foco ;
Tumque refer talos, et fixum calce sigillum,
Quod Venerem temnis, filiolumque suum.
Taliter efficies, ut amet te candida turba,
Forfan et Autoris palma futura tui.
Viue libelle, precor, Domino felicior ipso,
Quem sine demerito fors inopina premit :
Denique, (si visum fuerit) dic montis in alto
Pierij vacuum tempora dura pati.

A Quatorzain, in the com-
mendation of Master Thomas
Watson, and of his Mistres, for whom
 he wrote this Booke of Pafsionat
Sonnetes.

THe starr's, which did at *Petrarch's* byrthday raigne,
 Were fixt againe at thy natiuity,
 Destening thee the *Thuscan's* poesie,
 Who skald the skies in lofty *Quatorzain*,
 The *Muses* gaue to thee thy fatall vaine,
 The very fame, that *Petrarch* had, whereby
Madonna Laures fame is growne so hy,
 And that whereby his glory he did gaine.
 Thou hast a *Laure*, whom well thou dost commend,
 And to her praise thy pafsion songs do tend ;
 Yee both such praise deferue, as naught can smother ;
 In brieft with *Petrarch* and his *Laure* in grace
 Thou and thy Dame be equall, faue percase
 Thou passe the one, and she excell's the other.

G. Bucke.

To the Authour.

THy booke beginning sweete and ending sowre,
 Deere friend, bewrayes thy false successe in loue,
 Where smiling first, thy Mistres falles to lowre,
 When thou did'st hope her curtesie to proue ;
 And finding thy expected lucke to fayle,
 Thou falst from praise, and dost begin to rayle.
 To vse great tearmes in praise of thy deuise,
 I thinke were vaine : therefore I leaue them out ;
 Content thee, that the Censure of the wise
 Hath put that needeles question out of doubt :
 Yet howe I weigh the worke that thou hast wrought,
 My iudgement I referre vnto thy thought.

T. Acheley.

An Ode, written to the Muses Concerning
this Authour.

You sacred *Nymphes*, *Apolloes* sisters faire,
Daughters of *Ioue*, parentes of rare deuise,
Why take you no delight in change of ayre?
Is *Helicon* your onely paradise?

Hath *Britan* foyle no hill, no heath, no well,
No wood, no wit, wherein you list to dwell?
Ladies voutsafe with pacience once to viewe
Our liuely springs, high hills, and pleasaunte shades,
And as you like the feat and countries hewe,
Pitche downe your tentes, and vse your sporting trades:
Hard hap it is, if nothing here you finde
That you can deeme delightfull to your minde.
Loe *Watson* prest to enterteine your powre
In pleafante springs of flowing wit, and skill:
If you esteeme the pleasures of his bower,
Let *Britan* beare your spring, your groue and hill,
That it hence forth may of your fauour boast,
And him, whome first you heere voutsafe for hoast.

C. Downhalus.

Eiusdem aliud de Authore.

G*ræcia permultos peperit sæcunda poetas.*
Quorum lapsa diu sæcula, fama manet.
Ausonia Argolicæ tellus post æmula laudis
Transtulit in Latios doctum Heliconæ sinus.
Acceptam Latium tenuit fouitque poesin,
Inque dies Laurus auget, Apollo, tuas.
Gallica Parnasso cæpit ditescere lingua,
Ronsardique operis Luxuriare nouis.

*Sola quia interea nullum paris Anglia vatem ?
 Versifices multi, nemo poëta tibi est.
 Scilicet ingenium maius fuit hætenùs arte :
 Forsan et hic merces defit utrique sua.
 Ingenio tandem præstans Watsonus, et arte,
 Pieridas docuit verba Britannia loqui.
 Et faciles alijs aditus patefecit ad artem.
 Quam multi cupiunt fingere, nemo refert.
 Iste tuus labor est, lucrum est Watsone, tuorum ;
 Et tua, ne defint præmia, Laurus erit.*

IT's feldome seene that *Merite* hath his due,
 Or els *Deserte* to find his iust desire :
 For nowe *Reprooffe* with his defacing crewe
 Treades vnderfoote that rightly should aspyre :
 Milde *Industrie* discourag'd hides his face,
 And shuns the light, in feare to meete *Disgrace*.
 Seld seene said I (yet alwaies seene with some)
 That *Merite* gains good will, a golden hyre,
 With whome *Reprooffe* is cast aside for scumme ;
 „ That growes apace that vertue helps t' aspire ;
 And *Industrie* well chearish't to his face
 In sunshine walkes, in spight of fowre *Disgrace*.
 This fauour hath put life into the pen,
 That heere presentes his first fruite in this kinde :
 He hopes acceptance, friendly graunte it then ;
 Perchaunce some better worke doth stay behinde.
 My censure is, which reading you shall see,
 A *Pythy*, *sweete*, and cunning poesy.
M. Roydon.

To the Authour.

IF grauer headdes shall count it ouerlight,
To treate of *Loue*: fay thou to them: *A flaine*
Is incident vnto the finest die.

And yet no flaine at all it is for thee,
These layes of *Loue*, as myrth to melancholy,
To followe fast thy sad *Antigone*,
Which may beare out a broader worke then this,
Compyl'd with iudgement, order, and with arte.
And shrowde thee vnder shadowe of his winges,
Whose gentle heart, and head with learning freight
Shall yeld thee gracious fauour and defence.

G. Peele.

A Quatorzain of the Au-
thour vnto this his booke
of Louepassi-
ons.

MY little booke goe hye thee hence away, [parte
Whose price (God know's) will countervaille no
Of paines I tooke, to make thee what thou arte:
And yet I ioy thy byrth. But hence I fay,
Thy brothers are halfe hurt by thy delaye;
For thou thy selfe arte like the deadly dart,
Which bred thy byrth from out my wounded hart.
But still obserue this rule where ere thou staye,
In all thou mai'st tender thy fathers fame,
„ *Bad is the Bird, that fleth his owne nest.*
If thou be much mislik't, They are to blame,
Say thou, that deedes well donne to euill wrest:
Or els confesse, *A Toye* to be thy name;
„ This trifling world *A Toye* befeemeth best.

The Author in this Pafsion taketh but occafion to open his eftate in loue ; the miserable accidentes whereof are fufficiently defcribed hereafter in the copious varietie of his deuifes : and whereas in this Sonnet he feemeth one while to defpaire, and yet by and by after to haue fome hope of good fucceffe, the contrarietie ought not to offend, if the nature and true qualitie of a loue pafsion bee well confidered. And where he mentioneth that once hee scorned loue, hee alludeth to a peece of worke, whiche he wrote long fince, *De Remedio Amoris*, which he hath lately perfected, to the good likinge of many that haue feene and perused it, though not fully to his owne fancy, which caufeth him as yet to kepe it backe from the printe.

Well fare the life sometimes I ledde ere this,
 When yet no downy heare yclad my face :
 My heart deuoyde of cares did bath in bliffe,
 My thoughts were free in euery time and place :
 But now (alas) all's fowle, which then was faire,
 My wonted ioyes are turning to defpaire.
 Where then I liu'd without controule or checke,
 An other now is miftris of my minde,
Cupid hath clapt a yoake vpon my necke,
 Vnder whose waighte I liue in feruile kinde :
 I now cry creakè, that ere I scorned loue,
 Whose might is more then other Gods aboue.
 I haue affaide by labour to efchewe
 What fancy buildes vpon a loue conceite,
 But neartheleffe my thought reuiues anew,
 Where in fond loue is wrapt, and workes deceite :
 Some comfort yet I haue to liue her thrall,
 In whome as yet I find no fault at all.

In this pafsion the Author describeth in how pitious a cafe the hart of a louer is, being (as he fayneth heere) feperated from his owne body, and remoued into a darkfome and folitarie wildernes of woes. The conueyance of his inuention is plaine and pleafant enough of it felfe, and therefore needeth the leffe annotation before it.

MY harte is fett him downe twixt hope and feares
 Vpon the ftonie banke of high desire,
 To view his own made flud of blubbering teares
 Whofe waues are bitter falt, and hote as fire :
 There blowes no blaft of wind but ghofly grones
 Nor waues make other noyfe then pitious moanes
 As life were fpent he waiteth *Charons* boate,
 And thinkes he dwells on fide of *Stigian* lake :
 But blacke defpaire fome times with open throate,
 Or fpightfull Ieloufie doth caufe him quake,
 With howlinge fhrikes on him they call and crie
 That he as yet fhall nether liue nor die :
 Thus voyde of helpe he fittes in heauie cafe,
 And wanteth voyce to make his iuft complaint.
 No flowr but *Hiacynth* in all the place,
 No funne comes there, nor any heau'nly fainte,
 But onely fhee, which in him felfe remaines,
 And ioyes her eafe though he abound in paines.

This pafion is all framed in manner of a dialogue, wherein the Author talketh with his owne heart, beeing nowe through the commandement and force of loue separated from his bodie miraculouflic, and againft nature, to follow his miftres, in hope, by long attendance vpon her, to purchafe in the end her loue and fauour, and by that meanes to make him felfe all one with her owne heart.

SPeake gentle heart, where is thy dwelling place?
 With her, whose birth the heauens themfelues haue
 bleft.

What doft thou there? Sometimes behold her face,
 And lodge fometimes within her cristall breft:
 She cold, thou hot, how can you then agree?
 Not nature now, but loue doth gouerne me.

With her wilt thou remaine, and let mee die?
 If I returne, wee both fhall die for grieffe:
 If ftill thou ftaye, what good fhall growe thereby?
 Ile moue her heart to purchafe thy reliefe:
 What if her heart be hard, and ftop his eares?
 Ile figh aloud, and make him foft with teares:
 If that preuaile, wilte thou returne from thence?
 Not I alone, her heart fhall come with mee:
 Then will you both liue vnder my defence?
 So long as life will let vs both agree:
 Why then difpaire, goe packe thee hence away,
 I liue in hope to haue a golden daie.

The chiefe grounde and matter of this Sonnet standeth vpon the rehearfall of such thinges as by repute of the Poets, are dedicated vnto *Venus*, whereof the Authour sometime wrote these three Latine verses.

*Mons Erycinus, Acidalius fons, alba columba,
Hesperus, ora Pathos, Rosa, Myrtus, et insula Cyprus,
Idaliumque nemus; Veneri hæc sunt omnia sacra.*

And *Forcatulus* the French Poet wrote vpon the same particulars, but more at large, he beginneth thus,

*Est arbor Veneri Myrtus gratissima, flores
Tam Rosa, quam volucres alba columba præit.
Igniferum cæli præ cunctis diligit astris
Hesperon, Idalium sæpè adit vna nemus. etc.*

SWeete *Venus* if as nowe thou stand my friende,
As once thou didst vnto Kinge ¹*Priams* sonne,
My ioyfull muse shall neuer make an end
Of praising thee, and all that thou hast done :
Nor this my penne shall euer cease to write
Of ought, wherein sweete *Venus* takes delite.
My temples hedged in with *Myrtle* bowes
Shall fet aside *Apolloes Lawrell* tree,
As did ²*Anchises* sonne, when both his browes
With *Myrtle* hee befet, to honour thee :
Then will I say, the *Rose* of flowres is best.
And filuer *Dooues* for birdes excell the rest.
Ile praise no starre but *Hesperus* alone,
Nor any hill but *Erycinus* mounte,
Nor any woodde but *Idaly* alone,
Nor any spring but *Acidalian* founte,
Nor any land but onely *Cyprus* shoare,
Nor Gods but Loue, and what would *Venus* more?

¹ Paris.

• Materna redimitus tempora Mirto. Virg.

All this Pafsion (two verſes only excepted) is wholly translated out of *Petrarch*, where he writeth,

S' amor non è, che dunque è quel ch' i ſento ? Part prima }
Ma s' egli è amor, per Dio che coſa, e quale ? Sonnet 103. }
Se buona, ond' è l' effetto aſpro e mortale ?
Se ria, ond' è sì dolce ogni tormento ?

Heerein certaine contrarieties, whiche are incident to him that loueth extreemelye, are liuely expreſſed by a Metaphore. And it may be noted, that the Author in his firſt halfe verſe of this tranſlation varieth from that ſenſe, which *Chawcer* vſeth in tranſlating the ſelfe ſame: which he doth vpon no other warrant then his owne ſimple priuate opinion, which yet he will not greatly ſtand vpon.

IF't bee not loue I feele, what is it then ?
 If loue it bee, what kind a thing is loue ?
 If good, how chance he hurtes ſo many men ?
 If badd, how happ's that none his hurtes diſproue ?
 If willingly I burne, how chance I waile ?
 If gainſt my will, what forrow will auaille ?

O liueſome death, O ſweete and pleaſant ill,
 Againſt my minde how can thy might preuaile ?
 If I bend backe, and but refraine my will,
 If I conſent, I doe not well to waile ;

{ And touching him, whome will hath made a ſlaue, }
 { The Prouerbe faith of olde, *Selfe doe, ſelfe haue.* }¹

Thus beeing toſt with windes of fundry forte
 Through daung'rous Seas but in a ſlender Boat,
 With errour ſtuft, and driu'n beſide the porte,
 Where voide of wiſdomes fraight it lies afloate,
 I waue in doubt what helpe I ſhall require,
 In Sommer freeze, in winter burne like fire.

¹ Adduntur Tuſcano hij duo verſus.

This passion is a translation into latine of the selfe same sonnet of *Petrarch* which you red lastly alleaged, and commeth fomwhat neerer vnto the Italian phrase then the English doth. The Author when he translated it, was not then minded euer to haue imboldned him selfe so farre, as to thrust in foote amongst our english Poets. But beinge busied in translating *Petrarch* his sonnets into latin new clothed this amongst many others, which one day may perchance come to light: And because it befitteth this place, he is content you suruey it here as a probable signe of his dayly sufferance in loue.

H*Oc si non sit amor, quod persentisco, quid ergo est?
 Si sit amor, tum quid sit amor qualisque rogandum:
 Si bonus est, unde effectus producit acerbos?
 Sin malus, unde eius tormentum dulce putatur?
 Sique volens vrer, quæ tanti causa doloris?
 Sin inuitus amo, quid me lamenta iuuabunt?
 O lethum viuax, ô delectabile damnum,
 Quæ sic me superes, tibi si concedere nolim?
 Et me si patior vinci, cur lugeo victus?
 Aduersis rapior ventis, nulloque magistro,
 Per maris effusi fluctus, in puppe caduca,
 Quæ vacua ingenio, tantoque errore grauata est,
 Ipsus vt ignorem de me quid dicere possim:
 Frigeo, dum media est æstas; dum bruma, calesco.*

This passion of loue is liuely expressed by the Authour, in that he lauishlie praifeth the person and beautifull ornamentes of his loue, one after an other as they lie in order. He partly imitateth herein *Aeneas Siluius*, who setteth^d downe the like in describing *Lucretia* the loue of *Euryalus*; and partly he followeth *Ariosto cant. 7.* where he describeth *Alcina*: and partly borroweth from some others where they describe the famous *Helen of Greece*: you may therefore, if you please aptly call this sonnet as a Scholler of good iudgement hath already Christened it *βινη παρασιτικη*.

HArke you that list to heare what fainte I serue:
 Her yellowe lockes exceede the beaten goulde;
 Her sparkeling eies in heau'n a place deserue;
 Her forehead high and faire of comely moulde;
 Her wordes are musicke all of siluer founde;
 Her wit so sharpe as like can scarfe be found:
 Each eybrowe hanges like *Iris* in the skies;
¹ Her *Eagles* nose is straight of stately frame;
 On either cheeke a *Rose* and *Lillie* lies;
 Her breath is sweete perfume, or hollie flame;
 Her lips more red than any *Corall* stone;
 Her necke more white, then aged ²*Swans* yat mone;
 Her brest transparent is, like *Christall* rocke;
 Her fingers long, fit for *Apolloes* Lute;
 Her slipper such as ³*Momus* dare not mocke;
 Her vertues all so great as make me mute:
 What other partes she hath I neede not say,
 Whose face alone is cause of my decaye.

¹ Nasus Aquilinus ex Persarum opinione maiestatem personæ arguit. ² Vide Chiliad 1. cent. 5 adag. 74. vbi Erasm. ex Philostrati ad vxorem epistola mutuatur.
³ Quale suo recinit funere carmen Olor. Strozza. et vide Plin. de cantu Olorino lib. 10. nat. hist. cap. 23.

Actæon for espying *Diana* as shee bathed her naked, was transformed into a Hart, and sone after torne in pieces by his owne houndes, as *Ouid* describeth at large *lib. 3. Metamorph.* And *Silius Italicus libr. 12. de bello Punico* glaunceth at it in this manner.

*Fama est, cum laceris Actæon flebile membris
Supplicium lueret spectatæ in fonte Dianæ,
Attonitum nouitate mala fugisse parentem
Per freta Ariflæum. etc.*

The Author alluding in al this Pafsion vnto the fault of *Actæon*, and to the hurte, which hee susteined, fetteth downe his owne amorous infelicitie; as *Ouid* did after his banishment, when in an other sence hee applied this fiction vnto himselfe, being exiled (as it should seeme) for hauing at vnawares taken *Cæsar* in some great fault: for thus hee writeth.

*Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? etc.
Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam,
Præda fuit canibus nec minus ille suis.*



A *Actæon* lost in middle of his sport
Both shape and life, for looking but a wry,
Diana was afraid he would report
What secretes he had seene in passing by:
To tell but trueth, the selfe same hurt haue I
By viewing her, for whome I dayly die;
I leefe my woonted shape, in that my minde
Doth suffer wracke vpon the stonie rocke
Of her disdaine, who contrary to kinde
Doth beare a brest more harde then any stocke;
And former forme of limmes is changed quite
By cares in loue, and want of due delight.
I leefe my life in that each secret thought,
Which I conceiue through wanton fond regard,
Doth make me say, that life auaieth nought
Where seruice cannot haue a due reward:
I dare not name the Nymph that works my smart,
Though loue hath grau'n her name within my hart.

Clytia (as *Perottus* witnesseth) was a glorious Nymph, and thereof had her name: for *κλέος* in greeke signifieth glorie: and therefore she aspired to be the loue of *Sol* him selfe, who præserring *Leucothoe* before her, she was in short space ouergonne with such extremitie of care, that by compassion of the Gods shee was transformed into a *Marigolde*; which is significantlie called *Heliotropium*, because euen nowe after change of forme shee still obserueth the rising and going downe of hir beloued the sunne, as *Ouid* mentioneth,

Illa suum, quamuis radice tenetur,

Vertitur ad Solem, mutataque seruat amorem. *Metam. lib. 4.*

And by this it maie easilie bee ghesse, whie in this passion the Authour compareth him selfe with the *Marigold*, and his loue vnto the *Sunne*.

THe *Marigold* so likes the louely Sunne,
 That when he fettes the other hides her face,
 And when he ginnes his morning course to runne,
 She spreads abroad, and shoves her greatest grace;
 So shuts or sprouts my ioy, as doth this flow're,
 When my *Sheesunne* doth either laugh or lowre.
 When shee departes my sight, I die for paine,
 In closing vp my hearte with cloudie care;
 And yet when once I viewe her face againe,
 I streight reuiue, and ioye my wonted fare:
 Therewith my heart ofte faies, when all is done,
 That heu'n and earth haue not a brighter sunne.
 A ieaious thought yet puttes my minde in feare,
 Left *Ioue* him selfe descending from his throne
 Shoulde take by stealth and place her in his spheare,
 Or in some higher globe to rule alone: [their praye
 Which if he shoulde, the heu'ns might boast
 But I (alas) might curfe yat difmall day.

The Authour hath made two or three other paffions vpon this matter that is heere contained, alluding to the losse of his fight and life since the time he first beheld her face, whose loue hath thus bewitched him. But heere hee mentioneth, the blindnesse of *Tyresias* to proceed of an other cause, then he doth in those his other Sonnettes, And heerein he leaneth not to the opinion of the greater sorte of Poets, but vnto some fewe, after whom *Polytian* hath written also, as followeth;

*Baculum dat deinde petentem
Tyresia magni, qui quondam Pallada nudam
Vidit, et hoc raptam pensavit munere lucem.
Suetus in offensos baculo duce tendere gressus
Nec deest ipse sibi, quin sacro instincta furore
Ora mouet, tantique parat solatia damni.*

MYne ¹eyes dye first, which last enioyed life,
Not hurt by bleared eies, but hurt with light
Of such a blazing starre as kindeleth strife
Within my brest as well by day as night :
And yet no poyfned *Cockatrice* lurk't there,
Hervertuous beames dissuade such foolish feare.
Besides, I liue as yet ; though blinded nowe
Like him, that sawe *Mineruaes* naked side,
And lost his fight (poore foule) not knowing howe ;
Or like to him, whome euill chance betide,
In straying farre to light vpon that place,
Where midst a fount he founde *Dianaes* grace.
But he alone, who *Polyphemus* hight,
Trewe patterne was of me and all my woe,
Of all the rest that euer lost their fight :
For being blinde, yet loue possesse him so,
That he each how'r on eu'ry dale and hill
Sung songes of loue to ²*Galatæa* still.

¹ Quod naturale esse, ait Plinius lib. ii. natur. hist c. 36.

² *Galatæa* was a water Nymph and daughter to old *Nereus*.

In this sonnet is couertly set forth, how pleasaunt a passion the Author one day enjoyed, when by chance he ouerharde his mistris, whilst she was singing priuately by her selfe: And sone after into howe sorrowfull a dumpe, or founden extasie he fell, when vpon the first sight of him she abruptlie finished her song and melodie.

Goulden bird and *Phenix* of our age,
 Whose sweete records and more then earthly voice
 By wondrous force did then my grieffe asswage
 When nothing els could make my heart reioyce,
 Thy teunes (no doubt) had made a later end,
 If thou hadst knowen how much they flood my frend.
 When silence dround the latter warbling noate,
 A sudder grieffe eclypst my former ioye,
 My life it selfe in calling *Carons* boate
 Did sigh, and say, that pleasure brought any;
 And blam'd mine eare for listning to the sound
 Of such a songe, as had increast my wound.
 My heauie heart remembring what was past
 Did sorrowe more than any tounge can tell;
 As did the damned foules that stooode agast,
 When *Orpheus* with his wife return'd from hell:
 Yet who would think, that Musike which is swete,
 In curing paines could cause delites to fleete?

The subiect of this passion is all one with that, which is next before it: but that the Authour somewhat more highly here extolleth his ladies excellencie, both for the singularitie of her voyce, and her wonderfull arte in vse and moderation of the same. But moreouer, in this sonnet, the Authour relateth how after the hearing of his mistris sing, his affection towards her by that meanes was more vehemently kindled, then it had bin at any time before.

SMeruaile I, why poets heretofore
 Extold ¹ *Arions* harp or *Mercuries*,
 Although the one did bring a fishe to shore,
 And th' other as a ² signe adorn'd the skies.
 Yf they with me had heard an Angells voice,
 They would vnfay them selues, and praise my choise.
 Not *Philomela* now deserues the price,
 Though sweetely she recount her cause of mone:
 Nor *Phæbus* arte in musicall deuise,
 Although his lute and voyce accord in one;
 Musicke her self, and all the *Muses* nine,
 For skil or voyce their titles may resigne.
 O bitter sweete, or hunny mixt with gall,
 My hart is hurt with ouermuch delight,
 Mine eares wel pleas'd with tunes, yet deafe with all:
 Through musicks helpe loue hath increast his might;
 I stoppe mine eares as wife *Vlisses* bad,
 But all to late, now loue hath made me mad.

¹ Sic methymnæo gauisus Arione
 Delphin, Martial. lib. 8.

² Consurgente freto cedit *Lyra*
 Cyllenæa Ruff. Fest.

The Authour descanteth on forward vpon the late effect, which the song of his Mistres hath wrought in him, by augmenting the heate of his former loue. And in this passion after he hath fet downe some miraculous good effectes of Musicke, hee falleth into question with him selfe, what should be the cause, why the sweete melodie of his Mistres shoulde so much hurte him, contrarie to the kinde and nature of musicall harmonie.

F *Sclepiad* did cure with trumpets founde
 Such men as first had lost their hearing quite:
 And many such as in their drinke lay drownd
Damon reuiu'd with tunes of graue delight:
 And *Theophrast* when ought his minde opprest,
 Vt' d musickes helpe to bring him selfe to rest:
 With founde of harpe *Thales* did make recure
 Of such as lay with pestilence forlorne:
 With Organ pipes *Xenocrates* made pure
 Their wits, whose mindes long *Lunacy* had worne:
 Howe comes it then, that musick in my minde
 Enforceth cause of hurt against her kinde?
 For since I heard a secret heau'nly song,
 Loue hath so wrought by vertue of conceite,
 That I shall pine vpon supposed wrong
 Vnlesse shee yeelde, that did mee such deceit:
 O eares now deafe, O wits al drownd in cares,
 O heart surprys'd with plagues at vnawares.

The Authour still purfuing his inuention vpon the fong of his Miftres, in the laft ftaffe of this fonnet he falleth into this fiction: that whileft he greedelie laied open his eares to the hearing of his Ladies voice, as one more then halfe in a doubt, that *Apollo* him felfe had beene at hand, Loue efpying a time of aduantage, transformed him felfe into the fubftance of aier, and fo deceitfullie entered into him with his owne great goodwill and defire, and nowe by mayne force ftill holdeth his poffeffion.

Some that reporte great *Alexanders* life,
 They fay, that harmonie fo mou'd his mind,
 That oft he roafe from meat to warlike ftife
 At founde of Trumpe, or noyfe of battle kind,
 And then, that mufickes force of fofter vaine
 Cau'd him returne from ftrokes to meat againe.

And as for me, I thinke it nothing ftange,
 That mufick hauing birth from heau'ns aboue,
 By diuers tunes can make the minde to change:
 For I my felfe in hearing my sweete Loue,
 By vertue of her fong both tafted grieffe,
 And fuch delight, as yeelded fome reliefe.
 When firft I gan to giue attentiu eare,
 Thinking *Apolloes* voice did haunte the place,
 I little thought my Lady had beene there:
 But whileft mine eares lay open in this cafe,
 Transform'd to ayre Loue entred with my will,
 And nowe perforce doth keepe poffeffion ftill.

Still hee followeth on with further deuise vpon the late Melodie of his Mistres: and in this sonnet doth namelie preferre her before *Musicke* her selfe, and all the three *Graces*; affirming, if either he, or els *Apollo* bee ordeined a iudge to giue sentence of their desertes on either side, that then his Ladie can not faile to beare both pricke and prize awaie.

NOwe *Musicke* hide thy face or blush for shame,
 Since thou hast heard hir skill and warbling voice,
 Who far beefore thy selfe deseru's thy name,
 And for a *Science* should bee had in choise:
 Or if thou still thy title wilt retaine,
 Equall hir song with helpe of all thy traine.
 But as I deeme, it better were to yeelde
 Thy place to her, to whom the price belongs,
 Then after strife to leese both fame and field.
 For though rude *Satyres* like of *Marsias* fonges,
 And *Choridon* esteeme his oaten quill:
 Compare them with hir voice, and both are ill.
 Nay, which is more, bring forth the *Graces* three,
 And each of them let sing hir song apart,
 And who doth best twill soone appeare by mee,
 When shee shall make replie which rules my heart:
 Or if you needes will make *Apollo* iudge,
 So sure I am to winne I neede not grudge.

In this passion the Authour vpon the late sweete song of his Mistres, maketh her his birde; and therewithall partlie describeth her worthines, and partlie his owne estate. The one parte he sheweth, by the coulour of her feathers, by her statelie minde, and by that souereintie which she hath ouer him: the other, by description of his delight in her companie, and her strangenes, and drawing backe from a dewe acceptance of his seruice.

MY gentle birde, which fung so sweete of late,
 Is not like those, that flie about by kind,
 Her feathers are of golde, shee wantes a mate,
 And knowing wel her worth, is proud of mind:
 And wheras som do keepe their birds in cage,
 My bird keepes mee, and rules me as hir page.
 She feedes mine eare with tunes of rare delight,
 Mine eye with louing lookes, my heart with ioy,
 Wherhence I thinke my seruitude but light,
 Although in deede I suffer great annoye:
 And (sure) it is but reason, I suppose,
 He feele the pricke, that seekes to pluck the *Rose*.
 And who so mad, as woulde not with his will
 Leese libertie and life to heare her sing,
 Whose voice excels those harmonies that fill
Elisian fieldes, where growes eternall spring?
 If mightie *Ioue* should heare what I haue hard,
 She (sure) were his, and all my market marde.

The Author not yet hauing forgotten the songe of his mistres, maketh her in this passion a seconde *Phoenix*, though not of *Arabia*, and yet no lesse acceptable to *Apollo*, then is that bird of *Arabia*. And the cheife causes why *Sol* shoulde fauour hir, he accounteth to be these two, hir excellent beawtie, and hir skill in musike, of which two qualities *Sol* is well knownen to be an especiall cheife patrone, and sometimes the only author or giuer of the fame.

YF Poets haue done well in times long past,
 To glose on trifling toys of little price:
 Why should not I presume to faine as fast,
 Espying forth a ground of good deuise?
 A Sacred *Nymph* is ground whereon ile write,
 The fairest *Nymph* that euer yet saw light.
 And since her song hath fild mine eares with ioye,
 Hir vertues pleas'd my minde, hir face mine eye,
 I dare affirme what some will thinke a toy,
 She *Phœnix* is, though not of *Arabie*;
 And yet the plumes about hir neck are bright,
 And *Sol* him selfe in her hath chiefe delight.¹
 You that will know why *Sol* afoordes her loue,
 Seeke but the cawse why *Peacocks* draw the place,
 Where *Iuno* fitts; why *Venus* likes the *Doue*;
 Or why the *Owle* befits *Mineruaes* grace;
 Then yf you grudge, that she to *Sol* belonge,
 Marke but hir face, and heare hir skill in songe.

¹ Vide Plinium Natur. hist. lib. 10 cap. 2.

This sonnet is perfectly patheticall, and consisteth in two principall pointes: wherof the first conteyneth an accusation of Loue for his hurtfull effects and vsuall tyrannie; the second part is a sudden recantation or excuse of the Authours euill words, by castinge the same vpon the necke of his beloued, as being the onely cause of his late frenzy and blasphemous rage so lauishly powred forth in fowle speaches.

Loue is a fowr delight; a sugred greefe;
 A liuing death; an euerdying life;
 A breache of *Reasons* lawe; a secret theefe;
 A sea of teares; an euerlasting strife;
 A bayte for fooles; a scourge of noble witts;
 A Deadly wound; a shotte which euer hitts.
Loue is a blinded God; an angry boye;
 A *Labyrinth* of dowbts; an ydle lust;
 A slaue to *Beawties* will; a witles toy;
 A rauening bird, a tyraunt most vniust;
 A burning heate; A cold; a flattering foe;
 A priuate hell; a very world of woe.
 Yet mightie *Loue* regard not what I faye,
 Which lye in traunce bereft of all my witts,
 But blame the light that leades me thus astraye,
 And makes my tongue blaspheme by frantike fitts:
 Yet hurt her not, lest I susteyne the smart,
 Which am content to lodge her in my heart.

The Author in this pafsion reproueth the vsuall description of loue; which olde Poetes haue fo long time embraced: and proueth by probabilities that he neither is a childe (as they say) nor blinde, nor winged like a birde, nor armed archer like with bowe and arrowes, neither frantike, nor wife, nor yet vnclouthed, nor (to conclude) anie God at all. And yet when he hath faid al he can to this end, he cryeth out vpon the fecret nature and qualitie of Loue, as being that, whereunto he can by no meanes attaine, although he haue fpend a long and tedious courfe of time in his feruice.

IF *Cupid* were a childe, as *Poets* faine,
 How comes it then that *Mars* doth feare his might?
 If blind; how chance fo many to their paine,
 Whom he hath hitte, can witneffe of his fight?
 If he haue wings to flie where thinkes him beft,
 How happes he lurketh still within my brest?
 If bowe and shaftes should be his chiefest tooles,
 Why doth he fet fo many heartes on fire?
 If he were madde, how could he further fooles
 To whet their wits, as place and time require?
 If wife, how could fo many leeze their wittes,
 Or doate through loue, and dye in frantike fittes?
 If naked still he wander too and froe,
 How doth not Sunne or froft offend his skinne?
 If that a God he be, how falles it fo,
 That all wants end, which he doth once beginne?
 O wondrous thing, that I, whom *Loue* hath fpend,
 Can fcarcelly knowe him felf, or his intent.

In this passion the Authour being ioyfull for a kisse, which he had receiued of his *Loue*, compareth the same vnto that kisse, which sometime *Venus* bestowed vpon *Aesculapius*, for hauing taken a Bramble out of her foote, which pricked her through the hidden spitefull deceyte of *Diana*, by whom it was laied in her way, as *Strozza* writeth. And hee enlargeth his inuention vppon the french prouerbiall speech, which importeth thus much in effect, that three things proceed from the mouth, which are to be had in high account, Breath, Speech, and Kissing; the first argueth a mans life; the second, his thought; the third and last, his loue.

IN time long past, when in *Dianaes* chafe
 A bramble bush prickt *Venus* in the foote,
 Olde *Aesculapius* healpt her heauie case
 Before the hurte had taken any roote: [hard
 Wherehence although his beard were crisping
 She yeilded him a kisse for his rewarde.

My lucke was like to his this other day,
 When she, whom I on earth do worship most,
 For kissing me vouchsafed thus to say,
 Take this for once, and make thereof no boist:

¹ Forthwith my heart gaue signe of ioy by skippes,
 As though our foules had ioyned by ioyning lippes.

And since that time I thought it not amisse
 To iudge which were the best of all thete three;
 Her breath, her speach, or that her daintie kisse,
 And (sure) of all the kisse best liked me:

For that was it, which did reuiue my hart
 Opprest and almost deade with dayly smart.

¹ Siquidem opinati sunt aliqui, in osculo fieri animarum combinationem.

In the first staffe of this passion the Authour imitateth *Petrarch*,
Sonetto 211.

*Chi vuol veder quantunque può Natura
El ciel tra noi, venga à mirar costei, etc.*

And the very like sence hath *Seraphine* in one of his *Strambotti*,
where he beginneth thus,

*Chi vuol veder gran cose altiere e nuoue,
Venga a mirar costei, laquale adoro:
Doue gratia dal ciel continuo piove. etc.*

WHo list to vewe dame *Natures* cunning skil,
And see what heau'n hath added to the fame,
Let him prepare with me to gaze his fill
On her apase, whose gifts exceed ye trump of fame:
But let him come a pafe before she flye
From hence, to fixe her seate aboute the skye.

By *Iuno*s gift she beares a stately grace,
Pallas hath placed skill amidd'ft her brest;
Venus her selfe doth dwell within her face;
Alas I faint to thinke of all the rest;

And shall I tell wherewith I most haue warres?

With those her eyes, which are two heau'nly starres.

Theire beames drawe forth by great attractiue power
My moistned hart, whose force is yet so small,
That shine they bright, or list they but to lowre,
It scarcely dare behold such lights at all,

¹ But sobbes, and fighes, and faith I am vndonne;

No bird but *Ioues* can looke against the funne.

¹Vide Plin. nat. hist. lib. 10. cap. 3. Seraphinum. sonet. 1. vbi de aquila
et lib 29 cap. 6. qui de hac re mutuatur suisque pullis per comparationem le-
ex Aristotelis historia. Porró vide gantissimé canit.

The substance of this passion is taken out of *Seraphine* sonetto 127. which beginneth thus.

*Quando nascesti amor? quando la terra
Se rinueste di verde e bel colore;
Di che fusti creato? d'un ardore,
Che cio lasciuo in se rinchiude e ferra etc.*

But the Author hath in this translation inuerted the order of some verses of *Seraphine*, and added the two last of himselfe to make the rest to seeme the more patheticall.

When wert thou borne sweet *Loue*? who was thy
When *Flora* first adorn'd *Dame Tellus* lap, [fire?
Then sprung I forth from *Wanton hote desire*:
Who was thy nurse to feede thee first with pap?
 Youth first with tender hand bound vp my
 heade,
 Then faide, with *Lookes* alone I should be fed;
What maides had she attendant on her side,
To playe, to singe, to rocke thee fast a sleepe?
 Vaine Niceness, *Beautie Faire*, and *Pompeous Pride*;
By stealth when further age on thee did creepe;
 Where didst thou make thy chiefe abiding place?
 In *Willing Hartes*, which were of gentle race;
What if't wherewith thou wagest warres with me?
 Feare colde as Ice, and *Hope* as hote as fire;
And can not age or death make end of thee?
No, no, my dying life still makes retire;
 Why then sweete *Loue* take pittie on my paine,
 Which often dye, and oft reuiue againe.

The Author in this passion wisheth he were in like estate and condition with the *Looking Glasse* of his mistress; by that means the oftner to be made happy with her favourable and faire aspect. And in the last stasse he alludeth somewhat to the invention of *Seraphine*, where he useth these words, in writing vpon the *Glasse* of his beloved.

*Che ho visto ogni qual vetro render foco
Quando è dal Sol percosso in qualche parte,
È'l Sol che in gliocchi toi dando in quel loco
Douria per reflexion tutta infiammarle etc.*

THou *Glasse*, wherein that *Sunne* delightes to see
Her own aspect, whose beams haue dride my hart,
Would God I might possesse like state with thee,
And ioy some ease to quaile my bitter smart :
 Thou gazest on her face, and she on thine ;
 I see not hers, nor she will looke on mine.
Once hauing lookt her fill, she turnes thee froe,
And leaues thee, though amaz'd, yet wel content ;
But carelesse of my cares, will I or noe,
Still dwells within my breast with tears besprent ;
 And yet my hart to her is such a thrall,
 That she driu'n out, my life departs withall.
But thou deceitfull *Glasse* (I feare) with guyle
Hast wrought my woes to shield thy selfe from ill,
Shot forth her beames which were in thee erewhile,
And burnt my tender breast against my will :
 For *Christall* from it selfe reflectes the *Sunne*
 And fyres his coate, which knows not how tis done.

ScrAPHINE in his *Strambotti* hath many prettie inuentions concerning the Lookingglasse of his Mistres: wherhence many particulars of this passion are cunningly borrowed, part beeing out of one place, and part out of another. And in the latter end is placed this fiction by the Authour, that *Cupid* shooting his arrowe from out the faire eies of his Mistres, did so wounde him with loue and desire, that now he is past all recure by any phicke, and therefore is faine to vse the olde verfe,

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

THou glasse, wherein my *Dame* hath such delight,
As when she braues, then most on thee to gaze,
 I maruel howe her beames that are so bright
 Do neuer cause thy brittle sides to craze:
 Thou should'st by reason mealt or easly breake
 To feele such force, thy substance being weake.
 For when she first with seeming stately grace
 Bestowd on me a louing sweete regard,
 The beames, which then proceeded from her face
 Were such, as for the same I found no warde,
 But needes perforce I must become content
 To mealt in minde till all my wittes were spent.
 And therewithall *Cupido* plaid his part,
 He shotte a shaft throughout her christall eyes,
 Wherewith he cleft in twaine my yeelding heart:
 And this is cause my panting heart still cries,
 I breake, I mealt, helpe heau'ns in my behoue,
 No herbe doth growe whose vertue cureth loue.

It is to be considered in reading this Passion, howe in some answeres, the accent or poynting of the wordes is altered, and therewithall howe the Authour walking in the woods, and bewayling his inward passion of *Loue*, is contraried by the replies of *Echo*: whose meaning yet is not so much to gainfay him, as to expresse her own miserable estate in daily consuming away for the loue of her beloued *Narcissus*; whose vnkindnes *Ouid* describeth at large, together with the extreme loue of *Echo*.¹

Author. **I**N all this world I thinke none lou's but I.
Echo. None lou's but I. **Auth.** Thou foolish
 tattling ghest,
 In this thou telst a lie. **Echo.** thou telst a lie.
Author. Why? *Loue* him selfe he lodgeth in my brest.
Echo. He lodgeth in my brest. **Auth.** I pine for grieffe;
 And yet I want reliefe. **Echo.** I want reliefe.
Author. No starre more faire then she whom I adore.
Echo. Then² he, whom I adore. **Auth.** Herehence I burne
 Stil more and more. **Echo.** I burne stil more and more,
Author. *Loue*, let my heart returne. **Echo.** my heart, returne.
Auth. Is then the *Saint*, for whom thou makest mone,
 And whom I loue, but one? **Echo.** I loue but one.
Author. O heau'ns, is there in loue no ende of ills?
Echo. In loue no ende of ills. **Auth.** Thou pratling voyce.
 Dwelst thou in th' ayre, or but in hollow hills?
Echo. In hollow hills. **Auth.** Cease of to vaunt thy choyse.
Echo. Cease of to vaunt thy choyse. **Auth.** I would replie,
 But here for loue I die. **Echo.** for loue I die.

¹ Lib. 3. Metamorph.

² S. Liquescent immutat sensum.

Here the Author as a man ouertaken with some deepe melancholie, compareth him felfe vnto the *Nightingale*, and conferreth his unhappie estate (for that by no meanes his *Mistresse* will pitie him) with her nightly complaints: to whose harmonie all those that giue attentiu eare, they conceiue more delight in the musicall varietie of her noates, then they take iust compafsion vpon her distressed heauines.

W
 Hen *Maye* is in his prime, and youthfull spring
 Doth cloath the tree with leaues, and ground with
 And time of yere reuiueth eu'ry thing; [flowres,
 And louely *Nature* smiles, and nothing lowres:
 Then *Philomela* most doth straine her brest
 With night-complaints, and fits in litle rest.
 This *Birds* estate I may compare with mine,
 To whom fond *loue* doth worke such wrongs by day,
 That in the night my heart must needes repine,
 And storme with sighes to ease me as I may;
 Whilst others are becalm'd, or lye them still,
 Or sayle secure with tide and winde at will.
 And as all those, which heare this *Bird* complaine,
 Conceiue in all her tunes a sweete delight,
 Without remorse, or pitying her payne:
 So she, for whom I wayle both day and night,
 Doth sport her felfe in hearing my complaint;
 A iust reward for seruing such a *Saint*.

In the first six verses of this Passion, the Author hath imitated perfectly six verses in an *Ode* of *Ronsard*, which beginneth thus:

Celui qui n'ayme est malheureux,
Et malheureux est l'amoureux,
Mais la misere, etc.?

En son 2. liure
 du Bocage.

And in the last staffe of this Passion also he commeth very neere to the sense, which *Ronsard* vseth in an other place, where he writeth to his *Mistresse* in this maner:

En vens tu baiser Pluton
La bas, apres che Caron
T'aura mise en sa naceffe?

En ses meslan-
 ges.

V¹Unhappy is the wight, thats voide of *Loue*,
 And yet vnhappy he, whom *Loue* torments,
 But greatest griefe that man is for'ct to proue,
 Whose haughtie *Loue* not for his loue relents,
 But hoyfing vp her sayle of proude disdain,
 For seruice done makes no returne of gaine.

By this all you, which knowe my tickle state,
 May giue deserued blame to whome I serue,
 And say, that *Loue* hath miserie to mate,
 Since labour breedes but losse, and lets me sterue:

For I am he which liues a lasting thrall
 To her, whose heart affords no grace at all.

She hopes (perchance) to liue and flourish still,
 Or els, when *Charons* boate hath felt her peaze,
 By louing lookes to conquer *Plutoes* will;
 But all in vaine: t'is not *Proserpin's* ease:

She neuer will permit, that any one
 Shall ioy his *Loue*, but she her selfe alone.

¹ *Hii tres versus a Ronsardo describuntur ex Anacreonte Græco.*

In this Pafsion the Authour doth very bufilie imitate and augment a certaine *Ode* of *Ronsard*, which hee writeth vnto his Miftres; he beginneth, as followeth,

*Plusieurs de leurs cors denulés
Se font veuz en diuerfe terre
Miraculeufement mués,
L'un en Serpent, et l'autre en Pierre,
L'un en Fleur, l'autre en Arbriffèau
L'un en Loup etc.?*

Au luire des les
meslanges.

MAny haue liu'd in countreys farre and ny,
Whofe heartes by *Loue* once quite confum'd away,
Strangely their shapes were changed by and by,
One to a *Flow'r*, an other to a *Bay*, [mone,
One to a *Streame*, whofe courfe yet maketh
One to a *Doue*, an other to a *Stone*.

But harke my *Deere*; if wishing could preuaile,
I would become a *Chrifftall Mirrour* I,
Wherein thou might'ft behold what thing I aile:
Or els I would be chang'd into a *Flie*,
To tafte thy cuppe, and being dayly gheft
At bord and bedde, to kiffe thee mid'ft thy reft;
Or I would be *Perfume* for thee to burne,
That with my loffe I might but please thy fmell;
Or be fome facred *Spring*, to ferue thy turne,
By bathing that, wherein my heart doth dwell;
But woe is me, my wishing is but vaine,
Since fate bids *Loue* to work my endleffe paine.

The Authour in this Sonnet in a large maner setteth forth the surpassinge worthines of his *Ladie*, reporting her beawtie and forme to be so singuler, that neither *Appelles* can perfectly drawe her portraicte ; nor *Praxiteles* trewly frame her image and likenes in any kinde of metall. And the like vnablenes he awardeth vnto *Virgil* and *Homer* the two *Paragons* of *Poetrye*, if they should but once endeouour to praise her. And the like insufficiencie he sayeth would be found in *Tullie* him selfe, if he should endeouour to commend her. And then finally he excuseth his owne bould hardines shewed in praying her, vpon the forcible extremitie, which he abideth in *Loue*, and the earnest desire, which he hath to please.

SVch is the *Saint*, whom I on earth adore,
 As neuer age shall know when this is past,
 Nor euer yet hath like byn seene before :
Apelles yf he liu'd would stand agast
¹ With coulours to fet downe her comely fare,
 Who farre excells though *Venus* were in place.
Praxiteles might likewise stand in doute
 In metall to expresse her forme arighte,
 Whose praise for shape is blowne the world throughout:
 Nor *Virgill* could so good a verse indite
 As onely would suffise to tell her name ;
 Nor *Homer* with his *Muse* expresse her fame ;
Tully, whose speach was boulde in eu'ry cause,
 Yf he were here to praise the *Saint* I serue,
 The number of her giftes would make him pause,
 And feare to speake how well she doth deserue.
 Why then am I thus bould that haue no skill ?
 Enforst by *Loue* I shew my zealous will.

¹ Here he aludeth vnto the pour-
 traict of *Venus* which *Apelles* drew :
 as *Ouid* doth *lib. 3. de art. aman.* *Si Venerem Cous nunquam
 pinxisset Appelles.*

In the first part of this Pafsion the Author proueth, that hee abideth more vnrest and hurt for his beloued, then euer did *Leander* for his *Hero*: of which two paramours the mutuall feruency in Loue is most excellently fet foorth by *Museus* the Greeke Poet. In the second part he compareth himselfe with *Pyramus*, and *Hæmon* king *Creons* Sonne of *Thebes*, which were both so true hearted louers, that through Loue they suffered vntimely death, as *Ouid metam. lib. 4.* writeth at large of the one, And the Greeke Tragedian *Sophocles in Antig.* of the other. In the last, in making comparifon of his paynes in Loue to the paines of *Orpheus* descendinge to hell for his *Eurydice*, he alludeth to those two verses in *Strozza*,

*Tartara, Cymba, Charon, Pluto, rota, Cerberus, angues,
Cocyles, Phlegeton, Stix, lapis, vrna, sitis.*

W^Hat though *Leander* swamme in darksome night,
Through troubled *Helespont* for *Heroes* sake;
And lost his life by losse of *Sestus* light?
The like or more my selfe do vndertake,
When eu'ry howre along the lingring yeare,
My ioye is drownde, and hope blowne out with
And what though *Pyram* spent his vitall breath [feare.
For *Thisbes* sake? or *Hæmon* choafe to die
To follow his *Antigone* by death?
In harder case and worfer plight am I,
Which loue as they, but liue in dying still,
And faine would die, but can not haue my will.
We reade that *Orpheus* with his Harpe of golde,
For his *Euridice* went downe to hell:
The toyle is more, by that time all be tolde,
Which I endure for her, whose heart is fell;
The *Stigian Curre*, the *Wheele*, the *Stone*, the *Fire*.
And *Furies* all are plac't in my desire.

There needeth no annotation at all before this Pafsion, it is of it felfe fo plaine, and eafily conuayed. Yet the vnlearned may haue this helpe geuen them by the way to know what *Galaxia* is, or *Pactolus*, which perchaunce they haue not read off often in our vulgar Rimes. *Galaxia* (to omit both the *Etimologie* and what the Philosophers doe write thereof) is a white way or milky Circle in the heauens, which *Ouid* mentioneth in this manner.

Est via sublimis cælo manifesta sereno, Metamorph.
Lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipso. lib. 1.

And *Cicero* thus in *somnio Scipionis*; *Erat autem is splendidissimo candore inter flammæ circulus elucens, quem vos (vt a Graijs accepistis) orbem lacteum nuncupatis.*

Pactolus is a riuer in *Lidia*, which hath golden sandes vnder it, as *Tibullus* witnesseth in this verse,

Nec me regna iuuant, nec Lydius aurifer amnis. Tibul. lib. 3.

WHo can recount the vertues of my deare,
Or say how farre her fame hath taken flight,
That can not tell how many starres appeare
In part of heau'n, which *Galaxia* hight,
Or number all the moates in *Phebus* rayes,
Or golden sandes, whereon *Pactolus* playes?

And yet my hurts enforce me to confesse,
In crystall breast she throwdes a bloody hart,
Which hart in time will make her merits lesse,
Vnlesse betimes she cure my deadly smart:
For nowe my life is double dying still,
And she defam'de by suffrance of such ill;
And till the time she helpes me as she may,
Let no man vndertake to tell my toyle,
But onely suche, as can distinctly say,
What Monsters *Nilus* breedes, or *Affricke* foyle:
For if he doe, his labour is but lost,
Whilst I both frie and freeze twixt flame and frost.

Here the Authour by fayning a troublesome dreame, expreffeth a full Pafsion of *Loue*. And how foeuer some wil confter of this kinde of inuention, it is euident, that the like hath bin vfuall amongft thofe that haue excelled in the sweeteft vaine of Poetrie. And (to let the reft goe,) it may please him that is curious to finde fome president hereof, to vifite but the works of *Hercules Strozza*,¹ who in his *Somnium* hath written fo exquisitely, that the *Dreame* will quite his trauaile, that fhall perufe it with due attention.

IN *Thetis* lappe, while *Titan* tooke his reft,
 I flumbring lay within my reftleffe bedde,
 Till *Morpheus* vfd a falsed foary iest,
 Prefenting her, by whom I ftill am ledde :
 For then I thought ſhe came to ende my wo,
 But when I wakt (alas) t'was nothing fo.
 Embracing ayre in ſteed of my delight,
 I blamed *Loue* as authour of the guile,
 Who with a fecond ſleepe clozd vp my fight,
 And ſaid (me thought) that I muſt bide a while
 Ixions paines, whoſe armes did oft embrace
 Falſe darkned clouds, in ſteed of *Iunoes* grace.
 When I had laine and flumbred thus a while,
 Rewing the dolefull doome that *Loue* aſſign'd,
 A woman *Saint*, which bare an Angels face,
 Bad me awake and eaſe my troubled minde :
 With that I wakt, forgetting what was paſt,
 And ſawe t'was *Hope*, which helped thus at laſt.

¹ Eroticon. lib. 2.

In this Sonnet the Authour is of opinion, that his Mistres (by the fatall appoyntement of destinie) was from the beginning referred to liue in these times, and to bee the onely gouernesse and subiect of his thoughtes : whereas : if either she had bene borne, when *Paris* was to giue sentence vpon *Ida* for bestowing the Golden Apple ; she had (as he supposeth) bene preferred before *Iuno*, *Pallas* and *Venus*, and moreouer supplied that place in the loue of kinge *Priams* sonne, whiche *Helen* of *Greece* obtained : or if shee had then liued when *Bacchus* tooke *Ariadne* to wife, she had bene conuayed in her steede, vnto that place in heau'n, where nowe the Crowne of *Ariadne* called ¹*Corona Gnosia* doth shine continuallie, beinge beautified with greate varietie of lightfome starres.

When *Priams* sonne in midst of *Ida* plaine
 Gaue one the price, and other two the foile,
 If she for whom I still abide in paine
 Had liued then within the *Troyan* foile,
 No doubt but hers had bene the golden ball,
 Helen had scaped rape, and *Troy* his fall.
 Or if my *Dame* had then enjoyed life
 When *Bacchus* fought for *Ariadnaes* loue,
 No doubt but she had onely bene his wife,
 And flowne from hence to sit with Gods aboue :
 For she exceedes his choise of *Create* so farre
 As *Phebus* doth excell a twinckeling starre.
 But from the first all fates haue thus assign'd,
 That she should liue in these our latter dayes,
 I thinke to beare a sway within my minde
 And feede my thoughtes with frendly sweete delays ;
 If so it be, let me attend my chaunce,
 And fortune pipe when I beginne to daunce. ²

¹ Cuius ortum et occasum memorat Plinius nat. hist. lib. 18. c. 28. et. c. 31. ² Assai ben balla a chi Fortuna suona.

The Author in this Sonnet very highly commendeth the most rare excellencies of his mistres, auouching her to haue no equall. And he imitateth the second Sonnet, *Nelle rime di messer Agnolo Fiorenzuola* the Florentine, whose beginning is all one with that heere; and this it is:

*Deh le mie belle donne et amoroſe,
Ditemi il ver per voſtra cortesia,
Non è chiara tra voi la donna mia,
Come è'l Sol chiar tra tutte l'altre coſe?*

YE stately *Dames*, whose beauties farre excell,
Of courtesie confesse at my request,
Doth not my *Loue* amongst you beare the bell,
As *Phebus* goulden rayes obſcures the rest
Of *Planet Starres*, and dimmeth eu'ry light
That shines in heau'n or earth by day or night?
Take wiſtly heed in vewing her ſweete face,
Where nature hath exprest what ere ſhe could
Eather for bewties blaze or comely grace:
Since when to prize her worke ſhe breake the mould,
So that who ſeekes to finde her *Equall* out,
Intends a thing will nere be brought about.
Therefore ſweete *Ladies* all vouchſafe with me
To folow her deſert, and my deſire,
By praying her vnto the ninth degree,
,, For honour by due right is vertues hire,
And *Enuies* mouth muſt ſaye when all is donne,
No *Bird* but one is ſacred to the funne.

In this Pafsion the Authour, as being blinded with Loue, firft compareth himfelfe with *Tirefias* the old Soothfayer of *Thebes*, whome *Iuno* deprived of fight ; but *Ioue* rewarded him with the fpirit of prophecy. Then he alludeth vnto *Actæon* : And laftly he fheweth why he is in worfe cafe, then thofe, which by vewing *Medufæes* heade were turned into floanes, leefing both life and light at once ; and fo concludeth, that olde accurfed *Oedipus* of all other beft befitteth him for a companion.

When firft mine eyes were blinded with *Defire*,
 They had newe feene a *Second Sunne* whofe face
 Though cleere as beaten fnowe, yet kindled fire
 Within my brest, and moulte my heart apafe :
 Thus learned I by prooffe, what others write,
 That *Sunne*, and *fire*, and *fnowe* offend the
 O ten times happie blinded *Theban* wight, [fight.
 Whofe losse of fight did make him halfe diuine,
 Where I (alas) haue loft both life and light,
 Like him, whose hornes did plague his heedles eyen ;
 And yet was he in better cafe then I,
 Which neither liue, nor can obtaine to dye.
 All *Perfeus* foes that fawe *Medufæes* heade,
 By leefing shape and fenfe were quitte from thrall ;
 But I feele paines, though blinde and double deade,
 And was my felfe efficient caufe of all :
 Wherefore, of all that ere did ceafe to fee
¹ Old *Oedipus* were meetest mate for me.

¹ Vide *Sophocl. aut Senecam in tragedijs suis de Oedipi miscrijs.*

Here the Author misliketh of his wearisome estate in loue, for that he neither obtaineth any fauour at the handes of his Mistres for his good thought or speach, nor by his louinge lookes, or presents, nor by his humilitie in writing, or long sufferance in seruitude. And herehence he blameth her ouerhardnes of heart, and the froward constellation of his owne natiuitie : and therewithall abandoning all further desire of life, hath in request vntimely death, as the only end of his infelicitie.

EAch thought I thinke is frend to her I Loue;
 I still in speach vse course of gentle wordes;
 My louing lookes are such as ought to moue;
 My giftes as greate as mine estate affordes;
 My letters tell in what a case I stand, [hand;
 Though full of blots through fault of trembling
 I dewly daunce attendance as I may,
 With hope to please, and feare to make offence;
 All fou'raintie to her I graunt for aye;
 And where she hurtes yet make I no defence;
 Sobbes are the songe, wherein I take delight;
 And shew'rs of teares do dayly dimme my sight.
 And yet all this doth make but small auaille,
 Her heart is hard, and neuer will relent,
 No time, no place, no prayer can preuaile,
 The heau'ns them selues disfaour mine intent:
 Why should I then desire a longer life,
 To weaue therein a webbe of endlesse strife?

The Author in this passion doth by manner of secret comparison preferre his beloued before all other women whatfoeuer: and perswadeth vpon the examples of all fortes of Goddes (whom loue hath ouertaken at one time or other) that the worthines of his Mistres being well considered, his owne fondnes in loue must of force be in it selfe excufable.

IF *Ioue* himselfe be subiect vnto *Loue*
 And range the woodes to finde a mortall praie:
 If *Neptune* from the seas himselfe remoue,
 And seeke on sandes with earthly wightes to plaie:
 Then may I loue my peerelesse choise by right,
 Who farre excels each other mortall wight.

If *Pluto* could by loue be drawne from hell,
 To yeeld him selfe a filly *Virgins* thrall:
 If *Phebus* could voutsafe on earth to dwell,
 To winne a rustike maide vnto his call:
 Then, how much more should I adore the sight
 Of her, in whom the heau'ns themselues delight?

If cuntrie *Pan* might folowe *Nymphes* in chafe,
 And yet through loue remaine deuoyd of blame:
 If *Satirs* were excuf'd for seeking grace
 To ioy the fruites of any mortall *Dame*:
 Then, why should I once doubt to loue her still,
 On whom ne Goddes nor men can gaze their fill?

In the first staffe of this Pafsion the Authour expreffeth howe fondly his friendes ouertrouble him, by queftioninge with him touching his loue, or accidents thereof. In the two laft vertes of the fecond staffe he imitateth thofe verfes of *Sophocles*:

Ἐρωτι μὲν νῦν ὄστις ἀντανίσταται
Πύκτης ὄπως, ἐς χεῖρας, οὐ καλῶς φρονεῖ.
Οὗτος γὰρ ἄρχει καὶ θεῶν, ὄπως θέλει. *In Trachinijs*

which may be thus Englifhed,

*That man, which champion like will ftriue with Loue
And combate hand to hand, hath little witte:
For as he lift he rules the Gods aboue.*

And in the laft, he fetteth downe his mind fully bent to perfift constantly in the loue and feruice of his Ladie: like to that, which *Stephanus Forcatulus* (an excellent Ciuilian, and one of the beft Poetes of Fraunce for thefe many yeares) wrote vnto his beloved *Clytia*:

*Quin noctu pluuium citiùs mirabimur arcum,
Solque domo Hesperidum mane propinquus erit,
Quàm capiat lepidæ me fæda obliuio nymphæ, etc.?*

Some afke me, when, and how my loue begunne;
Some, where it lies, and what effectes it hath;
Some, who ſhe is, by whome I am vndone;
Some, what I meane to treade fo lewde a path;
I anfwere all alike, by anfw'ring nought,
But, *blèst is he, whome Cupid neuer caught*:
And yet I coulde, if forrowe woulde permit.
Tell when and howe I fix't my fancie firſt,
And for whoſe fake I loſt both will and wit,
And choaſe the path, wherein I liue accuſt:
But ſuch like deedes woulde breed a double ſoare,
For *loue* gaineſaide growes madder then before.
But note herewith, that ſo my thoughts are bound
To her in whome my libertie lies thrall,
That if ſhe woulde vouchſafe to ſalue my wound,
Yet force of this my *loue* ſhould neuer fall,
Till *Phæbus* vſe to riſe from out the *Weſt*,
And towardes night ſeeke lodging in the *East*.

The second part of this Passion is borrowed from out the fift
Sonnet in *Petrarch part 1.* whose words are these,

*Piu volte gia per dir le labbra aperfi:
Poi rimase la voce in mezz'l petto:
Ma qual suon poria mai salir tant'alto?
Piu volte incominciai di scriuer versi,
Ma la penna, e la mano, e lo'ntelletto
Rimaser vinto nel primier affalto.*

When first these eyes beheld with great delight
The *Phoenix* of this world, or second *Sunne*,
Her beames or plumes bewitched all my fight,
And loue encreast the hurte that was begunne:
Since when my grieffe is grow'ne so much the more,
Because I finde no way to cure the soare,
I haue attempted oft to make complaine,
And with some dolefull wordes to tell my grieffe,
But through my fearefull heart my voyce doth fainte,
And makes me mute where I shoulde craue releife:
An other while I thinke to write my paine,
But streight my hand laies downe the pen againe.
Sometimes my mind with heapes of doubtfull cares
Conioyn'd with fawning hoapes is fore opprest,
And fometime fuddeine ioy at vnawares
Doth moue to much, and so doth hurte my brest;
What man doth liue in more extreemes then these,
Where death doth seeme a life, and paines doe
please?

The sense contained in this Sonnet will seeme strange to such as neuer haue acquainted themselues with *Loue* and his Lawes, because of the contrarieties mentioned therein. But to such, as *Loue* at any time hath had vnder his banner, all and euery part of it will appeare to be a familiar trueth. It is almost word for word taken out of *Petrarch*, (where hee beginneth,

Pace non truouo, e non ho da far guerra ; Parte prima
E temo, spero, etc. ?) Sonet. 105.

All, except three verses, which this Authour hath necessarily added, for perfecting the number, which hee hath determined to vse in euery one of these his Passions.

Ioy not peace, where yet no warre is found ;
I feare, and hope ; I burne, yet freeze withall ;
I mount to heau'n, yet lie but on the ground ;
I compasse nought, and yet I compasse all ;
 I liue her bond, which neither is my foe,
 Nor frend ; nor holdes me fast, nor lets me goe ;
Loue will not that I liue, nor lets me die ;
Nor lockes me fast, nor suffers me to scape ;
I want both eyes and tongue, yet see and cry ;
I wish for death, yet after helpe I gape ;
 I hate my selfe, but loue an other wight ;
 And feede on greefe, in lieu of sweete delight ;
At selfe same time I both lament and ioy ;
I still am pleas'd, and yet displeas'd still ;
Loue sometimes seemes a *God*, sometimes a *Boy* ;
Sometimes I sincke, sometimes I swimme at will ;
 Twixt death and life, small difference I make ;
 All this deere *Dame* befals me for thy sake.

This Pafsion is framed vpon a fomewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhethorique, whiche of the Grekes is called *παλιλογία* or *ἀναδιπλωσις*, of the Latines *Reduplicatio*: whereof *Sufenbrotus* (if I well remember me) alleadgeth this example out of *Virgill*,

*Sequitur pulcherrimus Aufur,
Aufur equo fidens.*

Æneid. 10.

Happy men that finde no lacke in *Loue*;
 I *Loue*, and lacke what most I do desire;
 My deepe desire no reason can remoue;
 All reason shunnes my brest, that's fet one fire;
 And fo the fire mainetaines both force and flame,
 That force auayleth not against the fame;
 One onely helpe, can flake this burning heate,
 Which burning heate proceedeth from her face,
 Whose face by lookes bewitched my conceite,
 Through which conceite I liue in woefull case;
 O woefull case, which hath no ende of woe,
 Till woes haue ende by fauour of my foe;
 And yet my foe mainetaineth such a Warre,
 As all her Warre is nothing els but Peace;
 But such a Peace, as breedeth secreat Iarre,
 Which Iarre no witte, nor force, nor time can cease;
 Yet cease despaire: for time by witte, or force,
 May force my frendly foe to take remorse.

In this Pafsion the Authour vnder colour of telling his dreame doth very cunningly and liuely praife his Miftres, fo farre forth, as not onely to prefer her before *Helen* of Greece for excellencie of beautie, but alfo before howe many foeuer are nowe liuing in this our age. The dreame of it felfe is fo plainely and effectually fet downe (albeit in fewe wordes) that it neede no further annotation to explaine it.

T His latter night amidft my troubled reft
A *Difmall Dreame* my fearefull hart appald,
 Whereof the fomme was this: *Ioue* made a Feaft,
 To which all *Neighbour, Saintes* and *Gods* were calde:
 The cheere was more then mortall men can thinke,
 And mirth grew on, by taking in their drinke.
 Then *Ioue* amidft his cuppes for feruice done
 Gan thus to ieft with *Ganymede* his boy;
 I faine would finde for thee my preaty *Sonne*
 A fayrer Wife, then *Paris* brought to *Troy*:
 Why, fir, quoth he, if *Phebus* stand my frend, [end.
 Who know's the world, this geere will foone haue
 Then *Ioue* replide that *Phebus* should not choofe
 But do his beft to finde the fayreft face;
 And ſhe once found ſhould neither will nor choofe
 But yeelde her felfe, and change her dwelling place;
 Alas, how much was then my hart affright,
 Which bade me wake and watch my faire delight?

The sense or matter of this Pafsion is taken out of *Seraphine* in his *Strambotti*, who writeth thus,

*Se Salamandra in fiamma viue, e in fuoco,
Non me stupisce quel che fà natura,
Ma costei che è di ghiaccio, e io di fuoco,
È in mezo del mio cuor viue sicura ;
Chi la defende in così ardente fuoco,
Che douendo sguagliar diuenta dura ?
Solo Amor di Natura aspro aduersario,
Che à suo dispetto vnisce ogni contrario.*

THe *Salamander* liues in fire and flame,
And yet but wonder small in Natures worke:
By straunger force *loue* winnes away her fame,
As causing colde in midst of heat to lurke.
Who list of these my paines to take the view,
Will soone confesse that what I say, is true.
For one as colde as hardest frozen yfe,
Is fixed fast, and lodgeth in my brest;
Whome reason can remoue by no deuise,
Nor any force can cause to let me rest:
And yet I still so swimme in hoate desire,
That more I burne then either flame or fire.
How straunge is this? can contraries so gree,
That *Ife* in flame will neither waste nor melt,
But still encrease, and harder growe to bee,
Then erst before? all this my selfe haue felt.
For *Loue* Dame *Natures* foe, without remorse,
Thus coopleth contraries in me by force.

In this Pafsion the Authour mifliketh one while his estate, and by and by after liketh of the fame againe, vpon hoape and likelyhoode of amendment, and throughout the whole Sonnet hee fayneth his Miftres to bee a *Second Sunne*: and by exprefsinge his priuate infelicitie, in either alwayes meltinge away with *Loue*, or growinge fliffe throughe Death approachinge neere him by reafon of dayly cares, hee maketh allufion vnto the diuerfe effectes of the Sunne, whiche maketh the clay much harder, and the wax fofter, then it was before.

That *Second Sunne*, whose beames haue dimd my fight,
 So fcorched hath my hart and fenfes all,
 That cloggd with cares, and voide of all delight,
 I onely feeke, and fue to be her thrall;
 Yet foe this heate increafeth day by day,
 That more and more it haft'neth my decay.

Sometimes I melt, as if my limmes were wax,
 Sometimes grow fliffe, as if they were of clay;
 Thrice happy he whome *Loue* doth neuer vex,
 For any *Second Sunne* doth mealt away:

Nay curfed I blaspHEME the fayrest Light
 That euer yet was feene by day or night.

Perchance her parching heates will once repaire
 My hart againe, and make me all anew:

The *Phenix* fo reuiues amidst the ayre

By vertue of that *Sunne* which all men view:

The vertue of my *Sunne* exceeds the fkye,
 By her I fhall reuiue, though first I die.

The Authour vseth in this Pafsion the like fense to that which he had in the last before it, calling his Mistres a *Second Sunne* vpon earth, wherewith Heauen it selfe is become in *Loue*: But when he compiled this Sonnet, he thought not to haue placed it amongst these his English toys.

F *Oelices alij iuuenes, quos blandula Cypris
 Aptos fecit amoribus,
 Exoptare solent tenebrofa crepuscula noctis,
 Auroræ maledicere :*
*At multo est mihi chara magis pulcherrima coniux
 Tythoni gelidi fenis,
 Dum venit in prima surgentis parte diei,
 Et Soles geminos mihi
 Apperit, et mæsto fœlices reddit ocellos,
 Qudd Soles videam duos,
 Qui simili forma, simili sic luce coruscant,
 Et mittunt radios pares,
 Vt Polus ipse nouo Terræ laqueatus amore
 Flammis inuideat meis,
 Solis et ignoto se torreat igne secundi,
 Oblitus decoris fui,
 Haud fecus atque olim, Cum veris prima venustas
 Multo flore superbijt,
 Et nitidos primùm strophijs ornâre capillos
 Pulchri Nâiadum chori.*

Here the Author bewaileth the extremitie of his estate growinge dayly to be more troublefome then before, and all through the hard hart of his beloued : whome he therefore aptly compareth vnto a stony rocke, which nothinge can moue or waste awaye but longe continuance of time. And hereuppon, after hauing longe striued with himfelfe and his pafsions, hee is quyetly refolued to haue patience, and fo long to perfeuer in the ftill hoping minde of a trewe loue, till by long continuance of time *Loue* be induced to ftande his friend.

ALl yee that loue compare your paines with mine,
 Which voyde of hoape continue ftill her thrall,
 Whofe heart is hard, and neuer will affigne
 A raunfome day, nor once will bow at all,
 Much like the ftony rocke, whofe hardned fide
 Will fcarfely weare with courfe of time or tide.

And yet, fince time can weare each thinge away,
 I will enforce my felfe to liue content,
 Till fo my thoughtes haue fed vpon delay,
 That Reafon rule the roaft and *loue* relent ;
 O vaine attempt in ftriuing with Dispaire,
 I build nought els but caftles in the ayre.
 For why : the Sunne may fooner fhine by night,
 And twinckling ftarres giue glimfinge sparkes by day :
 Then I can ceafe to ferue my *Sweete delight*,
 Whome neither force nor time can driue away :
 Therefore in hoape that *loue* will ftand my friend
 I thus conclude, Each thing but *loue* hath end.

This Pafsion containeth a relation through out from line to line ; as, from euery line of the firft staffe as it standeth in order, vnto euery line of the fecond staffe : and from the fecond staffe vnto the third. The oftener it is read of him that is no great clarke, the more pleafure he fhall haue in it. And this poſie a ſcholler ſet down ouer this Sonnet, when he had well conſidered of it : *Tam caſu, quàm arte et induſtria.* The two firſt lines are an imitation of *Scrappine, Sonnetto 103.*

*Col tempo el Villanello al giogo mena
El Tor ſi fiero, e ſi crudo animale,
Col tempo el Falcon s'ufa à menar l'ale
E ritornare à te chiamando à pena.*

IN time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake ;
In time all haggred Haukes will ſtoope the Lures ;
In time ſmall wedge will cleaue the ſturdieſt Oake ;
In time the Marble weares with weakeſt ſhewres :
 More fierce is my ſweete *loue*, more hard withall,
 Then Beaſt, or Birde, then Tree, or Stony wall.
No yoake preuailes, ſhee will not yeeld to might ;
No Lure will cauſe her ſtoope, ſhe beares full gorge ;
No wedge of woes make printe, ſhe reakes no right ;
No ſhewre of tears can moue, ſhe thinkes I forge :
 Helpe therefore *Heau'nly Boy*, come perce her breſt
 With that ſame ſhaft, which robbes me of my reſt.
So let her feele thy force, that ſhe relent ;
So keepe her lowe, that ſhe vouchſafe a pray ;
So frame her will to right, that pride be ſpent ;
So forge, that I may ſpeede without delay ;
 Which if thou do, I'le ſweare, and ſinge with ioy,
 That *Loue* no longer is a blinded Boy.

This Pafsion conteineth two principal pointes. In the first are placed two similitudes ; in both which the Authour expreffeth his own wilfulnes in loue. In the fecond, he compareth the beautifull eyes of his *Miftrefse* vnto the eyes of the *Bafilique*, which killeth a man with his onely fight being a farre of : whereof *Lucan lib. 9.* faith thus,

*Sibilaque effundens cunctas terrentia pestes,
Ante venena nocens, latè sibi submouet omne
Vulgus, et in vacua regnat Basilicus arena.*

And *Mantuan* in like manner,

*Natus in ardenti Libyæ Basiliscus arena,
Vulnerat aspectu, luminibusque necat.*

LIke as the fillie *Bird* amidst the night,
When *Birders* beate the bush, and shake his nest,
He fluttering forth streight flies vnto the light,
As if it were the day newe sprong from East,
Where so his wilfull wings consume away,
That needes he must become the *Birders* pray :
Or, as the *Flye*, when candles are alight,
Still playes about the flame vntill he burne :
Euen so my heart hath seene a heau'nly fight,
Wherehence againe it hardly can returne :
The beames thereof containe such wondrous flame,
That *Ioue* him selfe would burne to see the same.
I meane a *Virgins* face, whose beautie rare,
Much like the *Bafilique* in *Lybia* foyle,
With onely fight is cause of all my care.
And loads my yeelding heart with endlesse toyle ;
Yet needes I must confesse she hath more grace,
Then all the *Nymphes* that haunt *Dianaes* chafe.

The Author in this Song bewrayeth his dayly Passions in loue to be so troublesome, that to auoide the flames thereof, hee gladly and faine would yeelde himselfe to die, were it not that he feareth a further inconuenience would then arise. For he doubteth least those flames, wherein his soule continuallye burneth, shall make *Charon* afraide to graunt him passage ouer the Lake of *Stix*, by reafon, his old withered boat is apt to take fire.

O great a Light hath fet my mind on fire,
 That flesh and boane confume with secreat flame,
 Each vaine dries vp, wit yeeldes to deepe desire:
 I scarce (alas) dare say, for very shame,
 How faine my soule an interchaunge would make
 Twixt this her present State and *Limbo lake*;
 And yet she dread's, least when she partes from hence,
 Her Heates be such, that *Charon* will retire,
 And let her passe for prayer, nor for ¹pence,
 For feare his with'ed boat be fet on fire;
 So daung'rous are the flames of Mighty *Loue*
 In *Stix* it selfe, in earth, or heau'n aboue.
 Wherefore deere Dame vouchsafe to rew my case,
 And salue the foare which thou thy selfe hast made:
 My Heates first grew by gazing on thy face,
 Whose lights were such, that I could find no shade:
 And thou my weary Soule bend all thy force,
 By Plaintes and Teares to moue her to remorfe.

¹ Naulum intelligit, de quo Iuuenal: *Miserum est post omnia perdere naulum.*

In this Pafsion is effectually fet downe, in how ftraunge a cafe he liueth that is in loue, and in how contrary an eſtate to all other men, which are at deſiaunce with the like follye. And this the Authour expreſſeth here in his owne perſon : therewithall calling vpon *Loue*, to ſtand his friend ; or, if he faile, vpon death, to cut of his wearyſome life.

While others feede, my fancy makes me faſt ;
 While others liue ſecure, I feare miſchaunce ;
 I dread no force, where other ſtand agaiſt ;
 I follow fate where *Fortune* leades the *Daunce*,
 Who like a mumming mate ſo throwes the Dice,
 That Reaſon leefing all, *Loue* winnes the price ;
 Which *Loue* by force ſo worketh in my breaſt,
 That needes perforce I muſt encline my will
 To die in dreames, whiles others liue in reſt,
 And liue in woes while others feele none ill.
 O gentle *Death* let heere my dayes haue ende,
 Or mightie *Loue*, ſo uſe me as thy friend.
 Mine eyes are worne with teares, my wittes with woe,
 My colour dride with cares, my hart with paines,
 My will bewicht, my limmes conſumed foe,
 That ſcarfely bloud, or vitall breath remaynes :
 While others ioy, or ſleepe, I wayle and wake :
 All this (*Deere Dame*,) I ſuffer for thy ſake.

Tityus was the sonne of *Jupiter*, and for attempting to dishonest *Latona*, was slaine by *Apollo*. Since which time the Poetes faine that for punishment he lieth in hell, miserably tormented with a rauening *Vulture*, which feedeth vpon his bowels continuallie : and they as they are consumed, still miraculously growe vp againe, to breed his endlesse miserie, as the Poet witnesseth,



Quid dicam Tityum, cuius sub vulnere saxo Claud. in Gi-
Viscera nascuntur grauibus certantia pœnis? gantomachia.

The Authour compareth his passions with the paines of this *Tityus*, and imitateth *Seneca* writing to the like effect,

Vultur relicto transuolet Tityo ferus,
Meumque pœnæ semper accrescat iecur.

IF *Tityus* wretched wight beheld my paines,
He would confesse his woundes to be but small,
A *Vultur* worfe then his teares all my vaines,
Yet neuer lets me die, nor liue at all :
 Would Gods a while I might possesse his place,
 To iudge of both, which were in better case.
The *Hell* is darke, wherein he suffreth smarte,
And wants not some Companers of his greefe :
I liue in Light, and see what hurtes my hart,
But want some mourning mates for my releefe ;
 His Paine is iust rewarde, his crimes were such :
 My greatest fault is this, I loue too much.
Why then, since too much loue can breede offence,
Thou daung'rous Bird, the roote of my desire,
Goe pearch elsewhere, remoue thy selfe from hence ;
I freeze like Ice, and burne like flaming fire :
 Yet stay good Bird : for if thou soare away,
 Twixt Frost and Flame my dayes will soone decay.

Here the Authour after some dolorous discourse of his vnhappines, and rehearfall of some particular hurtes which he susteineth in the pursute of his loue : first questioneth with his *Lady* of his deferte ; and then, as hauinge made a sufficiente prooffe of his innocency, perfwadeth her to pitie him, whom she herselfe hath hurte. Moreouer it is to be noted, that the first letters of all the verses in this Pafsion being ioyned together as they stand, do containe this posie agreeable to his meaning, *Amor me pungit et vrit.*

A  World of woes doth raigne within my brest,
m  My pensue thoughtes are cou' red all with care,
o Of all that sing the *Swanne* doth please me best.
r Restraint of ioyes exiles my woonted fare,
M Mad mooded *Loue* vsurping Reasons place
e Extremitie doth ouer rule the case.
P Paine drieth vp my vaines and vitall bloud,
u Vnlesse the *Saint* I serue geue helpe in time :
n None els, but she alone, can do me good.
g Graunt then ye Gods, that first she may not clime
i Immortall heau'ns, to liue with *Saintes* aboue,
t Then she vouchsafe to yeeld me loue for loue.
E Examine well the time of my distresse
t Thou dainty *Dame*, for whom I pine away,
V Vnguyltie though, as needes thou must confesse,
r Remembring but the cause of my decay :
i In vewing thy sweete face arose my grieffe,
t Therefore in tyme vouchsafe me some reliefe.

The two first partes of this Sonnet, are an imitation of certaine Greeke verses of *Theocritus*; which verses as they are translated by many good Poets of later dayes, so moste aptlye and plainly by *C. Vrcinus Velius* in his Epigrammes; hee beginneth thus,

*Nuper apis furem pupugit violenter Amorem
Ipsum ex alueolis clam mella fauosque legentem,
Cui summos manuum digitos confixit, at ille
Indoluit, lasæ tumuerunt vulnere palmæ:
Planxit humum, et saltu trepidans pulsauit, et ipsi
Ostendens Veneri, casum narrauit acerbum, etc.*

WHere tender *Loue* had laide him downe to sleepe,
A little *Bee* so stong his fingers end,
That burning ache enforced him to weepe
And call for ¹*Phebus* Sonne to stand his frend,
To whome he cride, I muse so small a thing
Can pricke thus deepe with suche a little Sting.

Why so, sweet *Boy*, quoth *Venus* fitting by?
Thy felse is yong, thy arrowes are but small
And yet thy shotte makes hardest harts to cry?
To *Phebus* Sunne she turned therewithall,
And prayde him shew his skill to cure the fore,
Whose like her *Boy* had neuer felt before.
Then he with Herbes recured soone the wound,
Which being done, he threw the Herbes away, [ground,
Whose force, through touching *Loue*, in felse fame
By haplesse hap did breede my hartes decay:
For there they fell, where long my hart had li'ne
To waite for *Loue*, and what he should assigne.

¹ AEsculapius.

In this Pafsion the Authour boafeth, howe found a pleafure he lately enioyed in the companie of his *Beloued*, by pleafing effectually all his fiue fenfes exterior, and that through the onely benefite of her friendly prefence, and extraordinarie fauour towards him. And in many choyfe particulars of this Sonnet, he imitateth here and there a verfe of *Ronsardes*, in a certaine *Elegie* to *Ianet peintre du Roy*: which beginneth thus,

*Pein moi, Ianet, pein moi ie te fupplie
Dans ce tableau les beautés de m'amie
De la façon, etc.*

W
 Hat happie howre was that I lately pafte
 With her, in whome I fedde my fenfes all?
 With one fure fealed kiffe I pleas'd my tafte;
 Mine eares with woordes, which feemed Muficall;
 My fmelling with her breath, like Ciuet fweete;
 My touch in place where modeftie thought meete.
 But fhall I fay, what obiettes held mine eye?
 Her curled Lockes of Golde, like *Tagus* fandes;
 Her Forehead fmooth and white as *Iuory*,
 Where *Glory*, *State* and *Bafhfullnes* held handes;
 Her Eyes, one making Peace, the other Warres;
 By *Venus* one, the other rul'd by *Mars*;
 Her *Egles* Nofe; her Scarlate Cheekes halfe white;
 Her Teeth of *Orient* Pearle; her gracious fmile;
 Her dimpled Chinne; her Breafte as cleere as light;
 Her Hand like hers, ¹who *Tithon* did beguile.
 For worldly ioyes who might compare with mee,
 While thus I fedde each fenfe in his degree?

¹ Aurora.

The whole inuention of all this Pafsion is deducted out of *Seraphine*, Sonnet 63. whose verses if you reade, you will iudge this Authors imitation the more praise worthy; these they are,

*Come alma affai bramofa e poco accorta
Che mai visto hauea amor fe non depinto,
Disposi vn di cercar suo Laberinto,
Vedere el monſtro, e tanta gente morta.
Ma quel fil d'èragion che chi per ſcorta
Del qual fu tutto el ceco loco cinto
Subito, ahime, fu da lui rotto e vinto,
Talche mai piu trouar ſeppi la porta.*

MY heedeleſſe hart which *Loue* yet neuer knew,
But as he was deſcrib'd with Painters hand,
One day amongſt the reſt would needes goe view
The *Labyrinth* of *Loue*, with all his band.

To ſee the *Minotaure* his ougly face,
And ſuch as there lay flaine within the place.

But ſoone my guiding thrid by Reaſon ſpunne,
Wherewith I paſt a long his darkèſome caue,
Was broake (alas) by him, and ouerrunne,
And I perforce became his captiue ſlaue:
 Since when as yet I neuer found the way
 To leaue that maze, wherein ſo many ſtray.
Yet thou on whome, mine eyes haue gaz'd ſo longe
May'ſt, if thou wilt, play *Ariadnaes* part,
And by a ſecond Thrid reuenge the wronge,
Which through deceit hath hurt my guiltleſſe hart;
 Vouchſafe in time to ſaue and fet me free,
 Which ſeeke and ferue none other *Saint* but thee.

The first Staffe of this Pafsion is much like vnto that inuention of *Seraphine* in his Strambotti, where he saith,

*Morte: che voui? te bramo: Eccomi appresso;
Prendemi: a che? che manchi el mio dolore;
Non posso: ohime, non puoi? non per adesso;
Perche? perd che in te non regna il core. etc.*

The second Staffe somewhat imitateth an other of his Strambotti in the same leafe; it beginneth thus,

*Amor, amor: chi è quel che chiama tanto?
Vn tuo seruo fidel; uon ti conosco; etc.*

The Authour in the laste Staffe, returneth to entreate Death a new, to ende his dayes, as being halfe perfwaded that *Loue* would restore vnto him his hart againe.

Gome gentle Death; who calst? one thats opprest:
What is thy will? that thou abridge my woe,
By cutting of my life; cease thy request,
I cannot kill thee yet: alas, why foe?
Thou want'st thy Hart. Who steale the same away?
Loue, whom thou seru'st, intreat him if thou may.
Come, come, come *Loue*: who calleth me so oft?
Thy Vassall true, whome thou should'st know by right.
What makes thy cry so faint? my voyce is softe,
And almost spent by wayling day and night.
Why then, whats thy request? that thou restore
To me my Hart, and steale the same no more.
And thou, O Death, when I possesse my *Hart*,
Dispatch me then at once: why so?
By promise thou art bound to end my smart.
Why, if thy *Hart* returne, then whats thy woe?
That brought from colde, It neuer will desire
To rest with me, which am more hote then fire.

Here the Authour cheerefully comforting himselfe, rebuketh all those his frendes, or others whatfouer, which pitie his estate in *Loue*: and groundeth his inuention, for the moste part, vpon the old Latine Prouerbe, *Consuetudo est altera natura*. Which Prouerbe hee confirmeth by two examples; the one, of him, that being borne farre North seldome ketcheth colde; the other of the Negro, which beinge borne vnder a hote climate, is neuer smothered with ouermuch heate.

All yee, that greeue to thinke my death so neere,
 Take pitie on your selues, whose thought is blind;
 Can there be Day, vnlesse some Light appeare?
 Can fire be colde, which yeeldeth heate by kinde?
 If *Loue* were past, my life would soone decay,
Loue bids me hoape, and hoape is all my stay.

And you, that see in what estate I stand,
 Now hote, now colde, and yet am liuing still,
 Perfuade your selues, *Loue* hath a mightie hand,
 And custome frames, what pleaseth best her wil.
 A ling'ring vse of *Loue* hath taught my brest
 To harbor strife, and yet to liue in rest.
 The man that dwelles farre North, hath seldome harme
 With blast of winters wind or nipping frost:
 The *Negro* seldome feesles himselfe too warme
¹ If he abide within his natiue coast;
 So, *Loue* in me a *Second Nature* is,
 And custome makes me thinke my Woes are Blisse.

¹ For both experience teacheth and Philosophical reason approueth, than smothered with the heate of the countrey though *Spaine* be more temperate than *Ethyopia* is.

Actna, called in times past *Inesia*, as *Volaterranus* witnesseth, is a hollow hill in *Sicilia*, whose toppe burneth continuallie, the fire being maintained with a vaine of brimstone, and other such like Mineralles, which are within the said Mountaine. Which notwithstanding, the bottome of the hill is verie pleafant, as well for the aboundance of sweete frutes and flowers, as for the number of freshe springes and fountaines. The Poetes faine, that when Iuppiter had with his thunderboltes beaten downe the Gyantes of the earth, which rebelled against heauen, he did forthwith couer and oppresse them all with the weight of this hill *Actna*. These things being well considered, together with the verse of *Horace*;

(*Deus immortalis haberi* De arte Poetica.

*Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Insiluit.*)

It may easly appeare, why the Author in this pafsion compareth his heart vnto the hill.

Here is a monstrous hill in *Sicill* foyle,
Where workes that limping God, which *Vulcan* hight,
And rebell Gyantes lurke, whome *Ioue* did foyle,
When gainst the heau'ns they durst presume to fight;
The toppe thereof breathes out a burning flame,
And *Flora* sittes at bottome of the same.
My swelling heart is such an other hill,
Wherein a blinded God beares all the swaye,
And rebell thoughtes resisting reasons skill
Are bound by will from starting thence awaye;
The toppe thereof doth smoake with scalding smart,
And feldome ioyes obtaine the lowest parte.
Yet learne herewith the diffrence of the twaine:
Empedocles consum'd with *Actnaes* fire
When godheade there he fought, but all in vaine:
But this my heart, all flaming with desire,
Embraceth in it felse an Angels face,
Which beareth rule as Goddesse of the place.

The Author in this Pafsion accuseth his owne eyes, as the principall or onelie caufe of his amorous infelicitie: wherein his hearte is fo oppreffed continuallie with euils, which are contrarie in them felues, that reason can beare no fwaye in the caufe. Therefore in the ende, he instantlie entreateth his Ladie of her speedie fauoure and goodwill, alleaginge what hurte may growe through her longer delaye.

THat thing, wherein mine eyes haue most delight,
 Is greateft caufe my heart doth suffer paine:
 Such is the hurt that comes by wanton fight;
 Which reason striues to vanquish all in vaine;
 This onely fense, more quicke then all the rest,
 Hath kindled holie fire within my brest.
 And fo my mourning hearte is parching drie
 With fending sighes abroad, and keeping care,
 What needes it must consume if longe it lye
 In place, where fuch a flame doth make repaire:
 This flame is *Loue*, whome none may well intreate,
 But onely shee, for whome I suffer heate.
 Then peerelesse *Dame*, the ground of all my grieffe,
 Voutfate to cure the caufe of my complainte:
 No fauoure els but thine can yeelde reliefe.
 But helpe in time, before I further fainte,
 „ For Daunger growes by lingringe till the last,
 „ And phisick hath no helpe, when life is past.

The Authour groundeth this Pafsion vpon three poyntes. In the first, he sheweth how he witting and wilfully followeth his owne hurt, with such like words as *Medæa* sometime vsed,

*Video meliora, proboque,
Deteriora sequor, etc.*

Ouid *Metam*
lib. 7.

In the second, he excuseth his fault vpon the maine force and tyrannie of *Loue*, being the onely gouernour of his wil. And lastly, he humbly entreateth his *Lady* for the restitution of his wonted libertie: desiring her not to exact more of him, then his abilitie of bodie or mind can well susteine, according to the olde verse,

Pelle magis rabida nihil est de Vulpe petendum.

WAs euer man, whose *Loue* was like to mine?
I follow still the cause of my distresse,

My Hart foreseeing hurte, doth yet encline
To seeke the same, and thinkes the harme the lesse.

In doing thus, you aske me what I ayle:
Against maine force what reason can preuaile?

Loue is the *Lord* and *Signor* of my will,
How shall I then dispose of any deede?
By forced Bond, he holdes my freedome still,
He duls each sence, and makes my hart to bleede.

Thou Sacred Nimph, whose vertue wanteth staine,
Agree with *Loue*, and fet me free againe.

Of this my weary Life no day shall fall,
Wherein my penne shall once thy praise forget:
No Night with sleepe shall close mine eyes at all,
Before I make recount of such a debt;

Then force me not to more then well I may,
Besides his Skinne, the Fox hath nought to pay.

The inuention of this Pafsion is borrowed, for the moſt parte from
Seraphine Son. 125. Which beginneth,

*S'el gran tormento i fier fulmini accesi
Perduti haueſi, e li ſuoi ſtrali Amore,
I n'ho tanti traſſitti in meglio el core,
Che ſol da me li potriano eſſer reſi ;
E ſe de gli ampli mari in terra ſteſi
Fuſſe priuo Neptuno, io ſpando fore
Lagryme tante, che con più liquore
Potrebbe nuoui mari hauer ripreſi ; etc.*

IF *Ioue* had loſt his ſhaſtes, and *Ioue* downe threw
His thundring boltes, and ſpent his forked fire,
They onely might recou'ed be anew
From out my Hart croſwounded with deſire ;
Or if *Debate* by *Mars* were loſt a ſpace,
It might be found within the ſelfe ſame place ;
If *Neptunes* waues were all dride vp and gone,
My weeping eyes ſo many teares diſtill,
That greater Seas might grow by them alone ;
Or if no flame were yet remayning ſtill
In *Vulcans* forge, he might from out my breſt
Make choiſe of ſuch as ſhould befit him beſt.
If *Aeole* were depriu'd of all his charge,
Yet ſoone could I reſtore his windes againe,
By fobbing ſighes, which forth I blow at large,
To moue her mind that pleaſures in my paine ;
What man, but I, could thus encline his will
To liue in *Ioue*, which hath no end of ill?

That the vulgar forte may the better vnderstand this Pafsion, I will briefly touch thofe, whom the Author nameth herein, being al damned foules (as the Poets faine) and deftinate vnto fundrie punifhmentes. *Tantalus* hauing his lippes ftill at the brinke of the riuier *Eridanus*, yet dieth for thirft. *Ixion* is tied vnto a wheele; which turneth inceffantly. A vulture feedeth vpon the bowels of *Tityus*, which growe vp againe euer as they are deuoured. *Sifyphus* rowleth a great rounde ftoane vp a fteepe hill, which being once at the top prefently falleth downe amaine. *Belides* are fifty fifters, whose continuall taske is, to fill a bottomleffe tub full of water, by lading in their pitchers full at once.

IN that I thirft for fuch a Goddeffe grace
 As wantes remorfe, like *Tantalus* I die;
 My ftate is equall to *Ixions* cafe,
 Whofe rented limm's ar turn'd eternally,
 In that my toffing toyies can haue no end, [friend.
 Nor time, nor place, nor chaunce will ftand my
 In that my heart confuming neuer dyes,
 I feele with *Tityus* an equall payne,
 On whome an euer feeding Vultur lyes;
 In that I ryfe through hope, and fall againe
 By feare, like *Sifyphus* I labour ftill
 To turl a rowling ftoane againft the hill;
 In that I make my vowes to her alone,
 Whofe eares are deafe, and will reteine no found,
 With *Belides* my ftate is all but one,
 Which fill a tub, whofe bottome is not found.
 A wondrous thing, yat Loue should make the wound,
 Wherein a fecond Hell may thus be found.

Loue hath two arrowes, as *Conradus Celtis* witnesseth in these two verses :

Per matris astrum, et per fera specula, Odarum. lib. 1.
Quæ bina fert sæuus Cupido, etc.

The one is made of leade, the other of golde, and either of them different in quality from the other. The Authour therefore faineth in this Pafsion, that when *Cupid* had stroken him with that of lead, soone after pittying his painefull estate, he thought good to strike his beloued with the other. But her brest was so hard, that the shaft rebounding backe againe, wounded Loue him selfe at vnawares. Wherehence fell out these three inconueniences; first, that Loue himselfe became her thrall, whome hee shoulde haue conquered; then, that she became proud, where she should haue been friendly; and lastly, that the Authour by this meanes despaireth to haue any recure of his vnquiet life, and therefore desireth a speedie death, as alluding to those sententious verses of *Sophocles*.

τί γὰρ βροτῶν ἂν ξὺν κακοῖς μεμιγμένων Electra.
θνήσκειν ὁ μέλλων, τοῦ χρόνου κέρδος φέροι.

which may be thus Englished paraphrastically.

*What can it him auaille to liue a while,
Whome, of all others, euilles are betyde?*

Loue hath two shaftes, the one of beaten gold,
By stroake wherof a sweete effect is wrought:
The other is of lumpishe leaden mould,
And worketh none effect, but what is nought:
Within my brest the latter of the twaine [paine.
Breades feare, feare thought, and thought a lasting
One day amongst the rest sweete *Loue* beganne
To pittie mine estate, and thought it best
To perce my Deare with golde, that she might scanne
My case aright, and turne my toyles to rest:
But from her brest more hard then hardest flint
His shafte flewe backe, and in him selfe made
And this is cause that *Loue* doth stoupe her lure, [printe.
Whose heart he thought to conquere for my sake;
That she is proude; and I without recure:
Which triple hurte doth cause my hope to quake: [disease,
Hoape lost breedes grieffe, grieffe paine, and paine
Disease bringes death, which death will onely please.

This Pafsion is of like frame and fashion with that, which was before vnder the number of XLI. whetherto I referre the Reader. But touching the fense or fubftance of this Pafsion, it is euident, that herein the Authour, by layinge open the long continued grieuefomnes of his misery in *Loue*, feeketh to moue his Miftres to fome compafsion.

MY humble fute hath fet my minde on pride,
 Which pride is caufe thou haft me in difdaine.
 By which difdaine my woundes are made fo wide,
 That wideneffe of my woundes augmentes my paine,
 Which Paine is caufe, by force of fecreate iarres,
 That I fustaine a brunt of priuate Warres.
 But ceafe deere Dame to kindle further strife,
 Let Strifes haue ende, and Peace enioy their place;
 If Peace take place, Pitie may faue my life,
 For Pitie should be show'ne to fuch as trace [awry,
 Most daung'rous wayes, and tread their stepp's
 Or liue my woes: and fuch a one am I.
 Therefore *My Deere Delight* regard my *Loue*,
 Whome *Loue* doth force to follow Fond Defire,
 Which Fond Defire no counsell can remoue;
 For what can counsell doe, to quench the fire
 That fires my hart through fancies wanton will?
 „ *Fancie by kind with Reafon striueth still.*

In the first and second part of this passion, the Author proueth by examples, or rather by manner of argument, *A maiori ad minus*, that he may with good reason yeeld him selfe to the imperie of *Loue*, whome the gods them selues obey; as *Iuppiter* in heauen, *Neptune* in the seas, and *Pluto* in hell. In the last staffe he imitateth certaine Italian verses of M. *Girolamo Parabosco*; which are, as followeth.

Occhi tuoi, anzi stelle alme, et fatali, Selua Seconda.
Que ha prescritto il ciel mio mal, mio bene:
Mie lagrime, e sospir, mio riso. e canto;
Mia spene, mio timor; mio foco e giaccio;
Mia noia, mio piacer; mia vito e morte.

WHo knoweth not, how often *Venus* sonne
 Hath forced *Iuppiter* to leaue his seate?
 Or els, how often *Neptune* he hath wunne
 From seas to fandes, to play some wanton feate?
 Or, howe he hath constrained the Lord of *Stix*
 To come on earth, to practise louing trickes?
 If heau'n, if seas, if hell must needs obey,
 And all therein be subiect vnto *Loue*;
 What shall it then auaille, if I gainsay,
 And to my double hurt his pow'r do proue?
 No, no, I yeeld my selfe, as is but meete:
 For hetherto with fow'r he yeeldes me sweet.
 From out my *Mistres* eyes, two lightfome starres,
 He destinates estate of double kinde,
 My teares, my smyling cheere; my peace, my warres;
 My fighes, my songes; my feare, my hoping minde;
 My fyre, my frost; my ioy, my sorrowes gall;
 My curse, my prayse; my death, but life with all.

This Latine pafsion is borrowed from *Petrarch Sonetto 133.* which beginneth.

*Hor, ch' l ciel, e la terra e' l vento tace,
E le fere, e gli angelli il sonno affrena,
Notte 'l carro stellato in giro mena,
E nel suo letto il mar senz'onda giace; etc.*

Wherein he imitated *Virgill*, ſpeaking of *Dido*, thus.

*Nox erat, et tacitum carpebant feffa ſoporem
Corpora etc.*

And this Author preſumeth, vpon the paines he hath taken, in faithfully tranſlating it, to place it amongſt theſe his owne paſſions, for a ſigne of his greate ſufferance in loue.

D*Vm cœlum, dum terra tacet, ventusque ſileſcit,
Dumque feras, volucresque quies complectitur alta,
Noxque agit in gyrum ſtellantes ſydere currus,
Inque ſuo lecto recubat ſine ſtumine Pontus,
Multa ego contemplor; ſtudeo; conflagro; gemiſco
Et, mea quæ dulcis pœna eſt, mihi ſemper oberrat.
In me bella gero plenusque doloris et iræ,
Paxque mihi modica eſt Lauræ folius in umbra.
Oritur ex vno claro mihi fonte et acerbum,
Et quod dulce ſapit; quorum depaſcor utroque:
Vnica meque manus lædit, læſoque medetur,
Martyriumque meum nullo quia limite clauſum eſt,
Mille neces pacior, vitas totidemque reſumo
Quoque die; ſupereſtque mihi ſpes nulla ſalutis.*

A man singular for his learning, and magistrate of no small account, vpon slight suruey of this booke of passions, eyther for the liking he had to the Author, or for his owne priuate pleasure, or for some good he conceyued of the worke, vouchsafed with his own hand to set down certaine poesies concerning the same: Amongst which, this was one, *Loue hath no leaden heeles*. Whereat the Author glaunceth throughout al this Sonnet; which he purposely compyled at the presse, in remembrance of his worshipfull friend, and in honour of his golden poesie.

When *Cupid* is content to keepe the skies,
 He neuer takes delight in standing still,
 But too and froe, and eu'ry where he flies,
 And eu'ry God subdueth at his will,
 As if his boaw were like to *Fortunes* wheele,
 Him selfe like her, hauing no leaden heele.

When other whiles he passeth *Lemnos* Ile,
 Vnhappy boy he gybes the ¹*Clubfoote Smith*,
 Who threatens him, and bids him stay a while,
 But laughing out he leaues him he forthwith,
 And makes him selfe companion with the *Winde*
 To shew, his heeles are of no leaden kinde.

But in my selfe I haue too trewe a prooffe:
 For when he first espyde my raunging *Heart*,
 He *Falcon* like came sowing from aloofe,
 His swiftly falling stroake encreast my smart:
 As yet my *Heart* the violence it feeles,
 Which makes me say, *Loue hath no leaden heeles*.

¹ Vulcan.

The Author hath wrought this passion out of certaine verses of *Stephanus Forcatulus*, which are these.

*Cor mihi punxit amor, sed punxit præpete telo ;
figitur hoc tum plus, cum magis excutio. etc.
Carpere dictamum Crætæa nil iuuet Ida,
quo vellunt cerui spicula fixa leues.
Telephus hæc eadem fatalia vulnera sensit,
sanare ut tantum, qui facit illa, queat.*

And whereas the Author in the end of this passion, alludeth to the woundes of *Telephus*, he is to be vnderstoode of that *Telephus*, the Sonne of *Hercules*, of whose wounde, being made and healed by *Achilles* onely, *Ouid* writeth thus.

*Vulnus Achillæo quod quondam fecerat hosti,
Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta tulit* De remed.
lib. 1.

And *Propertius* in like manner lib. 2.

*Mysus et Hæmonia iuuenis qui cuspidè vulnus
Senserat, hac ipsa cuspidè sensit opem.*

Suidas mentioneth an other *Telephus*, an excellent Grammarian of *Pergamus*.

IN secrete feate and centre of my hearte,
Vnwares to me, not once suspecting ill,
Blinde *Cupides* hand hath fixt a deadly dart,
Whereat how ere I plucke, it sticketh still,
And workes effect like those of *Arab* foyle,
Whose heades are dipt in poyson steed of oyle.
If 't were like those, wherewith in *Ida* plaine
The *Crætan* hunter woundes the chased deere,
I could with *Diſtame* drawe it out againe,
And cure me so, that skarre should scarce appeare:
¹ Or if *Alcides* shaft did make me bleed,
Machaons art would stand me in some steede.
But being, as it is, I must compare
With fatall woundes of *Telephus* alone,
And say, that he, whose hand hath wrought my care,
Must eyther cure my fatall wounde, or none:
Helpe therefore gentle *Loue* to ease my heart,
Whose paines encrease, till thou withdraw thy dart.

¹ He alludeth to the wound of *Philoctetes*.

In the first staffe of this Passion, The Authour as one more then halfe drowping with despaire, sorrowfully recounteth some particular causes of his unhappinesse in Loue. In the residue, he entreateth a better aspecte of the Planets, to the end, that either his life may bee inclined to a more happie course, or his death be hastned, to end all his misery at once.

MY ioyes are donne, my comfort quite dismay'd,
 My weary wittes bewitch't with wanton will,
 My will by *Fancies* heedeles faulte betrayd,
 Whose eyes on *Beauties* face are fixed still,
 And whose conceyte *Folly* hath clouded foe,
 That Loue concludes, *my heart must liue in woe.*

But change aspect ye angry starres aboue,
 And powrs diuine restore my liberty,
 Or graunte that soone I may enioye my *Loue*,
 Before my life incurre more misery :
 For nowe so hotte is each assault I feele
 As would dissolue a heart more harde then steele.
 Or if you needes must worke my deadly smart,
 Performe your charge by hasting on my death
 In sight of her, whose eyes enthrall my heart :
 Both life and death to her I doe bequeath,
 In hope at last, she will voutsafe to say,
I rewe his death, whose life I made away.

In this passion the Authour some what a farre off imitateth an Ode in *Gervasius Sepinus* written to *Cupid*, where hee beginneth thus :

Quid tenelle puer, Pharetra vbinam est?
Vbi arcus referens acuta Lunæ
Bina cornua? vbi flagrans Amoris
fax? vbi igneus ille arcus, in quo
De ipsis Cælicolis, virisque victis
Vincisque ante ingum aureus triumphas?
Haud possent tua summa numina vnam,
Vnam vincere Virginem tenellam?
Qui fortes animos pudicæ Elisæ
Fortioribus irrigans venenis
Vicisti: etc.

Erotopægni-
con. lib. 1.

C*upid*, where is thy golden quiver nowe?
 Where is thy sturdy Bowe? and where the fire,
 Which made ere this the *Gods* themfelues to bow?
 Shall she alone, which forceth my *Desire*,
 Report or thinke thy Godhead is so small,
 That she through pride can scape from being
Whilom thou ouercam'st the stately minde [thrall?
 Of chaste *Eiſa* queene of *Carthage* land,
 And did'st conſtraine *Pasiſphae* gainſt her kind,
 And broughteſt *Europa* faire to *Creta ſande*,
 Quite through the ſwelling Seas, to pleaſure *Ioue*,
 Whoſe heau'nly heart was touch't with mortall loue.
 Thus wert thou wunt to ſhewe thy force and flight,
 By conqu'ring thoſe that were of higheſt race,
 Where nowe it ſeemes thou changeſt thy delight,
 Permitting ſtill, to thy no ſmall diſgrace,
 A virgin to deſpiſe thy ſelfe, and me,
 Whoſe heart is hers, where ere my body be.

The Authour writeth this Sonnet vnto his very friend, in excuse of his late change of study, manners, and delights, all happening through the default of *Loue*. And here by examples he proueth vnto him, (calling him by the name of *Titus*, as if him selfe were *Gysippus*) that Loue not onely worketh alteration in the mindes of men, but also in the very Gods them selues; and that so farre forth, as first to drawe them from their Celestiall seates and functions, and then to ensnare them with the vnseemely desire of mortall creatures, a Pafsion ill befitting the maiefty of their Godheads.

A Las deere *Titus* mine, my auncient frend,
 What makes thee muse at this my present plight,
 To see my woonted ioyes enioy their end
 And how my Muse hath lost her old delight?
 „ *This is the least effect of Cupids dart,*
 „ *To change the minde by wounding of the heart.*

Alcides fell in loue as I haue done,
 And layd aside both club and Lions skinne:
Achilles too when he faire *Bryses* wunne,
 To fall from warres to wooing did beginne.
 Nay, if thou list, suruey the heau'ns aboue,
 And see how *Gods* them selues are chang'd by *Loue*.
Ioue steales from skies to lye by *Lædaes* side;
Arcas descendes for faire *Aglaurus* fake,
 And *Sol*, so soone as *Daphne* is espied,
 To followe her his Chariot doth forfake:
 No meruaile then although I change my minde,
 Which am in loue with one of heau'nly kinde.

In this Sonnet The Authour seemeth to specifie, that his Beloued maketh her aboade in this our beautifull and faire City of London ; situate vpon the side of the Themse, called in latine *Thamesis*. And therefore, whilst he faineth, that *Thamesis* is honourably to be conueyed hence by all the Gods, towards the Palace of old *Nereus*, he seemeth to growe into some ielosie of his mistres, whose beautie if it were as well known to them, as it is to him, it would (as he saith) both deserue more to be honoured by them, and please *Tryton* much better, then *Thamesis*, although she be the fairest daughter of old *Oceanus*.

C*eanus* not long agoe decreed
 To wedd his dearest daughter *Thamesis*
 To *Tryton* *Neptunes* sonne, and that with speede:
 When *Neptune* sawe the match was not amisse,
 Hee prayde the Gods from highest to the least,
 With him to celebrate the Nuptiall feast.
Loue did descend with all his heau'nly trayne,
 And came for *Thamesis* to *London* side,
 In whose conduct each one imployd his paine
 To reuerence the state of such a *Bride* :
 But whilst I sawe her led to *Nereus* Hall,
 My ielous heart begann to throbb withall
 I doubted I, lest any of that crewe,
 In fetching *Thamesis*, shou[l]d see my *Loue*,
 Whose tising face is of more liuely hewe,
 Then any *Saintes* in earth, or heau'n aboue :
 Besides, I fear'd, that *Tryton* would desire
 My *Loue*, and let his *Thamesis* retyre.

Here the Author, by faining a quarrell betwixt *Loue* and his *Heart*, vnder a shadow expresseth the tyrannie of the one, and the miserie of the other : to sturre vp a iust hatred of the ones iniustice, and cause due compafsion of the others vnhappines. But as he accuseth *Loue* for his readines to hurt, where he may ; so he not excuseth his *Heart*, for desiring a faire imprisonment, when he neded not : thereby specifying in *Loue* a wilfull malice, in his *Heart* a heedlesse follie.

Rue to thinke vpon the difmall day
 When *Cupid* first proclaimed open warre
 Against my *Heart* ; which fledde without delay,
 But when he thought from *Loue* to be most farre,
 The winged boy preuented him by flight,
 And led him captiuelyke from all delight.
 The time of triumph being ouerpast,
 He scarcely knewe where to bestowe the spoile,
 Till through my heedlesse *Heartes* desire, at last,
 He lockt him vp in *Tower* of endlesse toyle,
 Within her brest, whose hardned wil doth vex
 Her silly ghest softer then liquid wex.
 This prison at the first did please him well,
 And seem'd to be some earthly *Paradise*,
 Where now (alas) *Experience* doth tell,
 That *Beawties* bates can make the simple wife,
 And biddes him blame the bird, that willingly
 Choaseth a golden cage for liberty.

The Author in this passion, vpon a reason secret vnto him selfe, extolleth his Mistres vnder the name of a Spring. First he preferreth the same before the sacred fount of *Diana*, which (as *Ouid* witnesseth 3. *Metam* :) was in the valley *Gargaphie*, adioyning to *Thæbes*: then, before *Tagus* the famous riuer in *Spaine*, whose sandes are intermixt with stoare of gold, as may be gathered by those two verses in *Martiall lib. 8.*

*Non illi satis est turbato sordidus auro
Hermus, et Hesperio qui sonat orbe Tagus.*

And lastly, before *Hippocrene*, a fountaine of *Bæotia*, now called the well of the *Muses*, and fained by the *Poëts*, to haue had his fource or beginning from the heele of *Pegasus* the winged horse.

Although the droppes, which chaung'd *Aëæons*
Were halfe diuine, and from a sacred fount; [shape,
Though after *Tagus* sandes the world do gape;
And *Hippocrene* stand in high account:

Yet ther's a *Spring*, whose vertue doth excell

Dianaes fount, *Tagus*, and *Pegase* well.

That happie how'r, wherein I found it furst,
And fat me downe adioyning to the brinke,
My fowe it selfe, supprif'd with vnknow'n thurst,
Did wish it lawfull were thereof to drinke;

But all in vaine: for *Loue* did will me stay

And waite a while in hope of such a pray.

This is that *Spring* quoth he, where *Nectar* flowes,
Whose liquor is of price in heaun's aboue;

This is the *Spring*, wherein sweet *Venus* showes,
By secrete baite how *Beautie* forceth *Loue*.

Why then, quoth I, deere *Loue* how shall I mend,

Or quench my thurst, vnlesse thou stand my frend?

In this pafsion the Authour boroweth from certaine Latine verfes of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abufes of *Iuppiter* in a certaine peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde ; which he hath not yet wholie perfected to the print. Some of the verfes may be thus cited to the explaining of this pafsion, although but lamelie.

*Accipe vt ignaram candentis imagine Tauri
Luserit Europam ficta etc.
Quàm nimio Semelen fuerit complexus amore. etc.
Qualis et Asterien aquilinis prefferit alis :
Quoque dolo Lædam ficto sub olore fefellit.
Adde quòd Antiopam Satyri sub imagine etc.
Et fuit Amphytrio, cum te Tirynihia etc.
Æginæque duos ignis sub imagine natos etc.
Parrhasiam fictæ pharetra Vultuque Dianæ,
Mnemosynen pastor ; serpens Deoida lufit. etc.*

Ouid writeth fomewhat in like manner. *Metam. lib. 6.*

Not she, whom *Ioue* transported into *Crete* ;
Nor *Semele*, to whom he vow'd in haft ;
Nor she, whose flanke he filld with fayned heate ;
Nor whome with *Ægles* winges he oft embrast ;
Nor *Danaë*, beguyl'd by golden rape ;
Nor she, for whome he tooke *Dianaes* shape ;
Nor faire *Antiopa*, whose fruitfull loue
He gayned *Satyr* like ; nor she, whose Sonne
To wanton *Hebe* was conioyn'd aboue ;
Nor sweete *Mnemosyne*, whose loue he wunne
In shepherdes weede ; no such are like the *Saint*,
Whose eyes enforce my feeble heart to faint.
And *Ioue* him selfe may storme, if so he please,
To heare me thus compare my *Loue* with his :
No forked fire, nor thunder can diseafe
This heart of mine, where stronger torment is :
But O how this surpasseth all the rest,
That she, which hurtes me most, I loue her best.

In this Sonnet the Author being, as it were, in halfe a madding moode, falleth at variance with *Loue* himfelfe, and blasphemeth his godheade, as one that can make a greater wounde, then afterwarde he him felfe can recure. And the chiefe cause that he fetteth downe, why he is no longer to hope for helpe at *Loues* hande, is this, becaufe he him felfe could not remedie the hurt which he fusteyned by the loue of faire *Pfyches*.¹

THou foolish God the Author of my griefe,
 If *Pfyches* beames could fet thy heart on fire,
 How can I hope, of thee to haue reliefe,
 Whose minde with mine doth suffer like desire?
 Henceforth my heart shall sacrifice elsewhere
 To such a *Sainte* as higher porte doth beare.
 And such a *Saint* is she, whom I adore,
 As foyles thy force, and makes thee stand aloofe;
 None els, but she, can salue my festred soare;
 And she alone will ferue in my behoofe:
 Then blinded boye, goe packe thee hence away,
 And thou *Sweet Soule*, giue eare to what I say.
 And yet what shall I say? strange is my case,
 In mid'st of froast to burne, and freze in flame:
 Would Gods I neuer had beheld thy face,
 Or els, that once I might possesse the same:
 Or els that chaunce would make me free againe,
 Whose hand helpt *Loue* to bring me to this paine.

¹ Vide Apul.

The chiefe contentes of this Pafsion are taken out of *Seraphine Sonnet, 132.*

*Col tempo passa gli anni, i mesi, e l'hore,
Col tempo le ricchezze, imperio, e regno,
Col tempo fama, honor, fortrezza, e ingegno,
Col tempo giouentu con bella more etc.*

But this Authour inuerteth the order, which *Seraphine* vseth, some times for his rimes sake, but for the most part, vpon some other more allowable consideration.

Time wasteth yeeres, and month's, and howr's:
Time doth consume fame, honour, witt and strength:
Time kills the greenest Herbes and sweetest flowr's:
Time weares out youth and beauties lookes at length:
Time doth conuey to ground both foe and friend,
And each thing els but Loue, which hath no end.
Time maketh eu'ry tree to die and rott:
Time turneth ofte our pleasures into paine:
Time causeth warres and wronges to be forgott:
Time cleares the skie, which first hung full of rayne:
Time makes an end of all humane desire,
But onely this, which fettes my heart on fire.
Time turneth into naught each Princely state:
Time brings a fludd from newe resolued snowe:
Time calmes the Sea where tempest was of late:
Time eates what ere the Moone can see belowe:
And yet no time preuailes in my behoue,
Nor any time can make me cease to loue.

This Pafsion concerneth the lowring of his Miftres and herein for the moft part the Authour imitateth *Agnola firenzuola*; who vpon the like fubieft, writeth as followeth,

*O belle donne, prendam pietade
Di me pur hor' in talpa trafformato
D'huom, che pur dianza ardiua mirar fiſo
Come Aquila il ſol chiar in paradifo.
Coſi va' l mondo, e coſi ſpeſſo accade
A chi ſi fida in amoreſo ſtato, etc.*

V **V** Hat ſcowling cloudes haue ouercaſt the ſkie,
That theſe mine eies can not, as woonte they
Beholde their ſecond *Sunne* intentiuelly? [were,
Some ſtrange Eclipse is hap'ned as I feare,
Whereby my *Sunne* is either bard of light,
Or I my ſelfe haue loſt my feeling quite.
Moſt likely ſoe, ſince *Loue* him ſelfe is blinde,
And *Venus* too (perhaps) will haue it ſo,
That Louers wanting fight ſhall followe kinde.
O then faire Dames bewaile my preſent woe,
Which thus am made a moale, and blindefolderunne
Where *Ægle* like I late beheld the *Sunne*.
But out alas, ſuch guerdon is aſſignde
To all that loue and followe *Cupids* carre:
He tyres their limmes and doth bewitch their minde,
And makes within them felues a laſting warre.
Reason with much adoe doth teach me this,
Though yet I cannot mend what is a miſſe.

The Au[t]hour in this Pafsion feemeth vpon milike of his wearisome estate in loue to enter into a deepe discourfe with him selfe touching the particular miseries which befall him that loueth. And for his sence in this place, hee is very like vnto him selfe, where in a Theame diducted out of the bowelles of *Antigone* in *Sophocles* (which he lately translated into Latine, and published in print) he writeth in very like manner as followeth.

*Mali quando Cupidinis
Venas æstus edax occupat intimas,
Artes ingenium labitur in malas;
Iactatur variè, nec Cereris subit
Nec Bacchi udium; peruigiles trahit
Noctes; cura animum sollicita atterit, etc.*

And it may appeare by the tenour of this Pafsion that the Authour prepareth him selfe to fall from Loue and all his lawes as will well appeare by the sequell of his other Pafsions that followe, which are all made vpon this Posie, *My Loue is past.*

V Here heate of loue doth once possesse the
heart, „
There *cares* oppresse the minde with wondrous
ill, „
Wit runs awrye not fearing future smarte, „
And fond *desire* doth ouermaster will: „
The *belly* neither cares for meate nor drinke, „
Nor ouerwatched *eyes* desire to winke: „
Footesteps are false, and waur'ing too and froe; „
The brightsome *flow'r of beauty* fades away: „
Reason retyres, and *pleasure* brings in woe: „
And *wisedome* yeldeth place to black *decay*: „
 Counsell, and *fame*, and *friendship* are contem'nd: „
 And bashfull *shame*, and *Gods* them selues condem'nd. „
Watchfull *suspect* is linked with *despaire*: „
Inconstant *hope* is often drown'd in *feares*: „
What *folly* hurtes not *fortune* can repayre; „
And *misery* doth swimme in Seas of *teares*: „
 Long vse of *life* is but a lingring foe, „
 And gentle *death* is only end of woe. „

MY LOVE IS PAST.

A
 LL such as are but of indifferent capacitie, and haue some skill in *Arithmetike*, by viewing this Sonnet following compiled by rule and number, into the forme of a piller, may soone iudge, howe much art and study the Author hath bestowed in the same. Wherein as there are placed many preaty obseruations, so these which I will set downe, may be marked for the principall, if any man haue such idle leasure to looke it ouer, as the Authour had, when he framed it. First therefore it is to be noted, that the whole piller (except the basis or foote thereof) is by relation of either halfe to the other *Antitheticall or*

- 2 *Antifillabicall*. Secondly, how this posie (*Amare est insanire*) runneth twyfe through out ye Columne, if ye gather but the first letter of euery whole verse orderly (excepting the two last) and then in like manner take but the last letter of euery one of the said
- 3 verses, as they stand. Thirdly is to bee obserued, that euery verse, but the two last, doth end with the same letter it beginneth, and yet through out the whole a true rime is perfectly obserued, although not after our
- 4 accustomed manner. Fourthly, that the foote of the piller is *Orchematicall*, yat is to say, founded by transfilition or ouer skipping of number by rule and order, as from 1 to 3, 5, 7, and 9; the secreet vertue whereof may be learned in ¹*Trithemius*, as namely by tables of transfilition to decypher any thing that is written by secreet transposition of letters, bee it
- 5 neuer so cunningly conueighed. And lastly, this obseruation is not to be neglected, that when all the foresaide particulars as performed, the whole piller is but iust 18 verses, as will appear in the page following it, *Per modum expansionis*.

¹ Polygraphiæ suæ, lib. 5.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

A Pasquine Piller erected in the despite of Loue.

1 At
 A 2 laft, though
 3 late, farewell
 4 olde well a da : A
 m 5 Mirth or mifchance strike
 a 6 vp a neue alarM, And m
 7 *Cypria la nemica*
 r 8 *miA* Retire to *Cyprus* Ile, a
 e 9 and ceafethy waRR, Elsmuft thou proue how r
 E 10 Reafon can by charme Enforce to flight thy e
 s 11 blindfolde bratte and thee. So frames it with mee now, E
 t 12 that I confefS, The life I ledde in *Loue* deuoyde s t
 I 12 of retT, It was a Hell, where none felte more than I, I
 n 11 Nor anye with lyke miferies forlorN. Since n
 s a 10 therefore now my woes are waxed lefS, And s
 9. Reafon bids mee leaue olde welladA, a
 n 8 No longer fhall the worlde laugh mee
 i 7 to fcorN ; I'le choofe a path that n
 r 6 fhall not leade awrie. Reft i
 5 then with mee from your
 4 blinde *Cupids* carR r
 e. 3 Each one of
 2 you, that
 1 ferue,
 3 and would be
 5 freE. H'is dooble thrall e.
 7 that liu's as *Loue* thinks beft, whofe
 9 hande ftill Tyrant like to hurte is prefte.¹

¹ Huius Columnae Basis, pro sillabarum numero et linearum proportione est Orchematica.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

Expansio Columnæ præcedentis.

A	At last, though late, farewell olde wellada ;	A
m	Mirth for mischaunce strike vp a newe alarm ;	m
a	And <i>Ciprya la nemica mia</i>	a
r	Retyre to <i>Cyprus</i> Ile and cease thy warr,	r
e	Els must thou proue how <i>Reason</i> can by charme	e
E	Enforce to flight thy blyndfold bratte and thee.	E
s	So frames it with me now, that I confess	s
t	The life I ledde in Loue deuoyd of rest	t
I	It was a Hell, where none felt more then I,	I
n	Nor any with like miferies forlorn.	n
s	Since therefore now my woes are wexed less,	s
a	And <i>Reason</i> bids me leaue olde wellada,	a
n	No longer shall the world laugh me to scorn :	n
i	I'le choose a path that shall not leade awri.	i
r	Rest then with me from your blinde <i>Cupids</i> carr	r
e	Each one of you, that serue and would be free.	e
„	¹ H'is double thrall that liu's as <i>Loue</i> thinks best	
„	Whose hand still Tyrant like to hurt is prest,	

¹ Τὸν τοι τύραννον εὐσεβεῖν, οὐ βῆδιον. Sophoc. in Aia. flagell.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Sonnet the Author hath imitated one of *Ronsardes* * *Odes* ; which beginneth thus

*Les Muses lierent vn iour
De chaines de roses Amour,
Et pour le garder, le donnerent
Aus Graces et à la Beautè :
Qui voyans sa desloyauté,
Sus Parnasse l'emprisonnerent. etc.*

* *Au liure de
ses meslanges.*

THe *Muses* not long since intrapping *Loue*
In chaines of roases linked all araye,
Gauē *Beawtie* charge to watch in their behoue
With *Graces* three, lest he should wend awaye :
Who fearing yet he would escape at last,
On high *Parnassus* toppe they clapt him fast.
When *Venus* vnderstoode her Sonne was thrall,
She made posthaste to haue God *Vulcans* ayde,
Solde him her *Gemmes*, and *Ceston* therewithall,¹
To ranfome home her Sonne that was betraide ;
But all in vaine, the *Muses* made no stoare
Of gold, but bound him faster then before.
Therefore all you, whom *Loue* did ere abuse,
Come clappe your handes with me, to see him thrall,
Whose former deedes no reason can excufe,
For killing those, which hurt him not at all :
My selfe by him was lately led awrye,
Though now at last I force my loue to dye.

¹ Vt Martis reuocetur amor, summique Tonantis,
A te Iuno petat Ceston, et ipsa Venus. Martialis.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in this Sonnet expreffeth his mallice towardes *Venus* and her Sonne *Cupid*, by currying fauour with *Diana*, and by fuing to haue the felfe fame office in her walkes and forrest, which sometimes her chafte and beft beloued *Hippolitus* enioyed. Which *Hippolitus* (as *Seruius* witneffeth) dyed by the falfe decept of his Stepmother *Phædra*, for not yeelding ouer himfelfe vnto her inceftuous loue : whereuppon *Seneca* writeth thus,

*Iuuenisque castus crimine incesta iacet,
Pudicus, infons.*

D*iana*, since *Hippolytus* is deade,
Let me enioy thy fauour, and his place : [steade,
My might through will shall stand thee in some
To driue blinde *Loue* and *Venus* from thy chafe :
For where they lately wrought me mickle woe,
I vow me nowe to be their mortall foe.
And doe thou not mistrust my chafteie,
When I shall raunge amidst thy virgine traine :
My raynes are chafned so through miserie,
That *Loue* with me can nere preuaile againe :
„ The childe, whose finger once hath felt the fire,
„ To play therewith will haue but female desire.
Besides, I vow to beare a watchful eye,
Discou'ring such, as passe along thy groue ;
If *Iuppiter* him selfe come loytring by,
Ile call thy crew ; and bid them fly from *Loue* ;
For if they stay, he will obtaine at last,
What now I loathe, because my loue is past.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The chiefeft substance of this Sonnet is borrowed out of certaine Latin verses of *Strozza* a noble man of *Italy*, and one of the best Poëts in all his age : who in describing Metaphorically to his friend *Antonius* the true forme of his amorous estate, writeth thus :

*Unda hic sunt Lachrima, Venti supiriæ, Remi
Vota, Error velum, Mens malefana Ratis ;
Spes Temo, Curæ Comites, Constantia Amoris
Est malus, Dolor est Anchora, Nauita Amor, etc.*

He fouldiar worne with warres, delightes in peace ;
 The pilgrime in his ease, when toyles are past ;
 The ship to gayne the porte, when stormes doe cease ;
 And I reioyce, from Loue discharg'd at last ;
 Whome while I feru'd, peace, rest, and land I lost,
 With grieuofome wars, with toyles, with storms betost.
 Sweete *liberty* nowe giues me leaue to sing,
 What worlde it was, where *Loue* the rule did beare ;
 Howe foolish *Chaunce* by lottes rul'd euery thing ;
 Howe *Error* was *maine faile*, each *waue* a *Teare* ; ,,
 The *master*, Loue him selfe ; deep *sighes* were *winde* ; ,,
Cares rowd with *vowes* the ship *vnmerly minde*. ,,
False hope as *healme* oft turn'd the boat about ; ,,
Inconstant faith stood vp for *middle maste* ,,
Despaire the *cable* twisted all with *Doubt* ,,
 Held *Griping Griefe* the pyked *Anchor* fast ; ,,
Beautie was all the *rockes*. But I at last, ,,
 Am now twife free, and all my loue is past. ,,

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The fense of this Sonnet is for the most part taken out of a letter, which *Aeneas Syluius* wrote vnto his friend, to persuade him, that albeit he lately had published the wanton loue of *Lucretia* and *Euryalus*, yet hee liked nothing lesse then such *fond Loue*; and that he nowe repented him of his owne labour ouer idly bestowed in describing the same.

S
Weete *liberty* restores my woonted ioy,
 And bids me tell, how painters fet to viewe
 The forme of *Loue*. They painte him but a *Boy*,
 As working most in mindes of youthfull crewe :
 They fet him *naked* all, as wanting shame
 To keepe his secreet partes or t'hide the same.
 They paint him blinde in that he cannot spy
 What diffrence is twixt vertue and default.
 With *Boe in hand*, as one that doth defie,
 And cumber heedelesse heartes with fierce affault :
 His other hand doth hold a *brand of fire*,
 In signe of heate he makes through hot desire.
 They giue him *winges* to flie from place to place,
 To note that all are wau'ring like the winde,
 Whose liberty fond *Loue* doth once deface.
 This forme to *Loue* old paynters haue affignd :
 Whose fond effects if any list to proue,
 Where I make end, let them begin to *Loue*.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in the firste staffe of this Sonnet, expreffeth how Loue first went beyond him, by perswading him that all was golde which glistered. In the second, hee telleth, how time broughte hym to trueth, and Trueth to Reason: by whose good counsell he found the way from worfe to better, and did ouergoe the malice of blinde Fortune. In the third staffe, he craueth pardon at euery man for the offences of his youth; and to Loue, the onely cause of his long errour, hee geueth his *ultimum vale*.

Youth made a fault through lightnes of Beleeffe,
 Which fond Beleeffe *Loue* placed in my brest:
 „ But now I finde, that Reason giues reliefe; [best;
 „ And time shewes Trueth, and Wit, thats bought, is
 Mufe not therefore although I chaunge my vaine,
 „ He runnes too farre which neuer turnes againe.
 Henceforth my mind shall haue a watchfull eye,
 Ile scorne *Fond Loue*, and practife of the same:
 The wisedome of my hart shall soone descric
 Each thing thats good, from what deserueth blame:
 My song shalbe; *Fortune* hath spitte her spight,
 And *Loue* can hurt no more withall his might.
 Therefore all you, to whome my course is knowne,
 Thinke better comes, and pardon what is past:
 I finde that all my wildest Oates are fowne,
 And Ioy to see, what now I see at last;
 And since that *Loue* was cause I trode a wry,
 I heere take off his Bels, and let him flie.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

This whole Sonnet is nothing els but a briefe and pithy morall, and made after the selfe same vaine with that, which is last before it. The two first staffes, (excepting onely the two first verses of all) expresse the Authours alteration of minde and life, and his change from his late vaine estate and follies in loue, by a metaphore of the shipman, which by shipwrakes chaunce is happely restoared on a fodeine vnto that land, which he a long time had most wished for.

S Long maintayned warre gainst *Reasons* rule,
 I wandred pilgrime like in *Errors* maze,
 I sat in *Follies* ship, and playde the foole,
 Till on *Repentance* rocke hir sides did craze :
 Herewith I learne by hurtes already past,
 „ That each extreme will change it selfe at last.
 This shipwrakes chance hath set me on a shelve,
 Where neither *Loue* can hurte me any more,
 Nor *Fortunes* hand, though she enforce her selfe;
Discretion graunts to set me safe on shoare,
 Where *guile* is fettred fast and *wisedome* rules,
 To punish *heedeles* hearts and *wilfull* fooles,
 And since the heau'ns haue better lot assign'd,
 I feare to burne, as hauing felte the fire ;
 And proofe of harmes so changed hath my minde,
 That witt and will to *Reason* doe retyre :
 Not *Venus* nowe, nor *Loue* with all his snares
 Can drawe my witts to woes at vnawares.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The two first staves of this Sonnet are altogether sententiall, and euerie one verse of them is grownded vpon a diuerse reason and authoritie from the rest. I haue thought good for breuitie sake, onelie to set downe here the authorities, with figures, whereby to applie euerie one of them to his due lyne in order as they stand. 1. Hieronimus: *In delicijs difficile est seruare castitatem.* 2. Ausonius: *dispulit inconsultus amor etc.* 3. Seneca: *Amor est ociosæ causa sollicitudinis.* 4. Propertius: *Errat, qui sinem vesani quærit amoris.* 5. Horatius: *Semper ardentis acuens sagittas.* 6 Xenophon *scribit amorem esse igne, et flamma flagrantior, quod ignis urat tangentes, et proxima tantum cremet, amor ex longinquo spectante torreat.* 7. Calenti: *Plurima Zelotipo sunt in amore mala.* 8 Ouidius: *Inferet arma tibi sæua rebellis amor.* 9. Pontanus: *Si vacuum sineret perfidiosus amor.* 10. Marullus: *Quid tantum lachrimis meis proterue Insultas puer?* 11. Tibullus: *At lasciuus amor rixæ mala verba ministrat.* 12. Virgilius: *Bellum sæpe petit serus exitiale Cupido.*

„ **L**oue hath delight in sweete delicious fare; 1
 „ **L**oue neuer takes good *Counsell* for his frende; 2
 „ **L**oue author is, and cause of ydle care; 3
 „ **L**oue is distraught of witte, and hath no end; 4
 „ **L**oue shoteth shaftes of burning hote desire; 5
 „ **L**oue burneth more then eyther flame or fire; 6
 „ **L**oue doth much harme through *Iealofies* assault; 7
 „ **L**oue once embrast will hardly part againe; 8
 „ **L**oue thinkes in breach of faith there is no fault; 9
 „ **L**oue makes a sporte of others deadly paine; 10
 „ **L**oue is a wanton *Childe*, and loues to brall. 11
 „ **L**oue with his warre bringes many soules to thrall. 12
 These are the smallest faultes that lurke in *Loue*,
 These are the hurtes which I haue cause to curse,
 These are those truethes which no man can disproue,
 These are such harmes as none can suffer worse.
 All this I write, that others may beware,
 Though now my selfe twise free from all such care.

1 Hierom. 2 Auson. 3 Seneca. 10 Marull. 11 Tibull.
 4 Propert. 5 Horat. 6 Xenoph. 12 Virgil. de Vino et Venere.
 7 Calent. 8 Ouid. 9 Pont.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Latine passion, the Authour translateth, as it were, paraphrastically the Sonnet of *Petrarch*, which beginneth thus.

Tennemi Amor anni vent' vno ardendo, *Sonnet. 313.*
Lieto nel foco, e nel duol pien di speme, etc.

But to make it serue his owne turne, he varieth from *Petrarches* wordes, where he declareth, howe manie yeares he liued in loue, as well before, as since the death of his beloued *Laura*. Vnder which name also the Authour, in this Sonnet, specifieth her, whom he lately loued.

M*E sibi ter binos annos unumque subegit*
Diuus Amor ; lætusque fui, licet ignibus arsi ;
Spemque habui certam, curis licet iclus acerbis.
Iamque duos alios exutus amore perëgi,
Ac si sydereos mea Laura volàrit in orbes,
Duxerit et secum veteris penetralia cordis.
Pertæsum tandem vitæ me pœnitet actæ,
Et pudet erroris pene absumpsisse sub umbra.
Semina virtutum. Sed quæ pars vltima restat,
Supplice mente tibi tandem, Deus alte, repono,
Et malè transactæ deploro tempora vitæ,
Cuius agendus erat meliori tramite cursus,
Litis in arcendæ studijs, et pace colendæ.
Ergò summe Deus, per quem sum clausus in isto
Carcere, ab æterno saluum fac esse periclo.

In the latter part of this Sonnet the Authour imitateth those verses of *Horace*.

*Me tabula facer
Votiuæ paries indicat uuida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.*

Ad Pyrrham
ode. 5.

Whom also that renowned *Florentine M. Agnolo Firenzuola* did imitate long agoe, both in like manner and matter, as followeth.

*O miseri coloro,
Che non prouar di donna fidee mai :
Il pericol, ch'io corsi
Nel tempestoso mar, nella procella
Del lor crudel Amore
Mostrar lo può la tauoletta posta
E le vesti ancor molli
Sospese al tempio del horrendo Dio
Di questo mar crudele.*

YE captiue foules of blindfold *Cyprians* boate
Marke with aduise in what estate yee stande,
Your *Boteman* neuer whistles mearie noate,
And *Folly* keeping sterne, still puttes from lande,
And makes a sport to tosse you to and froe
Twixt *fighing windes*, and furging *waues of woe*.
On *Beawties* rocke she runnes you at her will,
And holdes you in suspense twixt *hope* and *fear*,
Where dying oft, yet are you liuing still,
But such a life, as death much better were ;
Be therefore circumspect, and follow me,
When *Chaunce*, or *chaunge of maners* sets you free.
Beware how you returne to seas againe :
Hang vp your votiuæ tables in the quyre
Of *Cupids* Church, in witnesse of the paine
You suffer now by *forced fond desire* :
Then, hang your throughwett garmentes on the wall,
And sing with me, *That Loue is mixt with gall*.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

Here the Author by comparing the tyrannous delights and deedes of blinde *Cupid* with the honest delights and deedes of other his fellow Goddeffes and Gods, doth blesse the time and howre that euer he forfooke to follow him ; whom he confesseth to haue bene greate and forcible in his doings, though but litle of stature, and in apparence weakelie. Of all the names here mentioned, *Hebe* is feldomest redde, wherefore know they which know it not alreadie, that *Hebe* (as *Seruius* writeth) is *Iuno*s daughter, hauing no father, and now wife to *Hercules*, and Goddesse of youth, and youthlie sporting. and was cupbearer to *Ioue*, till she fell in the presence of all the Goddes, so vnhappelie, that they sawe her priuities, whereupon *Ioue* being angry, substituted *Ganimedes* into her office and place.

Hebus delightes to view his *Lawrel Tree* ;
 The *Popplar* pleafeth *Hercules* alone ;
Melista mother is, and fautrix to the *Bee*,
Pallas will weare the *Oliue* branche or none ;
 Of shepheardes and their flocke *Pales* is Quene ;
 And *Ceres* rypes the corne, was lately greene ;
 To *Chloris* eu'ry flower belonges of right ;
 The *Dryade Nimphs* of woodes make chiefe accoumpt ;
Oreades in hills haue their delight ;
Diana doth protect each bubblinge *Fount* ;
 To *Hebe* louely kissing is assign'd ;
 To *Zephire* eu'ry gentle breathing winde.
 But what is *Loues* delight ? to hurt each where ;
 „ He cares not whome, with dartes of deepe desire ;
 „ With watchfull ielosie, with hope, with feare,
 „ With nipping cold, and secrete flames of fire.
 O happye howre wherein I did forgoe
 This litle God, so greate a cause of woe.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In the first and sixth line of this Passion the Authour alludeth to two sententious verses in *Sophocles*; whereof the first is,

ὦ μῶρε, θυμὸς δ' ἐν κακοῖς οὐ ζύμφορον,¹
O foole, in euills fretting nought auailles.

The second
 φανθὲν τίς ἂν δύναται ἀγέννητον ποιεῖν.²
For who can make vndon what once is done!

In the other two staves following, the Authour purfueth on his matter, beginning and ending euery line with the selfe same fillable he vsed in the first: wherein hee imitateth some Italian Poets, who more to trie their witts, [t]hen for any other conceite, haue written after the like manner.

MY loue is past, woe woorth the day and *how'r*
 When to such folly first I did *encline*,
 Whereof the very thought is bitter *sow'r*,
 And still would hurte, were not my soule *diuine*,
 Or did not *Reason* teach, that care is *vaine*
 For ill once past, which cannot turne *again*.

My Loue is past, blessed the day and *how'r*.
 When from so fond estate I did *decline*,
 Wherein was little sweet with mickle *sow'r*,
 And losse of minde, whose substance is *diuine*,
 Or at the best, expence of time in *vaine*,
 For which expence no *Loue* returneth *gain*.

My Loue is past, wherein was no good *how'r*:
 When others ioy'd, to cares I did *encline*,
 Whereon I fedde, although the taste were *sow'r*,
 And still beleu'd *Loue* was some pow'r *diuine*,
 Or some instinct, which could not worke in *vaine*,
 Forgetting, *Time well spent* was double *gain*.

¹ In Oedipo-Colonæ.

² In Trachiniis.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Pafsion the Authour hath but augmented the inuention of *Seraphine*, where he write[t]h in this manner.

*Biaſtremo quando mai le labbra aperſi
Per dar nome à coſtei, che accid me induce.
Biaſtremo il tempo, e quanti giorni hò perſi
A ſeguirar ſi tenebroſa luce:
Biaſtremo charta, inchiostro, e verſi,
Et quanto Amor per me fama gliaduce ;
Biaſtremo quando mai la vidi anchora,
El meſe, l'anno, e giorno, el punto, e lhora.*

I Curſe the time, wherein theſe lips of mine [kinde:
Did praye or praife the *Dame* that was vn-
I curſe both leafe, and ynke, and euery line
My hand hath writ, in hope to moue her minde :
I curſe her hollowe heart and flattring eyes,
Whofe flie deceyte did cauſe my mourning cryes :
I curſe the ſugred ſpeach and *Syrens* ſong,
Wherewith ſo oft ſhe hath bewitcht mine eare :
I curſe my fooliſh will, that ſtay'd ſo long,
And tooke delight to bide twixte hoape and feare :
I curſe the howre, wherein I firſt began
By louing lookes to proue a witleſſe man :
I curſe thoſe dayes which I haue ſpent in vaine,
By ſeruing ſuch an one as reakes no right :
I curſe each cauſe of all my ſecret paine,
Though *Loue* to heare the ſame haue ſmall delight :
And ſince the heau'ns my freedome now reſtore,
Hence forth Ile liue at eaſe, and loue no more.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

A Labyrinth is a place made full of turnings and creekes, where hence, he that is once gotten in, can hardly get out againe. Of this forte ¹*Pliny* mentioneth foure in the world, which were most noble. One in *Crete* made by *Dædalus*, at the commaundement of king *Minos*, to shut vp the *Minotaure* in : to which monster the *Atheniens* by league were bound, euery yeere to send feuen of their children, to bee deuoured ; which was performed, till at the last, by the helpe of *Ariadne*, *Theseus* slewe the monster. An other he mentioneth to haue beene in *Ægipt*, which also *Pomponius Mela* describeth in his first booke. The third in *Lemnos*, wherein were erected a hundreth and fifty pillers of singuler workmanship. The fourth in *Italy*, builded by *Porfenna* king of *Hetruria*, to serue for his sepulchre. But in this Palsion the Authour alludeth vnto that of *Crete* only.

THough somewhat late, at last I found the way
 To leaue the doubtfull Labyrinth of *Loue*,
 Wherein (alas) each minute seemd a day :
 Him selfe was *Minotaure* ; whose force to proue
 I was enforst, till *Reason* taught my mind
 To slay the beast, and leaue him there behind.
 But being scaped thus from out his maze,
 And past the dang'rous Denne so full of doubt,
Falfe Theseus like, my credite shall I craze,
 Forfaking her, whose hand did helpe me out ?
 With *Ariadne Reason* shall not say,
 I *sau'd his life, and yet he runnes away*.
 No, no, before I leaue the golden rule,
 Or lawes of her, that stode so much my friend,
 Or once againe will play the louing foole,
 The sky shall fall, and all shall haue an end :
 I wish as much to you that louers be,
 Whose paines will passe, if you beware by me.

¹ Lib 36. ca. 13.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Pafsion, the Authour in fkoſſing bitterly at *Venus*, and her ſonne *Cupid*, alludeth vnto certaine verſes in *Ouid*, but inuerteth them to an other ſenſe, then *Ouid* vſed, who wrote them vpon the death of *Tibullus*. Theſe are the verſes, which he imitateth,

*Ecce puer Veneris fert euerſamque pharetram,
Et fractos arcus, et ſine luce facem. Elegiar. lib. 1]x].
A[d]ſpice demiffis vt eat miſerabilis alis,
Pectoraque infeſta tondat aperta manu. etc.
Nec minus eſt confuſa Venus. etc.
Quàm iuuenis rupit cum ſerus inguen aper.*

WHat ayles poore *Venus* nowe to fit alone
In funerall attyre, her woonted hew [to moan :
Quite chang'd, her ſmile to teares, her myrth
As though *Adonis* woundes now bled anew,
Or ſhe with young *Iulus* late return'd
From ſeeing her *Æneas* carkas burn'd.
Alack for woe, what ayles her little Boy,
To haue his tender cheekes beſprent with teares,
And fit and fighe, where he was wonte to toy?
How happes, no longer he his quiuer weares,
But breakes his Boe, throwing the ſhiuers by,
And pluckes his winges, and lettes his fyrebrand dye?
No, *Dame* and *Darling* too, yee come to late,
To winne me now, as you haue done tofore :
I liue ſecure, and quiet in eſtate,
Fully reſolu'd from louing any more :
Goe pack for ſhame from hence to *Cyprus Ile*,
And there goe play your prankes an other while.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in this pafsion alludeth to the fable of *Phineus* which is fetted down at large in the *Argonauticks* of *Apollo-nius*, and *Valerius Flaccus*. He compareth him felfe vnto *Phineus*; his Miftres vnto the *Harpies*; and his thoughtes vnto *Zethes*, and his defires vnto *Calais*, the two twinnes of *Boreas*; and the voyce of *Ne plus ultra* fpoaken from Heauen to *Calais* and *Zethes*, vnto the *Diuine grace*, which willed him to follow no further the miferies of a Louers eftate, but to profefse vn-fainedlie, that his Loue is pafte. And, laft of all, the Author concludeth againft the fower fawce of *Loue* with the French prouerbe : *Pour vn plaifir mille douleurs*.

THe *Harpie* birdes, that did in fuch defpight
 Greiue and annoy old *Phineus* fo fore,
 Where chaf'd away by *Calais* in flight
 And by his brother *Zeth* for euermore ;
 Who follow'd them, vntill they hard on hye
 A voyce, that faid, *Ye Twinnes No further fly*.

Phineus I am, that fo tormented was ;
 My *Laura* here I may an *Harpie* name ;
 My thoughtes and luftes bee Sonnes to *Boreas*,
 Which neuer cea'ft in following my *Dame*,
 Till heau'nly *Grace* faid vnto me at laft,
 Leaue fond *Delightes*, and fay thy loue is pafte.

My loue is pafte I fay, and fing full glad ;
 My time, alas, mifpent in Loue I rewe,
 Wherein few ioyes, or none at all I had,
 But ftoure of woes : I found the prouerbe true,
 For eu'ry pleafure that in *Loue* is found,
 A thoufand woes and more therein abound.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author in this passion, telling what *Loue* is, easeth his heart, as it were, by rayling out right, where he can worke no other manner of reuenge. The inuention hereof, for the most part of the particulars conteyned, is taken out of certeine Latine verses, which this Authour composed vpon *Quid Amor*. Which because they may well importe a passion of the writer, and aptly besitte the present title of his ouerpasse*d Loue*, he setteth them downe in this next page following, but not as accomptable for one of the hundreth passions of this booke.

HArke wanton youthes, whome *Beawtie* maketh blinde,
 And learne of me, what kinde a thing is *Loue* ;
Loue is a *Brainesicke Boy*, and fierce by kinde ;
 A *Willfull Thought*, which Reason can not moue ;
 A *Flattring Sycophant* ; a *Murd'ring Thiefe* ;
 A *Poyfned choaking Bayte* ; a *Tyfung Griefe* ;
 A *Tyrant* in his Lawes ; in speach vntrue ;
 A *Blindfold Guide* ; a *Feather* in the winde ;
 A right ¹*Chameleon* for change of hewe ;
 A *Lamelimme Lust* ; a *Tempest* of the minde ;
 A *Breach of Chastitie* ; all vertues *Foe* ;
 A *Priuate warre* ; a *Toilsome webbe* of woe ;
 A *Fearefull Iealose* ; a *Vaine Desire* ;
 A *Labryrinth* ; a *Pleasng Miserie* ;
 A *Shipwracke* of mans life ; a *Smoaklesse fire* ;
 A *Sea* of teares ; a *lasting Lunacie* ;
 A *Heauie seruitude* ; a *Dropsie Thurst* ;
 A *Hellish Gaile*, whose captiues are accurst.

¹ Vide Plin natura Hist. lib. 28, cap. 8.

Quid Amor ?

Q*uid sit amor, qualisque, cupis me scire magistro ?
 Est Veneris proles : cælo metuendus, et Orco ;
 Et leuior ventis ; et fulminis ocyor alis ;
 Peruigil excubitor ; fallax comes ; inuidus hospes ;
 Armatus puer ; insanus iuuenis ; nouitatis
 Questitor, belli fautor ; virtuti inimicus ;
 Splendidus ore, nocens promisso ; lege tyrannus ;
 Dux cæcus ; gurges viciorum ; noctus alumnus ;
 Fur clandestinus ; mors viuuda ; mortua vita ;
 Dulcis inexpertis, expertis durus ; Eremus
 Stultitiæ ; facula ignescens ; vesana libido ;
 Zelotypum frigus ; mala mens ; corrupta voluntas ;
 Pluma leuis ; morbus iccoris ; dementia prudens ;
 Infamis leno ; Bacchi, Cererisque minister ;
 Prodigia libertas animæ ; pruritus inanis ;
 Prauorum carcer ; corrupti sanguinis ardor ;
 Irrationalis motus ; sycophanta bilinguis ;
 Struma pudicitiae ; fumi expers flamma ; patronus
 Periuræ linguæ ; prostrato sæuus ; amicus
 Immeritis ; animi tempestas ; luxuriosus
 Præceptor, sine fine malum ; sine pace duellum ;
 Naufragium humanæ vitæ ; læthale venenum ;
 Flebile cordolium ; graue calcar ; acuta sagitta ;
 Sontica pernicies, nodosæ causa podagræ ;
 Natus ad insidias vulpes : pontus lachrymarum ;
 Virgineæ Zonæ ruptura ; dolosa voluptas ;
 Multicolor serpens ; vrens affectus ; inermis
 Bellator ; senijque caput, seniumque iuuentæ ?
 Ante diem funus ; portantis vipera ; mæstus
 Pollinctor ; syren fallax ; mors præuia morti ;
 Insector nemorum ; erroris Labyrinthus ; amara
 Dulcedo ; inuentor falsi ; via perditionis ;
 Formarum egregius spectator ; pæna perennis ;
 Suspirans ventus ; singultu plena querela ;
 Triste magisterium ; multæ iactura diei ;
 Martyrium innocui ; temerarius aduena ; pondus
 Sisyphium ; radix curarum ; desidis esca ;
 Febris anhela ; fitis morosa ; hidropicus ardor ;
 Vis vno dicam verbo ? incarnata Gehenna est.*

MY LOVE IS PAST.

This pafsion is an imitation of the firft Sonnet in *Scrappine*, and grownded vpon that which *Aristotle* writeth¹ of the *Ægle*, for the prooffe ſhe maketh of her birdes, by ſetting them to behold the Sonne. After whom *Pliny* hath written, as followeth :
*Aquila implumes etiamnum pullos ſuos percutiens, Subinde cogit aduerfos intueri Solis radios: et ſi conuiuentum humectantemque animaduertit, præcipitat e nido, velut adulterinum atque degenerem: illum, cuius acies firma contra ſteterit, educat.*²

He haughtie *Ægle Birde*, of Birdes the beſt,
 Before the feathers of her younglinges growe.
 She liſtes them one by one from out their neſt,
 To vewe the *Sunne*, thereby her owne to knowe ;
 Thoſe that behold it not with open eye,
 She lettes them fall, not able yet to flye.
 Such was my caſe, when *Loue* poſſeſt my mind;
 Each thought of mine, which could not bide the light
 Of her my *Sunne*, whoſe beames had made me blinde,
 I made my *Will* ſuppreſſe it with *Deſpight* :
 But ſuch a thought, as could abide her beſt,
 I harbred ſtill within my carefull breſt.
 But thoſe fond dayes are paſt, and halfe forgotte ;
 I practiſe now the quite cleane contrary :
 What thoughtes can like of her, I like them not,
 But choake them ſtreight, for feare of ieopardy ;
 For though that *Loue* to ſome do ſeeme a *Toy*,
 I knowe by prooffe, that *Loue is long annoy*.

¹ Lib. 9. Hiſt. animal.

² Nat Hiſt lib. 10 cap. 1.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour faineth here, that *Loue*, effaying with his brand, to fire the heart of some such Lady, on whome it would not worke, immediatly, to trie whether the old vertue of it were extinguished or no, applied it vnto his owne brest, and thereby foolishlie consumed him selfe. This inuention hath some relation vnto the Epitaph of *Loue*, written by *M. Girolimo Parabosco*;

*In cenere giace qui sepolto Amore,
Colpa di quella, che morir mi face, etc.*

Resolu'd to dust intomb'd heere lieth *Loue*,
Through faulte of her, who heere her selfe should lye;
He strooke her brest, but all in vaine did proue
To fire the yfe : and doubting by and by
His brand had lost his force, he gan to trye
Vpon him selfe ; which tryall made him dye.

In sooth no force ; let those lament who lust,
Ile sing a carroll song for obsequy ;
For, towards me his dealings were vniust,
And cause of all my passed misery :
The *Fates*, I thinke, seeing what I had past,
In my behalfe wrought this reuenge at last.

But somewhat more to pacyfie my minde,
By illing him, through whome I liu'd a slaue,
Ile cast his ashes to the open winde,
Or write this *Epitaph* vppon his graue ;
*Here lyeth Loue, of Mars the bastard Sonne,
Whose foolish fault to death him selfe hath donne.*

This is an Epilogue to the whole worke, and more like a praier than a Passion: and is faithfully translated out of *Petrarch*, *Sonnet*. 314, 2. parte, where he beginneth,

*I vò piangendo i miei passati tempi
I quai posi in amar cosa mortale,
Senza leuarmi à volo, hauend'io l'ale
Per dar forse di me non basci esempi. etc.*

L*Vgeo iam querulus vitæ tot lustra peracta,
Quæ malè consumpsi, mortalia vana secutur,
Cùm tamen alatus potui volitasse per altum,
Exemplarque fuisse alijs, nec inutile forsan.*

*Tu mea qui peccata vides, culpasque nefandas,
Cæli summe parens, magnum, et venerabile numen,
Collapsæ succurre animæ; mentisque caducæ
Candida defectum tua gratia suppleat omnem.*

*Ut, qui sustinui bellum, durasque procellas,
In pace, et portu moriar; minimeque probanda
Si mea vita fuit, tamen vt claudatur honestè.*

*Tantillo vitæ spacio, quod fortè supersit,
Funeribusque, meis præsentim porrige dextram;
Spes vides, in te quàm spes mea tota reposita est.*

F I N I S.

The Labour is light, where Loue is the Paiemistres.



THOMAS WATSON.

II. *Meliboeus.*

A LATIN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF

SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM.

1590.

III. *An Eglogue, etc.*

BEING A TRANSLATION OF THE SAME INTO ENGLISH.

1590.

. . . THE TWO WORKS HAVE BEEN PLACED UPON OPPOSITE PAGES : AND, AS FAR AS MAY BE, WITH LINE CORRESPONDING TO LINE.

MELIBOEVS

THOMÆ WATSONI

Sivè,

ECLOGA ꝜN OBꝑTVM

HONORATISSIMI VIRI,

Domini Francisci Walsinghami, Equitis

aurati, Diuæ ELIZABETHÆ a se-

cretis, et sanclioribus consilijs.



L O N D I N I,

Excudebat Robertus Robinsonus.

M. D. L x x x x.



AN EGLOGVE

Vpon the death of the
Right Honorable Sir *Francis Walsingham*,
Late principall Secretarie to Her Maiestie,
and of her moste Honourable Priuie
Councell.

Written first in latine by *Thomas Watson*, Gentle-
man, and now by himselfe translated
into *English*.

Musis mendicantibus insultat A'μουσία.



AT LONDON,
Printed by Robert Robinson. 1590.



GENEROSISSIMO VIRO

Thomæ VValsinghamo Armigero

laudatissimo virtutis & litterarum assertori

Tho. VVatfonus

S. D.



*Ad risum faciles soleo cantare Napæas,
Et spumagenitæ furta iocosa Deæ,
Et lætas gelida Charites Nymphasque sub
umbra,
Et mistos ioculis, illecebrisque sales:
Sed noua iam rerum facies ad seria suadet,
Et sonat illepida nostra Thalia fide.
Inuitos nectō numeros, gemituque resoluor*

*In tristes Elegos, funereumque melos.
Nec solus fundo lacrymas: gemit Anglia tota,
Et luget laceris vndiquè sparsa comis.
Magnus enim (proh fata) diem Franciscus obiuit,
Arcadiæ nostræ qui Melibæus erat:
Et mihi subtristes qui (te mediante) procellas
Depulit, hyberno vela ferente Noto.
Officio iubeor miserandos cedere questus,
Et lacrymis lacrymas accumulare tuis.
Tu clemens dignare pias audire querelas:
Dumquè ego sum Corydon, Tityrus esse voli.
Ereptum nobis Melibæum flebimus ambo:
Flebimus, ut raptum fleuit amicus Hylam.*

Dignitatis tuæ studiosus

Thomas Watfonus.



[AN EGLOGVE, *etc.*]

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*To the most vertuous Lady, Lady Francis
Sydney, all honour and happineffe.*

M Adam, under the Patronage of M. Thomas walsingham I published a Latine Funerall poëme, where with a pastoral Muse I vndertake (in loue and duetie) to commend the vertuous life, and bewaile the vntimely death of our great Melibœus the right honorable Sir Francis Walsingham, your late deceased Father, a found pillar of our common wealth, and chiefe patron of vertue, learning, and chiuallrie. In which poeme albeit I neuer attaine the heighth of his worthinesse, yet manie (rather affectling his praise, then my verse) haue requested and perswaded me to publish Melibœus in English, for the more generall vnderstanding thereof: that as his life was to all men both pleasing and profitable, so his death might be honored with a publike sorrow: and that the whole body of this realme, in lamenting the losse of so vigilant a gouernor, might learne therby, (as by a iust necessitie) the more to loue, honor, and obey those few, that yet suruiue, resembling him in high estate, and vertuous condition. Such as the translation is, I humblie offer it to your Ladiships protection, hoping it will be as fauorable redd and accepted, as it is affectionatly written and presented.

Your Ladiships in all duetie
Thomas Watson.



To the courteous Reader.

Gentlemen, if you suppose me vaine, for translating myne owne poeme: or negligent, for not doing it exactly to the latin originall, I thus desire to satisfie you. It is pardonable for a man to be bold with his owne: And I interpret my self, lest Melibæus in speaking English by an other mans labour, should leese my name in his chaunge, as my *Amyntas* did. A third fault (haply) will bee found, that my pastorall discourse to the vnlearned may seeme obscure: which to preuent, I haue thought good, here to aduertise you, that I figure Englande in *Arcadia*; Her Maiestie in *Diana*; Sir Francis Walsingham in *Melibæus*, and his Ladie in *Dryas*; Sir Phillippe Sidney in *Astrophill*, and his Ladie in *Hyale*, Master Thomas Walsingham in *Tyterus*, and my selfe in *Corydon*.

Desirous to please you

Tho. VVatson.





ECLOGA IN OBITUM

HONORATISSIMI VIRI,

Domini Francisci Walsinghami, Equitis
aurati, Diuæ ELIZABETHÆ a se-
cretis, et sanctioribus consilijs.

Corydon.

Tityrus.



*Ityre, iam quoniam prati per amœna
vireta*

*Sparguntur pecudes, et nos confedi-
mus ambo,*

*Huius (si quid amas) effare sub
arboris umbra,*

*Quæ noua sollicitos apportent fata
dolores :*

*Cur tua cum molli Zephyro suspiria pugnant,
Atque serenato minitantur prælia cælo,
Qui tenuem placida Musam meditatus auena,
Demulcere soles ventos in bella paratos?
Squalida quid sibi vult curarum conscia vestis?
Pectore cur singultus inest? cur lumine fletus?
Quid sedet in vultu macies? quid in ore querela?
Dic age; mœrorem sit fas lenire monendo,
Aut saltèm lacrymis nostros connectere planctus:
Non leuis est, luctus socios habuisse, voluptas.*



AN EGLOGVE

Vpon the death of the

Right Honorable Sir Francis Walsingham

late principall Secretarie to her Maiestie,
and of her most Honourable
Pruiue Councill.

Corydon.

Tityrus.



Owe *Tityrus*, since wee at ease are lade,
And both our flockes orespred the
flowrie plaine:
Sweete friend vnfolde vnder this
platan shade
The secrete cause of thy concealed
paine,
How haps thy fighting threats the
cleered skie,

with gentle *Zephyr* waging often warres,
Whose Muse of yoare with hunnie melodie,
did calme fierce winds, and cease their boistrous
iarres?

What means this moorning weed? thy weeping eie?
thy pale aspect? thy murmuring complaints?
O speake, that I may ioine my teares with thine,
and ease thy burdened heart before it faints.

Tityrus.

O Corydon, Corydon, noli perquirere causas
 Altiùs, et dirum fando renouare dolorem :
 Triste recrudescet blando tantamine vulnus,
 Nullaque lugentem comitum lamenta inuabunt :
 Immedicabilibus morbis adhibere medelam
 Desine : solus ego per sylvas luce carentes,
 Solus ego miseræ flens infortunia vitæ,
 Vt viduus turtur, putri de vimine questus
 Cælorum contra crudelia sydera fundam.

Corydon.

Te per ego trinas Charites, hilaresque Napæas,
 Quæ totiès choreas istos duxère per agros :
 Per pictum Floræ strophium, Cererisque coronam :
 Per Satyros, Panes, Fauni venerabile numen :
 Per vitreas Thamefis lymphas : per lustræ Dianæ,
 Seu mauis, ipsum per sacræ nomen Elisæ :
 Deniquè per florem mutati nuper Amyntæ,
 Sanguineum florem, synceri pignus amoris,
 Obtestor, cæcum nè celes pectore vulnus.
 Pande, precor, tanti quæ sit tibi causa doloris.
 Qui tecum risu sub verno sole fruebar,
 Nubila nunc hyemis plorabo tempora tecum :
 Vna duobus erit fors, et mens vna duobus.

Tityrus.

Inuitum taciti mæroris prodere fontes
 Supplicibus votis, et amico fœdere cogis.
 Accipe, quod fari gemitus permittet acerbus :
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibæus obiuit.
 Ergò, si quid habes Corydon (quid te quoque vatem
 Dicimus Arcadici) numerosos incipe luctus :
 Anxia namquè mihi sistunt suspiria linguam.

Tityrus.

O *Corydon* forbear by deepe inquire
 to rip the skarred wounds of my vnrest :
 No teares, no counsell can abate the fire,
 which louing forrow kindles in my brest.
 I all alone in darkefom vnkoth place,
 I all alone must like the Turtle Doue,
 Whose ioy is flaine, bewaile my wretched case,
 and powre out plaints agenst the gods aboue,

Corydon.

By fyluane nymphs, and louely Graces three,
 that on our lawnes doe sport them to and fro ;
 By countrie powres of what so ere degree ;
 by *Floraes* chaplet ; by *Dianaes* boe,
 By fruitfull *Pales*, *Ceres* wheaten crowne,
 by filuer *Thamefts* old *Oceans* dame ;
 By chang'd *Amintas* flow'r, that decks the downe ;
 and lastlie by *Elifaes* vertuous name,
 By these, and those that guide caelestial spheares,
 I here coniure thee to discloafethy grieffe,
 That I maie flake thy fighting with my teares,
 whose comforts oft haue bred my harts relief.

Tityrus.

Then thus (though loath) as grieffe will suffer me,
 my faltring tongue shall tell my discontent :
 That cares by sympathy maie worke on thee,
 and thou vpholde some part of my lament.
Alas too soone by Destins fatall knife
Sweet Melibœus is depriv'd of life.
 Now *Corydon* (for eurie shepheard swaine
 reports thee skilfull in a sacred verse)
 In such a meeter helpe me to complaine,
 as maie besit great *Melibœus* hearse.

Corydon.

*Incipio: mecum Diuæ lugete Camænæ,
 Et tu laurigeri collis regnator Apollo.
 Pegaseas ripas lacrymarum flumen inundet:
 Munere Musarum pennis induta nigellis
 Euolitent latè totum lamenta per orbem.
 Nos etiàm, quamuis luna stellisque priores
 Arcades, astricolis et gens charissima Diuis,
 Obliti solitæ pietatis, murmure rauco
 Gyrrantes flammæ alti culpemus Olympi.
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
 Tantænè insidunt animis cælestibus iræ,
 Vt neque præcipui pastoris candida virtus;
 Nec prudens rebus solertia parta gerendis;
 Nec pectus varia suffultum Palladis arte;
 Nec suauem referens facundia docta Periclem;
 Nec pius et patriæ tutandæ feruidus ardor;
 Nec vigil in nostræ Dielynnæ cura salutem;
 Nec magni tituli, seriesque et splendor auorum,
 Nec res innumeræ, quarum fulgebat honore,
 Saturni possent frontem pacare malignam,
 Et nocuum Lunæ frigus, Martisque calorem?
 O rigidos ignes, ô exitiabile cælum:
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
 Attamen ô iusto mærori parcite cæli;
 Quæ non credideram, miseræ defectio mentis
 Impulit, et pietas, et adurens æstus amoris.
 Ah pudet, inque Deos præuè piget esse loquutum:
 Crimine Parcarum cecidit, non crimine vestro.
 O æternæ parens, nutu qui nubila cogis,
 Et fixi rutilos, mundique rotatilis ignes
 Officio seruire iubes, terramque fouere
 Mobilibus radijs; dirarum facta sororum
 Inspice, quæ nusquam virtuti parcere norunt:
 Supplicijs cohibe duris, et vindice pœna.
 Noster enim Pastor, nondum poscente senectâ,
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.*

Corydon.

I now beginne : *Apollo* guide my founde,
 and weepe yee sisters of the learned hill :
 That your *Pagasean* springs may leap their bound,
 and from their floate maie fees of teares distill.
 Let deadly forrow with a fable wing,
 throughout the world go brute this tragedie :
 And let *Arcadians* altogether sing
 a woefull song agenst heauns tirannie.
Alas too soone by Destins fatall knife
Sweet Melibœus is depriu'd of life.
 Are wheeling orbs so full of foule despight,
 that neither wisdome, nor true pietie,
 Nor learned skill, nor speech of choice delight,
 nor care of countries sweete securitie,
 Nor watchfull studie for *Dianaes* health,
 nor gentle birth which vertues worth did raife,
 Nor honors titles, nor abundant wealth,
 nor thousand gifts deseruing endlesse praise
 Could smooth the mallice of old *Saturnes* brow,
 or heate of *Mars*, or *Lunaes* deathfull colde :
 O enuious heauns, that winde I wotte not how,
 grudging the glories of this earthly molde.
Alas too soone by Destins fatall knife :
Sweete Melibœus is depriu'd of life.
 Yet glorious heauns, ô pardon my blaspheme,
 whose witte in forrowes Labyrinth is straide :
 All that I spake was but a furious dreame,
 it was not you, but *Fates* that him betraide.
 O thou eternall Monarcke, at whose becke
 the planets mooue and make their influence :
 O giue the *Destinies* a wrathfull checke,
 afflict them for their spightfull insolence.
 In case mine oraifon seme ouerlarge,
 ô yet vouchsafe me but this one request,
 That fatall lawes be giun to Saintes in charge,
 whose hands and harts wil alwaies work the best.

*Sin maiora precor quam sit mortalibus æquum,
 Hoc tamen, hoc vnum misero concede petenti :
 Ille Deus nostri certissima gloria ruris.
 Qui tua legatus rectè mandata faceffit,
 In furuos lapsus thalamos Iunonis Auernæ,
 Immites Parcas rapidi Phlegetontis ad undam
 Increpet, et iubeat pastorum absistere fatis,
 Tam propero quoniam deuoluunt stamina fuso.
 Posthac ætherea cælorum fiat in arce
 Illud opus, dignum Superis. Quid Noctis alumnae,
 Atque Erebi possunt, quam candida rumpere fila ?
 Morta rosam picco vernantem corripit ungue :
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
 Inuidet (heu) summis pastoribus improba Morta.
 Astrophilum pridem rapuit vitalibus auris,
 Delicias Melibœe tuas, Hyalesque maritum
 Candidulæ nymphæ pulchrum, dùm fata sinebant.
 Cùm Pyrenæis leo descendisset Iberus
 Montibus, et cursu longinqua per æquora veclus,
 Belgarum tandem violens armenta voraret :
 Astrophilus ferro cinctus, sudibusque præcussis,
 Finibus erupit nostris, validoque furentem
 Marte laceffuit, solo virtutis amore.
 Cætera ne dicam, lacrymæ, gemitusque fatigant.
 Ad focerum redeo. Generi certamina lugens
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
 Dicite nunc focij, si dicere fortè potestis,
 Quis vice defuncti crescentes aggere claudet
 Montoso riuos, nè pascua picta pererrent ?
 Quis fossa torrentis aquas prohibebit agello,
 Nè simul et lætas messes, et pinguia latè
 Deuastent culta, heu miseris ploranda colonis ?
 Quis pice languiduli scabiem curabit ouilis,
 Aut alios vario subeuntes corpore morbos
 Tollet, et immundum mergabit flumine vellus ?
 Quis molles pratibus agnos, agnos trepidantes,
 Et teneros celsis imponet montibus hædos,
 Noctæque sub prima saturos in tecta reducet ?
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.*

What can those Imps of euerclowding mist,
 those ruthlesse daughters of eternall night ;
 But (tyrantlike) funder their vitall twist,
 whose shining vertues are the worldes chiefe light ?
Alas too soone by destins fatall knife,
Sweet Melibœus is depriu'd of life.

And was not *Astrophill* in flowring prime,
 by cruell *Fates* cut off before his daie,
 Yong *Astrophill*, the mirrour of our time,
 faire *Hyaes* chiefe ioy, till his decay ?
 When late a dreadfull Lyon in his pride
 descended downe the *Pyrenæan* mount,
 And roaring through the pastures farre and wide,
 deuowr'd whole *Belgian* heards of chief account :
 Stout *Astrophill* incenst with sole remorse,
 resolu'd to die, or see the slaughter ceast :
 Then fenst with fire and sword, with manly force
 he made assalt vpon the furious beast.
 But of this tale teares d[r]owne the latter part :
 I must returne to *Melibœus* fall,
 Who mourning still for *Astrophills* depart,
 forfooke his friends, and lost himselfe withall.
Alas too soone by Destins fatall knife,
Sweet Melibœus is depriu'd of life.

Nowe tell me shephards all, and fellow swaynes,
 who shal with rampiers fence our country foile ?
 And keep the fluds from breaking ore the plaines ?
 and sheild our tender flocks from deadly spoile ?
 Who shall recure their faintie maladies,
 and purge their fleeces in soft running streams ?
 Who shall defend our lambs from icoperdies ?
 and shrowd our kids from *Titans* parching beames ?

*Quis presso vacuum tellurem findet aratro,
 Pingua diuiduis ut fulcis semina mandet,
 Et glebis subigat dentata crate solutis?
 Quis metet, et vinetas stridentibus undique plaustris
 Exportabit agro, ponetque sub horrea fruges,
 Sirius urenti spicas ubi coxerit astro?
 Quis positus minuet pastorum iurgia faxis,
 Consilioque feras lites, priuataque bella
 Molliet eloquio, dum quisque aliena subintrat
 Arua, nec assueto dignatur limite stringi?
 Publica quis vidui curabit commoda ruris?
 Seria quis ludis miscebit, et utile dulci?
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.*

Titrus.

*Sæpe meis olim placuit tua stridula canna
 Auribus, ad Parios quando cantabat olores,
 Sequana diuisam qua fluctibus alluit urbem,
 Fœlicem, licito si regi feruiat, urbem.
 Tum tua cordatis (memini) iuuenilia pleetra
 Perplacuerunt viris, v'pupisque es visus hyrundo.
 At nunc ô Corydon, quantum mutaris ab illo
 Tempore? prima nouis superatur Musa querelis;
 Dumque pio mortem Melibœi carmine desles.
 Arcadiæ toti dulcis philomela vidêris.
 Attamen ut lasso sit respirare facultas,
 Raucus ego cæptos augebo carmine cantus.
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.*

*Infœlix misero canitur dum nœnia versu,
 ô quotquot primæua parens animantia terris
 Indidit, aut gelido ponto, cæloque patenti,
 Omnia nunc simul ad mœstos concurrere planctus;
 Vt pulchella meas mundi totius imago
 Testetur lacrymas, atque illætabile murmur.
 Primùm signifero magnus quas fixit in orbe
 Arbiter, ô mecum cunctæ lugete figuræ.
 Carcinus ardorem lacrymoso temperet imbri.
 Æstiusque Leo rugitibus impleat auram:*

Who now shal til our ground, and reape our corne?

who shall affuage the strife of swelling pride,

When eurie swynard shall excede his borne,

and will not by God *Terminus* be tyde?

Alas too soone by Destins fatall knife,

Sweet Melibœus is depriu'd of life.

Tityrus

'Thy tunes haue often pleaf'd mine eare of yoare,
when milk-white swans did flocke to heare thee sing,

Where *Seane* in *Paris* makes a double shoare,

Paris thrise blest if shee obey her King.

But now ô *Corydon*, that lightsome vaine

is changd from youth to aged grauitie,

That whilst I heare thee bitterlie complaine,

me thinks *Apollo* sings in *Arcadie*.

And yet afford thy moorning Muse some rest,

while I (though skil and voice are both decaide)

With termes of ductie from a pensue brest

bewaile my friend, whom cruell *Fates* betraide.

Alas too soone by Destins fatall knife

Sweete Melibœus is depriu'd of life.

O all that all the *Vniuers* containes

in heaun, or aire, or earth, or watrie deepe :

With mutual plaints make light my secret pains,

for sorrow wafts in teares, where manie weepe.

And first ye *Figures* in the *Zodiacke* line,

that decke heauns girdle with æternall light :

O faine some griefs, and knit them vnto mine,

such griefs as may this baser worlde affright.

Now *Cancer* flake thy heate with brackish raine,

and *Leo* roare, to make the skie dismaide :

*Et nolit saltare Aries : fletumque perennem
 Amphora distillet : quid enim nisi flere potestis ?
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
 Libra diem tepido non æquet sydere nocti :
 Nam magis arridet tenebrofa dolentibus umbra,
 Splendida quam lucis facies : lux consona lætis,
 Vulneret Arcitenens infectis cruda sagittis
 Numina Parcarum, ut diro cruciata veneno,
 Horrendis trepidum turbent ululatibus Orcum.
 Et piger inducat Capricornus frigora brumæ
 Mansuræ, pluuias et Piscis mutuet undas.
 Et feriat cornu Taurus ; caudaque minaci
 Scorpius : et nusquam Gemini pereuntia fratres
 Carbasa sustentent. Tu denique candida Virgo
 Vngue genas lacera : quid enim nisi triste superfit ?
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
 Lucentis porrò sinuosa volumina cæli,
 O simul ad nostras accedite singula curas :
 Nè Superùm sedes, mundo lacrymante minori,
 Diffuat ad luctum, quoniam nihil es nisi luctus :
 Nam mihi si vates pastorum maximus Orpheus
 Veridicè motus, viresque reclusit Olympi,
 Plumbeus et gelidus cyclum percurris auaro
 Progressu, tardique premunt vestigia calcis
 Tristities, gemitus, lacrymæ, lamenta, dolores,
 Deliræ tenebræ, terror, discordia, pallor,
 Per dulces nobis comites in funere, quando
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
 Tu verò celebris nymphæ Cretensis alumne,
 Qui laudata tenes in lampade regna sequenti,
 Exue nunc veteres animos ad gaudia promptos,
 Atque salutaris mutetur gratia stellæ,
 Nec blanda virtute Deum compeſce furentem.
 Diffundant lites flammata palatia Martis
 Pectus in humanum : nec, te miserante, cruenta
 Sislatur cædes, aut frænos perferat ira.
 Auree Sol mundo non amplius esto benignus :
 Quæque præis, sequerisque (suo sed tempore) Solem,
 Soluare in lacrymas : Et tu charissime Stilbon.*

Aquarius powre thou downe falt teares amaine,
 and *Aries* let thy dancing now be staide.
 Now *Libra* make not *æquinoctiall*,
 but suffer night to ouergrow the daie :
 For darkenes fits all vs that liue in thrall,
 let those haue light that list to sport and plaie.
 Now let the *Centaur* with his poined steele
 vpon the *Fates* inflict a deadlie wounde :
 That for misguiding late their fatall wheele
 they may lament with guofts of vnder-ground.
 Now let the winter vnder *Capricorne*
 last still : and *Pisces* lend him watrie showres :
 Let *Taurus* wound the welkin with his horne,
 and *Scorpio* with his taile sting fatall powres.
 Now *Gemini* forbear with gladfome shine,
 to comfort Sea-men in their chiefe dispaire :
Virgo make fountains of thy daie-bright eine,
 and teare the treasure of thy golden haire.
Alas too soone by Deslins fatall knife
Sweete Melibœus is depriud of life.

Yee *seaunfolds flames*, whose euer-circling fires
 maintain this earth with influence from your sphears,
 And with your powre guide mortall mens desires,
 now leaue your harmonie, and fall to teares.
 Yet cankred *Saturne* it were all in vaine,
 with my intreats to call for thy lament,
 For if old *Orpheus* but a sooth haue faine,
 to miseris thy minde is alwaies bent.
 Thou still art lumpish, waiward, cold, and floe,
 attended on with *Terror, doating night,*
Pale discontent, sighs, discord, teares, and woe,
 fit mates for me that want my chiefe delight.
 But thee faire *Iupiter* I must require,
 to change the gracious vertue of thy starre,
 And not to temper with thy gentle fire,
 the raging heates of him that breedeth warre.

Opposito Phæbi lucem confunde galero ;
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Ultima mobilium sphaerarum, sed mihi prima,
Dum varios mutata subis, fundisque labores,
Luna tuo nostros auge conamine questus.
Desine furari Phæbo sua lumina, pennæ
Noctis ut obuelent densa caligine terram,
Deque polo sperent solatia nulla miselli
Arcades, eximij Pastoris morte miselli.
Defectusque tuæ doleant mortalia lucis
Omina : subtimidi Reges, populique tremiscant,
Effigiem noctis quando sine nocte figuras.
Humorum tam larga tuo descendat ab ore
Copia, transfiliant omnes ut marmora metas.
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Iamque graues audi spirabilis aura querelas :
Et quæcunque tuus, spatio diffusus inani,
Continet amplexus, dignentur promere mecum
Funebre lamentum. Radijs ex æquore tracti
Humores, gemitu pulsati mutantur in imbrem.
Efficiant lacrymæ nubes, suspiria causas
Ventorum, varium discordia semina fulmen.
Rubræ pyramides, ardens candela, sagittæ
Accensæ, scintilla volans, ignita capella,
Idolum, grando, tonitru, stellæque cadentes,
Cunctaque quæ pando generantur in æthere, mira
Desuper ad nostros cadant portenta dolores.
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Corydon.

Nunc mihi cessatum fatis est : tu Tityre paulum,
Dum positos iterum tento depromere luctus,
Respira, grauibusque modum concede querelis.
Alternis flentes vicibus cantabimus ambo,
Ceruicesque iugo parili subdemus uterque.
Tu (fateor) grandi tetigisti magna cothurno,
Æthereos tractus numerans, orbisque remoti
Virtutes. At humi tandem mea Musula serpet,
Ac humili texet nisi pastoralia cantu :

Let *Mars* roaue vncontrold and kindle strife,
 that *Sorrowes* may sit downe by *Slaughters* fide :
 And golden *Sol* furceafe to fauour life ;
 and *Venus* weepe, as if *Adonis* dide.
 And *Stilbon* with thy hatt cloude *Phæbus* face,
 and *Luna* see thou steale no more his beames :
 But let thy Steedes forbear their nightlie race,
 and from thy bofome powre downe weeping streames.
Alas too foone by Destins fatal knife,
Sweete Melibœus is depriu'd of life.

Now *Aire*, and what thy circuites doe containe,
 helpe to lament great *Melibœus* death :
 Let clouds of teares with sighs be turnd to raine,
 admit no winde but euergroaning breath.
 Now fet thy firie *Pyramids* to viewe,
 thy diuers *Idols*, *Candles* burning bright :
 Inflamed *Shafts*, *Comets* of dreadfull hewe ;
Sparkles that flie, and *Starres* that fall by night.
 Let all thy *Meteors*, of what euer kinde,
 with terror fort them felues in iust araie :
 And worke such fear in euery mortall minde,
 that all the world may waile for ones decaie.
Alas to[o] foone by Destins fatal knife,
Sweete Melibœus is depriu'd of life.

Corydon.

O *Tityrus* thy plaint is ouerlong,
 here pause a while, at *Corydons* request :
 Of what is wanting in thy farfet song,
 my moorning voice shall striue to tell the rest.
 But I must sorrow in a lower vaine,
 not like to thee, whose words haue wings at wil :

*Est mea simplicitas rudibus contenta camœnis.
 Attamen ô utinàm sacro de fonte bibissem
 Dignos perpetua Melibœi laude liquores,
 Et solidas possem rupes mollire canendo :*
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
*Omnia nunc istuc spaciosi Numina ruris
 Accelerate gradus, viridique in cespite Diui
 Cumbentes, sparsisque genas humoribus alto
 Defluxis cerebro, variato murmure nostras
 (Nam vester Melibœus erat) fulcite camœnas.
 Et cultæ Charites paulisper mittite lucos
 Suauibus exhilarare sonis, aut sole foreno
 Peßlere flauentes per eburnea colla capillos.
 Dulcis ad ascaulæ numeros non motibus usquam
 Saltetur leuibus : desistant ludere nymphis
 Permissi Satyri · lacrymæ sint sola voluptas.
 Æsta novos etenim deposcunt tempora mores :*
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
*In syluis, exuta suis iam quælibet arbor
 Frondibus, amissum doleat nudata virorem.
 Iuniperi vernix exudet corpore scælo,
 Et spissi Myrrhæ sæcundo cortice rores.
 In syluis corui crocitant, et bubo, Strygesque,
 Vulturisque gemant : strepitent sturni, graculique,
 Vniufonas rudibus cuculis geminantibus odas.
 Sed turdus, fringilla, rubella, et alauda, et Acanthus,
 Et reliquæ taceant volucres, quæ dulce susurrant.
 In syluis Vri, vulpes, vrsique lupique,
 Et frendens aper, et catulis comitata læna,
 Vicinas feriant metuendis questibus auras :*
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
*Æam viduis in agris segetes capita inclinate,
 Nec teuuis grauidam spicam sustentet arista,
 Agricola raptò, qui vos runcare solebat.
 Iam viduis in agris teneræ marcescite vites,
 Inque nouo crescens moriatur palmitè gemma,
 Quandoquidem perijt, qui vinitor esse solebat.
 Iam viduis in agris crudi putrescite fructus,
 Castaneæ, pyra, pruna, nuces, et citrea mæia,*

An humble stile befits a simple Swaine,
 my *Muse* shall pipe but on an oaten quill.
 Immortall *Fauni*, *Satyrs*, and great *Pan*,
 the Gods and guiders of our fruitfull foile,
 Come feat your felues by me, and waile the man,
 whose death was hastned by his vertuous toile.
 Yee comelie *Graces* neither dance nor plaie,
 nor kembe your beauteous tresses in the Sun,
 But now since *Melibæus* is awaie,
 fit downe and weepe, for wanton daies are dun.
 Now in the woods be leafeleffe eury *Tree*,
 and beare not pleafant fruits as heretofore :
Myrrha let weeping gums distill from thee,
 and help to make my dolefull plaint the more.
 Now in the woods let *night-rauns* croak by daie,
 and gladies *Owles* shrike out, and *Vulturs* grone :
 But *smaller birds* that sweetly sing and play,
 be whist and still : for you can make no mone.
 Now in the fields each *corne* hang down his head,
 since he is gon that weeded all our corne :
 And sprouting *Vines* wither till you be dead,
 since he is dead, that shielded you from storme.

Insitor occubuit, mala qui castrare solebat.
Iam viduis ab agris pulchri discedite flores,
Lilia, narcissi, calthæ, violæque, rosæque,
Qui dudum noster topiarius esse solebat,
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
O vidui ruris vepres, viburna, rubeta;
O valles, campi, montes; ò flebilis Eccho;
O quæ lugetis defunctum examina regem;
O fontes, riui, vada, flumina, stagna, paludes;
Tuque cœaxatrix ad crassas rana lacunas;
Et nymphæ gelidis habitantes antra sub undis
Saxea, sed molli semper viridantia musco;
O armenta, fues, et oues, ouiumque magistri,
Infantes, pueri, iuuenesque, virique, senesque,
Matronæque graues, nuptæ, innuptæque puellæ
Quotquot in Arcadia vitalem ducitis auram,
O simul, ò mecum miseros effundite questus:
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Tityrus.

Æsthæc mitte mihi: me, me magis ista decebunt,
Quem dolor augefcens curis mordacibus urit.
Occidis ò dulcis Melibœe, ò patruæ dulcis,
O pater, ò quid non? ò nostri gloria ruris
Mascula, firmatum Diuæ munimen Elisæ.
Sicut enim robor, vel quæ superminet ingens
Ornus, in excelsas dum furgit vertice nubes,
Perferat ipsa licet violenti fulminis ictus,
Luclantesque ruant venti circumque supraque,
Perque comas, perque ora imber fluat, illa nec atro
Fulmine, nec vento luclante, nec imbre fatiscit:
Haud fecus ille vices fortunæ pertulit omnes,
Sed semper constans, et Elisæ fidus. At eheu,
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Tu rectè Corydon ad nostras rura querelas
Impellis clamore tuo: Sed totus ut orbis
Nobiscum rapti deploret Solis acerbum
Occasum, falso regnantia Numina campo

Now in the fields rot *fruits* while you are greene,
 since he is gon that vſde to graff and grace you :
 And die faire *Flowres*, ſince he no more is feene,
 that in *Dianaes* garland vſde to place you.
 O heards and tender flocks, ô handſmooth plains,
 ô Eccho dwelling both in mount and vallie :
 O groues and bubling ſprings, ô nimphs, ô ſwains,
 ô yong and olde, ô weepe all *Arcadie*.
Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatall knife
Sweete Melibœus is depriu'd of life.

Tityrus.

O let me interrump thee yet once more,
 for who ſhould more lament his loſſe then I,
 That oft haue taſted of his bounteous flore,
 and knew his ſecret vertues perfectlie?
 We haue alreadie ſummond euerie part,
 excepting that which in the *Ocean* lies :
 To ſtand copartners of our wofull ſmart,
 and beate the ſenſeleſſe aire with *Elegics*.
 Now therefore *Neptune* grant me this one boone,
 depoſe great *Ioue* for ſo miſguiding fate :

*Compellare libet, lucluque subire profundum :
 Omnia nam gremio complectitur Amphitrite.
 Huc ades ô Neptune pater, furcaque tridenti
 Fgnauo minitare polo, qui sydere nullo
 Immities Erebi, Fatigue cœercuit iras ;
 Non impune ferat tantum patientia cœli
 Delictum : sub aquis cogatur viuere magnus
 Iuppiter, et suprâ tu fati dirige leges :
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
 Huc ades O Nerei nunquam nisi vera canentis
 Glauce senex vates ; et tu Terræque marisque
 Fili Phorce veni, Ceto comitate marita,
 Quæ seruaturum fuluo pomaria fructu
 Consita serpentem peperit, mirabile monstrum :
 Tuque nouis dudum titulis imbuta Palæmon :
 Et tot diuerfas olîm mentite figuras,
 Ad nos Carpathio vates è gurgite prodi :
 Et Tethis, natuque minor Thetys : Illicet omnes
 Dijque Deæque maris, nymphæque, Pherusa, Ligæa,
 Lamprothœ, Melite, Galatæaque, Cymothœque,
 Nobiscum flentes totos infumite riuos.
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
 Intereâ Triton stridenti marmora concha
 Personet extremas præterlabentia terras,
 Et rauco celebret Melibœi funera cantu,
 Lugûbri cantu, quem cœrula deferat unda
 In varias oras Phœbo sub utroque iacentes,
 Et tristi præter solitum rumore susurrans,
 Innumeros voluat per inania littora planctus.
 Non itâ lasciui furgant delphines in altum,
 Ut capiant pueros, cythara vel Arionis ipsi
 Sint iterum capti ; sed abundant lumina fletu.
 Et tepidum, sed syncerum nunc improba Syren
 Exundet rorem, sparsos laniata capillos.
 Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.*

Corydon.

Iam fatis est lacrymis indultum Tityre : paulum

That *Melibæus* wounded all too foone,
 by *Mortaes* malice dies before his date.
 And thou old *Glaucus* with diuining blest,
 Prophet to him that neuer speakes but truth,
 Come with *Palæmon*, *Phorcus*, and the rest,
 and here giue oracle of endles ruth.
 Come *Tethis* come with *Thetis* after thee,
 and all thy watrie nymphs, a louelie traine :
 Vouchsafe to sit vpon these bankes with me,
 that I may heare both thee and them complaine.
 And thou great *Triton* with thy founding shell,
 impart my griuance vnto euerie shore :
 And with a murmure make the waues goe tell,
 that worthie *Melibæus* breaths no more.
 Now let no Dolphins feeke *Arions* Mufe,
 nor play by shore to ketch vp heedles boies :
 Let them suppose sweete Musicke out of vse,
 and wanton louetricks to be foolish toies.
 Deceitfull Mermaids leaue your auncient guife,
 forbear to sing while tempest troubles vs :
 Let me behold whole fountains in your eies,
 for weeping fits vnhappie *Tityrus*.

Corydon.

But *Tityrus* inough, leaue of a while :

*Aufcultâ, et compone meis sermonibus ora,
 Dum meliora loquar cœlesti Numine doctus :
 Nam mihi, nescio quo, plenum spiramine pectus
 Lætitiâ ardet muliebriâ post lamenta.
 Tu mecum lætare simul, quia nubila tecum
 Vnanimis luxi: sit tempus utrique serenum.
 Non ita multa subest ita longi causa doloris.
 Ab falso querimus Melibœum fata subisse
 Lurida, cum diræ molis compage solutus,
 Et mæstam placido commutans sydere terram,
 Æternas luces oculis miratur apertis.
 Ille supra cœles (quisquis fuit ille Deorum,
 Qui mihi suggestit) virtuti præmia lior
 Ne raperet, vitam firmantis pocula sumpsit
 Nectaris, et nostras ridet super astra querelas.
 Tityre foelici lætum Pæana canamus.
 Cœlestes inter turmas, quas ordo nouenus
 Diuidit, (antiquo si fas est credere vati)
 Fam nosse Melibœus agit; quâ flammea latè
 Collucent Seraphin: Et sacro plena liquore
 Plus sapiunt Cherubin: et quâ censura potentis
 Iusta Thronos intrans mortalia singula librat:
 Quâ simul a sacro dominantia numina nomen
 Officio capiunt, multum parentque iubentque:
 Quâ princeps numerus subiectis mystica pandit
 Ciuibus: et semper superantibus utitur armis
 Turba Protestatum: Virtutes mira faceffunt:
 Deniquè quâ maiora ferens Archangelus orbi
 Cantat, et Angelicus qui nunciat ordo minora.
 Tityre, foelici lætum Pæana canamus.*

stop moorning springs, drie vp thy drearie eine,
 And blithlie intertaine my altred stile,
 inticd from griefs by some allure diuine.
 For now my mind reclaimd from carefull mone,
 gins fault hir giuing place to forrows fourfe :
 And in hir change intreats thee cease to grone,
 that as we grioud, so we may ioie by course.
 In iust complaint though forrowes were begun,
 and all too litle for the man we waile :
 Yet now at last our forrows must be done,
 and more then moorning reason must preuail.
 Iniustlie grudge we *Melibæus* death,
 as though his worth were buried in his fate :
 But neither are his vertues drenchd in *Leath*,
 nor vertuous soule remoud to meaner state :
 His faith hath framd his spirit holie wings,
 to soare with *Astrophil* aboue the Sun :
 And there he ioies, whence euery comfort springs,
 and where the fulnes of his blisse begun.

*Let vs be ioifull after long annoie,
 Since Melibæus lius in perfect ioie.*

Our *Melibæus* lius where *Seraphins*
 doe praise the *Highest* in their glorious flames :
 Where flowes the knowledge of wise *Cherubins* :
 where *Throans* exhibit earthlie deeds and names :
 Where *Dominations* rule and yet obaie :
 where *Principalities* to lower powers
 Deepe hidden misteries doe still bewraie :
 where arms are vfd by foe-subduing powers.
 Where *Vertues* practise miracles and wunder :
 where both *Archangels* and sweet *Angels* sing,
 Whose office is, to vs, that liue here vnder,
 from heaun cælestiall messages to bring.

*Let vs be ioifull after long annoie,
 Since Melibæus lius in perfit ioie.*

Now *Melibæus* in comparelesse place,
 drinke *Nectar*, eates diuine *Ambrosia* ;
 And hath fruition of eternall grace,
 and with his countnance cheeres *Arcadia*.

*Cum superis Diuis diuinas incolit arces
 Ambrosijs epulis pastus Melibæus : et alto
 Culmine despiciens per tralucentis Olympi
 Stellas, Arcadium vultu solatur amico.
 Nos ex officio, dùm spiritus incolit astra,
 Spargamus violis, et olenti corpus Acantho,
 Purpureisque rosis, castiaque, thymoque et amomo :
 Et merito tantum careat nè funus honore,
 Ornemus velo, pulchrisque tapetibus artus,
 O præclare, tuo dignos, Mausole, sepulchro.
 Ducamus vigiles noctes ad triste cadauer,
 Eulogijs plenos recitantes undiquè versus.
 Tityre, foelici lætum Pæana canamus.
 Solemur Dryadem, nimio quæ vieta dolore,
 (Heu vereor) sicut quondam Philacæia coniux,
 Amplexans gracilem defuncti coniugis umbram,
 Expirabit amans. Hyalen solemur honoræ
 Matris adherentem lateri, iunctisque querelis
 Mollia ad immites tendentem brachia cælos,
 Brachia Sithonijs niuibus magè candida, quorum
 Astrophilus toties in vincula grata cucurrit,
 Ut cingi cupidæ sinuosis vitibus ulmi.
 Deniquè vexillis nigrum parmisque ferètrum
 Condamus, furuos insignia debita pannos
 Tigridis ut vultu decorent, et fronte minaci.
 Tityre, foelici lætum Pæana canamus.
 Imprimis autèm sacram conemur uterque,*

Then while his spirit dwels in heaunlie towres,
 let vs performe what honor dutie willes :
 Let vs adorne his sacred tumb with flowres,
 and sweete it with the riches of our hilles.
 Our vernall *Flora* that bewailes our losse,
 will gladlie let hir flowrie locks be rent :
 And clad hir selfe in moornfull roabes of mosse,
 if all the treasure of hir buds were spent.
 Then *Flora* lends vs thime and violets,
 sweete balme and roses for his buriall :
 Bestow no wealth on wanton amoretts,
 but spare it to adorne his funerall.
 And *Pales* bath his lims in fluds of milke,
 and couer him with costely ornament :
 Inshrine his corps in sheetes of softest filke,
 for he deserues *Mausolus* monument.
 And *Tityrus* let vs before the rest
 set holie lights, and watch his breathles corfe,
 Singing sweet himns for him whose soule is blest,
 though parted from his flesh by deaths diuorce.
 Now cheere we *Dryas* in hir miserie,
 who ouerlong bewailes hir haplesie case :
 Left ouerlouing like *Laodamie*,
 shee loose hir selfe in deepe supposd imbrace.
 Now call we *Hyale* from whispring streames,
 increast with teares (true seruants of annoie)
 Who takes no pleasure but in griefs extreames,
 nor ioies in ought but in hir want of ioie :
 Faire *Hyale*, who wringing oft hir armes,
 hir armes far whiter then *Sythonian* snoa,
 With doubling sighs bewails hir helples harmes,
 Alas that helples harmes should vexe hir so.
 Yet beuteous Nymph thy carefull mother liues,
 (long may shee liue, and liuing ease thy hart)
 Accept what comfort hir suruiuing giues,
 and in lifes comfort drown thy forrows smart.
 Helpe thou with vs, and eurie countrie wight,
 to chace all grieuance from *Dianaes* minde :
 From drad *Diana*, earths and heauns delight,
Diana, glorie of hir sexe and kinde ;

*Totaque solari nobiscum rura Dianam ;
 Quæ caput est huius regni, quæ gloria regni ;
 Quæ Cybele cæli nostri, quæ nostra Sybilla ;
 Quæ pietatis amans ; placidæ quæ pacis amica ;
 Quæ genus et proavos proprijs virtutibus ornat ;
 Quæ varijs loquitur linguis ; quæ vatibus ipsa
 Indulget vates, et doctis doctior ipsa ;
 Quæ Iunonis habet gestum, moresque Mineruæ,
 Et veneris formam ; quæ, sit licet innuba virgo.
 Exuperat reges, quantum querceta myricas.
 Sed quid eam refero, quæ nostro carmine maior,
 Est cantanda tuo dulcis Spencere cothurno,
 Cuius inest numeris Hiberni copia mellis.
 Tu quoque nobiscum (quoniam tu noster Apollo)
 Lugentem solare Deam, quotidè Melibœi
 Tristia lacrymulis preciosis funera deflet.
 Dic illi (tu namquè potes fælice camæna)
 Arcadas innumeros, quanquam Melibœus obiuit,
 Præstantes superesse viros, similes Melibœi.
 Damocetam memora, quo non præclarior alter,
 Non quisquam ingenio melior, non promptior ore,
 Non grauior vultu, nec ad arma paratior extat :
 Ille est Damætas, qui iuris corrigit iram,
 Quem vocat Hattonum Triuicæ venerabile Numen
 Damonem memora, qui Nestora pluribus annis
 Consilioque refert nunquam nisi vera monenti :
 Nam quod erat magno maturus Nestor Atridæ,*

Diana, wondrous mirrour of our daies ;
Diana matchlesse Queene of *Arcadie* ;
Diana, whose surpassing beauties praise
 Improous hir worth past terrene deitie ;
Diana, *Sibill* for hir secreet skill ;
Diana, pieties chief earthlie friend ;
Diana, holie both in deede and will ;
Diana whose iust praises haue no end.
 Ah but my Muse, that creeps but on the ground,
 begins to tremble at my great perfume,
 For naming hir, whose titles onelie found
 doth glad the welkin with a sweet perfume.
 For in hir minde so manie vertues dwell,
 as eurie moment breed new pieties :
 Yet all in one coiound doe all excell,
 and crowne hir worth with fundrie deities.
 But that vnwares my forie stile proceeds
 drad *Cynthia* pardon : loue desires dispense :
 As *Ioues* high Oaks orelook *Pans* slender reeds,
 so boue all praising flies thine excellence.
 Yet lest my homespun verse obscure hir worth,
 sweet *Spencer* let me leaue this taske to thee,
 Whose neuerstooping quill can best fet forth
 such things of state, as passe my Muse, and me.
 Thou *Spencer* art the alderliest swaine,
 or haply if that word be all to base,
 Thou art *Apollo* whose sweet hunnie vaine
 amongst the Muses hath a chiefest place.
 Therefore in fulnes of thy duties loue,
 calme thou the tempest of *Dianaes* brest,
 Whilst shee for *Melibæus* late remoue
 afflicts hir mind with ouerlong vnrest.
 Tell hir forthwith (for well shee likes thy vaine)
 that though great *Melibæus* be awaie :
 Yet like to him there manie still remaine,
 which will vphold hir countrie from decaie.
 First name *Damætas*, flowre of *Arcadie*,
 whose thoughts are prudent, and spech vertuous,
 Whose looks haue mildnes ioind with Maiestie,
 whose hand is liberall and valorous :

*Qui patrem patriæ multis Aiacibus unum
 Prætulit, id nostræ Damon longæuus Elisæ:
 Regales gazas reſtos conſeruat in uſus
 Damon, Cæcilium quem diximus Arcades olim.
 Ægonem memora, vicinas lintribus undas
 Qui tegit, et validi Neptuni munere fungens,
 Ingentes noſtro proſtigat littore phocas:
 Howardum veteres ſæclo dixere priori.
 Denique tu Mopſum, tu Daphnim, tu Alpheſibæum,
 Syluanum, Fauſtum, et ſapientem multa Menalcam,
 Et reliquos numera paſtores, quotquot Elisam
 Pectore ſyncero, nullam paſſis que quietem
 Luminibus, vigiles auido tutantur ab hoſte.
 Ambroſios illi ſiſtent hæc nomina ſictus.*

Tityrus.

*Quales Oebalij fauſſiſſima lumina fratres,
 Exhaustos pelagi rabie, pulſuque frementum
 Æolidum, grato tranquillat ſydere nautas,
 Dum ponunt venti, pluuiæ ceduntque tenèbræ:
 Sic tuus ô tandem (Corydon) peramabilis aures
 Sermo meas mulcens, exêmit pectore curam,
 Et lacrymas oculis, et acerbas ore querelas.
 Ecce ſed adueniens ſuadet diſcedere veſper:
 Ire domum libeat, pecudesque includere ſeptis,
 Diſeam paulatim rigidos de diſcere iuctus.*

He is *Damætas*, that is wont to blame
 extreameſt iuſtice voide of equitie :
Diana terms him by an other name,
Hatton, vnleſſe I faile in memorie.
 The name old *Damon*, whom ſhee knows of old
 for ſuch as *Neflor* was to *Græcians* guide :
 Worth ten of *Ajax*, worth all *Cræſſus* gold,
 if his deſerts in ballance could be tride.
Damon is he that counſels ſtill aright,
 and heedfullie perſerus *Dianaes* ſtore :
 And wakes when others reſt them felus by night,
 we *Arcads* cald him *Cecill* heretofore.
 Then name braue *Ægon*, that with ſhips defence
 about our coaſt oreſpreds the *Ocean* plaines,
 To keepe fell monſters of the ſea from hence :
 we cleape him *Howard*, that are countrie ſwaines.
 Name *Mopſus*, *Daphnis*, *Fauftus*, and the reſt,
 whoſe feurall gifts thy ſinging can expreſſe :
 When thou ſhalt tell how ſhee in them is bleſt,
 their verie names will comfort hir diſtreſſe.

Tityrus.

Caſtor and *Pollux*, *Lædaes* louelie twins,
 whoſe bright aſpect cheers moornful Mariners,
 Shewing them felues when pleaſant calme begins,
 of gladſome newes two welcome meſſengers,
 Conuey great comfort to the weltred minde,
 and with their ſheen appearance breed delight :
 Yet *Corydon* thy leare and loue combinde
 pleaſe more by hearing, then thoſe twain by ſight,
 For they portending ſtormie windes ſurceaſe,
 but by portending cauſe the hearts content :
 Thy learnd perſuades command my forrow ceaſe,
 and ſweetnes doth allure to merriment.
 But hie we homeward, night comes on apace,
 weel learne belieue forget our doleful notes :
 See where faire *Venus* ſhewes hir radiant face,
 lets hence, and ſhut our ſheepfolds in their coat.

FINIS.

THE
TEARS OF
Fancie.

OR,
Loue Disdained.

Ætna grauius Amor.



Printed at London for William Barley, dwelling
in Gracious streete ouer against Leaden
Hall. 1593.



Oe Idle lines vnpolisht rude and base,
Vnworthy words to blason beauties glory:
(Beauty that hath my restles hart in chafe,
Beauty the subiect of my ruefull story.)
I warne thee shunne the bower of her
abiding,

Be not so bold ne hardy as to view her:
Least shee intraged with thee fall a chiding,
And so her anger proue thy woes renewer.
Yet if shee daigne to rew thy dreadfull smart,
And reading laugh, and laughing so mislike thee:
Bid her desist, and looke within my hart,
Where shee may see how ruthles shee did strike mee.
If shee be pleasde though shee reward thee not,
What others fay of me regard it not.





Sonnet. 1.

IN prime of youthly yeares as then not wounded,
With Loues impoisoned dart or bitter gall :
Nor minde nor thoughts on fickle Fancie grounded,
But carelesse hunting after pleasures ball,
I tooke delight to laugh at Louers follie,
Accounting beautie but a fading blossome :
What I esteemd prophane, they deemed holie,
Ioying the thraldome which I counted loathsome.
Their plaints were such as no thing might relieue them,
Their harts did wellnie breake loues paine induring :
Yet still I smild to see how loue did grieue them,
Vnwise they were their sorrowes selfe procuring.
Thus whilst they honoured *Cupid* for a God,
I held him as a boy not past the rod.

Sonnet. 2.

Long time I fought, and fiercely waged warre,
Against the God of amarous Desire :
Who sets the senses mongst themselues at iarre,
The hart inflaming with his lustfull fire.
The winged boy vpon his mothers knee,
Wantonlie playing neere to *Paphos* shrine :
Scorning that I should checke his Deitie,
VWhose dreaded power tam'd the gods diuine.
From forth his quiuer drew the keenest dart,
VWherewith high *Ioue* he ostentimes had wounded :
And fiercely aimed it at my stubborne hart,
But backe againe the idle shaft rebounded.
Loue saw and frownd, that he was so beguiled,
I laught outright, and *Venus* sweetely smiled.

Son[net]. 3.

Sonnet. 3.

Shee smild to see her sonne in such a rage,
 I laught to thinke how I had Loue preuented :
 He frownd and vowd nought should his ire asswage,
 Till I had stoopt to Loue, and loue repented.
 The more he rag'd the greater grew our laughter,
 The more we laught the fiercer was his ire :
 And in his anger sware my poore harts slaughter,
 VVhich in my breast beautie should set on fire.
 Faire *Venus* seeing her deere sonne in chollar,
 Fearing mishap by his too hasty anger :
 Perswaded him that shee would worke my dollor,
 And by her meanes procure my endles langor.
 So Loue and loues Queene (Loue hauing consented,)
 Agreed that I by Loue should be tormented.

Sonnet. 4.

Tho taking in her lap the God of loue,
 Shee lightly mounted through the Christall aire :
 And in her Coach ydrawne with siluer Doues,
 To *Vulcans* smokie Forge shee did repaire.
 VVhere hauing wonne the Ciclops to her will,
 Loues quiuer fraught with arrowes of the best :
 His bended bow in hand all armd to kill,
 He vowd reuenge and threatned my vnrest.
 And to be sure that he would deadly strike me,
 His blindfold eyes he did a while vncouer :
 Choosing an arrow that should much mislike me,
 He bad wound him that scornes to be a Louer.
 But when he saw his bootles arrow shiuer,
 He brake his bow, and cast away his quiuer.

Sonnet. 5.

Sonnet. 5.

Hopeles and helpeles too, poore loue amated,
 To see himfelfe affronted with difdaine :
 And all his skill and power fpend in vaine,
 At me the onely obieft that he hated.
 Now *Cytherea* from *Olimpus* mount,
 Defcending from the fphere with her deere fonne :
 VVith Douelike wings to *Alcidalyon*,
 Loue on her knee, fhee by the Chrifall fount ;
 Aduifde the boy what fcandall it would bee,
 If Fame should to the open world difcouer
 How I furui'd and fcornd Loues facred power.
 Then *Cupid* lightly leaping from her knee,
 Vnto his mother vowd my difcontenting :
 Vnhappie vowe the ground of my lamenting.

Sonnet. 6.

Then on the fodaine faft away he fled,
 He fled apace as from purfuing foe :
 Ne euer lookt he backe, ne turnd his head,
 Vntill he came whereas he wrought my woe.
 Tho cafting from his backe his bended bow.
 He quickly clad himfelfe in ftrange difguife :
 In ftrange difguife that no man might him know,
 So coucht himfelfe within my Ladies eies.
 But in her eies fuch glorious beames did fhine,
 That welnigh burnt loues party coloured wings,
 VVhilst I flood gazing on her funne-bright eien,
 The wanton boy fhee in my bofome flings.
 He built his pleafant bower in my brest,
 So I in loue, and loue in me doth reft.

Sonnet. 7

Sonnet. 7.

Now Loue triumphed hauing got the day,
 Proudly insulting, tyrannizing still :
 As Hawke that ceazeth on the yeelding pray,
 So am I made the scorne of Victors will.
 Now eies with teares, now hart with sorrow fraught,
 Hart sorrowes at my watry teares lamenting :
 Eyes shed falt teares to see harts pining thought,
 And both that then loue scornd are now repenting.
 But all in vaine too late I pleade repentance,
 For teares in eies and sighs in hart must weeld me :
 The feathered boy hath doomd my fatall sentence,
 That I to tyrannizing Loue must yeeld me.
 And bow my necke erst subiect to no yoke,
 To Loues false lure (such force hath beauties stroke.)

Sonnet. 8.

Quod What a life is it that Louers ioy,
 VVherein both paine and pleasure shrouded is :
 Both heauenly pleasures and eke hells annoy,
 Hells fowle annoyance and eke heauenly blisse.
 VVherein vaine hope doth feede the Louers hart,
 And brittle ioy sustaine a pining thought :
 VVhen blacke dispaire renewes a Louers smart,
 And quite extirps what first content had wrought.
 VVhere faire resemblance eke the mind allureth,
 To wanton lewd lust giuing pleasure scope :
 And late repentance endles paines procureth,
 But none of these afflict me faue vaine hope.
 And sad dispaire, dispaire and hope perplexing,
 Vaine hope my hart, dispaire my fancie vexing.

Sonnet. 9.

Sonnet. 17.

Then from her fled my hart in sorrow wrapped.
 Like vnto one that shund pursuing slaughter :
 All welnigh breathles told me what had happed,
 How both in Court and countrie he had fought her.
 The drerie teares of many loue repenting,
 Corriuals in my loue whom fancie stroked :
 Partners in loue and partners in lamenting,
 My fellow thralls whose necks as mine were yoked.
 The shepheards praises and their harts amis,
 Vrged by my Mistres ouerweening pride :
 For none that sees her but captiued is,
 And last he told which to my hart did glide ;
 How all the teares I spent were vaine and forceles,
 For shee in hart had vowd to be remorceles.

Sonnet. 18.

Tho with a showre of teares I entertained,
 My wounded hart into my breast accloied :
 VVith thousand fundrie cares and griefes vnfained,
 Vnfained griefes and cares my hart annoied.
 Annoying sorrowes at my harts returning,
 Assaild my thoughts with neuer ceasing horror :
 That euen my hart, hart like to *Ætna* burning,
 Did often times conspire for to abhorre her.
 But enuious loue still bent to eke my mourning,
 A grieuous pennance for my fault inflicted :
 That eies should weepe and hart be euer groaning ;
 So loue to worke my sorrowes was addicted.
 But earths sole wonder whose eies my sence appalled,
 The fault was loues, then pardon me, for loue is franticke
 called.

Sonnet. 19.

Sonnet. 19.

MY hart impos'd this penance on mine eies,
 (Eies the first causers of my harts lamenting :
 That they should weepe till loue and fancie dies,
 Fond loue the last cause of my harts repenting.
 Mine eies vpon my hart inflict this paine,
 (Bold hart that dard to harbour thoughts of loue)
 That it should loue and purchase fell disdaine,
 A grieuous penance which my hart doth proue.
 Mine eies did weepe as hart had them imposed,
 My hart did pine as eies had it constrained :
 Eies in their teares my paled face disclosed,
 Hart in his sighs did show it was disdained.
 So th'one did weepe th'other sighed, both grieued,
 For both must liue and loue, both vnrelieued.

Sonnet. 20.

MY hart accus'd mine eies and was offended,
 Vowing the cause was in mine eies aspiring :
 Mine eies affirmd my hart might well amend it,
 If he at first had banisht loues desiring.
 Hart said that loue did enter at the eies,
 And from the eies descended to the hart :
 Eies said that in the hart did sparkes arise,
 Which kindled flame that wrought the inward smart,
 Hart said eies tears might soone haue quencht that fl[ame,]
 Eies said harts sighs at first might loue exile :
 So hart the eies and eies the hart did blame,
 VVhilst both did pine for both the paine did feele.
 Hart sighed and bled, eies wept and gaz'd too much,
 Yet must I gaze because I see none such.

Sonnet. 21

Sonnet 21.

Fortune forweared with my bitter mone,
 Did pittie feldome seene my wretched fate :
 And brought to passe that I my loue alone
 Vnwares attacht to plead my hard estate.
 Some say that loue makes louers eloquent,
 And with diuineſt wit doth them inspire :
 But beautie my tongues office did preuent,
 And quite extinguished my first desire.
 As if her eies had power to strike me dead,
 So was I dafed at her crimſon die :
 As one that had beheld Meduſaes head,
 All ſenſes failed their Maſter but the eie.
 Had that ſenſe failed and from me eke beene taken,
 Then I had loue and loue had me forfaken.

Sonnet. 22.

I Saw the obieſt of my pining thought,
 VVithin a garden of ſweete natures placing :
 VVhere in an arbour artificiall wrought,
 By workemans wondrous skill the garden gracing.
 Did boaſt his glorie, glorie farre renowned,
 For in his ſhadie boughs my Miſtres ſlept :
 And with a garland of his branches crowned,
 Her daintie forehead from the funne ykept.
 Imperious loue vpon her eielids tending,
 Playing his wanton ſports at euery becke,
 And into euerie fineſt limbe deſcending,
 From eies to lips from lips to yuorie necke.
 And euerie limbe ſupplide and t'euerie part,
 Had free acceſſe but durſt not touch her hart.

Sonnet. 23.

Sonnet. 23.

AYe me that loue wants power to pierce the hart,
 Of my harts obiect beauties rarest wonder :
 VVhat is become of that hart-thrilling dart,
 VVhose power brought the heauenly powers vnder.
 Ah gentle loue if empty be thy quiuer,
 Vnmaske thy selfe and looke within my brest :
 VVhere thou shalt find the dart that made me shiuer,
 But can I liue and see my loue distrest.
 Ah no that shaft was cause of sorrow endles,
 And paine perpetuall should my Lady proue :
 If hart were pierst, the deare loue be not friendles,
 Although I neuer found a friend of loue,
 If not without her hart, her loue be gained,
 Let me liue still forlorne and die disdained.

Sonnet. 24.

STill let me liue forlorne and die disdained,
 My hart consenting to continuall languish :
 If loue (my harts sore) may not be obtained,
 But with the danger of my Ladies anguish.
 Let me oppose my selfe gainst sorrowes force,
 And arme my hart to beare woes heauy load :
 Vnpittied let me die without remorse,
 Rather than monster fame shall blase abroad ;
 That I was causer of her woes induring,
 Or brought faire beauty to so fowle a damage :
 If life or death might be her ioyes procuring,
 Both life, loue, death, and all should doe her homage.
 But shee liues safe in freedomes liberty,
 I liue and die in louses extremitie.

[*Sonnet.*] 25.

Sonnet. 25.

THe priuate place which I did choose to waile,
 And deere lament my loues pride was a groue :
 Plac'd twixt two hills within a lowlie dale,
 Which now by fame was cald the vale of loue.
 The vale of loue for there I spent my plainings,
 Plaints that bewraid my sicke harts bitter wounding :
 Loue sicke harts deepe wounds with dispaire me paining,
 The bordering hills my forrowing plaints refounding.
 Each tree did beare the figure of her name,
 VVhich my faint hand vppon their backs ingraued :
 And euery tree did seeme her fore to blame,
 Calling her proud that mee of ioyes depraued.
 But vaine for shee had vowed to forsake mee,
 And I to endles anguish must betake mee.

Sonnet. 26.

IT pleas'd my Mistris once to take the aire,
 Amid the vale of loue for her disporting .
 The birds perceauing one so heauenly faire,
 With other Ladies to the groue resorting.
 Gan dolefully report my forrowes endles,
 But shee nill listen to my woes repeating :
 But did protest that I should forrow friendle
 So liue I now and looke for ioyes defeating.
 But ioyfull birds melodious harmonie,
 Whose siluer tuned songs might well haue moued her :
 Inforst the rest to rewe my miserie,
 Though shee denyd to pittie him that lou'd her.
 For shee had vovd her faire should neuer please me,
 Yet nothing but her loue can once appease me.

Sonnet. 27.

Sonnet. 27.

THe banke whereon I leand my restles head,
 Placd at the bottome of a mirtle tree :
 I oft had watered with the teares I shed,
 Sad teares did with the fallen earth agree.
 Since when the flocks that grafe vpon the plaine,
 Doe in their kind lament my woes though dumbe :
 And euerie one as faithfull doth refraine
 To eate that grasse which sacred is become.
 And euerie tree forbearerh to let fall,
 Their dewie drops mongst any brinish teares :
 Onelie the mirth* whose hart as mine is thrall,
 To melt in sorrowes fourse no whit forbearer.
 So franticke loue with grieffe our paind harts wringing,
 That still we wept and still the grasse was springing.

Sonnet. 28.

Fast flowing teares from watery eies abounding,
 In tract of time by sorrow so constrained :
 And framd a fountaine in which Eccho founding,
 The'nd of my plaints (vaine plaints of Loue disdained.)
 VVhen to the wel of mine owne eies weeping,
 I gan repaire renewing former greeuing :
 And endles moane Eccho me companie keeping,
 Her vnreuealed woe my woe reuealing.
 My sorrowes ground was on her sorrow grounded,
 The Lad was faire but proud that her perplexed :
 Her harts deepe wound was in my hart deepe wounded,
 Faire and too proud is she that my hart vexed.
 But faire and too proud must release harts pining,
 Or hart must sigh and burst with ioies declining.

* ? myrrh.

Sonnet. 29.

TAking a truce with teares sweete pleasures foe,
 I thus began hard by the fountayne side :
 O deere copartner of my wretched woe,
 No fooner faide but woe poore eccho cride.
 Then I againe what woe did thee betide,
 That can be greater than disdayne, disdayne :
 Quoth eccho. Then sayd I O womens pride,
 Pride answered echo. O inflicting payne,
 When wofull eccho payne agayne repeated,
 Redoubling sorrow with a sorrowing found :
 For both of vs were now in sorrow seated,
 Pride and disdainfull pride the ground.
 That forst poore Eccho mourne ay sorrowing euer,
 And me lament in teares ay ioyning* neuer.

Sonnet. 30.

ABout the well which from mine eies did flow,
 The woefull witnes of harts desolation :
 Yet teares nor woe nor ought could worke com-
 Did diuers trees of fundry natures growe. [passion,
 The mirrhe sweet bleeding in the latter wound,
 Into the christall waues her teares did power :
 As pittying me on whome blind loue did lower,
 Vpon whose backe I wrote my sorrows ground,
 And on her rugged rind I wrote forlorne,
 Forlorne I wrote for sorrowe me oppressed :
 Oppressing sorrowe had my hart distressed,
 And made the abiect outcast of loues scorne,
 The leaues conspiring with the winds sweet founding,
 With gentle murmor playnd my harts deepe wounding.

* ? ioying.

Sonnet. 31.

I Wrote vpon there sides to eke their plaining,
 If sad laments might multiply their sorrowe :
 My loues faire lookes and eke my loues disdaining,
 My loues coy lookes constraines me pine for woe.
 My loues disdaine which was her louers dolour :
 My loues proud hart which my harts blisse did banish :
 My loues transparent beames and rosy colour,
 The pride of which did cause my ioyes to vanish.
 My loues bright shining beautie like the starre,
 That early riseth fore for the funnes appearance :
 A guide vnto my thoughts that wandring arre,
 Doth force me breath abroad my woes indurance.
 O life forlorne, O loue vnkindly frowning,
 Thy eies my heart dispaire my sad hope drowning.

Sonnet. 32.

T Hese whose kind harts sweet pittie did attaint,
 With ruthfull teares bemond my miseris :
 Those which had heard my neuer ceasing plaint,
 Or read my woes ingrauen on the trees.
 At last did win my Ladie to confort them,
 Vnto the fountaine of my flowing anguish :
 VVhere she vnkind and they might boldly sport them,
 VVhilst I meanwhile in sorrows lappe did languish,
 Their meaning was that she some teares should shed,
 Into the well in pittie of my pining :
 She gaue consent and putting forth her head,
 Did in the well perceauce her beautie shining.
 VVhich seeing she withdrew her head pust vp with pride
 And would not shed a teare should I haue died.

Sonnet. 33.

Sonnet. 33.

Some say that women loue for to be praifed,
 But droope when as they thinke their faire must
 Ioying to haue their beauties glorie raifed, [die:
 By fames shril trompe aboute the starrie skie.
 I then whome want of skill might be with drawing,
 Extold her beautie not as yet deserued :
 She said my words were flatterie and fayning,
 For good intent to bad euent soone fwerued.
 Some say againe they will denie and take it,
 I gaue my hart, my hart that dearly cost me :
 No fooner offerd but she did forsake it,
 Scorning my proffered gift so still she crost me.
 But were I (alas I am not) false and truthles :
 Then had she reason to be sterne and ruthles.

Sonnet. 34.

Vhy liue I wretch and see my ioyes decay,
Vhy liue I and no hope of loues aduancing :
Vhy doe myne eies behold the sunnie day,
Vhy liue I wretch in hope of better chancing.
 O wherefore tells my tounge this dolefull tale,
 That euery eare may heare my bitter plaint :
Vas neuer hart that yet bemoend my bale,
Vhy liue I wretch my pangs in vaine to paint.
Vhy striue I gainst the streame or gainst the hill,
Vhy are my sorrowes buried in the dust :
Vhy doe I toile and loose my labour still,
Vhy doe I feede on hope or bild on trust.
 Since hope had neuer hap and trust finds treason,
Vhy liue I wretch disdaine and see no reason ?

Sonnet. 35

Sonnet. 35.

Amongst the Idle toys that tosse my brayne,
 And reave my troubled mynd from quiet rest :
 Vyle cruell loue I find doth still remayne,
 To breede debate within my griued brest.
 VVhen weary woe doth worke to wound my will,
 And hart furchargd with sorrow liues opressed :
 My sowlen eyes then cannot wayle there fill,
 Sorrow is so far spent and I distressed.
 My tounge hath not the cunning skill to tell,
 The smallest greife that gripes my throbbing hart :
 Myne eies haue not the secret power to swell,
 Into such hugie seas of wounding smart.
 That will might melt to waues of bitter woe,
 And I might twelt or drowne in sorrowes so.

Sonnet. 36.

MY waterie eies let fall no trickling teares,
 But floods that ouer flow abundantly :
 VVhose spring and fountaine first inforst by feares,
 Doth drowne my hart in waues of misery.
 My voice is like vnto the raging wind,
 VVhich roareth still and neuer is at rest :
 The diuers thoughts that tumble in my minde,
 Are restlesse like the wheele that wherles alway.
 The smokie sighes that boyle out of my brest,
 Are farre vnlike to those which others vse :
 For Louers sighes sometimes doe take their rest,
 And lends their minds a little space to muse.
 But mine are like vnto the furing seas,
 VVhom tempest calme nor quiet can appease.

Sonnet. 37.

Sonnet. 37.

V Here may I now my carefull corps conuay,
V From company the worker of my woe :
 How may I winke or hide mine eies alwaies,
V Which gafe on that whereof my grieffe doth growe,
 How shall I feeme my fighes for to fuppreffe,
V Which helpe the hart which else would fwelt in funder,
V Which hurts the helpe that makes my torment leffe ;
V Which helps and hurts, O woefull wearie wonder,
 How now, but thus in folitarie wife :
 To ftep afide and make hie waie to moane,
 To make two fountaines of my dafled eies,
 To figh my fill till breath and all be gone.
 To die in forrow and in woe repent me,
 That loue at laft would though too late lament me.

Sonnet. 38.

O Would my loue although too late lament mee,
 And pittie take of teares from eies diffilling :
 To beare thefe forrowes well I could content me,
 And ten times more to fuffer would be willing.
 If ſhe would daine to grace me with her fauour,
 The thought thereof fufained greife ſhould banifh :
 And in beholding of her rare behauiour,
 A fmyle of her ſhould force difpaire to vanifhe :
 But ſhe is bent to tiran[i]ze vpon me,
 Difpaire perfwades there is no hope to haue her :
 My hart doth whifper I am woe begone me,
 Then ceaſe my vaine plaints and defift to craue her.
 Here end my forrowes here my falt teares flint I,
 For ſhes obdurate, ſterne, remorfeles, flintie.

Sonnet. 39.

Sonnet. 39.

HEere end my sorrow, no here my sorrow springeth,
 Here end my woe, no here begins my wailing :
 Here cease my griefe, no here my griefe deepe
 Sorrow, woe, griefe, nor ought else is auailing. [wringeth
 Here cease my teares, no here begins eies weeping,
 Here end my plaints, no here begins my pining :
 Here hart be free, no sighes in hart still keeping,
 Teares, plaints, and sighes, all cause of ioyes declining.
 Here end my loue, no here doth loue inspire me,
 Here end my life, no let not death desire me,
 Loue, hope, and life, and all with me must perish.
 For sorrow, woe, griefe, teares, and plaints oft plained,
 Sighes, loue, hope, life, and I, must die disdained.

Sonnet. 40.

THe common ioye, the cheere of companie,
 Twixt myrth and mone doth plague me euermore :
 For pleafant talke or musicks melodie,
 Yelds no such salue vnto my secret tore.
 For still I liue in spight of cruell death,
 And die againe in spight of lingring life :
 Feede still with hope which doth prolong my breath,
 But choackt with feare and strangled still with strite,
 VVitnes the daies which I in dole consume,
 And weary nights beare record of my woe :
 O wronge full world which makst my fancie fume,
 Fie fickle Fortune fie thou art my foe.
 O heauie hap so froward is my chance,
 No daies nor nights nor worlds can me aduance.

Sonnet. 41.

Sonnet. 41.

IMperious loue who in the prime of youth,
 I light esteemed as an idle toy :
 Though late thy fierie dart hath caufd my ruth,
 And turned sweet happines to darke annoy.
 VVhy haft thou pleasure in my harts deepe groning,
 And dost not rew and pittie my vexations?
 VVhy haft thou ioy at my laments and moning,
 And art not moued at my imprecations?
 VVhy haft thou froke my hart with swift defire,
 And perft my Ladies eies with fell difdaine?
 VVhy hath fond fancie fet my thoughts on fire,
 And pent my hart in prifon of fad paine?
 VVhy am I drownd in dolours neuer ceafing,
 My ioies ftill fading, and my woes increafing.

Sonnet. 42.

QThou that ruleft in *Ramnis* golden gate,
 Let pittie pierce the vnrelenting mind :
 Vnlade me of the burthen cruell fate,
 (Fell enuious fates too cruell and vnkind)
 Haue heapt vpon me by too froward loue,
 Too froward loue the enemy of fortune :
 Whofe fierce affaults my hart (too late) did proue,
 My fillie hart which forrow did importune.
 Yet in thy power is my harts redeeming,
 My harts redeeming from vile thraldomes force:
 Vile thrall to one my forrowes not esteeming,
 Though ſhee be cruell yet haue thou remorse.
 Be thou to me no more inconstant variable,
 But let thy fickle wheele reft firme and ftable.

Sonnet. 43.

Sonnet. 43.

Long haue I swome against the wished waue,
 But now constrained by a lothsome life :
 I greedilie doe seeke the greedie graue,
 To make an end of all these stormes and strife.
 Sweete death giue end to my tormenting woes,
 And let my passions penetrate thy brest :
 Suffer my heart which doth such griefes inclose
 By timelie fates inioie eternall rest.
 Let me not dwell in dole sith thou maist ease me,
 Let me not languish in such endles durance :
 One happie stroke of thy sad hand will please me,
 Please me good death it is thy procurance.
 To end my harts griefe (heart shee did abhorre thee)
 O hast thee gentle death I linger for thee.

Sonnet. 44.

Long haue I sued to fortune death and loue,
 But fortune, loue, nor death will daine to hear me:
 I fortunes frowne, deaths spight, loues horror proue,
 And must in loue dispairing liue I feare me.
 Loue wounded me, yet nill recure my wounding,
 And yet my plaints haue often him inuoked :
 Fortune hath often heard my sorrowes sounding,
 Sorrowes which my poore hart haue welnigh choked.
 Death well might haue beene moued when I lamented,
 But cruell death was deafe when I complained :
 Death, loue, and fortune all might haue relented,
 But fortune, loue, and death, and all disdained.
 To pittie me or ease my restles minde,
 How can they choose since they are bold and blinde.

Sonnet. 45.

Sonnet. 45.

When neither sighs nor sorrowes were of force
 I let my Mistres see my naked brest :
 Where view of wounded hart might worke re-
 And moue her mind to pittie my vnrest. [morce,
 VVith stedfast eie shee gazed on my hart,
 Wherein shee saw the picture of her beautie :
 Which hauing seene as one agast shee start,
 Accusing all my thoughts with breach of ductie.
 As if my hart had robd her of her faire,
 No, no, her faire bereaud my hart of ioy :
 And fates disdaine hath kild me with dispaire,
 Dispaire the fountaine of my sad annoy.
 And more, alas, a cruell one I ferued,
 Lest loued of her whose loue I most deserued.

Sonnet. 46.

MY Mistres seeing her faire counterfet
 So sweetelie framed in my bleeding brest :
 On it her fancie shee so firmelie set,
 Thinking her selfe for want of it distrest.
 Enuying that anie should inioy her Image,
 Since all vnworthie were of such an honor :
 Tho gan shee me command to leaue my gage,
 The first end of my ioy, last cause of dolor.
 But it so fast was fixed to my hart.
 Ioid with vnseparable sweete commixture,
 That nought had force or power them to part :
 Here take my hart quoth I, with it the picture,
 But oh coy Dame intollerable smart.
 Rather then touch my hart or come about it,
 She turnd her face and chose to goe without it.

Sonnet. 47.

Sonnet. 47.

BEhold deare Mistres how each pleasant greene,
 Will now renew his sommers liuerie :
 The fragrant flowers which haue not long beene seene,
 Will flourish now ere long in brauerie.
 But I alas within whose mourning mind,
 The grafts of grieue are onelie giuen to grow :
 Cannot inioy the spring which others find,
 But still my will must wither all in woe.
 The lustie ver that whilome might exchange,
 My grieue to ioy, and my delight increase :
 Springs now else where and shoves to me but strange,
 My winters woe therefore can neuer cease.
 In other coasts his funne doth clearely shine,
 And comfort lend to euery mould but mine.

Sonnet. 48.

THe tender buds whom cold hath long kept in,
 And winters rage inforst to hide their head :
 Will spring and sprowt as they doe now begin,
 That euerie one will ioy to see them spread.
 But cold of care so nips my ioies at roote,
 There is no hope to recouer what is lost :
 No funne doth shine that well can doe it boote,
 Yet still I striue but loose both toile and cost.
 For what can spring that feeles no force of ver,
 What hower can flourish where no funne doth shine :
 These balles deare loue, within my brest I beare,
 To breake my barke and make my pith to pine.
 Needs must I fall, I fade both root and rinde,
 My branches bowe at blast of euerie winde.

Sonnet. 49.

Sonnet. 49.

D*iana* and her nimphs in siluane brooke,
 Did wash themfelues in secret farre apart :
 But bold *Acteon* dard on them to looke,
 For which faire *Phæbe* turnd him to a Hart.
 His hounds vnweeting of his fodaine change,
 Did hale and pull him downe with open crie :
 He then repenting that he so did range,
 Would speake but could not, so did sigh and die.
 But my *Diana* fairer and more cruel,
 Bereft me of my hart and in disdaine :
 Hath turnd it out to feede on fancies fuel,
 And liue in bondage and eternal paine.
 So hartles doe I liue yet cannot die,
 Desire the dog, doth chafe it to and fro :
 Vnto her brest for succour it doth flie,
 If shee debarre it whither shall it go.
 Now liues my hart in danger to be flaine,
 Vnlesse her hart my hart wil entertaine.

Sonnet. 50.

HAnd, hart and eie, tucht thought and did behold,
 The onelie glorie that on earth doth grow :
 Hand quakt, hart sighd, but eie was foolish bold,
 To gaze til gazing wrought harts grounded woe.
 The obiect of these senses heauenlie faint,
 With such a maiestie did me appall :
 As hand to write her praise did feare and faint,
 And heart did bleede to thinke me Beauties thrall.
 But eie more hardie than the hand or hart,
 Did glorie in her eies reflecting light :
 And yet that light did breede my endles smart.
 And yet mine eies nill leaue there former fight.
 But gazing pine, which eie, hand, hart doth trie,
 And what I loue, is but hand, hart, and eie.

Sonnet. 51.

Sonnet. 51.

EAch tree did boast the wished spring times pride.
 When solitarie in the vale of loue :
 I hid my selfe so from the world to hide,
 The vncouth passions which my hart did proue.
 No tree whose branches did not brauelie spring
 No branch whereon a fine bird did not sit :
 No bird but did her shrill notes sweetelie sing,
 No song but did containe a louelie dit.
 Trees, branches, birds, and songs were framed faire.
 Fit to allure fraile minde to careles ease :
 But carefull was my thought, yet in dispaire,
 I dwelt, for brittle hope me cannot please.
 For when I view my loues faire eies reflecting,
 I entertaine dispaire, vaine hope reiecting.

Sonnet. 52.

EAch Creature ioyes Appollos happie sight, [ing
 And feede them selues with his fayre beames reflect-
 Nyght wandering trauelers at Cinthias sight,
 Clere vp their clowdy thoughts fond fere reiecting
 But darke disdayne eclipsed hath my sun,
 VVhose shining beames my wandering thought were
 For want whereof my litle worlde is done [guiding,
 That I vnneath can stay my mind from sliding,
 O happie birds that at your pleasure maie :
 Behold the glorious light of fols a raies,
 Most wretched I borne in some dismall daie :
 That cannot see the beames my sun displaies,
 My glorious sun in whome all vertue shrowds,
 That light the world but shines to me in clouds.

Sonnet. 53.

Sonnet. 53.

IN Clowdes she shines and so obscurely shineth,
 That like a mastles shipe at seas I wander :
 For want of her to guide my hart that pineth,
 Yet can I not entreat ne yet command her.
 So am I tied in Laborinths of fancy,
 In darke and obscure Laborinths of loue :
 That euerie one may plaine behold that can see,
 How I am fetterd and what paines I proue.
 The Lampe whose light should lead my ship about,
 Is placed vpon my Mistres heauenlie face.
 Her hand doth hold the clew must lead me out,
 And free my hart from thraldomes lothed place.
 But cleane to lead me out or Lampe to light me,
 She scornefullie denide the more to spight me.

Sonnet. 54.

BLame me not deere loue though I talke at randon.
 Terming thee scornefull, proud, vnkind, disdaineiful
 Since all I doe cannot my woes abandon,
 Or ridde me of the yoake I feele so painefull.
 If I doe paint thy pride or want of pittie,
 Consider likewise how I blase thy beautie :
 Inforced to the first in mournefull dittie,
 Constrained to the last by seruile dutie :
 And take thou no offence if I misdeemed,
 Thy beauties glorie quenbeth thy prides blemish :
 Better it is of all to be esteemed,
 Faire and too proud than not faire and too squemishe.
 And seeing thou must scorne and tis aprooued,
 Scorne to be ruthles since thou art beloued.

Sonne[?]. 55.

Sonnet. 55.

MY loue more bright than *Cinthias* horned head,
 That spreads her wings to beautifie the heauens :
 When Titan coucheth in his purple bed,
 Thou liuest by Titan and inioiest his beames.
 Shee flies when he begins to run his race,
 And hides her head his beautie stains her brightnes :
 Thou staieft thy beautie yeelds the funne no place,
 For thou excelst his beames in glories sweetnes.
 Shee hath eclips, thou neuer doest eclips,
 Shee sometimes wanes thy glorie still doth waxe :
 None but Endymyon hangeth at her lips,
 Thy beautie burnes the world as fire doth flaxe.
 Shee shines by months, thou houres, months, and yeares,
 Oh that such beautie should inforce such teares.

Sonnet. 56.

WEre words dissolued to sighs, sighs into teares,
 And euerie teare to torments of the mind :
 The minds distresse into those deadly feares,
 That find more death than death it selfe can find.
 VVere all the woes of all the world in one,
 Sorrow and death set downe in all their pride :
 Yet were they insufficient to bemone,
 The restless horrors that my hart doth hide.
 Where blacke dispaire doth feede on euerie thought,
 And deepe dispaire is cause of endles grieve :
 Where euerie sense with forrowes ouer-wrought,
 Liues but in death dispairing of reliefe.
 Whilst thus my heart with loues plague torne asunder,
 May of the world be cald the wofull wonder.

Sonnet. 57.

Sonnet. 57.

THe hunted Hare sometime doth leaue the Hound,
 My Hart alas is neuer out of chace :
 The liue-hounds life sometime is yet vnbound,
 My bands are hopeles of so high a grace.
 For natures fickenes sometimes may haue ease,
 Fortune though fickle sometime is a friend :
 The minds affliction patience may appease,
 And death is cause that many torments end.
 Yet I am sicke, but shee that should restore me,
 VVithholds the facred blame that would recure me :
 And fortune eke (though many eyes deplore me,)
 Nill lend such chance that might to ioy procure me.
 Patience wants power to appease my weeping,
 And death denies what I haue long beene seeking.

Sonnet. 58.

When as I marke the ioy of euery wight, [ceaseth
 Howe in their mindes deepe throbbing sorrow
 And by what meanes they nourish their delight,
 Their sweet delight my paine the more increaseth.
 For as the Deare that sees his fellow feede,
 Amid the lusty heard, himselfe fore brused :
 Or as the bird that feeles her selfe to bleede,
 And lies aloofe of all her pheeres refused.
 So haue I found and now too deerely trie,
 That pleasure doubleth paine and blisse annoy :
 Yet still I twit my selfe of Surcuidrie,
 As one that am vnworthy to inioy.
 The lasting frute of such a heauenly loue,
 For whom these endles sorrowes I approue.

Sonnet. 59.

Sonnet. 59.

WHt haue I raild against loue many waies,
 But pardon loue I honour now thy power :
 For were my Pallace Greece Pyramides,
Cupid should there erect a stately bower.
 And in my Pallace sing his sugred songs,
 And *Venus* Doues my selfe will finely feede :
 And nurse her sparrowes and her milke white Swans.
 Yea, in my restles bosome should they breede.
 And thou deare Ladie sacred and diuine,
 Shalt haue thy place within my hart assignd :
 Thy picture yea thy fierie darting eien,
 Ile carrie painted in my griued mind.
 The chiefest coullers shall be scarlet blood,
 Which *Cupid* pricketh from my wofull hart :
 And teares commixt shall further forth my good,
 To paint thy glories cording their defart.
 I now am changed from what I woont to be,
Cupid is God, And there is none but he.

Sonnet. 60.

WHo taught thee first to sigh Alasse sweet heart? *loue.*
Who taught thy tongue to marshall words
 of plaint? *loue.*
Who fild thine eies with teares of bitter smart? *loue.*
Who gaue thee grieffe and made thy ioyes so faint? *loue.*
Who first did paint with coullers pale thy face? *loue.*
Who first did breake thy sleepes of quiet rest? *loue.*
Who forst thee vnto wanton loue giue place? *loue.*
Who thrald thy thoughts in fancie so distrest? *loue.*
Who made thee bide both constant firme and sure. *loue.*
Who made thee scorne the world and loue thy friend? *loue.*
Who made thy mind with patience paines indure? *loue.*
Who made thee settle stedfast to the end. *loue.*
 Then loue thy choice though loue be neuer gained,
 Still liue in loue, dispaire not though disdained.

FINIS. T. W.

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