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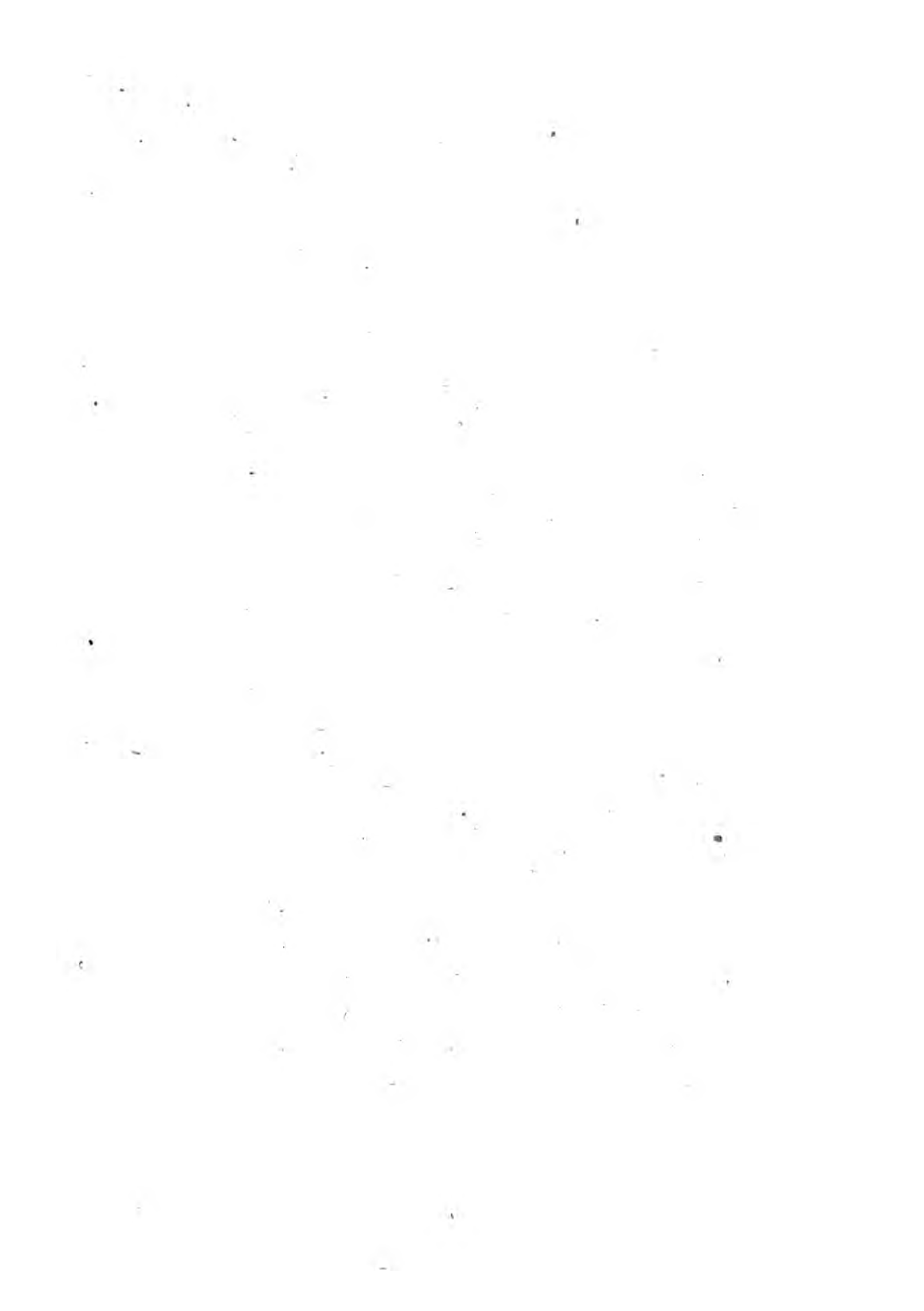
OXFORD
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THE
WORKS
OF
WILLIAM BROWNE.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING
THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE:
CONSISTING OF PASTORALS.
The INNER-TEMPLE MASQUE,
NEVER PUBLISHED BEFORE;
AND OTHER POEMS.
WITH A GLOSSARY.



To the truelie Vertuous, and worthie of all
Honor, the Right Honourable EDWARD,
Lord ZOUCH, Saint MAURE and CANTELUPE,
and one of his Majestie's most Honourable
Privie Councill.

BE pleas'd (great Lord) when underneath the
shades

Of your delightful Bramshill (where the spring
Her flowers for gentle blasts with Zephire trades)
Once more to heare a silly shepheard sing.
Yours be the pleasure, mine the sonneting;
Ev'n that hath his delight: nor shall I need
To seeke applause amongst the common store,
It is enough if this mine oaten reed
Please but the eare it should; I aske no more.
Nor shall those rurall notes which heretofore
Your true attention grac'd and wing'd for fame
Imperfectlye: Oblivion shall not gaine
Ought on your worth, but sung shall be your
name

So long as England yeelds or song, or swaine.
Free are my lines, though drest in lowly state,
And scorne to flatter, but the men I hate.

Your Honour's,

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Of his Friend, Master WITLIAM BROWNE.

A Poet's borne, not made: No wonder then
 Though Spencer, Sidney (miracles of men,
 Sole English Makers: whose ev'n names so hie
 Expresse by implication Poefy)
 Were long unparalell'd: For nature bold
 In their creation, spent that precious mould,
 That nobly better earth, that purer spirit
 Which Poets as their birth-rites, claime t'inherit;
 And in their great production, prodigall,
 Carelesse of futures well-nie spent her all;
 Viewing her worke, conscious sh' had suffered
 wracke,
 Hath caus'd our Countrymen ere since to lacke
 That better earth and forme: Long thrifty
 growne
 Who truly might beare poets, brought forth none:
 Till now of late, seeing her flockes new full
 (By time, and thrift) of matter beautifull,
 And quintessence of formes; what severall
 Our elder poets graces had, those all
 She now determin'd to unite in one,
 So to surpasse herselfe, and call'd him Browne:
 That beggar'd by his birth, she's now so poore,
 That of true Makers she can make no more.
 Hereof accus'd, answer'd, she meant that he
 A species should, no individuum be:

That

That (Phoenix like) he in himselfe should find
 Of Poesy contain'd each several kind.
 And from this Phoenix's urne, thought she could
 take,

Whereof all following Poets well to make.

For of some former she had now made knowne
 They were her errours whil'st sh' intended
 Browne.

IN LIBELLUM INSCRIPTIONEMQUE.

Not Æglogues your, but Eclogues: To compare:
 Virgil's selected, yours elected are.
 He imitates, you make: and this your creature
 Expresseth well your name, and theirs, their
 nature.

E. JOHNSON.

Int. Temp.

To his better beloved, than known Friend,
 Master BROWNE.

SUCH is the fate of some (write) now a daies:
 Thinking to win and weare, they break the baies;
 As a slow Footeman striving neere to come,
 A swifter that before him farre doth runne,

Puft with the hope of honour's gole to winne,
 Runnes out of breath, yet furthest off from him.
 So doe our most of poets, whose muse flies
 About for honour, catch poor butterflies.
 But thou, faire friend, not ranckt shall be 'mongst
 those

That make a mountaine where a mole-hill grows.
 Thou, whose sweet finging pen such layes hath
 writ

That in an old way, teacheth us new wit.
 Thou that were born and bred to be the man,
 To turne Apollo's glory into Pan:
 And when thou lists of shepheards leave to write,
 To great Apollo adde againe his light:
 For never yet like shepheards forth have come,
 Whose pipes so sweetly play as thine hath done.
 Faire muse of Browne, whose beauty is as pure
 As women browne, that fair and long'ft endure;
 Still mayst thou, as thou dost, a lover move,
 And as thou dost each mover may thee love,
 Whilst I myselfe in love with thee must fall,
 Browne's muse the faire browne woman still
 will call.

JOHN ONLEY.

Int. Temp.

T H E
S H E P H E A R D ' s P I P E .

T H E F I R S T E G L O G U E .

T H E A R G U M E N T .

*Roger and Willie both ymet,
Upon a greeny Ley;
With Rondelayes and Tales are set,
To spend the length of Day.*

W I L L I E . R O G E T .

W I L L I E .

ROGET, droope not, see the spring
Is the earth enamelling,
And the birds on every tree
Greete this morne with melodie:
Heark, how yonder thruffle chants it,
And her mate as proudly vants it;
See how every streame is drest
By her margine, with the best
Of Flora's gifts, she seemes glad
For such brookes such flowers she had:

All the trees are quaintly tyred
 With greene buds, of all desired;
 And the hauthorne every day,
 Spreads some little shew of May:
 See the primrose sweetly set
 By the much-lov'd violet,
 All the bankes doe sweetly cover,
 As they wou'd invite a lover
 With his lassie, to see their dressing,
 And to grace them by their pressing.
 Yet in all this merry tide
 When all cares are laid aside,
 Roget sits as if his bloud
 Had not felt the quickning good
 Of the sun, nor cares to play,
 Or with songs to passe the day
 As he wont. Fye, Roget fye,
 Raise thy head, and merrily
 Tune us fomewhat to thy reede;
 See our flockes do freely feede:
 Here we may together sit,
 And for musicke very fit
 Is this place; from yonder wood
 Comes an eccho shrill and good;
 Twice full perfectly it will
 Answere to thine oaten quill.
 Roget, droope not then, but sing
 Some kind welcome to the spring.

ROGET.

THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

7

ROGET.

Ah Willie, Willie, why should I,
Sound my notes of jollitie?
S'nce no sooner can I play
Any pleasing roundelay,
But some one or other still
'Gins to descant on my quill;
And will say, by this, he me
Meaneth in his ministrallie.
If I chance to name an affe
In my song, it comes to passe,
One or other sure will take it
As his proper name, and make it
Fit to tell his nature too.
Thus whate're I chance to do
Happens to my losse, and brings
To my name the venom'd stings
Of ill report: How should I
Sound then notes of jollitie?

WILLIE.

'Tis true, indeed, we say all
Rub a gall'd horse on the gall,
Kicke he will, storme, and bite:
But the horse of founder plight

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

Gently feeles his master's hand.
In the water thrust a brand
Kindled in the fier, 'twille hisse;
When a sticke that taken is
From the hedge, in water thrust,
Never rokes as would the first,
But endures the water's touch.
Roget, so it fares with such
Whose owne guilt hath them inflam'd,
Rage whene're there vice is blam'd.
But who in himselfe is free
From all spots, as lillies be,
Never stirres, do what thou can.
If thou slander such a man
Yet he's quiet, for he knowes
With him no such vices close.
Onely he that is indeede
Spotted with the leprous feede
Of corrupted thoughts, and hath
An ulcerous soule in the path
Of reproofe, he straight will brall,
If you rub him on the gall.
But in vaine then shall I keepe
'These my harmlesse flocke of sheepe.
And though all the day I tend them,
And from wolves and foxes shend them.

Wicked

Wicked fwaynes that beare me spight,
In the gloomy vaile of night,
Of my fold will draw the pegges,
Or else breake my lambkins legges:
Or unhang my weather's bell,
Or bring bryers from the deil,
And them in my fold by pieces
Cast, to tangle all their fleeces.
Well-a-day! such churlish fwaynes
Now and then lurke on our plaines;
That I feare, a time, ere long
Shall not heare a shepheard's song.
Nor a fwayne shall take in taske
Any wrong, nor once unmaske
Such as do with vices rife
Soyle the shepheard's happy life:
Except he meanes his sheepe shall be
A prey to all their injurie.
This causeth me I do no more
Chant so as I went of yore:
Since in vaine then should I keep
These my harmlesse flocke of sheepe.

WILLIE.

Yet if such thou wilt not sing,
Make the woods and vallies ring

With

THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

With some other kind of lore,
 Roget hath enough in store,
 Sing of love, or tell some tale,
 Praise the flowers, the hills, the vale:
 Let us not here idle be,
 Next day I will sing to thee.
 Hearke on knap of yonder hill
 Some sweet shepheard tunes his quill,
 And the maidens in a round
 Sit (to heare him) on the ground.
 And if thou begin, shall we
 Grac'd be with like company.
 And to gird thy temples bring
 Garlands for such fingering.
 Then raise thee Roget.

ROGET.

Gentle swaine,
 Whom I honour for thy straine,
 Though it would beseeme me more
 To attend thee and thy lore:
 Yet lest thou might'st find in me
 A neglect of courtesie,
 I will sing what I did leere
 Long ago in Janiveere
 Of a skilfull aged fire,
 As we tosted by the fire.

WILLIE.

WILLIE.

Sing it out, it needs must be
Very good what comes from thee.

ROGET.

Whilome, an emperour, prudent and wise,
Raigned in Rome, and had sonnes three,
Which he had in great chiertee and great prife,
And when it shop so, that th' infirmittee
Of death, which no wight may eschew or flee
Him threw downe in his bed, he let to call
His sonnes, and before him they came all.

And to the first he said in this manere,
All th' eritage which at the dying
Of my fadir, he me left, all in feere
Leave I thee: And all that of my buying
Was with my peny, all my purchasing,
My second sonne bequeath I to thee:
And to the third sonne thus said hee:

Unmoveable

Unmoveable good, right none withouten oath
 Thee give I may; but I to thee devise
 Jewels three, a ring, brooch, and a cloth:
 With which, and thou be guied as the wife,
 Thou maist get all that ought thee suffice;
 Who so that the ring useth still to weare
 Of all folkes the love he shall conquere.

And who so the brooch beareth on his breast,
 It is eke of such vertue and such kind,
 That thinke upon what thing him liketh best,
 And he as blive shall it have and finde.
 My words sonne imprint well in mind:
 The cloth eke hath a marvellous nature,
 Which that shall be committed to thy cure.

Who so sit on it, if he wish where
 In all the world to beene, he suddenly
 Without more labour shall be there.
 Sonne, those three jewels bequeath I
 To thee, unto this effect certainly,
 That to study of the univesitee
 Thou go, and that I bid and charge thee.

When

When he had thus said, the vexation
Of death so halted him, that his spirit
Anon forfooke his habitation
In his body, death would no respite
Him yeve at all, he was of his life quitte.
And buried was with such solemnity,
As fell to his imperial dignity.

Of the yongest sonne I tell shall,
And speake no more of his brethren two,
For with them have I not to do at all.
Thus spake the mother Jonathas unto:
Sin God hath his will of thy father doe;
To thy father's will, would I me conforme,
And truly all his testament performe.

He three jewels, as thou knowest well,
A ring, a brooch, and a cloth, thee bequeath,
Whose vertues he thee told every deal,
Or that he past hence and yalde up the breath:
O good God, his departing, his death
Full grievously sticketh unto mine heart,
But suffered not been all how fore it smart.

In that case women have such heavineffe,
 That it not lyeth in my cunning aright;
 You tell of so great sorrow the excesse:
 But wise women can take it light,
 And in short while put unto the flight
 All sorrow and woe, and catch againe comfort,
 Now to my tale make I my resort.

Thy father's will, my sonne, as I said ere,
 Will I performe; have here the ring, and goe
 To studie anon, and when that thou art there,
 As thy father thee bade, doe even so,
 And as thou wilt, my blessing have also:
 She unto him, as swythe, took the ring,
 And bad him keepe it well for any thing.

He went unto the studie generall
 Where he gat love enough, and acquaintance
 Right good and friendly; the ring causing all.
 And on a day to him befell this chance,
 With a woman, a morsell of pleafance,
 By the streets of the universitie,
 As he was in his walking, met he.

And

And right as blive he had with her a tale,
And there withall fore in her love he brent;
Gay, fresh, and piked, was she to the sale,
For to that end, and to that intent
She thither came, and both forth they went:
 And he a pistle rownd in her eare,
 Nat wot I what, for I ne came nat there.

She was his paramour shortly to fey,
This man to folkes all was so leefe,
That they him gave abundance of money,
He feasted folke, and stood at high boucheefe:
Of the lack of good, he felt no grieffe,
 All whil't the ring he with him had,
 But fayling it, his friendship gan sad.

His paramour which that ycalled was
Fellicula, marvailed right greatly
Of the dispences of this Jonathas,
Sin she no peny at all with him fy,
And on a night as there she lay him by
 In the bed, thus she to him spake, and said,
 And this petition assoile him praid.

O reverent fir, unto whom quoth she,
 Obey I would ay with heart's humblenesse,
 Since that ye han had my virginitie,
 You I beseech of your high gentlenesse,
 Tellith me whence comth the good and richeffe
 That yee with feasten folke, and han no store,
 By ought I see can, ne gold, ne tresore.

If I tell it, quoth he, par aventure
 Thou wilt discover it, and out it publish,
 Such is woman's inconstant nature,
 They cannot keepe counsell worth a rish:
 Better is my tongue keepe, than to wish
 That I had kept close that is gone at large,
 And repentance is a thing that I mote charge.

Nay, good fir, quoth she, holdeth me not suspect
 Doubteth nothing, I can be right secree,
 Well worthy were it me to been abject
 From all good company, if I quoth she,
 Unto you should so mistake me.

Be not adread your counsell me to shew.
 Well, said he, thus it is at words few.

My

My father the ring which that thou maist see
On my finger, me at his dying day
Bequeath'd, which this vertue and propertee
Hath, that the love of men he shall have aye
That weareth it, and there shall be no nay
Of what thing that him liketh, aske, and crave
But with good will, he shall as blive it have.

Through the ring's vertuous excellence
Thus am I rich, and have ever ynow.
Now fir, yet a word by your licence
Suffreth me to say, and to speake now:
Is it wisedome, as that it seemeth you,
Weare it on your finger continually?
What wold'ft thou meane, quoth he, thereby?

What perill thereof might there befall?
Right great, quoth she, as ye in company
Walke often, fro' your finger might it fall,
Or plucked off been in a ragery,
And so be lost, and that were folly:
Take it me, let me been of it wardeine,
For as my life keepe it would I certeine.

This Jonathas, this innocent young man,
 Giving unto her words full credence,
 As youth not avifed best be can :
 The ring her tooke of his infipience.
 When this was done, the heat and the fervence
 Of love, which he beforne had purchafed,
 Was quench'd, and loves knot was unlaced.

Men of their gifts to ftint began.
 Ah thought he, for the ring I not ne beare,
 Faileth my love : fetch me woman
 (Said he) my ring, anon I will it weare.
 She rofe, and into chamber drefseth her ;
 And when fhe therein had been a-while,
 Alaffe (quoth fhe) out on falshood and gile.

The cheft is broken, and the ring took out :
 And when he heard her complaint and cry,
 He was aftonied fore, and made a shout,
 And faid, ' curfed be the day that I
 Thee met firft, or with mine eyne fy.'
 She wept, and fhewed outward cheere of wo,
 But in her heart was it nothing fo.

The

The ring was safe enough, and in her chest
It was, all that she said was leasing,
As some woman other while at best
Can lye and weepe when is her liking.
This man saw her woe, and said, dearling
 Weepe no more, God's helpe is nye.
 To him unwise how false she was and flye.

He twyned thence, and home to his countree
Unto his mother the streight way he went,
And when she saw thither comen was he;
My sonne, quoth she, what was thine intent,
Thee fro' the schoole now to absent?
 What caused thee fro' schoole hither to hye?
 Mother, right this, said he, nat would I lye.

Forsooth mother, my ring is a goe,
My paramour to keepe I betooke it,
And it is lost, for which I am full woe,
Sorrow fully unto mine heart it fit.
Sonne, often have I warned thee, and yet
 For thy profit I warne thee my sonne,
 Unhonest women thou hereafter shunne.

Thy brooch anon right woll I to thee fet:
 She brought it him, and charged him full deepe
 When he it tooke, and on his breast it fet,
 Bet than his ring he should it keepe,
 Left he the losse bewaile should and weepe.
 To the uniuersitie shortly to feyne
 In what he could, he hasted him ageine.

And when he comen was, his paramour,
 Him met anon, and unto her him tooke
 As that he did erst, this young revelour,
 Her companie he nat a deale forfooke,
 Though he cause had, but as with the hooke
 Of her sleight, he before was caught and hent,
 Right so he was deceived oft and blent.

And as through vertue of the ring before]
 Of good he had abundance and plentee
 Whi'e it was with him, or he had it lore:
 Right so through vertue of the brooch had he
 What good him list; she thought, how may this be,
 Some privy thing now causeth this richesse,
 As did the ring herebefore I gesse.

Wondering.

Wondering hereon, she praid him, and besought
Befily night and day, that tell he would
The cause of this ; but he another thought,
He meant it close for him it kept be should,
And a long time it was or he it told.

She wept aye too and too, and said, alas !

The time and houre that ever I borne was !

Trust ye not on me, fir ? she said,
Lever me were be flaine in this place,
By that good Lord that for us all deid,
Then purpose againe you any fallace ;
Unto you would I be my live's space
As true, as any woman on earth is
Unto a man, doubteth nothing of this.

Small may she doe, that cannot well by heet,
Though not performed be such a promesse.
This Jonathas thought her words so sweet,
That he was drunke of the pleasant sweetnesse
Of them, and of his foolish tendernesse.

Thus unto her he spake, and said tho'

Be of good comfort, why weepest thou so ?

And she thereto answered thus, sobbing;
 Sir, quoth she, my heaviness and dread
 Is this: I am a dread of the leeing
 Of your brooch, as Almighty God forbode
 It happen so: Now what, so God thee speed,
 Said he, wouldest thou in this case counsaile?
 Quoth she, that I keepe it might fans faile.

He said, I have a feare and dread algate,
 If I so did thou wouldest it leese,
 As thou loilest my ring, now gone but late:
 First God pray I, quoth she, that I not cheese,
 But that my heart as the cold frost may freeze,
 Or else be it brent with wild fire:
 Nay, surely it to keepe is my desire.

To her wordes credence he gave pleneere,
 And the brooch tooke her, and after anone,
 Whereas he was beforne full leese and cheere
 To folke, and had good, all was gone;
 Good and friendship him lacked, there was none,
 Woman, me fetch the brooch, quoth he, fwythee
 Into thy chamber for it goe; hye thee.

She

She into chamber went, as then he bad,
But she not brought that he sent her fore,
She meant it nat, but as she had been mad
Her clothes hath she all to rent and tore,
And cry'd alas! the brooch away is bore,
For which I wole anon right with my knife
My selfe flay, I am weary of my life.

This noife he heard, and blive he to her ran,
Weening she would han done as she spake,
And the knife in all haste that he can
From her tooke, and threw it behind his backe,
And said, ne for the losse, ne for the lacke
Of the brooch, sorrow not, I forgive all,
I trust in God, that yet us helpe he shall.

To th' emperesse his mother this yong man
Againe him dresseth, he went her unto;
And when she saw him, she to wonder gan,
She thought now somewhat there is misdo,
And said, I dread thy jewels two
Been lost now, percase the brooch with the ring.
Mother, he said, yea, by heaven king.

Sonne, thou wotst well no jewell is left
 Unto thee now, but the cloth pretious
 Which I thee take shall, thee charging est
 The company of women riotous
 Thou flee, lest it be to thee so grievous
 That thou it nat sustaine shalt ne beare,
 Such company on my blessing forbear.

The cloth she felt, and it hath him take,⁷
 And of his lady his mother, his leave
 He took, but first this forward gan he make:
 Mother, said he, trusteth this weel and leeve
 That I shall feyn, forsooth ye shall it preeve,
 If I leese this cloth, never I your face
 Henceforth see wole, ne you pray of grace.

With God's helpe I shall do well ynow,
 Her blessing he tooke, and to study is go,
 And as beforne told have I unto you,
 His paramour his privy mortall foe
 Was wont to meet him, right even so
 She did then, and made him pleafant cheere:
 They clip and kisse and walk homeward in feere.

When

When they were entred in the house, he sprad
This cloth upon the ground, and thereon sit,
And bad his paramour, this woman bad,
To sit also by him adowne on it.
She doth as he commandeth and bit,
Had she this thought and vertue of the cloth
Wist, to han set on it, had she been loth.

She for a while was full fore affesed.
This Jonathas wish in his heart gan :
Would God that I might thus been eafed,
That as on this cloth I and this woman
Sit here, as farre were, as that never man
Or this came, and unneth had he so thought,
But they with the cloth thither weren brought.

Right to the world's end, as that it were,
When apparceived had she this, she cry'd
A thogh she through girt had be with a spere.
Harro! alas! that ever shope this tide!
How came we hither? Nay, he said, abide,
Worse is comming; here sole wole I thee leave
Wild beasts shallen thee devoure or eave.

For

For thou my ring and brooch haft fro' me holden.
 O reverent fir! have upon me pittee,
 Quoth she, if ye this grace do me wolden,
 As bring me home againe to the cittee
 Where as I this day was, but if that ye
 Them have againe, of foul death do me dye;
 Your bountie on me kythe, I mercy cry.

This Jonathas could nothing beware,
 Ne take ensample of the deceites tweine
 That she did him before, but feith him bare,
 And her he commanded on death's peine
 Fro' such offences thenceforth her restreine:
 She swore, and made thereto foreward,
 But herkneith how she bore her afterward.

Whan she saw and knew that the wrath and ire
 That he to her had borne, was gone and past,
 And all was well; she thought him eft to fire,
 In her malice aye stood she stedfast,
 And to enquire of him was not agast,
 In so short time how that it might be
 That they came thither out of her contrie.

Sush

Such vertue hath this cloth on which we sit,
Said he, that where in this world us be list,
Suddenly with the thought shalpen thither flit,
And how thither come unto us unwist:
As thing fro' farre, unknowne in the mist.
And therewith, to this woman fraudulent,
To sleepe, he said, have I good talent.

Let see, quoth he, stretch out anon thy lap,
In which wole I my head lay down and rest.
So was it done, and he anon gan nap:
Nap? nay, he slept right well, at best:
What doth this woman, one the ficklest
Of women all, but that cloth that lay
Under him, she drew lyte and lyte away.

Whan she it had all: would God, quoth she,
I were as I was this day morning!
And therewith this root of iniquitie
Had her with, and sole left him there sleeping.
O Jonathas! like to thy perishing
Art thou, thy paramour made hath thy berd,
Whan thou wakest, cause hast thou to be ferd.

But

But thou shalt doe full well, thou shalt obteene
 Victory on her, thou has done some deed
 Pleasant to thy mother, well can I weene,
 For which our Lord quite shall thy meed,
 And thee deliver out of thy wofull dread.

The childe whom that the mother useth bleffe,
 Full often fythe is eased in distresse.

Whan he awoke, and neither he ne fond
 Woman, ne cloth, he wept bitterly,
 And said, alas ! now is there in no lond
 Man worse I know begon then am I ;
 On every side his looke he cast, and fy
 Nothing but birds in the aire flying,
 And wild beasts about him renning.

Of whose fight he full fore was agryfed,
 He thought all this well deserved I have,
 What ayld me to be so evil avised,
 That my counsell could I nat keep and save ?
 Who can foole play ? who can mad and rave ?
 But he that to a woman his secree
 Discovereth, the smart cleaveth now on me.

He

He thus departeth as God would harmlesse,
And forth of a venture his way he is went,
But witherward he draw, he conceitleffe
Was, he nat knew to what place he was bent.
He past a water which was so fervent
That flesh upon his feet left it him none,
All cleane was departed from the bone.

It shope so that he had a little glasse
Which with that water anon filled he :
And when he further in his way gone was,
Before him he beheld and saw a tree
That fair fruit bore, and in great plentie :
He eate thereof, the taste him liked well,
But he there-through became a foule mesel.

For which unto the ground for sorrow and wo
He fell, and said, cursed be that day
That I was borne, and time and houre also
That my mother conceived me, for ay
Now am I lost ; alas, and well away !
And when some deel flaked his heavinesse,
He rose, and on his way he gan him dresse.

Another

Another water before him he fye,
 Which (fore) to comen in he was adrad :
 But nathelesse, since thereby, other way
 Ne about it there could none be had,
 He thought so strenghtly am I bestad,
 That though it fore me affese or gaste,
 Afoile it wole I, and through it he past.

And right as the first water his flesh
 Departed from his feet, so the secownd
 Restored it, and made all whole and fresh :
 And glad was he, and joyfull that stownd,
 When he felt his feet whole were and found :
 A violl of the water of that brooke
 He fill'd, and fruit of the tree with him tooke.

Forth his journey this Jonathas held,
 And as he his looke about him cast,
 Another tree from afarre he beheld,
 To which he hasted, and him hied fast ;
 Hungry he was, and of the fruit he thrafft
 Into his mouth, and eate of it fadly,
 And of the lepry he purged was thereby.

Of

Of that fruit more he raught, and thence is gone,
And a faire castle from a farre saw he,
In compasse of which, heads many one
Of men there hung, as he might well see,
But not for that he shun would, or flee,
 He thither him dresseth the streight way
 In that ever that he can or may.

Walking so, two men came him ageine,
And saiden thus: deere friend we you pray
What man be ye? firs, quoth he, certeine
A leech I am; and though myfelfe it say,
Can for the health of sicke folkes well purvay.
 They said to him, of yonder castle the king
 A leper is, and can whole be for nothing.

With him there hath been many a fundry leech,
That undertooke him well to cure and heale
On paine of their heads, but all to seech
Their art was, ware that thou not with him deale,
But if thou canst the charter of health enseale:
 Lest that thou leese thy head, as didden they,
 But thou be wise thou find it shall no pley.

Sirs,

Sirs, said he, you thanke I of your reed,
 For gently ye han you to me quit :
 But I nat dread to loofe mine heed,
 By God's helpe full safe keepe I will it,
 God of his grace fuch cunning and wit
 Hath lent me, that I hope I shall him cure.
 Full well dare I me put in aventure.

They to the King's prefence han him lad,
 And him of the fruit of the fecond tree
 He gave to eate, and bad him to be glad,
 And said, anon your health han shall yee :
 Eke of the fecond water him gave he
 To drinke, and whan he those two had received
 His lepry from him voided was and weived.

The King (as unto his high dignity
 Convenient was) gave him largely,
 And to him said, If that it like thee
 Abiden here, I more habundantly
 Thee give wole. My Lord fickerly,
 Quoth he, faine would I your pleasure fulfill,
 And in your high prefence abide still.

But

But I no while may with you abide,
So mochill have I to done elsewhere.
Jonathas every day to the fea fide
Which was nye, went to looke and enquere
If any ship drawing thither were,
Which him home to his countrey lead might,
And on a day, of ships had he fight.

Well a thirty toward the castle draw,
And at a time of evenfong, they all
Arriveden, of which he was full faw,
And to the shipmen cry he gan and call;
And said, if it so hap might and fall,
That some of you me home to my countrie
Me bring would, well quit should he be.

And told them whither that they shoulden goe.
One of the shipmen forth start at last,
And to him said, my ship and no moe
Of them that here been, doth shope and cast
Thither to wend; let see, tell on fast,
Quoth the shipman, that thou for my travaile
Me give wilt, if that I thither faile.

They were accorded, Jonathas forth goeth
Unto the king to aske him licence
To twine thence, to which the king was loth,
And nathlesse with his benevolence,
This Jonathas from his magnificence
Departed is, and forth to the shipman
His way he taketh, as swyth as he can.

Into the ship he entreth, and as blive
As wind and wether good hope to be,
Thither as he purposed him arrive
They failed forth, and came to the cittie
In which this serpentine woman was, she
That had him terned with false deceitis,
But where no remedy followeth, streit is.

Turnes been quit, all be they good or bad
Sometime, though they put been in delay.
But to my purpose, she deemed he had
Been devoured with beasts many a day
Gone, she thought he delivered was for ay.
Folke of the cittie knew not Jonathas,
So many a yeare was past, that he there was:

Misliking

Misliking and thought changed eke in his face,
 Abouten he go'th, and for his dwelling
 In the cittie, he hired him a place,
 And therein exercised his cunning
 Of phyficke, to whom weren repairing
 Many a sicke wight, and all were healed ;
 Well was the sicke man that with him dealed.

Now shop it thus that this Fellicula,
 (The well of deceivable doublenessse,
 Follower of the steps of Dallida)
 Was then exalted unto high richesse,
 But she was fallen into great sicknesse
 And heard seine, for not might it been hid
 How masterfull a leech he had him kid.

Messages solemne to him she sent,
 Praying him to do so mochill labour
 As come and see her ; and he thither went :
 Whan he her saw, that she his paramour
 Had been, he well knew, and for that dettour
 To her he was, her he thought to quite
 Or he went, and no longer it respite.

D 2

But

But what that he was, she ne wist nat,
 He saw her urine, and exe felt her pous,
 And said, the sooth is this plaine and flat,
 A sicknesse han ye strange and mervailous,
 Which to avoid is wonder dangerous :

To heale you there is no way but one,
 Leech in this world other can find none.

Aviseeth you whether you list it take
 Or not, for I told have you my wit.
 Ah ! sir, said she, for God's sake,
 That way me shew, and I shall follow it
 Whatever it be ; for this sicknesse fit

So nigh mine heart, that I wot not how,
 Me to demene : tell on I pray yow.

Lady yee must openly you confesse,
 And if against good conscience and right,
 Any good han ye take more or lesse,
 Beforne this houre, of any manner wight,
 Yeeld it anon ; else not in the might
 Of man is it, to give a medicine
 That you may heale of your sicknes and pine.

If

If any such thing be, tell it out reed,
 And ye shall been all whole I you beheet;
 Else mine art is nought withouten dread.
 O Lord she thought health is a thing full sweet,
 Therewith desire I soverainly to meet:
 Since I it by confession may recover,
 A foole am I but I my guilt discover.

How falsely to the sonne of th' emperour
 Jonathas, had she done, before them all
 As ye han heard above, all that errour
 By knew she, O Fellicula thee call,
 Well may I so, for of the bitter gall
 Thou takest the beginning of thy name,
 Thou root of malice and mirrour of shame.

Then said Jonathas, where are those three
 Jewels, that thee fro' the clerke withdrew?
 Sir in a coffer, at my bed's feet, ye
 Shall find them; open it, and so pray I you.
 He thought not to make it queint and tow
 And say nay, and streine courtesie,
 But with right good will thither he gan hye.

The coffer he opened, and them there fond,
 Who was a glad man but Jonathas? who
 The ring upon a finger of his hond
 He put, and the brooch on his breast also,
 The cloth eke under his arme held he tho;
 And to her him dresseth to done his cure,
 Cure mortall, way to her sepulture.

He thought rue she should, and fore-thinke
 That she her had unto him misbore:
 And of that water her he gave to drinke,
 Which that his flesh from his bones before
 Had twined, where through he was almost lore
 Nad he relieved been, as ye above
 Han heard, and this he did eke for her love.

Of the fruit of the tree he gave her ete,
 Which that him made into the leper stert,
 And as blive in her wombe gan they fret
 And gnaw so, that change gan her hert,
 Now harkneth how it her made smert:
 Her wombe opened, and out fell each in traile
 That in her was, thus it is said fans faile.

Thus

Thus wretchedly (lo) this guile-man dyde,
And Jonathas with jewels three
No lenger there thought to abide,
But home to the empresse his mother hasteth he,
Whereas in joy, and in prosperitee
His life led he to his dying day,
And so God us grant that we doe may.

WILLIE.

By my hooke this is a tale
Would befit our Whitson-ale:
Better cannot be I wilt,
Descant on it he that list.
And full gladly give I wold
The best coffet in my fold,
And a mazor for a fee,
If this song thou'lt teachen me.
'Tis so quaint and fine a lay,
That upon our revell day
If I fung it, I might chance
(For my paines) be tooke to dance
With our lady of the May.

ROGET.

Roget will not fay thee nay,
If thou deem'st it worth thy paines.
'Tis a fong not many fwaines
Singen can, and though it be
Not fo deckt with nycetie
Of sweet words full neatly chused,
As are now by shepheards used:
Yet if well you found the fence,
And the moral's excellence,
You shall find it quit the while,
And excuse the homely stile.
Well I wot, the man that first
Sung this lay, did quench his thirst,
Deeply as did ever one
In the muses Helicon.
Many times he hath heen seene
With the fairies on the greene,
And to them his pipe did found,
Whilst they danced in a round.
Mickle solace would they make him,
And at midnight often wake him,
And convey him from his roome
To a field of yellow broome;

Or

Or into the medowes, where
 Mints perfume the gentle aire,
 And where Flora spends her treasure,
 There they would begin their measure.
 If it chanc'd night's fable shrowds
 Muffled Cynthia up in clouds;
 Safely home, they then would see him,
 And from brakes and quagmires free him.
 There are few such swaines as he
 Now adays for harmonie.

WILLIE.

What was he thou praisest thus?

ROGET.

Scholler unto Tityrus,
 Tityrus the bravest swaine
 Ever lived on the plaine,
 Taught him how to feed his lambes,
 How to cure them, and their dams:
 How to pitch the fold, and then,
 How he should remove agen:
 Taught him when the corne was ripe,
 How to make an oaten pipe,
 How to joyne them, how to cut them,
 When to open, when to shut them,
 And with all the skill he had
 Did instruct this willing lad.

WILLIE.

WILLIE.

Happy furely was that fwaine,
 And he was not taught in vaine :
 Many a one that prouder is,
 Han not fuch a fong as this :
 And have garlands for their meed,
 That but jarre as Skelton's reed.

ROGET.

'Tis too true : but fee the funne
 Hath his journey fully runne ;
 And his horfes all in fwate,
 In the ocean coole their heate :
 Sever we our sheepe and fold them,
 'Twill be night ere we have told them.

Thomas Occleeve, one of the privie feale, composed this first tale, and was never till now imprinted. As this shall please, I may be drawne to publish the rest of his workes, being all perfect in my hands. He wrote in Chaucer's time.

T H E

SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE SECOND EGLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Two Shepheards here complaine the wrong
Done by a swinish lout,
That brings his hogges their sheepe among,
And spoyle the plaine throughtout.*

W I L L I E. J O C K I E,

WILLIE.

JOCKIE, say : What might he be
That fits on yonder hill :
And tooteth out his notes of glee
So uncouth and so shrill ?

JOCKIE.

JOCKIE.

Notes of glee? bad ones I trow,
 I have not heard beforne
 One so mistooke as Willy now,
 'Tis some Sow-gelders horne.
 And well thou asken might'st if I
 Do know him, or from whence
 He comes, that to his minstrelsie
 Requires such patience.
 He is a Swinward, but I thinke
 No Swinward of the best:
 For much he reketh of his swinke,
 And carketh for his rest.

WILLIE.

Harme take the swine! What makes he here?
 What lucklesse planet frownes
 Have drawne him and his hogges in feere
 To root our daified downes.
 Ill mote he thrive! and may his hogges
 And all that ere they breed
 Be ever worried by our dogges,
 For so presumptuous deed.
 Why kept he not amongst the fennes?
 Or in the copses by,
 Or in the woods, and braky glennes,
 Where hawes and acorns lie?

About

About the ditches of the towne,
Or hedge-rowes he might bring them.

JOCKIE.

But then some pence 'twould cost the clowne
To yoke and eke to ring them.
And well I weene he loves no cost
But what is for his backe :
To goe full gay him pleafeth most,
And lets his belly lacke.
Two futes he hath, the one of blew,
The other home-spun gray :
And yet he meanes to make a new
Against next revell day ;
And though our May lord at the feast
Seem'd very trimly clad,
In cloth by his own mother drest,
Yet comes not neere this lad.
His bonnet neatly on his head,
With button on the top,
His shoes with strings of leather red,
And stocking to his flop.
And yet for all it comes to passe,
He not our gybing scapes :
Some like him to a trimmed Aife,
And some to Jacke-an-apes.

WILLIE.

WILLIE.

It seemeth then by what is said,
 That Jockie knowes the boore;
 I would my scrip and hooke have laid
 Thou knew'st him not before.

JOCKIE.

Sike lothed chance by fortune fell,
 (If fortune ought can doe)
 Not kend him? Yes: I ken him well
 And fometime paid for't too.

WILLIE.

Would Jockie ever stoope so low,
 As coniffance to take
 Of sike a churle? Full well I know
 No nymph of spring or lake,
 No heardeffe, nor no shepheard's gerle
 But faine would fit by thee,
 And sea-nymphs offer shells of perle
 For thy sweet melodie.
 The Satyrs bring thee from the woods,
 The strawberrie for hire,
 And all the first fruites of the buds
 To woove thee to their quire.

Silvanus

Silvanus songsters learne thy straine,
 For by a neighbour spring
 The Nightingale records againe
 What thou dost primely sing.
 Nor canst thou tune a madrigall,
 Or any drery mone,
 But nymphs, or swaines, or birds, or all
 Permit thee not alone.
 And yet (as though devoid of these)
 Canst thou so low decline,
 As leave the lovely Naides
 For one that keepeth swine?
 But how befell it?

JOCKIE.

T'other day
 As to the field I fet me,
 Neere to the May-pole on the way
 This fluggish Swinward met me:
 And seeing Weptol with him there,
 Our fellow-swaine and friend
 I bad, good day, so on did fare
 To my proposed end.
 But as backe from my wintring ground
 I came the way before,
 This rude groome all alone I found
 Stand by the alehouse dore.

There

There was no nay, but I must in
 And taste a cup of ale ;
 Where on his pot he did begin
 To stammer out a tale.
 He told me how he much desir'd
 Th' acquaintance of us swaines,
 And from the forest was retir'd
 To graze upon our plaines :
 But for what cause I cannot tell,
 He cannot pipe nor sing,
 Nor knowes he how to digge a well,
 Nor neatly dresse a spring :
 Nor knowes a trap nor snare to till,
 He fits as in a dreame ;
 Nor scarce hath so much whistling skill
 Will hearten on a teame.
 Well, we so long together were,
 I gan to haste away,
 He licenc'd me to leave him there,
 And gave me leave to pay.

WILLIE.

Done like a Swinward ; may you all
 That close with such as he,
 Be used so ! that gladly fall
 Into like company.

But

But if I faile not in mine art
 Ile fend him to his yerd,
 And make him from our plaines depart
 With all his durty herd,
 I wonder he hath fuff' red been
 Upon our common heere,
 His hogges doe root our yonger treen
 And spoyle the fmelling breere.
 Our pureft welles they wallow in,
 All over-fpred with durt,
 Nor will they from our arbours lin,
 But all our pleasures hurt.
 Our curious benches that we build
 Beneath a shady tree.
 Shall be orethrowne, or fo defilde
 As we would loath to fee.
 Then joyne we Jockie; for the rest
 Of all our fellow fwaines,
 I am affur'd will doe their best
 To rid him fro' our plaines.

JOCKIE.

What is in me shall never faile
 To forward fuch a deed;
 And fure I thinke we might prevaile
 By some Satyricke reed.

WILLIE.

If that will doe, I know a lad
Can hit the master-vaine.
But let us home, the skies are fad,
And clouds distill in raine.

T H E
S H E P H E A R D ' s P I P E .

T H E T H I R D E G L O G U E .

T H E A R G U M E N T .

*Old Neddy's povertie they mone,
Who whilome was a swaine
That had more sheepe himselfe alone,
Then ten upon the plaine.*

P I E R S . T H O M A L I N .

T H O M A L I N .

WH E R E is every piping lad
That the fields are not yclad
With their milk-white sheepe?
Tell me: Is it holy day,
Or if in the month of May
Use they long to sleepe?

E 2

P I E R S .

PIERS.

Thomalin 'tis not too late
 For the Turtle and her mate
 Sitten yet in nest :
 And the Thruffle hath not been
 Gath'ring wormes yet on the green.
 But attends her rest.
 Not a bird hath taught her young,
 Nor her morning's lesson sung
 In the shady grove :
 But the Nightingale in darke
 Singing, woke the mounting Larke
 She records her love.
 Not the Sun hath with his beames
 Guilded yet our christall streames
 Rising from the sea.
 Mists do crowne the mountaines tops,
 And each pretty mirtle drops,
 'Tis but newly day..
 Yet see yonder (though unwise)
 Some man commeth in the mist ;
 Hast thou him beheld ?
 See, he crosseth o're the land
 With a dogge and staffe in hand,
 Limping for his eld.

THOMALIN..

THOMALIN.

Yes, I see him, and doe know him,
 And we all do rev'ence owe him,
 'Tis the aged fire
 Neddy, that was wont to make
 Such great feasting at the wake,
 And the * blessing-fire.
 Good old man ! see how he walkes
 Painfull and among the balkes
 Picking lockes of wull :
 I have knowne the day when he
 Had as much as any three,
 When their lofts were full.
 Underneath yond hanging rocks
 All the valley with his flockes
 Was whilome over-spread :
 He had milch-goates without peeres,
 Well-hung kine, and fatned steeres
 Many hundred head.
 Wilkin's cote his dairy was,
 For a dwelling it may passe
 With the best in towne.
 Curds and cream with other cheare,
 Have I had there in the yeare
 For a greeny gowne.

E 3

Lasses

* The Midsummer fires are termed so in the West parts of England.

Lasses kept it, as againe
 Were not fitted on the plaine
 For a lusty dance :
 And at parting, home would take us,
 Flawnes or fillibubs to make us
 For our jouissance.
 And though some in spight would tell,
 Yet old Neddy tooke it well ;
 Bidding us againe
 Never at his cote be strange :
 Unto him that wrought this change,
 Mickle be the paine !

PIERS.

What disafter Thomalin
 This mischance hath cloth'd him in,
 Quickly tellen me :
 Rue I doe his state the more,
 That he clipped heretofore
 Some felicitie.
 Han by night accursed theeves
 Slaine his lambs, or stolne his beeves ?
 Or confuming fire
 Brent his shearing-house, or stall,
 Or a deluge drowned all ?
 Tell me it intire.

Have

Have the winters been so fet
 To raine and snow, they have wet
 All his driest laire :
 By which meanes his sheepe have got
 Such a deadly curelesse rot,
 That none living are ?

THOMALIN.

Neither waves, nor theeves, nor fire,
 Nor have rots impoor'd this Sire,
 Suretiship, nor yet
 Was the usurer helping on
 With his damn'd extortion,
 Nor the chaines of debt.
 But deceit that ever lies
 Strongest arm'd for treacheries
 In a bosom'd friend :
 That (and onely that) hath brought it,
 Curfed be the head that wrought it !
 And the basest end.
 Groomes he had, and he did fend them
 With his heards a field to tend them,
 Had they further been :
 Sluggish, lazy, thriftlesse elves,
 Sheepe had better kept themselves
 From the Foxes teen.

Some would kill their sheepe, and then
 Bring their master home agen
 Nothing but the skin;
 Telling him, how in the morne
 In the fold they found them torne,
 And nere lying lin.
 If they went unto the faire
 With a score of fatned ware,
 And did chance to fell,
 If old Neddy had againe
 Halfe his owne; I dare well faine,
 That but feldome fell.
 They at their return would say,
 Such a man, or such would pay,
 Well knowne of your hyne.
 Alas poore man! that subtill knave
 Undid him, and vaunts it brave,
 Though his master pine.
 Of his master he would beg
 Such a lambe that broke his leg:
 And if there were none,
 To the fold by night he'd hye,
 And them hurt full rufully,
 Or with the staffe or stone.
 He would have petitions new,
 And for desprate debts would sue

Neddy

Neddy had forgot :
 He would grant : the other then
 Tares from poore and aged men :
 Or in jayles they rot.
 Neddy lately rich in store,
 Giving much, deceived more,
 On a fudden fell.
 Then the steward lent him gold
 Yet no more then might be told
 Worth his master's cell.
 That is gone, and all beside,
 (Well-a-day, alacke the tide)
 In a hollow den,
 Underneath yond gloomy wood
 Wons he now, and wails the brood
 Of ingratefull men.

PIERS.

But alas ! now he is old,
 Bit with hunger, nipt with cold,
 Wat is left him ?
 Or to succour, or relieve him,
 Or from wants oft to repreeve him.

THOMALIN.

All's bereft him,

Save

Save he hath a little crowd,
 (He in youth was of it prowde)
 And a dogge to dance:
 With them, he on holy-dayes
 In the farmers houfes playes
 For his sustenance.

PIERS.

See; he's neere, let's rise and meet him,
 And with dues to old age, greet him,
 It is fitting so.

THOMALIN.

'Tis a motion good and sage,
 Honour still is due to age:
 Up, and let us goe.

T H E
S H E P H E A R D ' s P I P E,
THE FOURTH EGLOGUE.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

In this the Author bewailes the death of one whom he shadoweth under the name of Philarete, compounded of the Greek words φίλος and ἀρετή, a lover of vertue, a name well besiting him to whose memory these lines are consecrated, being sometime his truly loved (and now as much lamented) friend Mr. Thomas Manwood, sonne to the worthy Sir Peter Manwood, Knight,

U N D E R an aged oke was Willy laid,
Willy, the lad who whilome made the rockes
To ring with joy, whilst on his pipe he plaid,
And from their masters wood the neighbring flocks:

But now o're-come with dolours deepe

That nie his heart-strings rent :

Ne car'd he for his filly sheepe,

Ne car'd for merriment.

But chang'd his wonted walkes

For uncouth paths unknowne,

Where none but trees might here his plaints,

And eccho rue his mone.

Autumne

Autumne it was, when droopt the sweetest floures,
 And rivers (swolne with pride) ore-look'd the
 banks,

Poore grew the day of Summer's golden houres,
 And void of sap stood Ida's cedar-rankes,

 The pleasant meadows sadly lay

 In chill and cooling sweats

 By rising fountaines, or as they

 Fear'd Winter's wastfull threats.

Against the broad-spread oke,

 Each wind in furie beares :

Yet fell their leaves not halfe so fast

 As did the shepheard's teares.

As was his feate so was his gentle heart,

Meeke and dejected, but his thoughts as hie

As those aye-wandring lights, who both impart

Their beames on us, and heaven still beautifie.

 Sad was his looke (O heavy fate!

 That swaine should be so sad,

 Whose merry notes the forlorne mate

 With greatest pleasure clad.)

Broke was his tunefull pipe

 That charm'd the christall floods,

And thus his grieve took airie wings

 And flew about the woods.

Day

Day, thou art too officious in thy place,
 And Night too sparing of a wished stay,
 Yee wand'ring lampes : O be ye fix a space !
 Some other Hemisphere grace with your ray.

Great Phœbus ! Daphne is not heere,

Nor Hyacinthus faire ;

Phœbe ! Endimion and thy deere

Hath long since cleft the aire,

But ye have surely seene

(Whom we in sorrow misse)

A swaine whom Phœbe thought her love,

And Titan deemed his.

But he is gone ; then inwards turne your light,

Behold him there ; here never shall you more,

O're-hang this sad plaine with eternall night !

Or change the gaudy greene she whilome wore

To fenny blacke. Hyperion great

To ashy palenessse turne her !

Greene well befits a lover's heate,

But blacke befeemes a mourner.

Yet neither this thou canst,

Nor see his second birth,

His brightnesse blinds thine eye more now,

Then thine did his on earth.

Let

Let not a shepherd on our haplesse plaines,
Tune notes of glee, as used were of yore:
For Philarete is dead, let mirthfull straines
With Philarete cease for evermore !

And if a fellow swaine doe live
A niggard of his teares ;
The shepheardesses all will give
To store him, part of theirs.

Or I would lend him some,
But that the store I have
Will all be spent before I pay
The debt I owe his grave.

O what is left can make me leave to mone !
Or what remains but doth increase it more ?
Looke on his sheepe : Alas ! their master's gone.
Looke on the place where we two heretofore
With locked armes have vow'd our love,
(Our love which time shall see
In shepherd's songs for ever move,
And grace their harmony)

It solitarie seemes.

Behold our flowrie beds ;
Their beauties fade, and violets
For sorow hang their heads.

'Tis

'Tis not a Cypresse bough, a count'nance sad,
 A mourning garment, wailing elegie,
 A standing herse in fable vesture clad,
 A toombe built to his name's eternitie,
 Although the shepheards all should strive
 By yearly obsequies,
 And vow to keepe thy fame alive
 In spight of destinies
 That can suppress my grieffe :
 All these and more may be,
 Yet all in vaine to recompence
 My greatest losse of thee.

Cypresse may fade, the countenance be changed,
 A garment rot, an elegie forgotten,
 A herse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,
 A tombe pluckt down, or els through age be
 rotten :

 All things th' impartial hand of fate
 Can rase out with a thought :
 These have a sev'ral fixed date,
 Which ended, turne to nought.
 Yet shall my truest cause
 Of sorrow firmly stay,
 When these effects the wings of time
 Shall fanne and sweepe away.

Looke

Looke as a sweet rose fairely budding forth
 Bewrayes her beauties to th' enamour'd morne,
 Untill some keene blast from the envious North,
 Killles the sweet bud that was but newly borne,
 Or else her rarest smels delighting
 Make her, herselfe betray
 Some white and curious hand inviting
 To plucke her thence away.

So stands my mournfull case,
 For had he been lesse good,
 He yet (uncorrupt) had kept the stocke
 Whereon he fairely stood.

Yet though so long he liv'd not as he might,
 He had the time appointed to him given.
 Who liveth but the space of one poor night,
 His birth, his youth, his age is in that even.
 Whoever doth the period see
 Of dayes by Heav'n forth plotted,
 Dyes full of age, as well as he
 That had more yeares allotted.

In sad tones then my verse
 Shall with incessant teares
 Bemoane my haplesse losse of him
 And not his want of yeares.

In

In deepest passions of my griefe-swolne breast
 (Sweete soule!) this onely comfort seizeth me,
 That so few yeeres should make thee so much blest,
 And gave such wings to reach eternitie.

Is this to die? No: as a ship
 Well built, with easie wind
 A lazy hulke doth farre out-strip,
 And soonest harbour find:

So Philarete fled,
 Quicke was his passage given,
 When others must have longer time
 To make them fit for heaven.

Then not for thee these briny teares are spent,
 But as the Nightingale against the breere,
 'Tis for myfelfe I moane, and doe lament,
 Not that thou left'st the world, but left'st me here:

Here, where without thee all delights
 Faile of their pleasing powre;
 All glorious daies seeme ugly nights,
 Methinkes no Aprill showre

Embroider should the earth,
 But briny teares distill,
 Since Flora's beauties shall no more
 Be honour'd by thy quill.

And

And ye his sheepe (in token of his lacke)
 Whilome the fairest flocke on all the plaine:
 Yeane never lambe, but be it cloath'd in blacke,
 Ye shady ficcamours! when any swaine,
 To carve his name upon your rind
 Doth come, where his doth stand,
 Shed drops, if he be so unkind
 To raze it with his hand.

And thou my loved muse
 No more should'st numbers move,
 But that his name should ever live,
 And after death my love.

This said, he sigh'd, and with o're-drowned eyes
 Gaz'd on the heavens for what he mist on earth;
 Then from the earth, full sadly gan arise
 As farre from future hope, as present mirth,
 Unto his cote with heavy pace
 As ever sorrow trode,
 He went, with mind no more to trace
 Where mirthful swaines abode,
 And as he spent the day,
 The night he past alone;
 Was never Shepheard lov'd more deere,
 Nor made a truer mone.

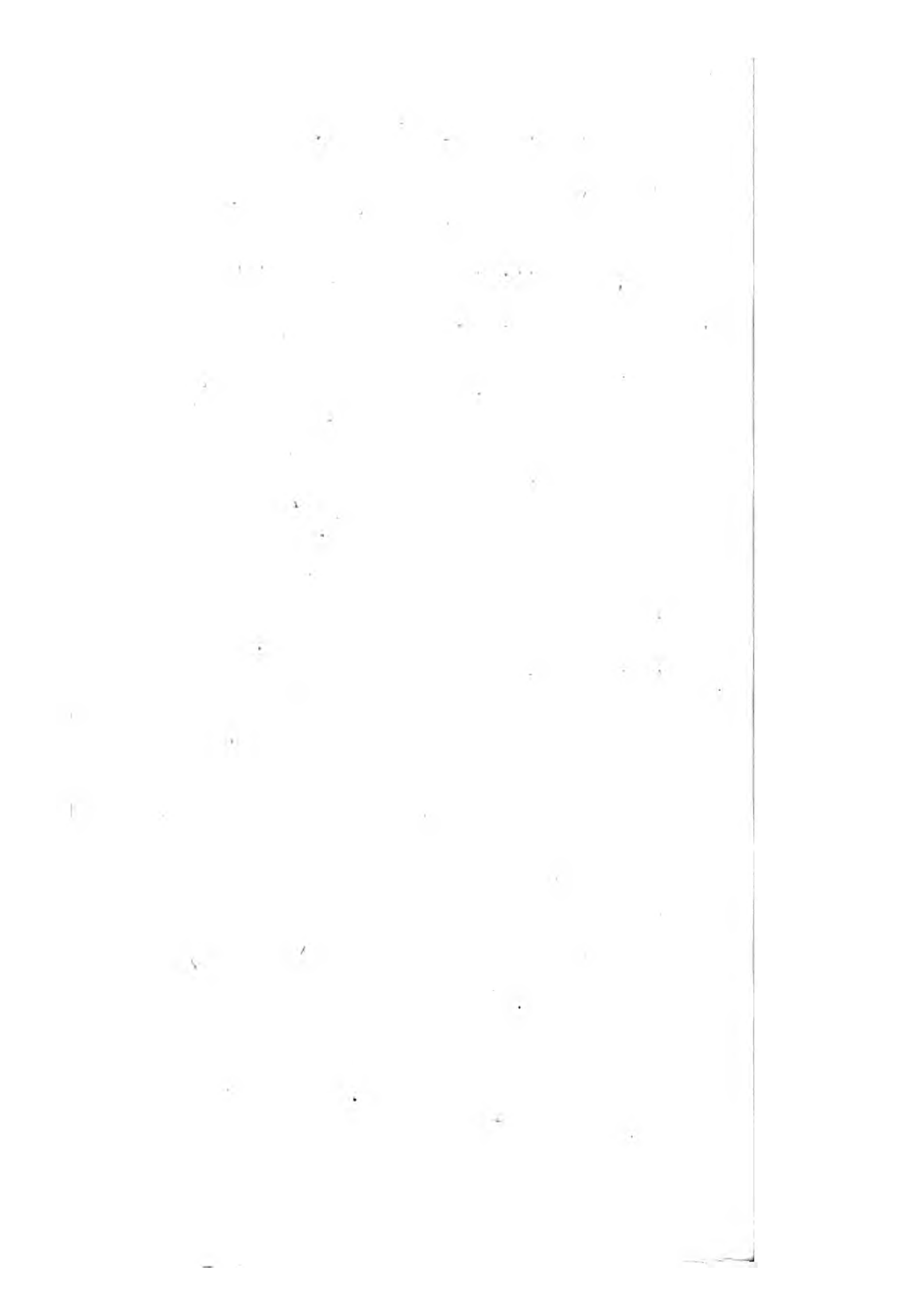
To

To the vertuous, and much lamenting SISTERS
of my ever-admired Friend,
Master THOMAS MANWOOD.

To more knowne then you, is your sad chance,
Oh! had I still enjoy'de such ignorance;
Then, I by these spent teares had not been knowne,
Nor left another's grieffe to sing mine owne.

Yet since his fate hath wrought these throes
Permit a partner in your woes:
The cause doth yeeld, and still may doe
Ynough for You, and others too:
But if such plaints for You are kept,
Yet may I grieve since you have wept.
For he more perfect growes to be
That feeles another's miserie: [run
And though these drops which mourning
From severall fountaines first begun,
And some farre off, some neerer fleete;
They will (at last) in one streame meete.
Mine shal with yours, yours mix with mine,
And make one offering at his shrine:

For whose Eternitie on Earth, my Muse
To buikd this Altar, did her best skill use;
And that you, I, and all that held him deere,
Our teares and sighes might freely offer heere.



T H E

SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE FIFTH EGLOGUE.

To his ingenious FRIEND,
Master CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Willy incites his friend to write
Things of a higher fame
Then silly Shepheards use endite
Vail'd in a Shepheard's name.*

W I L L Y. C U T T Y.

MORNE had got the start of night,
Lab'ring men were ready dight
With their shovels and their spades
For the field, and (as their trades)
Or at hedging wrought, or ditching
For their food more then enriching.

F 3

When

When the shepherds from their fold
 All their bleating charges told,
 And (full carefull) search'd if one
 Of all their flock were hurt or gone,
 Or (if in the night-time cul'd)
 Any had their fleeces pul'd :
 'Mongst the rest (not least in care)
 Cutty to his fold gan fare;
 And young Willy (that had given
 To his flock the latest even
 Neighbourhood with Cutty's sheepe)
 Shaking off refreshing sleepe,
 Hy'd him to his charge that blet,
 Where he (busied) Cutty met :
 Both their sheepe told, and none mist
 Of their number ; then they blift
 Pan, and all the Gods of plaines
 For respecting of their traines
 Of silly sheepe ; and in a song
 Praise gave to that holy throng.
 Thus they drave their flocks to graze,
 Whose white fleeces did amaze
 All the lillies as they passe
 Where their usual feeding was.
 Lillies angry that a creature
 Of no more eye-pleasing feature

Then

Then a sheepe, by nature's duty
 Should be crown'd with far more beauty
 Then a lilly; and the powre
 Of white in sheepe, outgoe a flowre:
 From the middle of their sprout
 (Like a Furie's sting) thrust out
 Dart-like forks in death to steepe them:
 But great Pan did safely keepe them;
 And afforded kind repaire
 To their dry and wonted laire,
 Where their masters (that did eye them)
 Underneath a hawthorne by them,
 On their pipes thus gan to play,
 And with rimes weare out the day.

WILLIE.

Cease Cutty: Cease to feed these simple flockes,
 And for a trumpet change thine oaten-reeds;
 O're-looke the vallies as aspiring rockes,
 And rather march in steele, then shepheard's weeds.
 Beleeve me Cutty! for heroicke deeds
 Thy verse is fit; not for the lives of swaines,
 (Though both thou canst do well) and none
 proceeds
 To leave high pitches for the lowly plaines:
 Take thou a harpe in hand, strive with Apollo;
 Thy muse was made to lead, then scorne to follow.

CUTTY

CUTTY.

Willie, to follow sheepe I neere shall scorne;
 Much lesse to follow any Deity :
 Who 'gainst the sun (though weakned by the
 morne)
 Would vie with lookes, needeth an eagle's eye,
 I dare not searck the hidden mysterie
 Of tragicke scenes; nor in a buskin'd stile
 Through death and horror march, nor their
 height flie,
 Whose pens were fed with blood of this faire Ile.
 It shall content me, on these happy downes
 To sing the strife for garlands, not for crownes.

WILLIE.

O who would not aspire, and by his wing
 Keep stroke with fame, and of an earthly jar
 Another lesson teach the spheres to sing?
 Who would a shepheard that might be a star?
 See learned Cutty, on yond mountaines are
 Cleere springs arising, and the climbing goat
 That can get up, hath water cleerer farre
 Then when the streames doe in the vallies float.
 What mad-man would a race by torch-light run
 That might his steps have usher'd by the funne?
 We

We shepheards tune our layes of shepheards loves,
 Or in the praise of shady groves, or springs;
 We feldome heare of Cytherea's doves,
 Except when some more learned shepheard sings;
 An equall meed have to our sonetings:
 A belt, a sheep-hooke, or a wreath of flowres,
 Is all we seeke, and all our versing brings;
 And more deserts than these are feldome ours.

But thou whose muse a falcon's pitch can fore
 Maist share the bayes even with a conqueror.

CUTTY.

Why doth not Willy then produce such lines
 Of men and armes as might accord with these?

WILLIE.

'Cause Cuttie's spirit not in Willie shines,
 Pan cannot weild the club of Hercules,
 Nor dare a Merlin on a heron feise.
 Scarce know I how to fit a shepheard's eare;
 Farre more unable shall I be to please
 In ought, which none but semi-gods must heare;
 When by thy verse (more able) time shall see
 Thou canst give more to kings, then kings to
 thee.

CUTTY.

CUTTY.

But (wel-a-day) who loves the muses now?
 Or helps the climber of the sacred hill?
 None leane to them; but strive to disallow
 All heavenly dewes the Goddeffes distill.

WILLIE.

Let earthly minds base mucke for ever fill,
 Whose musicke onely is the chime of gold,
 Deafe be their eares to each harmonious quill!
 As they of learning thinke, so of them hold.
 And if ther's none deserves what thou canst
 doo,
 Be then the poet and the patron too.

I tell thee Cutty, had I all the sheepe
 With thrice as many moe, as on these plaines,
 Or shepheard, or faire maiden fits to keepe,
 I would them all forgoe, so I thy straines
 Could equalize. O how our neatest swaines
 Doe trim themselves, when on a holy-day
 They haste to heare thee sing, knowing the traines
 Of fairest nymphs will come to learne thy lay.
 Well may they run and wish a parting never,
 So thy sweet tong might charme their eares
 for ever.

CUTTY.

CUTTY.

These attributes (my lad) are not for me,
Bestow them where true merit hath assign'd ;

WILLIE.

And do I not? bestowing them on thee:
Beleeve me Cutty, I doe beare this mind,
That wheresoe're we true deserving find,
To give a silent praise is to detract;
Obscure thy verses (more then most refin'd)
From any one, of dulnesse so compact.
And rather sing to trees, then to such men,
Who know not how to crowne a poet's pen.

CUTTY.

Willie, by thy incitement I'le assay
To raise my subject higher then tofore,
And sing it to our swaines next holy-day,
Which (as approv'd) shall fill them with the store
Of such rare accents: If dislik'd, no more
Will I a higher straine then shepherds use,
But sing of woods and rivers as before.

WILLIE.

Thou wilt be ever happy in thy muse.
But see, the radiant sunne is gotten hye,
Let's seeke for shadow in the grove hereby.

THE

T H E
S H E P H E A R D ' s P I P E.
T H E S I X T H E G L O G U E.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

*Philos of his dogge doth bragge
For having many feates:
The while the curre undoes his bagge,
And all his dinner eates.*

WILLIE. JOCKIE. PHILOS.

WILLIE.

STAY Jockie, let us rest here by this spring,
And Philos too, since we so well are met;
This spreding oke wil yeeld us shadowing
Till Pœbus steeds be in the ocean wet.

JOCKIE.

Gladly (kind fwaine) I yeeld, so thou wilt play
And make us merry with a roundelay.

PHILOS.

PHILOS.

No Jockie, rather wend we to the wood,
The time is fit, and filberds waxen ripe ;
Let's go and fray the squirrell from his food ;
We will another time heare Willie pipe.

WILLIE.

But who shall keep our flocks when we are gone?
I dare not goe and let them feede alone.

JOCKIE.

Nor I: since but the other day it fell,
Leaving my sheepe to graze on yonder plaine,
I went to fill my bottle at the well,
And ere I could returne, two lambs were flaine.

PHILOS.

Then was thy dog ill taught, or else asleepe ;
Such cures as those shall never watch my sheepe.

WILLIE.

Yet Philos hath a dog not of the best ;
He seemes too lazy, and will take no paines ;
More fit to lie at home and take his rest,
Then catch a wandring sheepe upon the plaines.

JOCKIE.

JOCKIE.

'Tis true indeed; and Philos wot ye what?
I thinke he plaies the fox he growes so fat.

PHILOS.

Yet hath not Jockie nor yet Willie scene
A dogge more nimble then is this of mine,
Nor any of the fox more heedfull beene
When in the shade I slept, or list to dine.
And though I say't, hath better tricks in store
Then both of yours, or twenty couple more.

How often have the maidens strove to take him,
When he hath crost the plaine to barke at crowes?
How many lasses have I knowne to make him
Garlands to gird his necke, with which he goes
Vaunting along the lands so wondrous trim,
That not a dog of yours durst barke at him.
And when I list (as often-times I use)
To tune a horne-pipe, or a morris-dance,
The dogge (as he by nature could not chuse)
Seeming asleepe before, will leap and dance.

WILLIE.

Belike your dog came of a pedler's brood,
Or Philos muscke is exceeding good.

PHILOS.

I boast not of his kin, nor of my reed,
 (Though of my reed, and him I well may boast)
 Yet if you will adventure that some meed
 Shall be to him that is in action most,
 As for a collar of shrill sounding bells
 My dog shall strive with yours, or any's els.

JOCKIE.

Philos in truth I must confesse your Wagge
 (For so you call him) hath of trickes good store,
 To steale the vittales from his master's bagge
 More cunningly, I nere saw dog before,
 See Willy, see! I prithee Philos note
 How fast thy bread and cheefe goes downe his
 throate.

WILLIE.

Now Philos see how mannerly your curre,
 Your well-taught dog, that hath so many trickes,
 Devoures your dinner.

PHILOS.

I wish 'twere a burre
 To choke the mungrell!

JOCKIE.

JOCKIE.

See how he lickes
Your butter-boxe; by Pan, I doe not meanely
Love Philos' dog, that loves to be so cleanly.

PHILOS.

Well flouted Jockie.

WILLIE.

Philos, run amaine,
For in your scrip he now hath thrust his head
So farre, he cannot get it forth againe;
See how he blindfold strags along the mead;
And at your scrip your bottle hangs, I thinke:
He loves your meat, but cares not for your
drinke.

JOCKIE.

I, so it seemes: and Philos now may goe
Unto the wood, or home for other cheere.

PHILOS.

'Twere better he had never serv'd me so,
Sweet meat, fowre fauce, he-shall abyee it deere.
What must he be aforehand with his master?

WILLIE.

WILLIE.

Onely in kindnesse he would be your taster :

PHILOS.

Well Willie, you may laugh, and urge my spleene;
But by my hooke I sweare he shall it rue,
And had far'd better had he fasting been.
But I must home for my allowance new.
So farewell lads. Looke to my fleeced traine
Till my returne.

JOCKIE.

We will.

WILLIE.

Make haste againe.

T H E
S H E P H E A R D ' s P I P E.

THE SEVENTH EGLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Palinode intreats his friend
To leave a wanton lassè ;
Yet he pursues her to his end
And lets all counsell passe.*

PALINODE. HOBBINOL.

WHITHER wends Hobbinol so early day?
What be thy lambkins broken fro' the fold
And on the plaines all night have run astray?
Or are thy sheepe and sheepe-walkes both yfold?
What mister-chance hath brought thee to the
field
Without thy sheepe? thou wert not wont to yeeld
To idle sport,
But did resort
As early to thy charge from drowzy bed,
As any shepheard that his flock hath fed
Upon these downes.

HOBBINOL.

Such heavy frownes
 Fortune for others keeps ; but bends on me
 Smiles would befit the feat of Majestie.
 Hath Palinode
 Made his abode
 Upon our plaines, or in some uncouth cell ?
 That heares not what to Hobbinol befell ;
 Phillis the faire, and fairer is there none,
 To-morrow must be linkt in marriage bands,
 'Tis I that must undoe her virgin zone.
 Behold the man, behold the happy hands.

PALINODE.

Behold the man ? Nay, then the woman too,
 Though both of them are very small beholding
 To any powre that set them on to wooe ;
 Ah Hobbinol ! it is not worth unfolding
 What shepherds say of her ; thou canst not chuse
 But heare what language all of Phillis use ;
 Yet, than such tongues,
 To her belongs
 More than to fate her lust ; unhappy elfe !
 That wilt be bound to her to loose thy selfe.
 Forfake her first.

HOBBINOL.

HOBBINOL.

Thou most accurst!
 Durst thou to slander thus the innocent,
 The grace's patterne, vertue's president?
 She, in whose eye
 Shines modestie:
 Upon whose brow lust never lookes with hope,
 Venus rul'd not in Phillis horoscope:
 'Tis not the vapour of a hemblocke stem
 Can spoyle the perfume of sweet cynnamon;
 Nor vile aspersions, or by thee or them
 Cast on her name, can stay my going on.

PALINODE.

On maist thou goe, but not with such a one,
 Whom (I dare sweare) thou know'ft is not a maid:
 Remember when I met her last alone
 As we to yonder grove for filberds straid,
 Like to a new-strook Doe from out the bushes,
 Lacing herselfe, and red with gamesome blushes,
 Made towards the greene,
 Loth to be seene:
 And after in the grove the goatherd met:
 What saidst thou then? If this prevaile not, yet
 I'le tell thee moe.
 Not long agoe

Toq

Too long I lov'd her, and as thou dost now
 Would sweare Diana was lesse chaste then she,
 That Jupiter would court her, knew he how
 To find a shape might tempt such chastitie :
 And that her thoughts were pure as new falne snow,
 Or silver swans that trace the bankes of Poe,

And free within

From spot of sin :

Yet like the flint her lust-swolne breast conceal'd
 A hidden fire ; and thus it was reveal'd :

Cladon, the lad

Who whilome had

The garland given for throwing best the barre,
 I know not by what chance or luckie starre,

Was chosen late

To be the mate

Unto our lady of our gleeesome May,
 And was the first that danc'd each holyday ;
 None would he take but Phillis forth to dance ;
 Nor any could with Phillis dance but hee,
 On Palinode she thenceforth not a glance
 Bestowes, but hates him and his poverty,
 Cladon had sheape and lims for stronger lode
 Then ere she saw in simple Palinode :

He was the man

Must clip her than ;

For him she wreathes of flowers and chaplets made ;
 To strawberries invites him in the shade,

In

In shearing time,
 And in the prime
 Would helpe to clip his sheepe, and gard his lambs;
 And at a need lend him her choicest rams,
 And on each stocke
 Work such a clocke

With twisted colored thred; as not a swaine
 On all these downes could shew the like againe.
 But as it seemes, the well grew dry at last,
 Her fire unquench'd, and she hath Cladon lost;
 Nor was I sorry; nor doe wish to taste
 The flesh whereto so many flies have cleft.
 Oh Hobbinol! Canst thou imagine she
 That hath so oft been tride, so oft misdome;
 Can from all other men be true to thee?
 Thou know'it with me, with Cladon, she hath gone
 Beyond the limites that a maiden may,
 And can the name of wife those rovings stay?

She hath not ought
 That's hid, unfought;

These eies, these hands, so much know of that
 woman,
 As more thou canst not; Can that please that's
 common?

No: Should I wed,
 My marriage bed,
 And all that it containes, should as my heart
 Be knowne but to myselfe; if we impart

What golden rings
 The Fairy brings,
 We loose the jem, nor will they give us more :
 Wives loose their value, if once knowne before:
 Behold this violet that cropped lyes,
 I know not by what hand first from the stem,
 With what I plucke myselfe shall I it prise?
 I scorne the offals of a diadem.
 A virgin's bed hath millions of delights
 If then goods parents please she know no more:
 Nor hath her servants nor her favourites
 That waite her husband's issuing at dore :
 She that is free both from the act and eie
 Onely deserves the due of chastitie.

But Phillis is

As farre from this, ?

As are the Poles in distance from each other,]
 She well befeemes the daughter of her mother.

Is there a brake

By hill or lake

In all our plaines that hath not guilty been,
 In keeping close her stealths; the Paphian Queene
 Ne're us'd her skill
 To win her will

Of yong Adonis, with more heart than she
 Hath her allurements spent to work on me.

Leave,

Leave, leave her Hobbinol; she is so ill
 That any one is good that's nought of her,
 Though she be faire, the ground which oft we till
 Growes with his burden old and barrener.

HOBBINOL.

With much ado, and with no little paine
 Have I out-heard thy railing 'gainst my love:
 But it is common, what we cannot gaine
 We oft disvalew; sooner shalt thou move
 Yond lofty mountaine from the place it stands,
 Or count the medowes flowers, or Ifis sands,

Then stirre one thought,

In me, that ought

Can be in Phillis which Diana faire
 And all the Goddeses would not wish their.

Fond man then cease

To crosse that peace

Which Phillis' vertue and this heart of mine
 Have well begun; and for those words of thine

I doe forgive

If thou wilt live

Hereafter free from such reproches mee,
 Since goodnesse never was without her foe.

PALINODE.

PALINODE.

Beleeve me Hobbinol what I have said
 Was more in love to thee than hate to her:
 Thinke on thy liberty; let that be weigh'd;
 Great good may oft betide if we deferre
 And use some short delayes ere marriage rites;
 Wedlocke hath daies of toile as joyfome nights.

Canst thou be free

From jealousie?

Oh no: That plague will so infect thy braine
 That onely death must worke thy peace againe.

Thou canst not dwell

One minute well

From whence thou leav'st her; locke on her thy
 gate,

Yet will her mind be still adulterate.

Not Argos' eyes

Nor ten such spies'

Can make her onely thine; for she will doe
 With those, that shall makethee mistrust them too.

HOBBINOL.

Wilt thou not leave to taint a virgine's name?

PALINODE.

A virgine! Yes: As sure as is her mother.
 Dost thou not heare her good report by fame?

HOBBINOL.

Fame is a lyer, and was never other.

PALINODE.

Nay, if she ever spoke true, now she did ;
 And thou wilt once confesse what I foretold
 The fire will be disclos'd that now lies hid,
 Nor will thy thought of her thus long time hold.
 Yet may she (if that possible can fall)
 Be true to thee, that hath been false to all.

HOBBINOL.

So pierce the rocks
 A red-breasts knocks
 As the beleefe of ought thou tell'ft me now.
 Yet be my guest to-morrow.

PALINODE.

Speed your plow.
 I fear ere long
 You'le sing a song
 Like that was fung hereby not long ago ;
 Where there is carrion, never wants a crow.

HOBBINOL.

Ill-tutor'd fwaine,
 If on the plaine
 Thy sheep hence-forward comewhere mine do feed,
 They shall be sure to smart for thy misdeed.

PALINODE.

PALINODE.

Such are the thanks a friend's fore-warning
brings.

Now by the love I ever bore thee, stay!
Meet not mishaps! themselves have speedy wings.

HOBBINOL.

It is in vaine. Farewell. I must away.

T H E

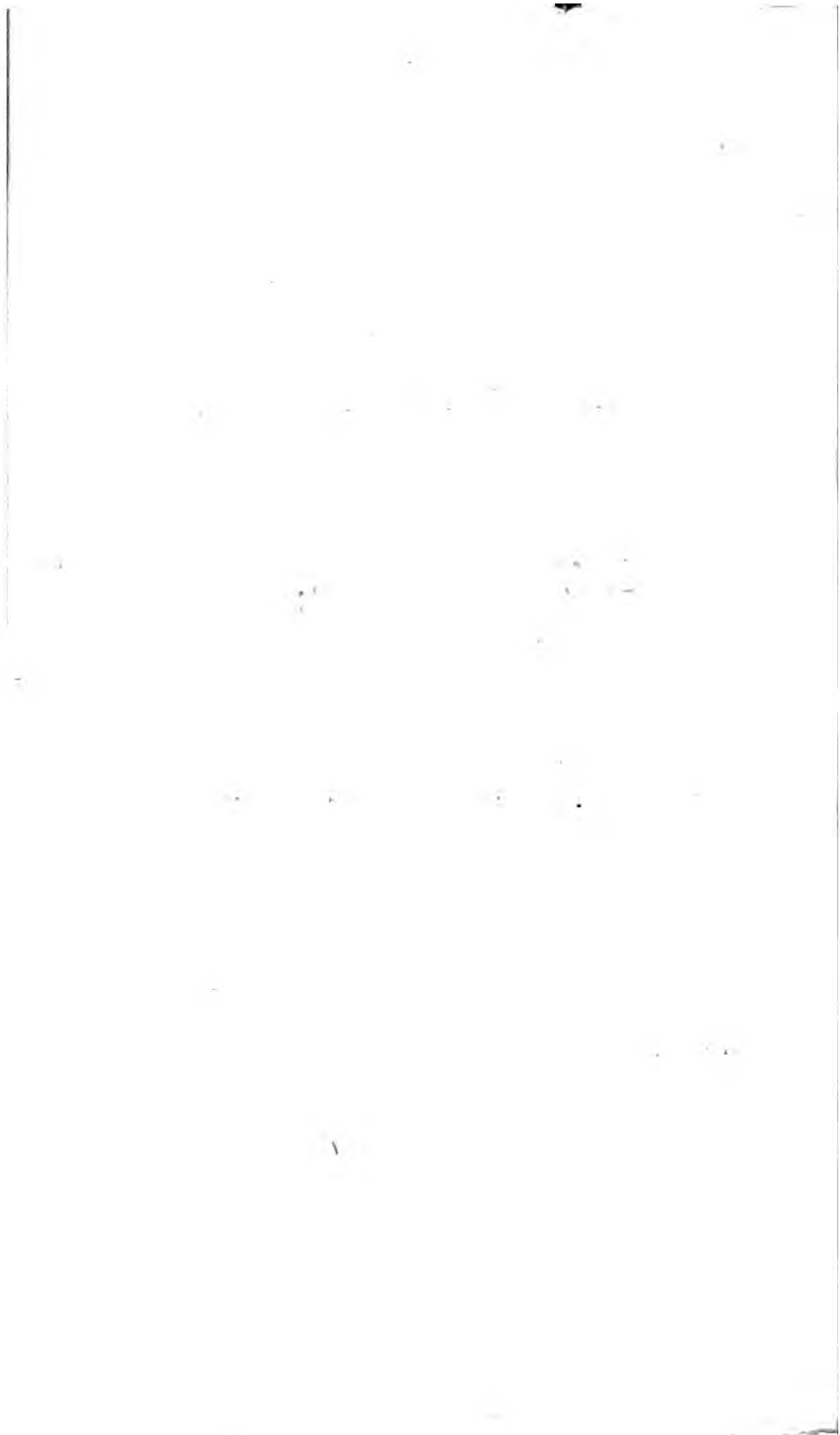
INNER TEMPLE MASQUE.



T H E
I N N E R T E M P L E
M A S Q U E.

Written by W. B R O W N E.

——— *Non semper Gnosius arcus
Destinat, exemplo sed laxat cornua nervo.*
Ovid. ad Pisonem.



E G L O G U E S,

BY MASTER BROOKE,

A N D

MASTER DAVIES,

ADDRESSED TO W. BROWNE,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF

THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.



To his much-loved friend, Master W. BROWNE,
of the Inner Temple, D. D.

CUTTY.

WILLIE well met, now whiles thy flocks
do feed

So dangerlesse, and free from any feare;
Lay by thy hooke, and take thy pleasant reed,
And with thy melodie rebleffe mine eare,
Which (upon Lammas last) and on this plaine,
Thou plaidst so sweetly to thy skipping traine.

WILLIE.

I Cutty, then I plaid unto my sheepe
Notes apt for them, but farre unfit for thee;
How should my layes (alas) true measure keepe
With thy choice eares, or make thee melodie:
For in thy straine thou do'st so farre exceed,
Thou canst not rellish such my homely reede.

CUTTY.

Thy nicenesse shews thy cunning, nothing more,
Yet since thou seem'st so lowly in thy thought;
(Who in thy pastorall veine, and learned lore
Art so much prais'd; so farre and neere art fought.)
Lend me thine eares, and thou shalt heare me
sing

In praise of shepherds, and of thee their king.

MY loved Willie, if there be a man
 That never heard of a browne-colour'd swan,
 Whose tender pinions scarcely fledg'd in show
 Could make his way with whitest swans in Poe:
 Or if there be among the spawne of earth,
 That thinkes so vilely of a shepheard's birth,
 That though he tune his reed in meanest key;
 Yet in his braine holds not heaven, earth, and
 sea:

Then let him know, thou art that young brown
 swan,

That through the winding streames of Albion
 Taking thy course, dost seeme to make thy pace
 With flockes full plum'd, equall in love and grace;
 And thou art he (that though thy humble straines
 Do move delight to those that love the plaines:)
 Yet to thyselfe (as to thy fort) is given
 A Jacob's staffe, to take the height of heaven;
 And with a naturall cosmography,
 To comprehend the earth's rotunditie:
 Besides the working plummet of thy braine,
 Can found the deepes, and secrets of the maine:
 For if the shepheard a true figure be
 Of contemplation (as the learn'd agree)
 Which in his seeming rest, doth (restlesse) move
 About the center, and to heav'n above?

And

And in his thought is onely bounded there,
 Sees nature's chaine fast'ned to Jove's high chaire,
 Then thou (that art of Pan the sweetest swaine
 And far transcending all his lowly traine)
 In thy discursive thought, dost range as farre
 Nor canst thou erre, led by thine owne faire starre.
 Thought hath no prison, and the mind is free
 Under the greatest king and tyranny.

Though low thou seem'st, thy genius mounts the
 hill

Where heavenly nectar doth from Jove distill;
 Where bayes still grow (by thunder not struck
 down)

The victor's-garland, and the poet's-crowne;
 And underneath the horse-foote-fount doth flow,
 Which gives wit verdure, and makes learning
 grow.

To this faire hill (from stormes and tempests free)
 Thou oft repair'it for truthe's discovery,
 A prospect upon all times wand'ring mazes
 Displaying vanity, disclosing graces;
 Nay, in some cliffe it leads the eye beyond
 The time's horizon stripping sea and land.
 And farther (not obscurely) doth devine
 All future times: Here doe the muses shine,
 Here dignitie with safetie doe combine,
 Pleasure with merit makes a lovely twine.

Vitam vitalem they shall ever leade,
 That mount this hill and learning's path do treade:
 Here admiration without envies wonne,
 All in the light, but in the heate fit none.
 And to this mount thou dost translate thine essence
 Although the plaines contain thy corporal pre-
 fence;
 Where though poore people's miserie thou shew
 That under griping lords they undergoe,
 And what content they (that do lowest lie)
 Receive from good men, that do sit on hie.
 And in each witty ditty (that surpasse)
 Dost, for thy love, make strife 'mongst country
 lasses;
 Yet in thy humble straine, fame makes thee rise,
 And strikes thy mounting forehead 'gainst the
 skies.

Renowned friend, what trophe may I raise
 To memorize thy name; would I could praise
 (In any meane) thy worth; strike envy dumbe,
 But I die here; thou liv'st in time to come;
 States have their period, statues lost with rust;
 Soules to Elizium, Nature yeelds to dust;
 All monuments of armes and power decay,
 But that which lives to an eternall day,
 Letters preserve; nay, Gods with mortall men,
 Do sympathize by vertue of the penne,

And

And so shalt thou. Sweet Willie then proceede,
 And in eternall merit fame thy reede.
 Pan to thy fleeced numbers give increafe,
 And Pales to thy love-thoughts give true peace,
 Let faire Feronia (Goddeffe of the woods)
 Preserve thy yong plants, multiply thy buds;
 And whiles thy rams doe tup, thy ewes do twyn,
 Doe thou in peacefullshade (from men's rude dyn)
 Adde pinyons to thy fame: Whose active wit
 With Hermes winged cap doth suite most fit.

CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

T H I R S I S and A L E X I S.

T H I R S I S.

AL E X I S, if thy worth doe not disdain
 The humble friendship of a meaner swaine;
 Or some more needfull businesse of the day
 Urge thee to be too hafty on thy way;
 Come (gentle shepheard) rest thee here by me,
 Under the shadow of this broad-leav'd tree:
 For though I seeme a stranger, yet mine eye
 Observes in thee the markes of curtisie:

H. 4,

And:

And if my judgement erre not, noted too
 More than in those that more would seeme to doe:
 Such vertues thy rude modesty doth hide
 Which by thy proper luster I espi'd;
 And though long mask't in silence they have
 beene,

I have a wisedome through that silence seene:
 Yea, I have learned knowledge from thy tongue,
 And heard when thou hast in concealment sung:
 Which me the bolder and more willing made
 Thus to invite thee to this homely shade.

And though (it may be) thou couldst never spye
 Such worth in me to make me known thereby,
 In thee I doe; for here my neighbouring sheepe
 Upon the border of these downes I keepe:
 Where often thou at pastorals and playes
 Hast grac'd our wakes on sommer holy-dayes:
 And many a time with thee at this cold spring
 Met I, to heare your learned shepherds sing,
 Saw them disporting in the shady groves,
 And in chaste sonnets wooe their chaster loves:
 When I endued with the meanest skill,
 Amongst others have been urg'd to tune my quill;
 Where (cause but little cunning I had got)
 Perhaps thou saw'st me, though thou knew'st me
 not.

ALEXIS.

ALEXIS.

Yes, Thirfis, I doe know thee and thy name,
 Nor is my knowledge grounded all on fame;
 Art not thou he, that but this other yeare,
 Scard'st all the wolves and foxes in the sheere?
 And in a match at foot-ball lately try'd
 (Having scarce twenty fatyres on thy side)
 Held'st play: and, though affailed, kept'st thy
 stand

'Gainst all the best-try'd ruffians in the land:
 Didst thou not then in doleful sonnets mone,
 When the beloved of great Pan was gone;
 And at the wedding of faire Thame and Rhyne,
 Sing of their glories to thy Valentine?
 I know it, and I must confesse that long
 In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong:
 For till I markt the aime thy fatyrs had,
 I thought them overbold, and Thirfis mad;
 But since I did more neerely on thee looke
 I soone perceiv'd that I had all mistooke:
 I saw that of a cynicke thou mad'st show
 Where since I find that thou wert nothing so,
 And that of many thou much blame hadst got,
 When as thy innocence deserv'd it not.
 But this too good opinion thou hast seem'd
 To have of me (not so to be esteem'd)

Prevailes

Prevailes not ought to stay him who doth feare;
 He rather should reproofes than praises heare;
 'Tis true I found thee plaine and honest too,
 Which made me like, then love, as now I do;
 And Thirsis though a stranger, this I say,
 Where I do love I am not coy to stay.

THIR SIS.

Thankes gentle fwayne that dost so soone unfold
 What I to thee as gladly would have told,
 And thus thy wonted curtesie exprest
 In kindly entertaining this request:
 Sure I should injury my owne content,
 Or wrong thy love to stand on complement,
 Who hast acquaintance in one word begunne
 As well as I could in an age have done:
 Or by an over-weaning flownesse marre
 What thy more wisedome hath brought on fo
 farre,
 Then fit thou downe and I'le my minde declare:
 As frely as if we familiars were:
 And if thou wilt but daigne to give me eare,
 Something thou maist for thy more profit heare.

ALEXIS.

Willingly Thirsis I thy wish obey.

THIR SIS.

And teach thy muse in some well-framed song,
 To shew the art thou hast suppress'd so long :
 Which if my new acquaintance may obtaine
 Thirsis will ever honour this daie's gaine.

ALEXIS.

Alas ! my small experience scarce can tell
 So much as where those nymphes the muses
 dwell,
 Nor (though my flow conceit still travels on)
 Shall I ere reach to drinke of Hellicon ;
 Or if I might so favour'd be to taste
 What those sweet streames but over-flow in
 waste,
 And touch Parnassus where it low'ft doth lye,
 I feare my skill would hardly flagge so hye.

THIRSIUS.

Despaire not man, the Gods have prized nought
 So deere that may not be with labour bought,
 Nor neede thy paine be great, since fate and
 heaven
 They (as a blessing) at thy birth have given.

ALEXIS.

ALEXIS.

Why fay they had.

THIRSIſ.

Then uſe their gifts thou muſt,
Or be ungratefull, and ſo be unjuſt:
For if it cannot truly be deny'd,
Ingratitude men's benefits do hide,
Then more ungratefull muſt he be by oddes
Who doth conceale the bounty of the Gods.

ALEXIS.

That's true indeed, but Envy hateth thoſe
Who, ſeeking fame, their hidden ſkill diſcloſe:
Where elſe they might (obſcur'd) from her
eſpying
Eſcape the blaſts and danger of envying:
Critickes will cenſure our beſt ſtraines of wit,
And purblind ignorance miſconſter it.
All which is bad, yet worſe then this doth follow,
Moſt hate the Muſes, and contemne Apollo.

THIRSIſ.

So let them; why ſhould we their hate eſteeme?
Is't not enough we of ourſelves can deeme?
'Tis more to their diſgrace that we ſcorne them,
Then unto us that they our art contemne;

Can

Can we have better pastime then to see
 Our grosse heads may so much deceived be,
 As to allow those doings best, where wholly
 We scoffe them to their face, and flout their
 folly :

Or to behold blacke Envy in her prime
 Die selfe-consum'd whilst we vie lives with time :
 And in despight of her, more fame attaine
 Than all her malice can wipe out againe.

ALEXIS.

Yea, but if I apply me to those straines,
 Who should drive forth my flockes unto the
 plaines,
 Which whilst the muses rest, and leasure crave,
 Must watering, folding, and attendance have?
 For if I leave with wonted care to cherish
 Those tender heards, both I and they should
 perish.

THIRSI.

Alexis, now I see thou dost mistake,
 There is no meaning thou thy charge forsake,
 Nor would I wish thee so thyselfe abuse
 As to neglect thy calling for thy muse :
 But let these two so of each other borrow,
 That they may season mirth, and lessen sorrow.

Thy

Thy flocke will helpe thy charges to defray,
 Thy muse to passe the long and tedious day.
 Or whilst thou tun'st sweet measures to thy reed
 Thy sheepe to listen will more neere thee feed,
 The wolves will shun them, birds above theefing,
 And lambkins dance about thee in a ring;
 Nay, which is more, in this thy low estate
 Thou in contentment shalt with monarkes mate:
 For mighty Pan, and Ceres to us grants
 Our fields and flockes shall help our outward
 wants.

The Muses teach us songs to put off cares,
 Grac'd with as rare and sweet conceits as theirs:
 And we can thinke our lasses on the greenes
 As faire, or fairer than the fairest queenes;
 Or what is more than most of them shall do,
 Wee'le make their juster fames last longer too,
 Having our lines by greatest princes grac'd
 When both their name and memorys defac'd.
 Therefore, Alexis, though that some disdain
 The heavenly musicke of the rural plaine,
 What is't to us, if they (or'eseene) contemne
 The dainties which were nere ordain'd for them?
 And though that there be other some envy
 The praises due to sacred poeie,
 Let them disdain and fret till they are wearie,
 We in ourselves have that shall make us merrie:
 Which

Which he that wants, and had the power to
 know it,
 Would give his life that he might dye a poet.

ALEXIS.

Thou hast so well (yong Thirsis) plaid thy part,
 I am almost in love with that sweet art:
 And if some power will but inspire my song,
 Alexis will not be obscured long.

THIRISIS.

Enough kinde pastor: but oh! yonder see
 Two shepheards, walking on the lay-banke be,
 Cuttie and Willie, that so dearly love,
 Who are repairing unto yonder grove:
 Let's follow them: for never braver swaines
 Made musicke to their flockes upon these plaines.
 They are more worthy, and can better tell
 What rare contents do with a poet dwell.
 Then whiles our sheepe the short sweet grasse do
 there,
 And till the long shade of the hilles appeare,
 Weele heare them sing: for though the one be
 young,
 Never was any that more sweetly fung.

G E O. W I T H E R.

An

AN E G L O G U E

*Between yonge WILLIE, the Singer of his native
Pastorals, and old WERNOCK his Friend.*

WERNOCK.

WILLIE, why lig'st thou (man) so wo-be-gon?
 What? been thy rather lamkins ill-apaid?
 Or, hath some drerie chance thy pipe misdane?
 Or, hast thou any sheep-cure mis-affaid?
 Or, is some conteck 'twixt thy love and thee?
 Or, else some love-warke arfie-varfie ta'ne?
 Or, fates lesse frolicke than they wont to be?
 What gars my Willie that he so doth wane?
 If it be for thou hast mis-faid, or done
 Take keepe of thine owne counsell; and thou art
 As sheeneandclearé fro' both-twaine as the funne:
 For, all fwaines laud thine haviour, and thine art.
 Ma hap thine heart (that unneath brooke neglect,
 And jealous of thy fresh fame) liggs upon
 Thy rurall songs, which rarest clarkes affect,
 Dreading the descant that mote fall thereon.
 Droope not for that (man) but unpleate thy browes,
 And blithly, so, fold envies up in pleats:
 For, fro' thy makings, milke and melly flowes,
 To feed the songster-fwaines with arts foot-meats.

WILLIE.

Now, sileer (Wernock) thou haſt ſpilt the marke
 Albe that I ne wot I han mis-fong:
 But, for I am ſo yong, I dread my warke
 Woll be miſvalued both of old and yong.

WERNOCK.

Is thilke the cauſe that thou been ligge ſo laid,
 Who whilom no encheſon could fore-haile;
 And caitive-courage nere made miſapaid,
 But with chiefe yongſters ſongſters bar'ſt thy faile?
 As ſwoot as ſwans thy ſtrains make Thams to ring
 Fro' Cotſwold where her fourſe her courſe doth
 take,
 To her wide mouth which vents thy carolling
 Beyond the hether and the further lake.
 Than up (ſaid ſwaine) pull fro' thy vailed cheeke
 Hur prop, thy palme: and let thy virilaies,
 Kill envious cunning ſwaines (whom all do feeke)
 With envy, at thine earned gaudy praife.
 Up lither lad, thou reck'ſt much of thy ſwinke,
 When ſwinke ne ſwat thou ſhouldſt ne reck for
 fame.
 At Aganip than, lay thee downe to drinke
 Untill thy ſtomacke ſwell, to raiſe thy name.

What

What though time yet hannot bedowld thy chin?
 Thy dams deere wombe was Helicon to thee;
 Where (like aloach) thoudrew'st thilkeli liquor in,
 Which on thy heart-strings ran with musicke's
 glee.

Than up betimes, and make the fullen swaines
 With thy shrill reed such jolly-jovifance
 That they (entranc'd) may wonder at thy strains;
 So, leave of thee ne're ending fovenance.

WILLIE.

Ah Wernock, Wernock, so my sp'rits beene
 steept
 In dulnesse, through these duller times missawes
 Of sik-like musicke (riming rudely cleept)
 That yer I pipe well, must be better cause.
 Ah, who (with lavish draughts of Aganip)
 Can swill their soule to frolick; so, their muse,
 Whancourts and camps, that erst the muse did clip,
 Do now forlore her; nay, her most abuse?
 Now, with their witleffe, causelesse surquedry
 They been transpos'd fro' what of yore they were,
 That swaines, who but to looser luxurie
 Can shew the way, are now most cherisht there.
 These times been crimefull (ah) and being so,
 Bold swaines (deft songsters) sing them criminall;
 So, make themselves oft gleefull in their wo:
 For thy tho' songsters are misween'd of all.

For, swaines, that con no skill of holy rage,
 Bene foe-men to faire skil's enlawreld queene.
 Enough is mee, for thy, that I ma vent
 My wits spels to myselfe, or unto thee
 (Deer Wernock) which dost feel like discontent
 Sith thou, and all unheeded, singt with me.

WERNOCK.

Vartue it's fed (and is an old faid-faw)
 Is for hurselfe, to be forsought alone :
 Then estfoones fro' their case thy shrill pipes
 draw,
 And make the welkin ringen with their tone.
 Of world, ne worly men take thou no keepe,
 What the one doth, or what the other say ;
 For should I so, I so should eyne out-weepe :
 Than, with me ; Willie, ay sing care away.
 It's wood to be fore-pind with wastefull carke
 In many a noyfull stoure of willing bale
 For vading toyes : But trim wits poorest wark
 The upper heav'n han hent fro' nether dale.
 Thilks all our share of all the quelling heape
 Of this world's good : enough is us to tell
 How rude the best bene, caduke, and how cheape,
 But, laude for well-done warks, don all excell !

For thy we shoulde take keepe of our race
 That here we rennen, and what here we doon
 That whan we wenden till another place,
 Our fovenance may here, ay-gayly woon.
 For, time will underfong us; and our voice
 Woll woxen weake; and our devising lame:
 For, life is brieve; and skils been long, and choice:
 Than spend we time, that time may spare our
 fame.

Looke how breeme winter chamfers earth's
 bleeke face;

So, corbed elde accoyes youth's furquedry;
 And, in the front, deepe furrowes doon enchafe,
 Inveloped with falling snow a hy.

Then nought can be atchiev'd with witty shewes,
 Sith grieffe of elde accloyen wimble wit;

Than, us behoven, yer elde sick accrewes,
 Time to forelay, with spels retarding it.

I not what blisse is whelm'd with heav'ns coape
 So be the pleafance of the muse be none:

For, when thilke gleeesome joyes han hallowed
 scope

They been as those that heav'ns-folke warbleon.

I con my good; for, now my scalpe is frost
 Yeelding to snow; the crow-feete neer mine eyne
 Beene markes of mickle preefe I have, that most
 Of all gleees else alow, han suddaine fine.

O how

O how it garres old Wernock fwynck with glee
 In that emprise that chiven feateft fame,
 It heats my heart above abilitie
 To leave parduring fovenance of my name.
 And whan mine engine han heav'd hy my
 thought,
 An that on poynt-device eftfoones yfell,
 O! how my hart's joy rapt, as I had cought,
 A pryncedome to my share, of-thilk newell.
 They beene of pleafances the alderbest:
 Than, God to forne; I wol no mo but tho:
 Tho' been the fumme of all I loven best:
 And for hem love I life; else nold I fo.
 Drive on thy flocke than, to the motley plaines
 Where by some prill, that 'mong the pibbles
 plods,
 Thou, with thine oaten reede, and queintest
 straines,
 Maist rapt the fenior Swaines, and minor Gods:
 That as on Ida that mych-famed mount,
 A shepheard fwaine; that fung lesse foote than
 thou,
 By light loves Goddeffe, had the grace to mount
 To owe the sheeneft Queene that Earth did
 owe:
 So, thou maist, with thy past'rall minstralsy

Beating the aire, atweene refounding hills,
 Draw to thee bonibels as fmirke, as hy,
 And wrap hem in thy love begrey their wils :
 For (ah) had Phœbus Clarkes the meanes of some
 Worfe Clarkes (parav'nter) fo to fing at ease ;
 They foone would make high long-wing'd hag-
 gards come ;

And vaile unto their lures ; fo, on hem feife.
 For, bright nymphes buxume breasts do eas'ly
 ope

To let in thirling notes of noted laies :
 For, deftly fong they han a charming fcope ;
 So, nymphs themfelves adore brows girt with
 bayes.

Than, Willie (ah for pittie of thine heart
 That drouping yearnes, at miffes of thefe times)
 Take thou thy pipe, and of glee take thy part ;
 Or cheere thyfelfe with cordials of thy rimes.
 Before the world's fterne face, the world back-
 bite

So flyly that her parts ne'it perceive :
 Morall thy matter fo, that, tho' thou fmite,
 Thou maift with tickling her dull fence ; deceive.
 Than hy thee, Willie, to the neighbour wafts
 Where thou (as in another world alone)
 Maift (while thy flocke doe feede) blow bitter blafts
 On thy loud'ft pipe, to make il's pertly knowne.

For,

For, sith the rude world doon us misplease
 That well deserven, tell we hur hus owne;
 And let her ken our cunning can, with ease,
 Aye shend, or lend her sempiterne renowne.

WILLIE.

Ah Wernock, so thy fawes mine heart downe
 thril

With love of Muses skill in speciall,
 That I ne wot, on mould what feater skill
 Can be yhugg'd in Lordings pectorall.
 Ne would I it let bee for all the store
 In th' uncooth scope of both-twain hemispheres;
 Ynough is me, perdy, nor strive for more
 But to be rich in hery for my leeres.
 Ne would I sharen that foule-gladding glee
 In th' ever gaudy gardens of the bleit
 Not there to han, the Muses companee,
 Which, God to-fore, is of the best, the best.
 Now, Wernock, shalt thou see (so mote I thee)
 That I nill usen any skill so mytch,
 (Faire fall my swinck) as this so nice, and free,
 In case I may my name to Heaven stich.
 For why; I am by kind so inly pul'd
 To these delices, that when I betake
 Myself to other lore I more am dul'd;
 And therefro, keenely set, I fall to make.

But,

But, well-away, thy nis the way to thriven ;
 And, my neer kith, for that wol fore me shend ;
 Who little reck how I by kind am given ;
 But her wold force to fwinck for thriftier end.
 Hence forward then I must assay, and con
 My leere in leefull lore, to pleafen them
 That, sib to me, would my promotion,
 And carke for that to prancke our common
 stem :

For, now (as wends the world) no skill to that
 (Or rather but that) thrives ; sith fwaines are
 now

So full of contecke, that they wot ne what
 They would ; so, if they could, they all would owe.
 So fares it in calme seasons with curst men ;
 If frennes forbear at home, hem to invade,
 They wry their peace to noy each other then
 By plees, till they decease, or fall, or fade.
 So times been keener now with common fwaynes,
 Than whan as forraigne foe-men with hem
 fought :

For, now they fwyncke, but for flye law-mens
 gaines

Or feld they should poiffessen what they ought.

But, what for this ? to me it little longs

To gab of fikliche notes of misery ;

Ynough is me to chaunten swoote my fongs,

And

And blend hem with my rural mynstrelfy.
 But, O (my Wernock) how am I to thee
 Obligen, for thy keene reencouragements
 To skill so mickle lov'd and fought of me
 As this of making with Arts Elements?
 I not how I shall thrive therein; ne how
 I shall be dempt of in these nicer times:
 But howsoere so thou my workes alow,
 I will be ill-apaiden with my rimes.

WERNOCK.

Thou needst not, Willie; wretch were I to laude
 Thee in thy misses: for, I so should be
 To th' adultries of thy wits-scapes, but a baude;
 Ne, as a friend, in sentence, should be free.
 Than, wend thou fairly on, with thynce emprise;
 Sing cleerely, Will, on mine encouragement,
 And other fwaines, more able to devise;
 And, fixe thee for it, in the firmament.
 Ynough is me so I may beare a part
 Aye in the Muses quire with those and thee;
 Il'e sing (at ease) aloud, with cheerefull hart,
 No base, ne meane, but tenor of best glee.

WILLIE.

WILLIE.

And I, with thee, woll chaunt each counter-
verse

So shrilly that we'll make thilk quire to ring
As ever do the angels; who rehearse
The loudest lauds of heav'ns Lord whan they
sing.

So, farewell, Wernock, mickle thanks to thee
For thy freedome, that canst so well devise:
Phœbus now goes to glade; than now goe we,
Unto our sheddes to rest us till he rise.

WERNOCK.

Agree'd deere Willie, gent and debonaire,
Wee'l hence; for, rhumaticke now fares the
aire.

J O. D A V I E S.

T H E

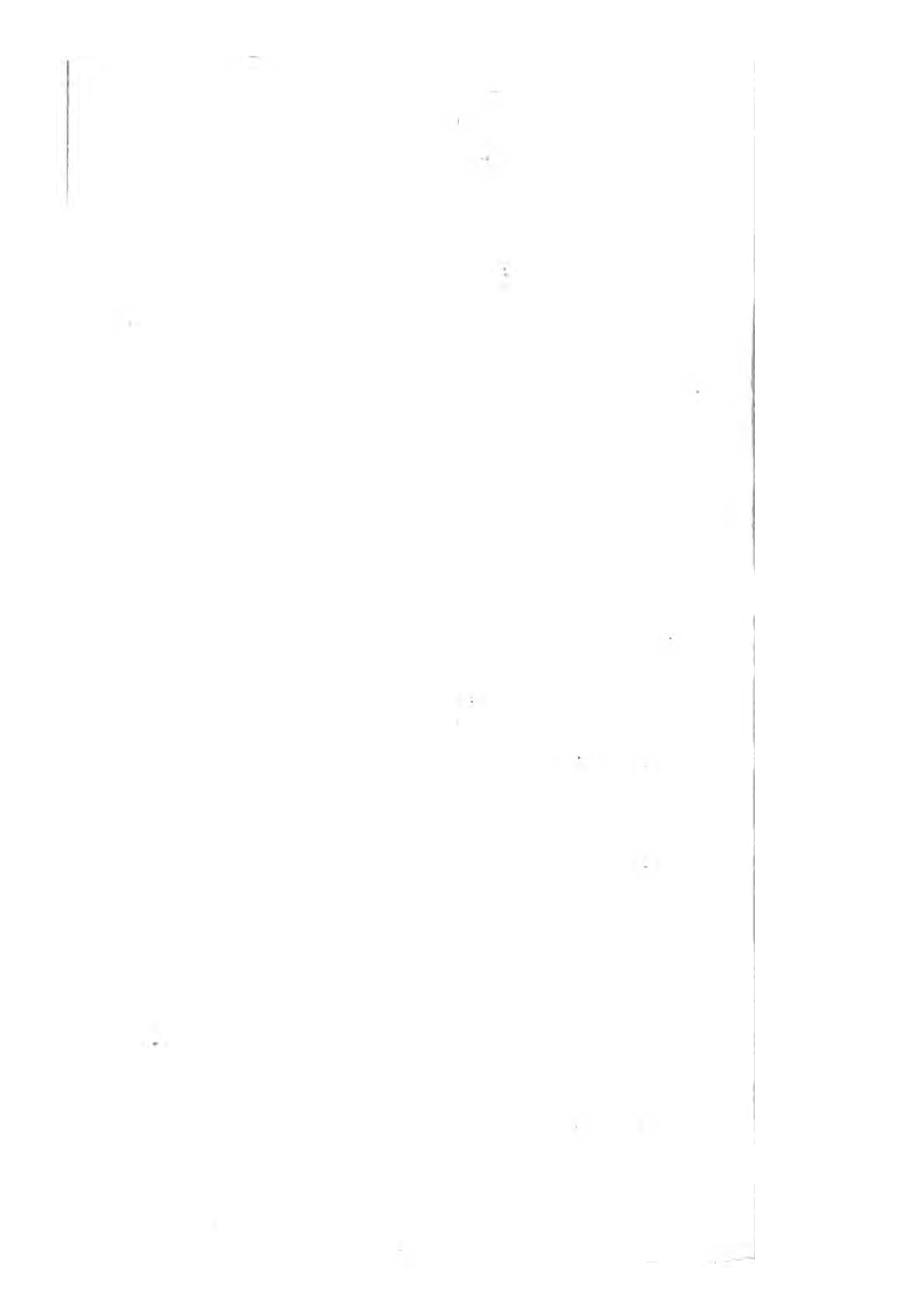
T H E

INNER TEMPLE MASQUE.

T H E
I N N E R T E M P L E
M A S Q U E.

WRITTEN BY W. B R O W N E.

——— *Non semper Gnostus arcus
Destinat, exemplo sed laxat cornua nervo.*
Ovid. ad Pisonem.



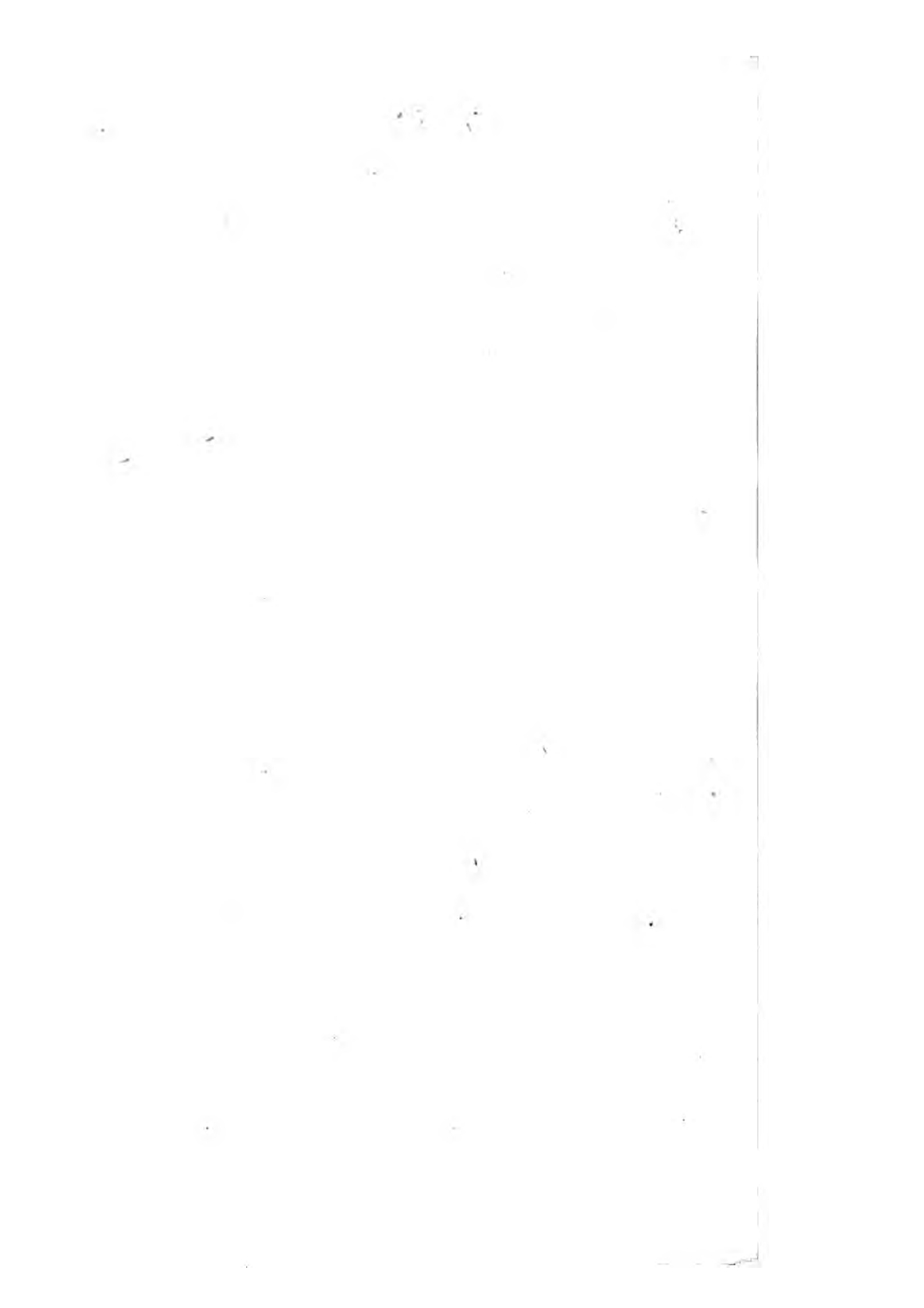
To the Honourable SOCIETY of the
INNER TEMPLE.

GENTLEMEN,

I Give you but your owne: If you refuse to foster it I knowe not who will: By your meanes it may live. If it degenerate in kinde from those other the society hath produced, blame yourselves for not seeking a happier muse. I knowe it is not without faultes, yet such as your loves, or at least Poetica Licentia (the common salve) will make tollerable: What is good in it, that is yours; what bad, myne; what indifferent, both; and that will suffice, since it was done to please ourselves in private, by him that is

All yours,

W. BROWNE.



T H E
INNER TEMPLE MASQUE

The DESCRIPTION of
THE FIRST SCENE.

On one side the hall, towards the lower end, was discovered a cliffe of the sea, done over in part white, accordinge to that of Virgill, lib. 5.

Jamque adeo scopulos Syrenum advecta subibat
Difficiles quondam multorumque ossibus albos.

*Upon it were seated two Syrens, as they are described by Hyginus and Servius, with their upper parts like women to the navell, and the rest like a hen. One of theſe, at the first discovery of the scene (a sea being done in perspective on one side the cliffe) began to singe this songe, beinge as lascivious and proper to them, and beginninge as that of theirs in Hom. lib. μ. Od. Δειρ' ἄγ' ἴων πάλυαισιν
Οδυσευ μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιων.*

STEERE hither, steere, your winged pines,
 All beaten mariners,
 Here lye Love's undiscovred mynes,
 A prey to passengers;
 Perfumes farre sweeter than the best
 Which make the phœnix urne and nest.
 Fear not your ships,
 Nor any to oppose you, save our lips,
 But come on shore,
 Where no joy dyes till love hath gotten more.

The last two lines were repeated as from a grove nere, by a full chorus, and the Syren about to sing againe, Triton (in all parts as Apollonius, lib. 4. Argonaut. shewes him) was seen interrupting her thus:

TRITON.

Leave, leave, alluring Syren, with thy song
 To hasten what the Fates would fain prolong:
 Your sweetest tunes but grones of mandrakes be;
 He his owne traytor is that heareth thee.
 Tethys commands, nor is fit that you
 Should ever glory you did him subdue
 By wyles, whose pollicyes were never spread
 'Till flaming Troy gave light to have them read.
Ulysses

Ulysses now furrowes the liquid plaine,
 Doubtfull of seeing Ithaca againe,
 For in his way more stops are thrust by time,
 Than in the path where vertue comes to climbe :
 She that with silver springs for ever fills
 The shady groves, sweet meddowes, and the hills,
 From whose continuall store such pooles are fed,
 As in the land for seas are famosed.
 'Tis she whose favour to this Grecian tends,
 And to remove his ruine Triton fends.

SYREN.

But 'tis not Tethys, nor a greater powre,
 Cynthia, that rules the waves ; scarce he (each
 houre)
 That wields the thunderboltes, can thinges begun
 By mighty Circe (daughter to the Sun)
 Checke or controule ; she that by charmes can
 make
 The scaled fish to leave the brinye lake,
 And on the seas walke as on land she were ;
 She that can pull the pale moone from her spheare,
 And at mid-day the world's all glorious eye
 Muffle with cloudes in longe obscuritie ;
 She that can cold December set on fire,
 And from the grave bodyes with life inspire ;
 She that cleave the center, and with ease
 A prospect make to our Antipodes ;

Whose myſtique ſpelles have fearfull thunders
 made,
 And forc'd brave rivers to run retrograde ;
 She, without ſtormes, that ſturdy oakes can tare,
 And turne their rootes where late their curl'd
 toppes were ;
 She that can with the winter ſolſtice bringe
 All Flora's daintyes. Circe bids me finge,
 And till ſome greater hand her pow're can ſtaye
 Who'ere commande, I none but her obeye.

TRITON.

Then * Nereus daughter thus you'le have me
 telle.

SYREN.

You maye.

TRITON.

Thinke on her wrath.

SYREN.

I ſhall. Triton ! farewelle.

SYREN.

Vaine was thy meſſage, vaine her haſte, for I
 Muſte tune againe my wanton melodye.

Here

* Hom. Ἀλλὰ ἰ Νηρηος θυγατρης. &c.

Here she went on with her SONGE thus:

For swellinge waves, our panting brestes,
 Where never stormes arise
 Exchange; and be awhile our gwestes,
 For starres gaze on our eyes.
 The compasse, love shall hourelly finge,
 And as he goes about the ringe,
 We will not misse
 To telle each pointe he nameth with a kisse.

C H O R U S.

Then come on shore,
 Where no joye dyes till love hath gotten more.

*At the end of this songe Circe was seene upon the
 rocke, quaintly attyr'd, her haire loose about her
 shoulders, an anadem of flowers on her head, with
 a wand in her hand, and then makinge towardes
 the Syrens, call'd them thence with this speech,*

Syrens, ynouk; cease; Circe hath prevayl'd,
 The Greeks which on the dauncinge billowes
 fayl'd,

About whose shippes a hundred dolphins clunge,
 Wrapt with the musicke of Ulyffes' tongue,
 Have with their guide, by powrfull Circe's hand,
 Cast their hook'd anchors on Æœa's strand.

Yonde standes a hille crown'd with high wavinge
 trees,
 Whose gallant toppes each neighb'ringe countrye
 fees,
 Under whose shade an hundred Sylvans playe,
 With gaudy nymphes farre fairer than the daye ;
 Where everlastinge springe with silver showres,
 Sweet roses doth increase to grace our bowres ;
 Where lavish Flora, prodigall in pride,
 Spendes what might well enrich all earth beside,
 And to adorne this place she loves so deare,
 Stays in some clymats scarcely halfe the yeare.
 When would she to the world indifferent bee,
 They should continuall Aprill have as we.

Midway the wood, and from the level'd lands,
 A spatious, yet a curious arbor standes,
 Wherein should Phœbus once to pry beginne,
 I would benight him 'ere he gette his inne,
 Or turne his steedes awrye, so drawe him on
 To burne all landes but this, like Phaeton.

Ulysses neare his mates, by my strange charmes,
 Lyes there till my returne in sleepe's soft armes :
 Then Syrens quickly wend me to the bowre,
 To fitte their welcome, and shew Circe's powre.

SYREN.

SYREN.

What all the elements doe owe to thee,
In their obedience is perform'd in me.

CIRCE.

Circe drinke not of Lethe, then away
To helpe the nymphes who now begin their laye.

THE SECONDE SCENE.

While Circe was speakinge her first speech, and at these words, ' Yond standes a hill, &c.' a travers was drawne at the lower end of the hall, and gave way for the discovery of an artificiall wood, so nere imitatinge nature, that, I thinke, had there been a grove like that in the open plaine, birds would have been faster drawne to that than to Zeuxis grapes. The trees stood at the climbinge of an hill, and leste at their feete a little plaine, which they circled like a crescente. In this space, upon hillockes, were seen eight musitians in crimsen tassity robes, with chaplets of lawrell on their heades, their lutes by them, which beinge by them toucht as a warninge to the nymphes of the wood, from amonge the trees was heard this songe.

THE

THE SONGE IN THE WOOD.

WHAT singe the sweete birdes in each grove?

Nought but love.

What sound our Eccho, day and night?

All delighte.

What doth each wynd breath us that fleetes?

Endlesie sweets.

C H O R U S.

Is there a place on earth this isle excells,
Or any nymphes more happy live than we,
When all our songes, our foundes, and breathinges
be,

That here all love, delighte, and sweetenes dwells.

*By this time Circe and the Syrens being come into
the wood, Ulysses was seene lying as asleepe, under
the couverte of a faire tree, towards whom
Circe coming, bespake thus.*

CIRCE.

Yet holdes soft sleepe his course. Now Ithacus,
Ajax would offer hecatombes to us,
And Ilium's ravish'd wives, and childlesse fires,
With incense dym the bright æthereal fires,
To have thee bounde in chaynes of sleepe as here;
But that thou mayst behold, and knowe how deare
Thou art to Circe, with my magicke deepe,
And powerfull verses, thus I banish sleepe.

THE CHARM E.

Sonne of Erebus and Nighte,
 Hye away; and aime thy flighte
 Where confort none other fowle,
 Than the batte, and fullen owle.
 Where upon the lymber grasfe,
 Poppy and Mandragoras,
 With like simples not a few,
 Hange for ever droppes of dewe.
 Where flowes Lethe, without coyle,
 Softly like a streame of oyle.
 Hye thee thither gentle Sleepe,
 With this Greeke no longer keepe:
 Thrice I charge thee by my wand,
 Thrice with Mocy from my hand,
 Doe I to touch Ulysses eyes,
 And with the Jaspis: Then arise
 Sagest Greeke.

*Ulysses (as by the powre of Circe) awakinge,
 thus began:*

ULYSSES.

Thou more than mortalle mayde,
 Who, when thou listes, canst make (as if afraide)
 The mountaines tremble, and with terrour shake
 The seate of Dis; and from Avernus lake

Grim

Grim Hecate with all the Furies bringe,
 To worke revenge; or to thy questioninge
 Disclose the secretes of th' infernall shades,
 Or raise the ghostes that walke the under-glades.
 To thee, whom all obey, Ulyffes bendes,
 But may I aske (greate Circe) whereto tendes
 Thy never-failinge handes? Shall we be free?
 Or must thyne anger crush my mates and me?

CIRCE.

Neyther, Laertes' sonne, with winges of love,
 To thee, and none but thee, my actions move.
 My arte went with thee, and thou me mayst
 thanke,
 In winninge Rhesus horses, e're they dranke
 Of Xanthus' streame; and when with human
 gore,
 Cleare Hebrus channell was all stained 'ore;
 When some brave Greeks, companions then with
 thee,
 Forgot their country through the Lotos tree;
 I tyn'd the firebrande that (beside thy flight)
 Left Polyphemus in eternall nighte;
 And lastly to Æœa brought thee on,
 Saf: from the man-devouring Læstrygon.
 This for Ulyffes' love hath Circe done,
 And if to live with mee thou shalt be wonne;
 Aurora's

Aurora's hand shall never drawe away
 The fable vale that hides the gladfome daye.
 But we new pleasures will beginne to taste,
 And better stille, those we enjoyed laste.
 To instance what I canne: Musicke, thy voyce,
 And of all those have felt our wrath, the choyce
 Appeare; and in a dance 'gin that delight
 Which with the minutes shall growe infinite.

*Here one attir'd like a woodman, in all poyntes,
 came forth of the wood, and, going towards
 the stage, sunge this songe to call away the
 Antimasque.*

S O N G E. *

COME yee whose hornes the cuckold weares,
 The whittoll too, with asse's eares;
 Let the wolfe leave howlinge,
 The baboone his scowlinge,
 And Grillus hye
 Out of his stye.

Though gruntinge, though barkinge, though
 brayinge yee come,
 We'ele make yee daunce quiet, and so fend yee
 home.

Nor

* The musicke was composed of treble violins,
 with all the inward parts, a base violle, base lute,
 sagbut, cornamute, and a tabor and pipe.

Nor ginne shall snare you,
 Nor mastive scare you,
 Nor learne the baboone's trickes,
 Nor Grillus scoffe,
 From the hogge troughe,
 But turne againe unto the thickes.

Here's none ('tis hop'd) so foolish, scornes
 That any els should weare the hornes.

Here's no curre with howlinge,
 Nor an ape with scowlinge,
 Shall mocke or moe
 At what you showe.

In jumpinge, in skipinge, in turninge, or oughte
 You shall do to please us how well or how noughte.

If there be any
 Amonge this many,
 Whom such an humour steares,
 May he still lye,
 In Grillus' stye,
 Or weare for ever the asse's cares.

*While the first staffe of this songe was singinge,
 out of the thicketts on cyther side of the passage
 came rushing the Antimasque, being such as by
 Circe, were supposed to have bene transformed
 (havige the mindes of men still) into theese shapes
 followinge:*

Two

Two with heartes, heades, and bodyes, as
Actæon is pictur'd.

Two like Midas, with asses eares.

Two like wolves, as Lycaon is drawne.

Two like baboons.

Grillus (of whom Plutarchewrites in his morralles)
in the shape of a hogge.

*These together dancinge an antique measure, towards
the latter end of it missed Grillus, who was newly
slipte away, and whilst they were at a stand,
wond'ringe what was become of him, the wood-
man slepte forth and sunge this*

S O N G E.

GRILLUS is gone, belyke he hath hearde
The dayrie-maid knocke at the trough in the
yearde :

Through thicke and thinne he wallowes,
And weighes nor depths nor shallowes.

Harke ! how he whynes,

Run all e're he dines,

Then serve him a tricke

For beinge so quicke,

And lette him for all his paines

Behold

ULYSSES.

Much like to one
 Who in a shipwracke being cast upon
 The froathy shores, and safe beholdes his mates
 Equally cross'd by Neptune and the Fates.
 You might as well have ask'd how I would like
 A straine whose equall Orpheus could not strike,
 Upon a harpe whose stringes none other be,
 Then of the heart of chaste Penelope.
 O let it be enough that thou in these,
 Hast made most wretched Laertiades:
 Let yet the sad chance of distressed Greekes,
 With other teares than Sorrowe's dewe your
 cheekes!
 Most abject basenesse hath enthal'd that breste
 Which laughs at men by misery oppreste.

CIRCE.

In this, as lillies, or the new-falne snowe,
 Is Circe spotlesse yet, what though the bowe
 Which Iris bendes, appeareth to each sight
 In various hewes and colours infinite:
 The learned knowe that in itselfe is free,
 And light and shade make that varietye.
 Things farre off seen seem not the same they
 are,
 Fame is not ever truth's discoverer;

For still where envy meeteth a reporte,
 Ill she makes worse, and what is good come shorte.
 In whatso'ere this land hath passine beene,
 Or she that here 'ore other raigneth Queene,
 Let wise Ulysses judge. Some I confesse,
 That tow'rd's this isle not long since did adresse
 Their stretched oares, no sooner landed were,
 But (carelesse of themselves) they here and there
 Fed on strange fruites, invenominge their bloods,
 And now like monsters range about the woods.
 If those thy mates were, yet is Circe free,
 For their misfortunes have not birth from me.
 Who in the apothecarie's shop hath ta'ne
 (Whilst he is wantinge) that which breeds his
 bane,
 Should never blame the man who there had
 plac'd it,
 But his owne folly urginge him to taste it.

ULYSSES.

Æœa's Queene, and great Hyperion's pride,
 Pardon misdoubtes, and we are satisfide.

CIRCE.

Swifter the lightninge comes not from above,
 Then can be our grants born on the winges of love;
 And

And since what's past doth not Ulysses please,
 Call to a dance the fair Nereides,
 With other nymphes, which doe in every creeke,
 In woods, on plaines, on mountaines symphles
 seeke

For powerfull Circe, and let in a songe
 Ecchos be aydinge, that they may prolonge
 My now command to each place where they be,
 To bringe them hither all more speedilye.

*Presently in the wood was heard a full musicke of
 lutes, which descending to the stage, had to
 them sung this followinge songe, the Echos being
 plac'd in several parts of the passage.*

S O N G E.

CIRCE bids you come awaye.

ECCHO. Come awaye, come awaye.
 From the rivers, from the sea.

ECCHO. From the sea, from the sea.
 From the greene woods every one.

ECCHO. Every one, every one.
 Of her maides be missinge none.

ECCHO. Missinge none, missinge none.
 No longer stay, except it be to bringe
 A med'cine for love's stinge.

That would excuse you, and be held more deare,
Than wit or magicke, for both they are here.

ECCHO. They are here, they are here.

The Eccho had no sooner answered to the last line of the sence, They are here, but the second Antimasque came in, being seven nymphs, and were thus attir'd:

Four in white taffita robes, long tresses, and chaplets of flowers, herbs, and weeds, on their heads, with little wicker baskets in their hands, neatly painted. These were supposed to be maides attending upon Circe, and used in gathering simples for their mistresses's enchantments.---- (Pausanius in prioribus Eliacis.)

*Three in sea greene robes, * greenish haire hanging loose, with leaves of corall and shells intermixt upon it. These are, by Ovid affirmed to helpe the nymphs of Circe in their collections. †*

These

* Horac. lib. 3. carmin.

† Nereides nymphæque simul quis vellera motis
Nulla trahunt digitos, nec fila sequentia ducunt,
Gramina disponunt; sparsosque sine ordine flores
Secernunt Calathis, variisque coloribus herbas.
Ipsa quod hæ faciunt opus exigit; &c.

Ovid, lib. 14. Metam.

These havinge danced a most curious measure to a softer tune than the first Antimasque, as most fitting, returned as they came; the Nereides towards the cliffes, and the other Maides of Circe to the woods and plaines. After which Ulysses, thus:

ULYSSES.

Fame addes not to thy joyes, I see in this,
 But like a high and stately pyramis
 Growes least at farthest: now faire Circe grante,
 Although the faire-hair'd Greeks do never vaunte,
 That they in measur'd paces ought have done,
 But where the god of Battles led them on;
 Give leave that (freed from sleepe) the small
 remaine
 Of my companions, on the under plaine,
 May in a dance strive how to pleasure thee,
 Eyther with skill or with varietye.

CIRCE.

Circe is pleas'd: Ulysses take my wand,
 And from their eyes each child of sleepe command,
 Whilst my choice maides with their harmonious
 voyces
 (Whereateach byrd and dancinge springerejoyces)
 Harminge the windes when they contrary meete,
 Shall make their spirits as nimble as their feete.

THE THIRD SCENE'S

DESCRIPTION.

Circe, with this speech, deliveringe her wand to Ulysses, rests on the lower parte of the hill, while he going up the hill, and striking the trees with his wand, suddenly two greate gates flew open, makinge, as it were, a large glade through the wood, and along the glade a faire walke; two seeming bricke walles on either side, over which the trees wantonly bunge; a great light (as the Sun's sudden unmaskinge) being seene upon this discovery. At the further end was descrided an arbor, very curiously done, havinge one entrance under an archtreave, borne up by two pillers, with their chapters and bases guilte; the top of the entrance beautifide with postures of Satyres, Woodnymphs, and other anticke worke; as also the sides and corners: the coveringe archwise interwove with boughes, the backe of it girt round with a vine, and artificially done up in knottes towards the toppe: beyond it was a wood-scene in perspective, the fore part of it opening at Ulysses's approach, the maskers were discovered in severall seates, leaninge as asleepe.

THEIR

THEIR ATTIRE.

Doublets of greene taffita, cut like oaken leaves, as upon cloth of sylver; their skirtes and winges cut into leaves, deepe round boje of the same, both lin'd with sprigge lace spangled; long white sylke stockings; greene pumps, and roses done over with sylver leaves; hattes of the same stufte, and cut narrowe-brimmed, and risinge smaller compasse at the crowne; white reathe hatbandes; white plumes; egrettes with a greene fall; ruffe bands and cuffes.

Ulysses severally came and toucht every one of them with the wand, while this was sung.

SONG E.

SHAKE off sleepe ye worthy knights,
 Though ye dreame of all delights;
 Shew that Venus doth resorte
 To the campe as well as courte.

By some well timed measure,
 And on your gestures and your paces,
 Let the well-composed graces,
 Lokinge like, and parte with pleasure.

By this the knights being all risen from their seates, were, by Ulysses (the loud musicke sounding) brought to the stage; and then to the violins danced their first measure; after which this songe brought them to the second.

S O N G E.

ON and imitate the fun,
 Stay not to breathe till you have done:
 Earth doth thinke as other where
 Do some woemen she doth beare.
 Those wifes whose husbands only threaten,
 Are not lov'd like those are beaten:
 Then with your feete to suffringe move her,
 For whilst you beate earth thus, you love her.

Here they danc'd their second measure, and then this songe was sung, during which time they take out the ladyes.

S O N G E.

CHOOSE now amonge this fairest number,
 Upon whose brestes love would for ever slumber:
 Choose not amisse, since you may where you wille,
 Or blame yourselves for chusinge ille.
 Then do not leave, though oft the musicke closes,
 Till lillyes in their cheekes be turned to roses.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

And if it lay in Circe's power,
Your blisse might so persever,
That those you choose but for an hower,
You should enjoy for ever.

The knights, with their ladyes, dance here the old measures, Galliards, Corantoes, the Branles, &c. and then (havinge led them againe to their places) danced their last measure; after which this songe called them awaye.

S O N G E.

WHO but Time so hasty were,
To fly away and leave you here.
Here where delight
Might well allure
A very stoicke, from this night
To turne an epicure.

But since he calles away; and time will soone
repent,
He staid not longer here, but ran to be more idly
spente.

A N

(150)

A N

E L E G I E,

On the bewailed Death of

THE TRUELY-BELOVED AND MOST VERTUOUS

* HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES.

WHAT time the world, clad in a mourning
robe,
A stage made, for a woefull tragedie,
When showres of teares from the celestial globe,
Bewail'd the fate of sea-lov'd Brittanie;
When sighes as frequent were as various fights,
When Hope lay bed-rid, and all pleasures dying,
When Envie wept,
And Comfort slept,
When Cruelty itselſe ſat almoſt crying;
Nought being heard but what the minde affrights:
When Autumn had diſrob'd the Summer's
pride,
Then England's honour, Europe's wonder dide.
O fad-

* 'This Copy is tranſcribed from a manuſcript in the Bodleian Library, and is inſerted here on account of the variations from that printed in the firſt book of Britannia's Paſtorals.

Why flowes not Hellicon beyond her strands?
 Is Henrie dead, and doe the Muses sleepe?
 Alas! I see each one amazed stands,
 Shallow foords mutter, filent are the deepe:
 Faine would they tell their griefes, but know not
 where,

All are so full, nought can augment their store.

Then how should they

Their griefes display

To men so cloide they faine would heare no more.

Though blaming those whose plaints they cannot
 heare?

And with this wish their passions I allow,

May that muse never speake that's filent now!

Is Henrie dead? alas! and doe I live

To sing a scrich-owle's note that he is dead?

If any one a fitter theame can give,

Come, give it now, or never to be read:

But let him see it doe of Horror taste,

Anguish, Destruction; could it rend in sunder,

With fearefull grones,

The fencelesse stones,

Yet should we hardly be inforc'd to wonder,

Our former griefes would so exceed their last:

Time cannot make our sorrowes ought com-
 pleater,

Nor add one grieffe to make our mourning greater.

England

Brittaine was whilome knowne (by more then
fame)

To be one of the Islands Fortunate :

What franticke man would give her now that
name,

Lying so ruefull and disconsolate ?

Hath not her watrie zone in murmuring,

Fil'd every shoare with eccho's of her crie ?

Yes, Thetis raves,

And bids her waves

Bring all the nimphes within her Emperie,

To be assistant in her sorrowing.

See where they sadly sit on Isis' shore,

And rend their haire as they would joy no
more.

THIRSI'S PRAISE TO HIS MISTRESS.

By W. BROWNE.

From a Collection of POEMS, called

ENGLAND'S HELICON;

OR,

The MUSES HARMONY.

ON a hill that grac'd the plaine
Thirsis fate, a comely swaine,
Comelier swaine nere grac'd a hill:
Whilst his flocke, that wandred nie,
Cropt the green grasse buslie;
Thus he tun'd his oaten quill:

Ver hath made the pleasant field
Many severall odours yeeld,
Odors aromatical:

From faire Astra's cherrie lip,
Sweeter smells for ever skip,
They in pleasing passen all.

Leavie groves now mainely ring,
With each sweet bird's sonnetting,
Notes that make the ecchos long:
But when Astra tunes her voice,
All the mirthful birds rejoice,
And are list'ning to her song.

F. indy

Fairely spreads the Damaske rose,
 Whose rare mixture doth disclose
 Beauties, penrills cannot faine.
 Yet, if Astra passe the bush,
 Roses have been seen to blush.
 She doth all their beauties staine.

Phœbus shining bright in skie,
 Gilds the floods, heates mountaines hie
 With his beames all quick'ning fire :
 Astra's eyes (most sparkling ones)
 Strikes a heat in hearts of stons,
 And enflames them with desire.

Fields are blest with flowrie wreath,
 Ayre is blest when she doth breath,
 Birds make happy ev'ry grove,
 She each bird when she doth sing,
 Phœbus' heate to Earth doth bring,
 She makes marble fall in love.

Those blessings of the Earth we swaines do call,
 Astra can blesse those blessings, Earth and all.

A P O E M,

AT T R I B U T E D

BY PRINCE, IN HIS *Worthies of Devon,*

To WILLIAM BROWNE.

I Oft have heard of Lydford law,
How, in the morn, they hang and draw,
And sit in judgement after.
At first I wonder'd at it much,
But since I find the reason such,
As it deserves no laughter.

II.

They have a Castle on a hill,
I took it for an old wind - mill,
The vanes blown off by weather;
To lye therein one night, 'tis guess'd,
'Twere better to be ston'd and press'd,
Or hang'd, now chose you whether.

III.

Ten men less room within this cave,
Than five mice in a lanthorn have,
The keepers they are fly ones;
If any could devise by art,
To get it up into a cart,
'Twere fit to carry Lyons.

IV.

When I beheld it, Lord! thought I,
 What justice and what clemency
 Hath Lydford! When I saw all,
 I know none gladly there would stay,
 But rather hang out of the way,
 Then tarry for a tryal.

V.

The Prince an hundred pounds hath sent
 To mend the leads, and planchens wrent,
 Within this living tomb,
 Some forty-five pounds more had paid
 The debts of all that shall be laid
 There till the day of doom.

VI.

One lyes there for a seam of malt,
 Another for a peck of falt,
 Two fureties for a noble.
 If this be true, or else false news,
 You may go ask of Master Crews*,
 John Vaughan, or John Doble †.

VII.

Tore, to these men that lye in lurch,
 Here is a bridge, there is a church;
 Seven ashes, and one oak;

Three

* The Steward.

† Attorney of the Court.

Three houses standing, and ten down.
 They say the parson hath a gown.
 But I saw ne'er a cloak.

VIII.

Whereby you may consider well,
 That plain simplicity doth dwell
 At Lydford, without bravery.
 And in the town both young and grave,
 Do love the naked truth to have,
 No cloak to hide their knavery.

IX.

The people all within this clime,
 Are frozen in the winter time,
 For sure I do not fain;
 And when the summer is begun,
 They lye like silk-worms in the fun,
 And come to life again.

X.

One told me in King Cæsar's time,
 The town was built with stone and lime,
 But sure the walls were clay,
 And they are fal'n, for ought I see,
 And since the houses are got free,
 The town is run away.

XI.

Oh! Cæsar, if thou there didst reign,
 While one house stands come there again;
 Come quickly while there is one.
 If thou stay but a little fit,
 But five years more, they will commit
 The whole town to a prison.

XII.

To see it thus much griev'd was I,
 The proverb saith, ' Sorrows be dry,'
 So was I at the matter.
 Now by good luck, I know not how,
 There thither came a strange stray cow,
 And we had milk and water.

XIII.

To nine good stomachs, with our wigg,
 At last we got a roasting pigg,
 This dyet was our bounds,
 And this was just as if 'twere known,
 A pound of butter had been thrown,
 Among a pack of hounds.

XIV.

One glass of drink I got by chance,
 'Twas Clarret when it was in France,
 But now from it much wider ;

I think

I think a man might make as good
With green crabs boyl'd, and Brazil wood,
And half a pint of fyder.

XV.

I kifs'd the Mayor's hand of the town,
Who, though he wears no scarlet gown,
Honours the Rose and Thistle.
A piece of coral to the mace,
Which there I saw to serve in place,
Would make a good child's whistle.

XVI.

At six o'clock I came away,
And pray'd for those that were to stay
Within a place so arrant.
Wide and ope the winds so roare,
By God's grace I'll come there no more,
Unless by some tyn warrant.

PREFIXED TO "RICHARD THE THIRD
HIS CHARACTER, LEGEND, AND TRAGEDY,"
A POEM, 4to. 1614. [amongst other Verses
by CHASMAN, BEN JONSON, &c.]

To his worthy and ingenious Friend the AUTHOR.

SO farre as can a swayne (who than a rounde
On oaten-pipe no further boasts his skill)
I dare to censure the shrill trumpets found,
Or other musick of the sacred hill:
The popular applause hath not so fell
(Like Nile's lowd cataract) possess't mine ears
But others songs I can distinguish well
And chant their praise, despis'd vertue rears:
Nor shall thy buskin'd muse be heard alone
In stately pallaces; the shady woods
By me shall learn't, and eccho's one by one
Teach it the hills, and they the silver floods.
Our learned shepherds that have us'd to fore
Their hasty gifts in notes that wooe the plaines,
By rural ditties will be known no more;
But reach at fame by such as are thy straines.
And I would gladly (if the sisters spring
Had me inabled) beare a part with thee,
And for sweet groves, of brave * heroes sing,
But since it fits not my weake melodie,
It shall suffice that thou such means do'st give,
That my harsh lines among the best may live.

W. BROWNE, Int. Temp.

* Quere? braver!

MR. WILLIAM DRAYTON,

TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND

MR. WILLIAM BROWNE;

OF THE EVIL TIME.

DEAR friend, be silent and with patience see,
 What this mad time's catastrophe will be;
 The world's first wisemen certainly mistook
 Themselves, and spoke things quite beside the
 book,

And that which they have said of God, untrue,
 Or else expect strange judgment to ensue.

This isle is a mere Bedlam, and therein,
 We all lie raving mad in every sin,
 And him the wisest most men use to call,
 Who doth (alone) the maddest thing of all;
 He whom the master of all wisdom found,
 For a mark'd fool, and so did him propound,
 The time we live in, to that pass is brought,
 That only he a censor now is thought;
 And that base villain, (not an age yet gone)
 Which a good man would not have look'd upon,
 Now like a God with divine worship follow'd,
 And all his actions are accounted hallow'd.

This world of ours, thus runneth upon wheels,
 Sat on the head, bolt upright with her heels;

Which makes me think of what the Ethnics told
 Th' opinion, the Pythagorists uphold,
 That the immortal soul doth transmigrate;
 Then I suppose by the strong power of fate,
 That those which at confused Babel were,
 And since that time now many a lingering year,
 Through fools, and beasts, and lunaticks have past,
 Are here embodied in this age at last,
 And though so long we from that time be gone,
 Yet taste we still of that confusion.

For certainly there's scarce one found that now
 Knows what t'approve, or what to disallow,
 All arsey-versey, nothing is it's own,
 But to our proverb, all turn'd upside down;
 To do in time, is to do out of season,
 And that speeds best, that's done the farthest from
 reason,
 He's high'st that's low'st, he's surest in that's out,
 He hits the next way that goes farth'st about,
 He getteth up unlike to rise at all,
 He slips to ground as much unlike to fall;
 Which doth inforce me partly to prefer,
 The opinion of that mad Philosopher,
 Who taught, that those all-framing powers above,
 (As 'tis suppos'd) made man not out of love
 To him at all, but only as a thing,
 To make them sport with, which the use to bring,
 As

As men do monkies, puppets, and such tools
 Of laughter: so men are but the Gods fools.
 Such are by titles lifted to the sky,
 As wherefore no man knows, God scarcely why;
 The virtuous man depressed like a stone
 For that dull sot to raise himself upon;
 He who ne'er thing yet worthy man durst do,
 Never durst look upon his country's foe,
 Nor durst attempt that action which might get
 Him fame with men: or higher might him set
 Than the base beggar (rightly if compar'd;)
 This drone yet never brave attempt that dar'd,
 Yet dares be knighted, and from thence dares
 grow
 To any title empire can bestow;
 For this believe, that impudence is now
 A cardinal vertue, and men it allow
 Reverence, nay more, men study and invent
 New ways, nay glory to be impudent.

Into the clouds the devil lately got,
 And by the moisture doubting much the rot,
 A medicine took to make him purge and cast;
 Which in a short time began to work so fast,
 That he fell to't, and from his backside flew
 A rout of rascal a rude ribald crew
 Of base Plebeians, which no sooner light
 Upon the earth, but with a sudden flight

They

They spread this isle; and as Deucalion once
 Over his shoulder back, by throwing stones
 They became men, even so these beasts became
 Owners of titles from an obscure name.

He that by riot, of a mighty rent,
 Hath his late goodly patrimony spent,
 And into base and wilful begg'ry run,
 This man as he some glorious act had done,
 With some great pension, or rich gift reliev'd,
 When he that hath by industry achiev'd
 Some noble thing, contemned and disgrac'd,
 In the forlorn hope of times is plac'd.
 As though that God had carelessly left all
 That being hath on this terrestrial ball,
 To fortune's guiding, nor would have to do
 With man, nor ought that doth belong him to,
 Or at the least God having given more
 Power to the devil, then he did of yore,
 Over this world: the fiend as he doth hate
 The virtuous man; maligning his estate,
 All noble things, and would have by his will,
 To be damn'd with him, using all his skill,
 By his black hellish ministers to vex
 All worthy men, and strangely to perplex
 Their constancy, thereby them so to fright,
 That they should yield them wholly to his might.
 But of these things I vainly do but tell,
 Where hell is heaven, and heav'n is now turn'd
 hell;

Where that which lately blasphemy hath been,
 Now godliness, much less accounted sin;
 And a long while I greatly marvel'd why
 Buffoons and bawds should hourly multiply,
 Till that of late I constru'd it, that they
 To present thrift had got the perfect way,
 When I concluded by their odious crimes,
 It was for us no thriving in these times.

As men oft laugh at little babes, when they
 Hap to behold some strange thing in their play,
 To see them on the sudden stricken sad,
 As in their fancy some strange forms they had,
 Which they by pointing with their fingers show,
 Angry at our capacities so flow,
 That by their countenance we no sooner learn
 To see the wonder which they so discern;
 So the celestial powers do sit and smile
 At innocent and virtuous men the while,
 They stand amazed at the world o'er-gone,
 So far beyond imagination,
 With slavish baseness, that they silent sit
 Pointing like children in describing it.

Then, noble friend, the next way to controul
 These worldly crosses, is to arm thy soul
 With constant patience: and with thoughts as
 high

As these below, and poor, winged to fly

To

To that exalted stand, whither yet they
Are got with pain, that fit out of the way
Of this ignoble age, which raiseth none
But such as think their black damnation
To be a trifle; such, so ill, that when
They are advanc'd those few poor honest men
That yet are living, into search do run
To find what mischief they have lately done,
Which so prefers them; say thou he doth rise,
That maketh virtue his chief exercise.
And in this base world come whatever shall,
He's worth lamenting, that for her doth fall.

END OF THE THIRD AND LAST VOLUME.

A

G L O S S A R Y

OF OBSOLETE WORDS.

A

A ^{*Drad,*} } afraid.
Adread, }

Affese, to affright.

Agryze, horror, fear.

Algate, every way, wholly.

Apparceived, perceived, beheld.

Affoile, free.

Astonied, astonished.

Ay, always.

B.

Balke, a ridge of land between two furrows.

Beheet, to promise.

Bet, better.

Be-wraye, to discover, to betray.

Blent, blind, blinded.

Blet, bleated, like a lamb.

Blist, blessed.

Blive, ready, readily.

Breere, a brier.

Brent, burnt.

Brooch, a jewel.

C.

Carke, care.

Cbeese, to chuse.

Gbiertree,

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

Chiertee, joy.

Clipped, possessed, enjoyed, embraced.

Coffet, a lamb brought up by hand.

Crowd, a fiddle.

Cure, care.

D.

Deal, as *every deal*, entirely, every bit.

Dell, a valley.

Dight, dressed, decked, adorned, prepared.

E.

Eft, again,

Eftsoons, soon afterwards.

Eke, also, likewise.

Eld, old, old age.

Eritage, inheritance.

F.

Fallace, deceit, disappointment.

Feere, company, a companion.

Ferd, afraid.

Fet, fetched, to fetch.

Fier, fire.

Flawne, a custard.

G.

Gybe, to sneer.

Gybing, sneering.

I.

Janiweere, January.

Jonifance, playfulness, merriment, festivity.

K.

Kid, to acquire, to engross.

Knap, a hillock.

Kytbe, to cast, to bestow.

Laire,

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

L.

- Laire*, a barn, a stall for cattle.
Leech, a physician, a surgeon.
Leefe, dear, beloved.
Leere, to learn.
Leese, to lose.
Lepry, a leprosy.
Lever, rather.
Lin, to stop, to give over, to leave off.

M.

- Mesel*, a leper.
Mickle,
Mockbill, } much
Muckle, }
Minsralfie, instrumental harmony.
Mot, must.
Mozor, a maple cup.
Mucke, dirt.

N.

- Natblefs*, nevertheless.

P.

- Percase*, perhaps, because.
Piked, pricked up, dressed out.
Pine, pain; so spelt for the sake of the rhyme.
Pistle, an epistle.
Pleneere, full, fulness.
Purway, to provide.

R.

- Raught*, reached.
Reed, warning, advice.
Rish, a rush.

Roes,

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

Rokes, reeks, or smokes.

Rowned, whispered.

S.

Seech, to seek.

Shope, shaped, happened, befell.

Sickerly, surely, certainly.

Sike, such.

Sin, since.

Stownd, a while, a season, a time.

Swinke, sweat.

Swythe, soon.

Sythes, times; *oft sythes*, oftentimes.

T.

Teen, sorrow, grief.

Thrustle, a thrush,

Tyred, attired.

U.

Unneth, scarcely.

Unwiste, unknown.

W.

Ware, beware.

Ween, to think, to imagine. to suppose.

Weeing, imagining.

Whilome, formerly.

Wight, a person.

Won, to dwell.

Wull, wool.

Y.

Yalde, yielded.

Yeve, give.

Ynow, enough.

